



Ohioana Quarterly

Volume XI
Number 1
SPRING
1968



Audubon's home
414 East Third Street
Cincinnati

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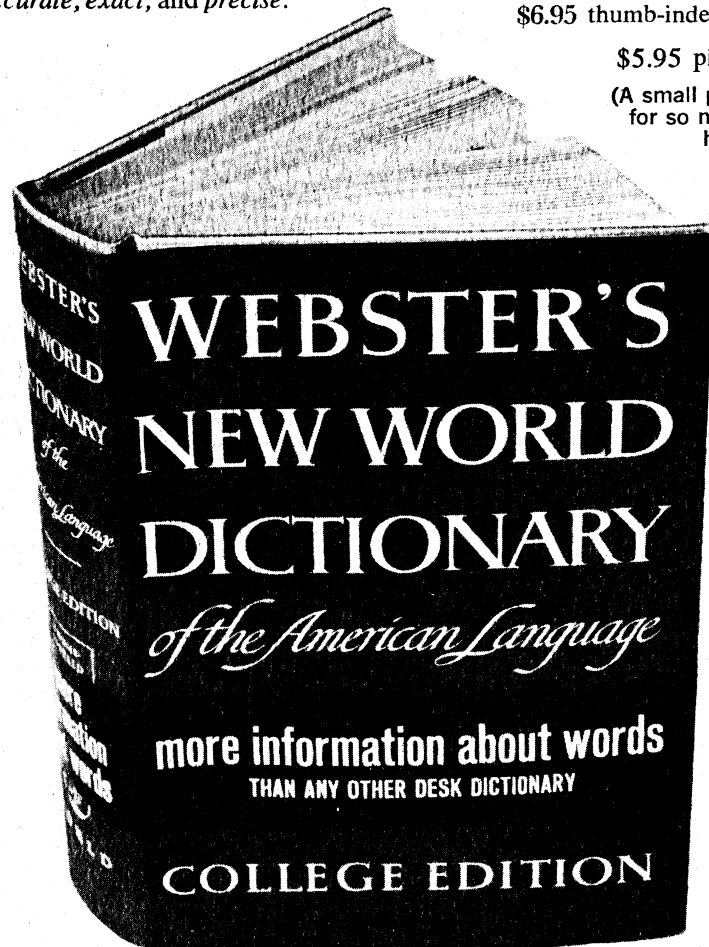
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OHIOANA QUARTERLY

VOLUME XI

NUMBER 1

SPRING, 1968

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DE LIBRIS

By BERNICE WILLIAMS FOLEY

IN THE GREEK HEROIC and aristocratic ethos, authors were always inspired by the gods. In reflecting upon the literary production by Ohio Authors during 1967 however, we feel that encomia are deserved by these writers on *two* levels: one on the inspirational level; the other on the equivalence of sheer industrious endeavor by the individual writer himself.

1967 was a year of triumph for writers of Ohio and on the Ohio scene. From this we draw the correlation that 1968 becomes a bonanza year for us who are appreciative and selective readers.

Extremely expetible as reading material are the following 1967 Ohioana books: NON-FICTION—Allan W. Eckert, *Frontiersmen*; George Condon, *Cleveland, The Best Kept Secret*; Polly and Leon Gordon Miller, *Lost Heritage of Alaska*; Hugh Downs, *A Shoal of Stars*; Paul M. Angle, *Pictorial History of the Civil War Years*; R. W. B. Lewis, *Poetry of Hart Crane*; James Reston, *Sketches in the Sand*; Howard E. Good, *Black Swamp Farm*; David Silverman, *Pitcairn Island*.

POETRY—Jean Starr Untermeyer, *Job's Daughter*; Loring Williams, *Brother Crow*; Hollis Summers, *The Peddler and Other Domestic Matters*.

FICTION—Jack Schaefer, *Short Novels*; Jack Matthews, *Hanger Stout, Awake!*; Hiram Haydn, *Report from the Red Windmill*; Evelyn Hawes, *A Madras-Type Jacket*; Jack Hunter, *One of Us Works for Them*; Bentz Plagemann, *The Heart of Silence*; Noel Gerson, *I'll Storm Hell*; Fletcher Knebel, *Vanished*.

THE OHIO SCENE—Jessamyn West, *Leafy Rivers*; Olaf H. Prufer and Douglas H. MCKENZIE, *Studies in Ohio Archaeology*; Russell Kirk and James McClellan, *The Political Principles of Robert A. Taft*.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY—Richard O'Connor, *Ambrose Bierce*; Eddie Rickenbacker, *Rickenbacker*; Robert G. Hartje, *Van Dorn, Life and Times of a Confederate General*; D. A. Kinsley, *Custer—Favor the Bold*; Walter Havighurst, *Portrait of Governor Alexander Spotswood*; Johanna Johnston, *Mrs. Satan*; M. M. Marberry, *Vicky*.

Many of these volumes will receive full-length reviews in later issues of our Quarterly.

This listing, necessarily abbreviated, is not definitive; it presents some of the past year's high points in Ohioana literature. For a fuller tabulation (as complete as humanly possible), we refer you to *Latest Books by Ohio Authors* in the Autumn 1967 issue of this Quarterly.

During 1968, it is our year-long wish that you read and rejoice in the literary output by Ohioans and about Ohioans. There is a strong nexus between Ohio author and Buckeye reader.

As George Edward Bateman Saintsbury said in his *Essays of English Literature*: "They all have the same ethos, the same love of letters."

AUDUBON AND OHIO

By CARL VITZ

THE FULL LIFE-STORY of John James Audubon is one of the most fascinating as well as baffling in all American history. Any brief attempt would be as dry as a Who's Who biography, while detailed accounts run to many pages. The carefully researched study by Francis H. Herrick, Prof. of Biology at Western Reserve University and noted ornithologist, is considered the fullest authoritative biography. It is a large two-volume work, running to a total of 908 crowded, foot-noted pages of biography, supplemented by 183 pages of explanatory documents and full detailed listing of publications by him or relating to him.

Our attempt, primarily, will be to highlight the Ohio angles, usually lost in fuller accounts. Though his stay in Cin-

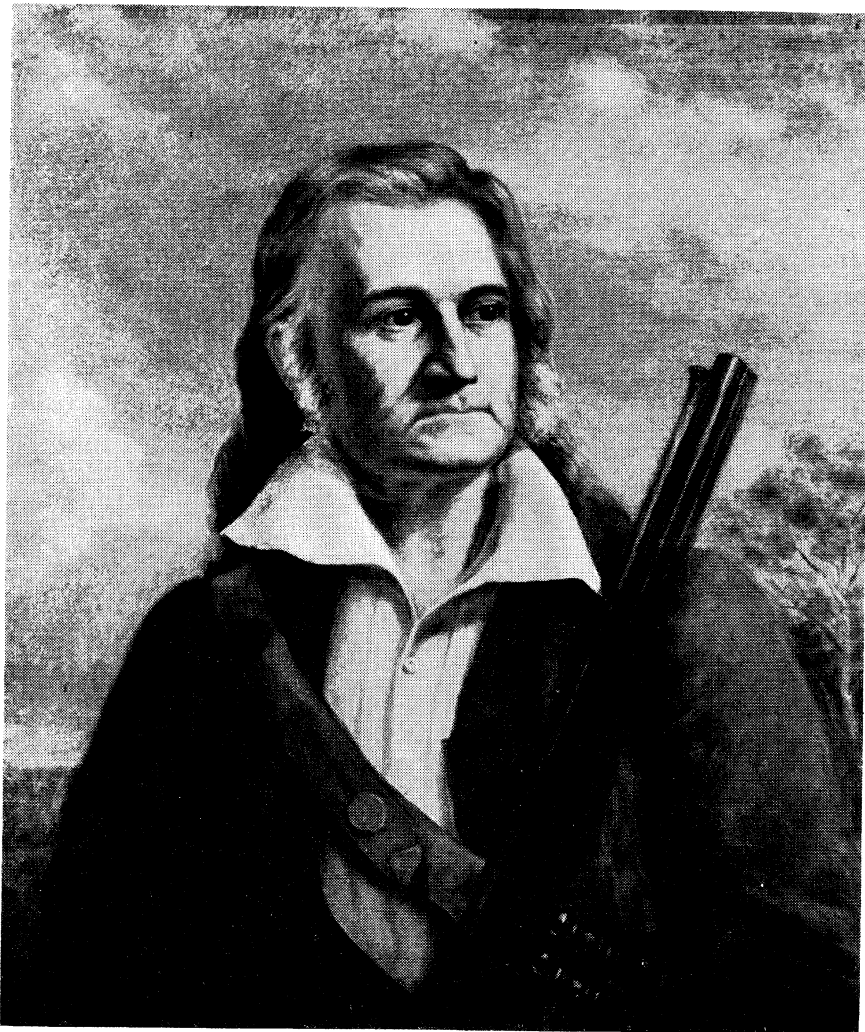
cinnati was short, it was then that Audubon and his courageous wife Lucy made their joint heroic decisions, the carrying out of which made possible his great achievement. But at the time the decision seemed to friends and relatives reckless, discreditable and futile.

Born in 1785 in the West Indies, later taken to France, he came to America in the summer of 1803. The years following were summarized by him in his *Ornithological Biography* as follows: "For a period of nearly twenty years my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling and admiring those objects of nature, from which alone I received the greatest and purest gratification."

AUTHOR: *As former Librarian of the Public Library District of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Mr. Vitz is a recognized authority on books and their authors. One of his special interests is John James Audubon and his works. Mr. Vitz is a valued member of the Board of Trustees of the Ohioana Library.*

In 1809 he had married Lucy Bakewell, daughter in a well-to-do family near Philadelphia. On their wedding journey, they came over the mountains in a coach, floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat and landed at Louisville, where he intended to embark in business. For ten years he was involved in a variety of ven-

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON 1789 - 1851
from portrait by J. W. Audubon



Courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History

tures in the Louisville area, but always unsuccessfully. His last was a large saw-mill, again disastrous.

These failures, coming at a time of a general depression, were due partly because economic conditions were unfavorable, especially in the West, or because associates were untrustworthy, but chiefly because of his lack of application in order to range the woods to study his beloved birds. He finally found himself bankrupt and completely without assets, except for his bird drawings, his painting equipment and his musical instruments.

At this stage, Audubon with his wife Lucy and his two small boys, John and Victor, came to Cincinnati. Here he found employment in the Western Museum, recently begun by the West's early, great scientist, Dr. Daniel Drake, and others. His work was to "stuff birds and fishes" for exhibits in the new Museum. This added somewhat to his nature-lore but inadequately to his finances. The museum was a creditable undertaking for the time but it lacked the necessary financial support and Audubon's pay was sadly in arrears at the conclusion of his service.

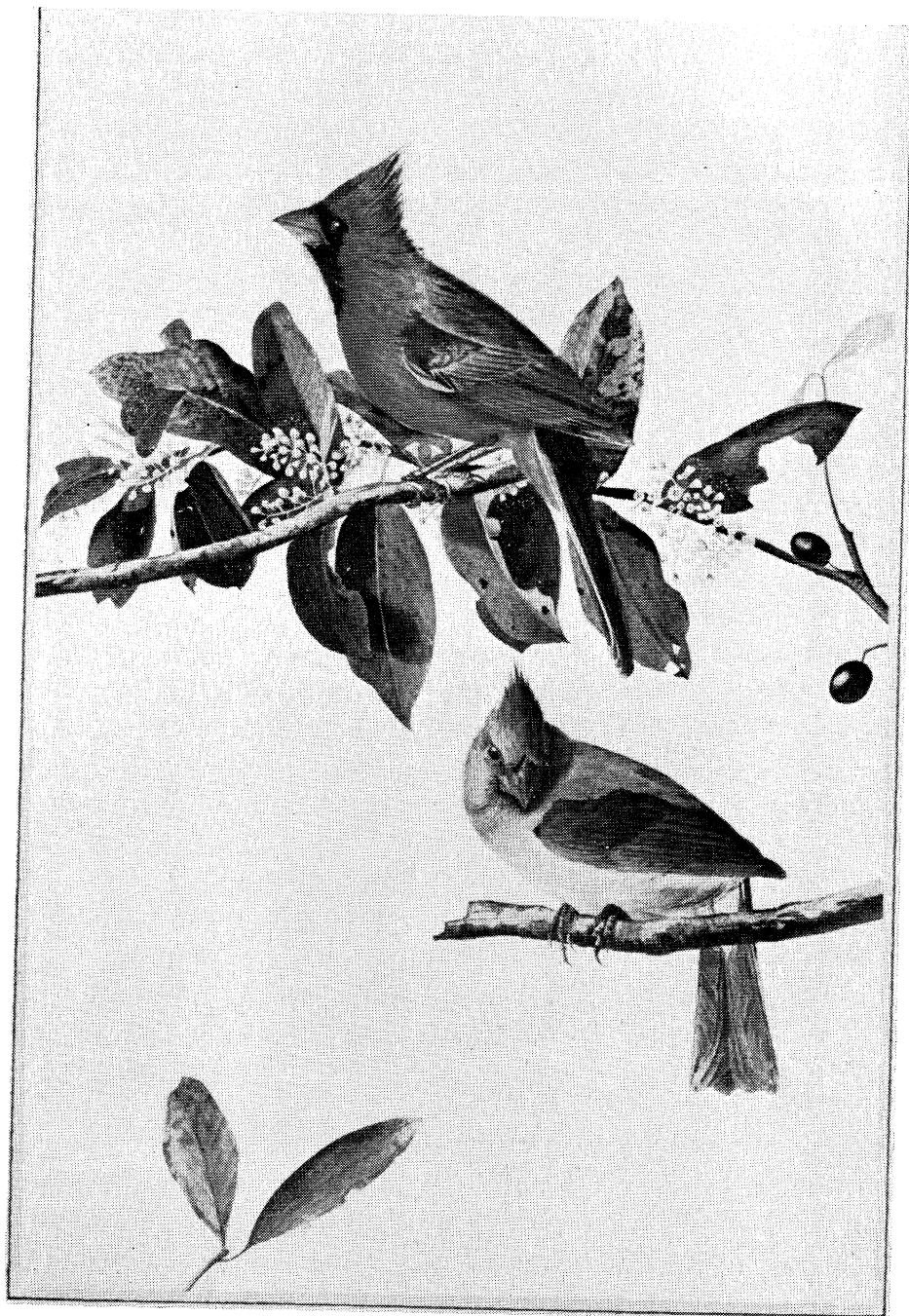
To keep the wolf at bay, he taught painting and French at Mrs. Deeds' Seminary for Young Ladies, and perhaps had private pupils in music, dancing and fencing, in all of which he was proficient. Also, he did portraits, at prices of \$5.00 or more. But the supply of sitters declined and pupils, whom he had trained, became competitors. It is estimated that of his overall, life-time portraits, including those done in Cincinnati, about a third have survived. Known Cincinnatians are Daniel Drake, Gen. and Mrs. William Lytle, Mr. Robert Best,

Curator of the Museum, and Mrs. Best, Rev. Elijah Slack, President of Cincinnati College and his wife, and John Cleves Symmes.

This period in Cincinnati was unhappy and frustrating for the Audubons. It brought them to their determining life decision, based on mutual love and understanding. This was that Lucy would assume the entire support for herself and the boys, leaving Audubon completely free to pursue his dream of a publication, in which he could picture all the birds of America in full living color, life-size and in their natural environment.

At this time, Audubon was 35 years of age. He possessed physical powers and endurance seldom found even in those pioneer days. From early boyhood in France, he had had an urge to portray the birds he saw about him. Such inborn skill as he had was benefited by a brief period under the French painter, David. This skill he continued to increase by constant effort, seeking to portray birds as he saw them—alive, beautiful and in activities and surroundings natural to them. To the production of a publication that would preserve his work, all other considerations were completely secondary.

In accordance with this arrangement Audubon, with no money in his pocket, started in October of 1820 down the Ohio and Mississippi on the "Cargo Ark" of Captain Jacob Aumack. With him went one of his young Cincinnati pupils, Joseph R. Mason who, though but 13 years of age, was a great asset because of his skill in drawing flowers and plants. Many of Audubon's earlier prints owe much to young Mason's skill. Audubon's gun supplied the meat for those on board and thus paid for his pas-



Courtesy of New York Historical Society

Cardinal — *Richmondena cardinalis*

sage. Capt. James Cummings, author of an early river navigation guide, was a welcome fellow traveler.

As usual for him, Audubon kept a *Journal*, which has been published. We give here the first entries somewhat condensed and dated October 12, 1820. "Left Cincinnati this afternoon at half past 4 o'clock, on Board of Mr. Jacob Aumack's flat Boat bound to New Orleans the Feeling of a Husband and a Father were my Lot when I Kissed My Beloved Wife & Children with an expectation of being absent for Seven Months

"Without any Money My Talents are to be my Support and my Enthusiasm, My Guide in My Difficulties. Early in the morning the wind rose and we came to on the Ohio side by Gl. Harrison's Plantation and remained until nine o'clock P.M."

Meanwhile Lucy in Cincinnati, in addition to her domestic duties, maintained herself and her sons John and Victor, by teaching. In a short time, however, she went to the New Orleans area, where in a friendlier environment, she was a governess in a plantation family.

Two decades of exploration, of painting birds, trips to England to arrange for engraving, printing and publishing, and almost the whole task of securing subscriptions, were required to produce the incomparable *Birds of America*. Its four volumes are double-elephant folio in size (29 x 39 inches) and in full color. Publishing was spread over a period of eleven years (1827 - 1838). The subscription price was \$1000.00.

During this period, the most active years of his life, he produced a companion set of descriptive matter, in five large

volumes, under the title *Ornithological Biography*. Most of his *Journals* and *Diaries* and many detailed letters are also from this period. All of these writings are of value as Audubon was a keen observer interested in many things and a skillful recorder. Most of these have now been printed but in scattered and limited editions.

His long stay in England, in part shared by his wife Lucy, was interrupted by returns to America for further exploring trips in regions not yet visited. These included the long stretch from Labrador to Florida and the Florida Keys and over to the new Republic of Texas. In England and France he quickly received high honors. In addition to supervision of the production of the bird plates, he was active also in the sale of his work, in England and France and America, in order to meet the payments for the continuing costs of publication. These alone amounted to one-million dollars. In this very active period he had the increasing help from his sons, John and Victor.

Ohio's finest and perhaps only copy of the double-elephant folio is owned by the Cincinnati Public Library. It was sold originally in 1834, by Audubon himself, to Thomas Edmondson, Jr., a Baltimore physician. After his death this copy was sold in 1870 to a Mr. Alfred Warren, who appears to have been a local dealer in periodicals and cheap publications who acted apparently as an agent for Joseph Longworth, son of the eccentric and wealthy Nicholas, patron of the arts and long owner of Cincinnati's finest historic building, now the Taft Museum.

Ownership passed in the same year to the Cincinnati Public Library. It is now displayed in a handsome locked case, one



Courtesy of The New York Historical Society
 Passenger Pigeon — *Ectopistes migratorius*

volume shown at a time, open, under its sloping glass top, with the other three volumes shelved flat below. Every Monday morning a leaf is turned. In this way every plate is shown in the course of 8 1/3 years.

A number of the birds seen and pictured by Audubon are now extinct. The most famous is the Passenger Pigeon. The Audubon plate showing this bird is one of the most appealing. The last known survivors were three, two males and a female, in the Cincinnati Zoo. All efforts to continue the species, found in fabulously large flocks a century ago, failed. The last survivor of the species, affectionally called Martha, died on September 1, 1916, at the advanced age of 29 years. She was promptly frozen in a block of ice and sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, where, skillfully mounted, she tells the sad story of a vanished race.

The most important edition of the *Birds of America* since the first is that of *American Heritage*, under the competent direction and editorship of Marshall B. Davidson and Edward H. Dwight, the latter of whom, a graduate of the Cincinnati Art Academy, was for a time Curator of Paintings of the Cincinnati Museum of Art. This edition is based directly on Audubon's original drawings, which (with only two plates missing) had remained in the possession of Mrs. Audubon until purchase by the New York Historical Society in 1863. Here they have been carefully preserved. This edition, though much reduced in size, presents Audubon's work with greater fidelity because his original drawings were copied by modern color photog-

raphy, while for the early elephant folio skilled craftsmen copied Audubon's paintings by scratching their outlines on waxed copper plates of the same size. These were then exposed to acid action, so as to 'bite' the design into the copper. After the removal of the remaining wax the copper plates were used to print these outlines on the final sheets to guide the colorists. The coloring was done in water color alone. Also, Audubon was not always accurately followed by the engraver, while the coloring varied with the skills of the workers. Important also is that Audubon worked in various media: pencil, pastel, crayon, ink, oil, lacquer, as well as water-color, and in a variety of invention and combination in order to portray as accurately as possible the texture and color of feathers and fur, and of flowers and trees.

Even so the prints in this fine edition are not able to catch all the breath-taking luminous beauty of the originals, as I saw them recently at the New York Historical Society.

The *American Heritage* edition gains interest also, because everything on the original drawings is preserved, such as instructions to the engraver, explanatory notes and even an occasional bit of pleasantry. Moreover the engraver sometimes permitted himself to omit portions of the master drawing devoted to the natural setting.

Though priced at \$75, many a bird enthusiast or lover of fine books will want to own a copy. Libraries should acquire it by purchase, or encourage a friend of the library to present a copy as a gift of unusual permanent value.

WRITTEN DURING THE COCKTAIL HOUR IN OXFORD

By DICK PERRY



BECAUSE I LIVE IN OXFORD, OHIO, which contains both Miami University and a piano tuner who is an ordained minister, some people assume that I am connected with the university.

"At least you must be attached as a writer-in-residence," they will murmur. "Because, after all, you *do* write and you *do* live there."

When that presumption arises you will find the air of this village filled with emotional denials—from anyone connected with the university and, also, from me.

We live in the same village but we live in two different worlds.

I will be the first to admit, though the others behind me form a long line, that I'm not the kind of guy that universities take to their bosoms. They have their thing. I have mine. Anyway, what I write isn't academic. What I write is popular prose.

AUTHOR: DICK PERRY, who returned to his native Ohio in 1964, is one of the few Ohioans who is strictly a free-lance writer. Most writers hold other jobs, sometimes at universities and sometimes in industry. Perry has written plays as well as books; his articles have appeared in national magazines. His plays have been produced professionally and have won several national awards. His books are either collector's items now or best-sellers. Some have been made into movies. With his wife Jean (from Greenville), he lives in Oxford with his three children: Michael, Matthew, and Ann. He has worked for newspapers, advertising agencies, as well as local and network broadcasting. His last book, "Vas You Ever In Cincinnati" is now in its seventh printing and still selling. He was born in Cincinnati in 1922.

The men at the Standard Oil Station understand me better than any Fine Arts Department.

You see, to put things into whopper-jawed perspective, my prose brings in dollars which my wife shells out at Kroger for food. I suppose that's a strike—academically—against me. There's nothing lofty about a cash register tape. Also, I am not published in journals so obscure that only my hairdresser knows. A figure of speech; I have a crewcut. And, more's the pity, whenever I speak to a university class, I have nothing to say. I mean, if the dullards are going to write, why aren't they? Why do they sit there and take silly notes? Why aren't they out in the grownup world—writing?

If you, at this moment, have children in Miami, relax. The professors are wise. I may speak once to a class, but I'm not invited back. This is best for all. I know it's best for me. Goodness only knows what is best for your children. I'm still trying to figure out mine. So, in a way, we're all in the same boat.

What I'm saying is, the prose I write and the stuff I am are not the items upon which lecture courses feed.

In our grownup world we have learned not to rock the boat. At universities they learn, in my opinion, not to rock the cocoon.

However, now and then some students—interested in broadcasting or in writing—will drop by the house. We'll talk about the problems and the hopes, and a good time will be had by all. No attendance is required. No grades are given. The only thing required is they be interested in the subject. Those sessions are fun. You'd be proud of your

kids. But label the get togethers little more than bull sessions.

And to be honest, for any university to advertise guys like me as attractions would be to mislead. I do not pretend to be a teacher. I lack all the qualifications. To me, the *need* to write must spring from the heart. The need to write can not be taught. You write or you don't. It's as simple as that. You write because you must. So you see, how could I presume to teach what I personally consider the unteachable?

I know. I know. If I were well-rounded in the academic clime (or is it called "knowing how to play the game"?) I suppose I could make a grandiose display of my less-than-grandiose little laurels. One professor, rather disenchanted, confessed he sought honors and publication in lieu of cash. These items helped him in his world. So I could list myself as a prize-winning playwright. I am. I could rave each time a piece of mine was included in this or that text. Much of my writing has been. I have won national writing awards. And I have been given the keys to cities. This stuff impresses some people, but I'm not impressed.

And certainly the gal at the Kroger checkout counter isn't.

So here I sit in Oxford, during the cocktail hour, in an amiable limbo. I'm content. When some well-meaning soul—of which Oxford has lots—asks: "What are you writing next?" I quickly change the subject. I would rather discuss the weather—Oxford has lots of that, too. The point is, literary discussions are not my meat and what I write, however much it pleases me, is not literature.

This is not false—or real—modesty speaking. I am the Lawrence Welk of the typewriter and, because of that, I am a realist. When *Raymond And Me That Summer* was labeled a few years ago as a minor classic by several critics, I did not feel elation. I wondered, with good reason, if by chance they had reviewed the wrong book.

As for the critics themselves—those who like and those who hate my writing—I try to be hard-shelled. Anyway, most have been kinder to me than I have honestly deserved. I look at the happiness—and pain—that critics can inflict as nothing more than a logical action which much follow another action. What real right has any writer—or artist or baseball player—to complain about criticism? No one ordered us—the writer, the artist, or the ball player—to make public fools of ourselves. We went into the arena with our eyes open. If we accept the applause, we must accept the groans. All isn't lollipops in the grownup world. We have no right to presume it will be sweetness and light for us.

And I will be honest about my writing. Although I have written books with Ohio settings and intend to write more because I am fond of and feel right about Ohio, perhaps the state would be better off if I tackled another subject. Better writers—and their numbers are legion—could do far better by my native state than I have done thus far.

For instance *Vas You Ever In Zinzin-nati* will never win critical acclaim nor will it make the hearts of history departments beat faster. That was not my intention. Enough tomes have been written for the serious scholar. I happened to

think it would be nice if the people I know—the men at the Standard Oil Station and the gal at the checkout counter—would read a history and enjoy it, too. Thus, the book had no footnotes and, far worse, it contained humor. Any professor will tell you in ten thousand words, or more if he gets the chance, that footnotes are essential. They show academic purpose or somesuch. And, he will frown, no one should put humor into history. To write a history, he will suggest, is no laughing matter.

Game point for him. He's absolutely right. But I had the checkout girl in mind. I did not have a required reading assignment. Thus, as I mumbled before, the professor and I live in two different worlds. I am only suggesting that both worlds are here.

One final thought and then I'll stop boring you. I'm not an angry writer. I have no desire to expose this or that wrong. Let other and more qualified—and certainly more thoughtful—writers get their jollies over Vietnam, the Negro problem, and the poor. True, I feel strongly about these items, they sadden me and at times make me angry, but still I can not pretend to be an authority of any of them. Only in the areas of humor (perhaps) and in the area of midwest recollection (perhaps) I know whereof I speak. In the more solemn areas that at times tear me apart I have no more knowledge than the man next door and perhaps I have less. So why should I seethe about these things in a book? I certainly would not seethe in any constructive way. I would only add to the confusion.

In other words, as a writer—and husband, father—I tackle these traumatic

issues where we must all eventually tackle them if what we have is to survive: I tackle them in the voting booth. I refuse to presume and to borrow on whatever slim reputation I have as a writer to mount a podium and lecture my neighbors on subjects they probably know better than I do. So, please, may I write humor? The world has desperate need of serious books. I ache myself to read them. But may I suggest—and hope—that the world also has need of books which merely amuse and entertain? Isn't there room for both?

Having said that, I pour myself another martini, knowing full well someone—professor or student—is going to ask me to define humor. So let me end this

article fast and head for the hills. Humor? Define it? Are you kidding? Anyway, I think it was Robert Benchley who said it best:

"All sentences that begin with W are funny."

And I can see, here and now, some student making the Benchley thought his thesis upon which his doctorate will hinge. And I can see that same poor student, years from now, lecturing to others who are taking notes like crazy. He will have become an authority—the authority—on the component parts of structured humor. More power to you, friend. Make sure you get tenure and once a week go into a dark room alone—and laugh like all getout.

KUCK—OHIOANA LITERARY AWARDS

The Ohioana Library has been designated by the E. R. Kuck Foundation, New Knoxville, Ohio, to be the association through which the Lucille Loy Kuck Ohioana Awards are being made for the best original prose and poems by amateur writers of Ohio.

To encourage excellence in literary expression is the high purpose and goal of these literary awards which will be presented to the winners at the reception given by Governor and Mrs. James A. Rhodes at the Governor's Mansion, Saturday, April 27th. We have asked Mrs. Kuck herself to present the awards which are as follows: First . . . \$250, Second . . .

\$150, Third . . . \$50, also Certificates of Merit as appropriate.

These awards are provided by the E. R. Kuck Foundation to promote unrecognized creative talent among amateur writers of Ohio, and to enhance their appreciation of the ideals and beauty of the State of Ohio. For this latter purpose, the essays and poems must embody and express these ideals to some degree.

This same generous offer will be made again next fall, with instructions and rules sent to all Ohio high-schools and colleges.

Any assistance in promotion that you as a member of the Library can give to this worthy contest will be appreciated.

A Major Literary Event



THE FRONTIERSMEN: A NARRATIVE, by Allan W. Eckert, *Little, Brown and Company*, 1967. Pp. xiv + 626, Illustrated. Notes, List of Indian Characters, Glossary of Shawnee Words and Phrases, Index. \$8.95.

AUTHOR: A Dayton resident, Allan W. Eckert has published *The Great Auk, A Novel* (1963), *A Time of Terror: The Great Dayton Flood* (1964), *The Silent Sky: The Incredible Extinction of the Passenger Pigeon. A Novel* (1965), and *Wild Season* (1967).

ALLEN W. ECKERT's latest story re-creates the struggle for supremacy between 1755 and 1813 on the frontier of the Old Northwest. By its nature, the tale has to be one of vast action. The setting stretches from western Pennsylvania and Virginia's "Fincastle County" (Kentucky) west and north to the Mississippi, the Lakes, and the British bor-

der. The characters, though often seen as familiar figures from the record, are really humanity—white humanity and red—caught in the sweeping changes of an era.

With such wide-ranging materials to manage, the author has let two important historic lives run the length of his chronicle—unifying it but not dominat-

ing. Simon Kenton, born in 1755, gives the viewpoint of the advancing whites. From the time when at sixteen he ran away from a supposed killing in his native Virginia to hide behind a borrowed name in the wilderness beyond the mountains, down to his death in 1836, Kenton had touched in varying ways every major struggle in the winning of the new West. The other, Tecumseh, son of a Shawnee Chief, born in 1768, symbolizes the Indians' defending spirit and was their last great native leader east of the Mississippi.

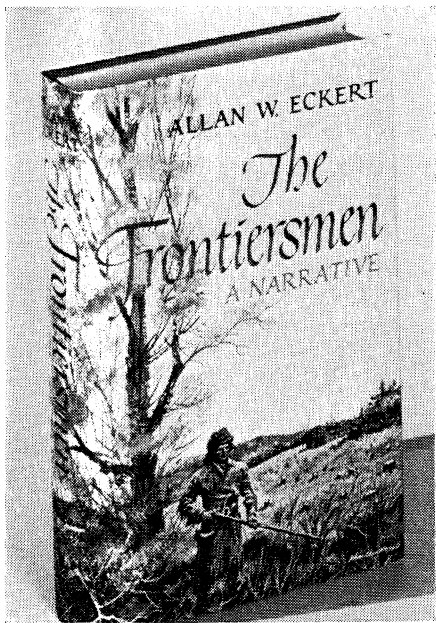
Into these two lives, and many lesser ones, the author moves creatively, staying strictly, he insists, within the bounds of documentable detail. He takes his drama along chronologically, keeping both the two main careers and the developments in their opposing worlds unfolding side by side in intensely human terms. We see Kenton growing up first as a willful, brawling wildling whom only the cruel hardships of the Ohio River frontier finally tames into useful maturity. He attaches for a time to the brutal Greathouse gang, makes a blood pact with the renegade Simon Girty, stakes out in the hazardous Kanawha country, becomes a border-by-word for amazing endurance, gun-skill, and foolhardy dauntlessness. In time he emerges a master trailsman and Indian fighter and is drawn for the rest of his life into larger and larger roles on both sides of the Ohio. The younger Tecumseh is born to great omens, nurtured in the highest idealism of his race, grows up in an atmosphere of mystical inevitability that leads him to the prime position in a lost cause and to death at forty-five.

The main action mounts steadily from the eve of the Revolution. Lord Dunmore's expedition out of Virginia in 1774 comes to a bloody climax at Point Pleasant. The West's phase of the struggle with Britain culminates in George Rogers Clark's victories at Cahokia, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes. For two decades, the Ohio River from Fort Pitt to the Mississippi becomes an Indian front with constant attacks and reprisals, unrestrained in savagery on both sides. There are the last furious Indian attacks on the Kentucky settlements, the hideous massacres of the Moravian Delawares in the Tuscarawas country, Crawford's ill-fated expedition and his tortured end at the stake. And always the land-grabbing treaties, the broken faith and forgotten promises that eventually shoved the Indians westward and by 1812 had cleared eastern and southern Ohio for white settlement.

The last line of conflict develops up the Miami Valley and along the Wabash, Maumee and Sandusky watersheds to Detroit and the Lakes. Successive expeditions to quell the remaining Indian power bring St. Clair's horrifying debacle of 1791 and Wayne's decisive victory at Fallen Timbers in 1794. Then comes one last climactic Indian rally with British support in 1812, culminating in Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe. The combined tribal effort organized by the Prophet dissolves. Tecumseh dies gallantly on the Thames.

Scores of lesser incidents, struggles for settlement, personal adventures, with heroism and suffering, unspeakable savagery and superb sacrifice, fall into the niches between the more renowned episodes. Along with the famous figures—

REVIEWER: Dr. Robert Price, professor of English, Otterbein College, has written extensively on Middle Western authorship, folklore and local history. A reprint edition of JOHNNY APPLESEED: MAN AND MYTH appeared in 1967. Ohioana Library is proud to have a shelf of his works, "The Robert Price Collection."



Boone, the Girtys, Logan, Blue Jacket, John Finley and the rest (for Kenton knew them all)—there are dozens of others. The index carries more than seven hundred names, and many another participant must be nameless. A careful researcher in all his writings, the author has brought out of archival storage a wealth of personal details, some of which have never before enriched a public telling.

Especially meritorious is his effort with the Indian side of the long struggle north of the Ohio. Indeed, no other single-volume account now available manages to give the common reader the red-man's cause in such just proportions. A closing directory identifies no fewer than 140 Indians who move significantly through the narrative, and four more

pages are needed to round up the Shawnee words and phrases that have been employed in the attempt to evoke the Indian's world and point of view.

It is amazing how much of this panoramic sweep of history Simon Kenton touched in person. Between his flight from home in 1771 and his identification of Tecumseh's corpse at Chatham in 1813, he was almost constantly a part of major border action. Yet he emerges only a man, never a superhero. Though he became the master scout of the Ohio country, his deficiencies in book-training and social discipline left him a weakling in affairs that demanded literacy. Though he helped win the whole Northwest Territory, he had too little business acumen to hold onto thousands of acres he had claimed quite as legitimately as his more lettered fellows. Though he could stand as a model of the intrepid Indian fighter, he never hardened into a ruthless slayer, and he was sickened by the butcheries perpetrated by white associates. In all his wanderings, his scouting, hunting and fighting, his loves and his attempts to become a settled citizen, he never was more than a fairly successful adapter to the dictates of a rough-and-ready border society that accepted without question the white man's right to oust the red.

The portrayal of Tecumseh comes off somewhat less convincingly. It is harder for author or reader to enter into unfamiliar Indian psychology. The author tends to idealize a bit at the price of realism, some may feel, particularly when he attributes to the Indians a conventionally figurative mode of thought and diction that has come largely out of the romantic tradition. Nevertheless, the re-

sulting Tecumseh is memorably fresh and quite worthy to stand with Kenton.

Of Eckert's five fine imaginative reconstructions thus far, *The Frontiersmen* is the most gigantic. It is the massiveness of his accomplishment, in fact, that makes two special over-all qualities linger in final evaluation. First is the impressive degree of dramatic unity he has managed to give to so extended and various a narrative. And second is its convincing frankness. Whenever vast segments of world power start shifting, whether of race or of empire, individual human beings inevitably become the least of considerations. Caught in his extremity, man is driven to farthest limits of endurance in body, mind and spirit. He may be heroic, compassionate, sacrificing. Regardless of his race or culture

or cause, he will on occasion be ruthless and savage beyond all normal comprehension. American border heroism has long been well remembered. But the butchery, tortures, condonement of needless murder, massacres, village and crop burnings for the extermination of a people, and never-ending faithlessness in treaty—of these facts Americans need constantly to be reminded. In this chronicle of the Old Northwest, the frenzied defenses of the Shawnees and Delawares, caught in an increasingly hopeless cause, seem at times to be among the more rational aspects of what was a frighteningly cruel era.

The Frontiersmen is an absorbing and enlightening book—it is also sobering and balancing. It deserves wide reading in our generation.

OHIOANA EVENTS 1968

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| <p>April 27— Reception at Governor's Mansion for county chairmen and guests at 2 p.m.</p> | <p>September 14—Hamilton County Reception and Tea for Hamilton County authors. Cincinnati Art Museum at 1:30 P.M. All members invited.</p> |
| <p>June 22— Annual Pilgrimage to Schoenbrunn and Zoar for members, family and friends. (See back cover for details.)</p> | <p>October 26— Annual meeting honoring Ohio Authors and Composers. Neil House at 10 a.m. for all.</p> |

POEMS OF IMMACULATE CRAFTSMANSHIP

JOB'S DAUGHTER: NEW POEMS AND OLD FAVORITES by Jean Starr Untermeyer.
W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1967. 150 p. \$6.00.

AUTHOR: Jean Starr Untermeyer was born in Zanesville, Ohio, but has lived for many years in New York City. She is a member of Ohioana's Honorary Council.

There is a timeless quality to the work of Jean Starr Untermeyer. No better proof can be found than that in this slender volume, while growth certainly is evident, the older poems still glow with the strength and passion of their original publication. Which is a long time in the past, for some of them.

In this new book, "Job's Daughter," Mrs. Untermeyer apparently has collected what she considers the best of her work, or perhaps her own favorites from the body of her work, best or not. Considering her immaculate craftsmanship, it hardly is likely that her personal favorites would not be the best, for the reader cannot imagine her as less than sharply critical of her own style and technique. Obviously she could have no patience for shoddiness. Long ago, when she had had only two books, "Growing Pains," 1918, and "Dreams Out of Darkness," 1921, Alfred Kreyborg said of her, "She writes no songs for an 'idle lute'."

Out of those early books she has seen fit to include in the present collection, such poems as "Birth," "Clothes," "Lake-Song," "Sinfonia Domestica," "Anti-Erotic," "Lullaby for a Man-Child," and the tenderly beautiful "Eve Before the Tree." In them, as in later books, she displays a lyricism which is totally feminine. Here, too, is an influence unquestionably Hebraic, typical throughout her work. Many times it has been said of Mrs. Untermeyer that she is one of the few Jewish writers

REVIEWER: *Minnie Hite Moody herself is a poet, novelist and the author of the daily newspaper feature "I Remember, I Remember", appearing in The Newark Advocate. She is a member of the Board of Editors of Ohioana Quarterly, and a member of the Ohioana Honorary Council.*

who have managed to preserve in their modern work those specific qualities which are so truly characteristic of Jewish literature. "Eve Before the Tree" obviously is a morality play—an allegorical form of the drama employing personified abstractions, as of virtues and vices. This form was popular from the 14th to 16th centuries, and seems especially suited to Mrs. Untermeyer's rather stern but tolerant brand of humanism. Her rich insight often goes as far as prediction tempered by wisdom, as in the *Prophetic Chorus* which concludes the poem:

The deed is done and is not done;
The fruit is tasted, the search begun.
Knowledge is yours and yet you do not know.
New Eves will come and hunger, even so;
Through countless centuries, a restless will
Shall drive new women toward fresh goals until,
In their instinctive wisdom, they will find
Knowledge can never be an end designed
But lies in searching. Women will ever grope
For that which buds and ripens in their hope.
And though the fruit of knowledge is not sweet,
Eve, it is good that you—and they—should eat.

Jean Starr left her native Zanesville, Ohio, as a young girl, to study music in New York. Later she studied in Europe; after her marriage to Louis Untermeyer, they lived for some time in Austria, where she made, in Vienna, her debut as a Liedersinger, specializing in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Hugo Wolf. Throughout her poetry, the underlying obsession for music is dominant. The perfect ear for rhythm, the feeling for metrics and tone, the nuances of fibrous strength, the exquisite shading—all signify a dual artistry.

Certain poems, however, derive directly from a musical incentive. One such is "Dew on a Dusty Heart—Schubert: *Quartet in D Minor* (Death and the Maiden):"

If come into this world again I must
And take unto myself another form,
Oh, let it be unblemished by a mist
Of imperfections, or the line infirm.
And let it shapen to a secret wish
Untouched, untinctured even by a dram
Of earthiness: nor let the fretted wash
Of passion fray the fine-immaculate dream.

Oh, let me come back as a melody
New as the air it takes: no taint of ill
To halt such lovely flying as birds do
Going from infinite naught to infinite all;
Giving to dusty hearts that lag at even
The dewy rest they dream of and call Heaven.

For her brother, Harry E. Starr, is a poem in two parts under the title "Shared Memories," the first of which is called *Zanesville*:

I will not be like the unaspiring hills,
Whence the sour clay is taken,
To be molded by the shape-loving fingers of Man
Into vases and cups of an old pattern.

But I will be my own creator,
Dragging myself from the clinging mud,
And mold myself into fresh and lovelier shapes
To celebrate my passion for beauty.

Part II is *The Potteries*:

When the blue clay glints through the rusty hillsides,
It is not to the eye of Man it beckons,
Nor to his itching fingers;
But to his world-old instinct of obedience.
That bids him carry on the trade and tradition of his Father,
Who wrought beauty
From the willing earth.

At the time Jean Star Untermeyer first turned from music to verse, the form or non-form she chose was that of free verse, which—considering her musician's leanings—quite naturally moved on to metrical verse. But so far as form is concerned, and with a perfectionist's regard for cadence and rhythm, this poet remains wholly free when it comes to shaping a poem.

In an Author's Note prefacing "Job's Daughter," she explains the title as well as her plan for the book by saying:

"Down the generations, the Book of Job has seemed enigmatical to various readers. What seems noteworthy to me is not the fact that Job was selected as object of God's capricious experiments but that in this unequal contest—for the Devil was in it—Job survived and—perhaps—prevailed.

"I have arranged the poems chronologically, hoping thereby to suggest growth and development."

She does precisely that, and the maturity of the later poems is self-evident. Once called by critic Alfred Kreyborg (1929) a "love poet," time has endowed Jean

Starr Untermeyer with a far wider range. Even the casual student of her work can identify the younger woman as author of the earlier poems, while only living in depth can have produced those of the later years. Of these the wisdom and scholarship of "Six of Seven Meditations for Jule Brousseau Roth" stand out sharply. Returning to the musical theme, "Schumann's Spring" is lightsomely charming, one of her rare "lilting" poems, for Mrs. Untermeyer's work as a whole is grave, austere and somber. The last poem in the book, "Before Thanksgiving" (*In Memoriam John Fitzgerald Kennedy 1917-1963*), typifies this gravity, combining the fervor of tragic loss, personal and national, with the ancient burden of Jewish lamentation:

Before you feast, my countrymen,
Kneel down in the dust and pray;
Let your tears water the afflicted earth
Whose maternal abundance you have come to celebrate,
Because clouds of mourning have gathered over the world;
The Day of Atonement must cleanse us before we eat,
Before the booths of the harvest are garlanded with their fruits.

Yet this poem is not a dirge, and its end is in hope:

Oh, my countrymen, weep and pray,
Confess your sins, implore the shriving;
Come chastened to the feast;
Ask humbly, at this sad harvest, ask over and over
The grace we lack and pray for—
Ask for the Blessing!

LIBRARY NEWS

Three-star this date which we are revealing far in advance. Our 39th Annual Meeting and Luncheon for Ohio Authors and Composers will be held Saturday, October 26th, at the Neil House, Columbus. Tables will be reserved upon request. Please remember that the morning session starts promptly at 10 o'clock, when you will be introduced and asked to present your guests.

TO OUR READERS: Don't miss an issue. Notify us when you change your address. We have to pay 15c apiece for undeliverable magazines.

CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

By Fran Nunmaker



Mr. Harold C. McKinley, Director of the Railroad Community Service Committees and Mr. William D. Ellis, author and panelist.

Can writing be taught? Maybe yes. Maybe no. Ask a dozen different authors and you get a dozen different answers.

But in spite of this diversity of opinion the Fifth Annual Creative Writing Workshop for talented Ohio high school students had the biggest attendance to date. The affair is co-sponsored by the Railroad Community Service Committees of Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo which furnish finances for the project, and by the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association. The program was held January 27 at the Sheraton Motor Inn, Columbus.

This year's panelists included WILLIAM D. ELLIS, Director of Editorial Services, Cleveland, regional novelist, and author of *The Cuyaboga*; MARION RENICK, of Columbus, author of twenty-seven books for readers in the elementary grades; JACK MATTHEWS, English Professor at Ohio University, Athens, author of *Bitter Knowledge*, winner of the 1965 Ohioana Book Award for Fiction, and *Hanger Stout, Awake!*, a 1967 novel now in its third printing; and BILL ARTER, of Columbus, artist and author of *Columbus Vignettes, Vol. I and II*.

MR. HAROLD C. MCKINLEY, Director of the Railroad Community Service Committees, brought greetings to the group and said that his organization sponsored the Workshop, not only as a gesture of goodwill but also as a contribution to culture.

SILVIA MARGOLIS: A TWENTIETH CENTURY ROMANTIC

By ELLEN MARGOLIS

THE POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION of Silvia Margolis' fifth book, *As the Dial to the Sun*, consummates the life and work of an unabashed Romantic.

Silvia Margolis never stooped to the sugary clichés and banalities of poetry's lingering traditionalism; yet she was a confirmed Romantic, searching for beauty and truth. She saw her function in life as two-fold: a mother and a poet. In her poetry she often expressed her feeling for her children and grandchildren. Silvia's poetry is also characterized by lyricism and a musical use of words.

WORDS

(from *As the Dial to the Sun*)

As the sea loves all the fishes
And June loves all the birds
I dearly love the whole
Chromatic range of words:
No less the minor-scaled,
Ash-colored words and sad
Than all the major-toned,
Virescent words and glad

No word but has sometime
Helped me set to music
Some crude thing in my brain;
Or prompted me a mood
So reasonable and fair
I often made a lyric
From a bit of leaden care. . . .

Her home in Dayton still carries the imprint of her interests. In her living room, one wall consists of bookshelves. Next to the many little pictures of grandchildren on occasional tables are books and "little" magazines with bookmarks inserted here and there, obviously places she intended to return to. There are portraits by her daughters, Charlotte and Rochele. Large busts of Heine and Hertzl are effectively placed; centered between them is a large dramatic black and cream composite illustration of *Pilgrim's Progress*, drawn by one of her daughters.

Silvia Margolis is survived by her husband, Oscar, whose encouragement she credited with enabling her to write her five volumes of artistically crafted poetry.

AGNES HOFMAN WHITE

BOTH MARIETTA AND COLUMBUS are qualified to claim the Ohio artist, Agnes Hofman White, who had a one-woman art show at Capital University in January at the new Schumacher Gallery. Here were shown selected works by this talented artist who has painted ever since she was six years old.

Listed in *Who's Who in American Art*, Mrs. White is the wife of the late Governor George White, and she has painted a very excellent portrait of him against a background of important symbols in his life, books and a map of Alaska. Her other portraits are effective character studies and carry such titles as Mexican Girl, Market Lady, and The Handyman.

Ever since her studies at Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Fontainebleau, France, Mrs. White has been holding exhibits of artistic merit.



Agnes Hofman White in Her Studio



UNDER THE BUCKEYE TREE

DORIS M. SEALY, Librarian of Free Public Library of Kinsman, kindly calls our attention to the fact that in our Autumn 1967 issue, under "Latest Books by Ohio Authors", we listed Robert T. Crowley as being of Crawford County, whereas he is a resident of Kinsman, Trumbull County. We commend Mrs. Sealy for being proud of Mr. Crowley, and claiming him and his book, *Not Soldiers All*, for Trumbull, as she rightfully should. However we list the county of birth.

In conclusion we say, "Congratulations to both counties for having authoritative claims to a fine Ohio Author.

Our congratulations to MRS. HUGH HUNTINGTON, Columbus, who is an alumna of Kappa Kappa Gamma. She has been named the 1967 Panhellenic Woman of the Year for her outstanding contributions to her fraternity and to the community.

We welcome this opportunity to express our appreciation to her and her husband for their loyal support of Ohioana Library when it was in the act of being founded by Martha Kinney Cooper, then the wife of the late Governor Myers Y. Cooper. Mr. Huntington gave generously of his time in advising the new association on legal matters.

Thus Ohioana Library is happy to congratulate Mrs. Huntington as a "woman of distinction", and to thank her for her continuing support of our Library.

OHIOANA LIBRARY NEWS

Mrs. DONNA CHEETWOOD, our Librarian, is now engaged in the monumental task of bringing our card catalog up to date. This is indeed a labor of love—a gargantuan endeavor. In checking our volumes against these cards, she finds that Ohioana Library needs the following books to make our collection more complete.

County Histories: *Hocking, Holmes, Jackson, Paulding, Pike.*

Thurber, James: *Lanterns and Lances.*

Williams, Ben Ames: *The Strange Woman.*

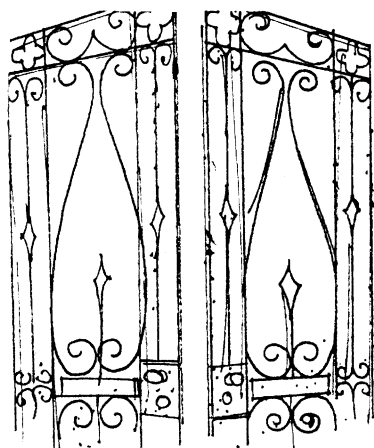
Robertson, Don: *The Three Days.*

Naylor, James Ball: *The Little Green Goblin, Witch Crow and Barney Bylow, Golden Rod and Thistledown.*

We shall be most grateful to receive these (or other books by Ohio authors) as gifts; or we are prepared to purchase them if need be. Please let us know if any of these titles are obtainable.

A REVISED, SECOND EDITION of the *Ohio Quiz Book* is now available. It contains 164 pages illustrated, and is the story of Ohio in question and answer form, covering such subjects as history, geography, commerce, education and state personalities.

Compiled by Mrs. Estelle H. Wreede, the book sells for \$2.50 plus tax, and can be obtained from the Northern Historical Ohio Publishing Company, 1013 Reynolds Street, Napoleon, Ohio 43545.



ENTRANCE GATE
Frank B. Dyer
Memorial

THE STAFF OF OHIOANA wishes to thank all the members and friends who sent Christmas greetings to the Library. Our oblong "card" table, placed against double windows which overlook the Scio-to River from a height of eleven stories, became very festive when decorated with all your attractive Christmas cards. This display brought us cheer. We only wish we could acknowledge these cards individually; so we take this means of expressing our gratitude.

Mrs. ETHEL SWANBECK of Huron, a valued Trustee of Ohioana Library, was chosen "Woman of the Year in Mental Health in Ohio" by the Ohio Mental Health Association. Mrs. Swanbeck received this honor because as the 14th District Representative of the Ohio General Assembly she was the principal author of House Bill 357 which proposes that children's psychiatric facilities and programs become separate from those of adults.

OHIOANA LIBRARY WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added To Our Rolls
November 6, 1967 and January 19, 1968

Mr. John Ness Beck, Columbus
Mr. & Mrs. Condit D. Brown, Wyoming
Mrs. F. R. Dreibelis, Wooster
Miss Marjorie M. Gross, Columbus
Sister Miriam Joseph, C.S.C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana
Mrs. Jerry Katherman, Columbus
Mr. & Mrs. Richard B. Knight, Cortland
Miss Clara Leasure, Wellston
Miss Luella Nash LeVee,
Covington, Kentucky
Mrs. Vivian McLoney, Minerva
Mr. Oscar R. Miller, Berlin
Mr. W. Robert Miller, St. Louis, Missouri
Mrs. Floyd E. Probasco, Columbus
Miss Elsie B. Purcell, Columbus
Mrs. Lester C. Riddle, Delaware
Mrs. Enrica Tonello-Smith, Columbus
Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Wintringham,
Middletown

NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMEN

We are happy to include the following into our Ohioana Family:

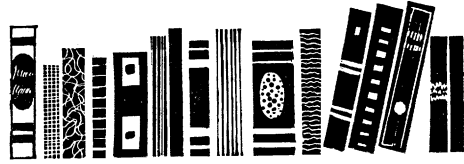
MORROW COUNTY

Mrs. Paul Sprang, Cardington
Chairman

TRUMBULL COUNTY

Mrs. Lucian J. Brown, Warren
Chairman
Mrs. Harry D. L. Johnston, Warren
Co-Chairman

Book Looks



CLEVELAND, THE BEST KEPT SECRET by George E. Condon. *Double-day*. Index. 327 p. \$5.95.

Another Ohio city (the other being *Vas You Ever in Zinzinnati* by Dick Perry) is now given the portrait-in-prose treatment, this time by a newsman who has been writing his own successful daily column for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* for more than twenty years.

This "true" Clevelander encompasses in his story practically total information, beginning with the city's founding by Moses Cleaveland who ironically spent less than a month there.

Peppered with colorful anecdotes, the Cleveland story unfolds on several different spatial levels—one on the origins of local names, the majority of which display great logic by the natives; another on a very solid part of Cleveland's history—the Indian; and a third on personalities such as Rockefeller, Mark Hanna, Cyrus Eaton, Oris Paxton and Mantis James Van Sweringen.

It is a wonderment why such a talented and knowledgeable writer begins his interesting and important book with such a weak first chapter. Of all things, he uses a few eulogical phrases for the city uttered by some visiting Russian Communists as the keynote of his whole tome, almost as if their remarks were the epitome of praise and as if their judgment set the seal of greatness upon Cleveland.

Chapter II on Moses Cleaveland would have made a stronger opening, and one

more pertinent. Or—the third chapter wittily entitled, "The Real Cleveland Indians," would have been a humdinger of a beginning, appealing both to those interested in Cleveland's Northwest Territory beginnings and to those perennially absorbed in the sport of baseball. (All Ohioans belong to one category or the other, with the majority of us combining both interests.)

Ah, mamma mia—this is cavilling. In reality the book is quite a tour de force of excellent reportage in which Cleveland emerges as very sophisticated at the cultural level and in its high residential standards. This volume can be considered a paradigm for portrait-books on cities. After reading it, Cleveland is no longer a secret.

George Condon and his family live in the Cleveland suburb of Fairview Park. For a time he resided in Columbus when a student at Ohio State's School of Journalism.

CORRECTION PLEASE: In our review of *Religion in Wood* by Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews, we erroneously reprinted an error regarding the signature of the Shaker cabinet-maker whose piece of furniture was pictured. The correct signature for this chest of drawers is: Daniel Sering — maker — November 9th, 1827.

We thank Mrs. William Mason Phillips of the Warren County Historical Society, Lebanon, for giving us this correction.

THE SHORT NOVELS OF JACK SCHAEFER. *Houghton Mifflin Company*. 525 p. \$6.95.

The mood of these five novels by Jack Schaefer takes you light years away from today's perplexing obfuscations.

This Cleveland-born fiction-writer, now permanently transplanted in Santa Fe, New Mexico, is devoted to the authentic West and its history.

What are his Western novels about? Men with vitality pumping through them — cattle and horses, each of which, like some enveloping cloak, is wrapped in an individual temperament — and the far-flung scenery, its changing seasons, at times serene and friendly, again minatory and foreboding but always wide-screen and in vividly colored 3-D.

Superbly plotted, Mr. Schaefer's stories, in which bitter choices are exacted from his men, contain both unsophisticated wit and Aristotelean philosophy.

His people are ranchers, soldiers, cowboys, lawmen, homesteaders, loners, young boys discovering maturity, plains Indians, gamblers, and storekeepers and barkeepers. Their reaction to the discovery that "making sense doesn't really have much to do with the things that happen to you," lifts climaxes into the realm of human drama.

This drama of loneliness and loyalty is unfolded against roads which run from inhabited gaps to far horizons, against boom towns with their false front stores, against running horses and stage coach wheels rolling out the miles — "and the only thing that made sense to all this was loving someone and doing a job, and taking what life gave without whimpering or running away."

Let Mercury, the god of literature, be praised, that Jack Schaefer eschews both

the formula fiction of the past and the black fiction of the absurd now au courant. His stories, written in a superb prose style indigenous of the West, have integrity, affirmative viewpoints, strength, and the earthiness of sweat and hard-riden leather.

No Grade B stuff for Jack Schaefer. Writing of the West, which he loves and respects, he infuses these same lofty sentiments in the reader. His folk are no middling people—they become either better or worse when they arrive in the Old West.

Thus Jack Schaefer's stories re-create the frontier with strong valorous people, too occupied with survival to go sniveling around like the unkempt creeps, unwashed existentialists, and dirty goof-offs of Haight-Ashbury searching for an identity.

The titles of the five short novels in this volume are: *Shane*, *First Blood*, *The Canyon*, *Company of Cowards*, *The Kean Land*.

THE PEDDLER AND OTHER DOMESTIC MATTERS by Hollis Summers. *Rutgers University Press*. 86 p. \$4.00.

Random houses, a queen bee, the sea, shore winds, a parrot fish, and a fraternity house are among the many subjects made significant in these poems. This volume is the author's fourth. Its playful wit encompasses the complexity of the world. The lines have an immediacy which holds the reader's rapt attention.

The author is an Ohioan by virtue of living in Athens, Ohio, where he is a professor of English at Ohio University.

THE BALLAD OF THE GALLOWS BIRD by Edwin Markham. Introduction by Louis Filler. *The Antioch Press*. 54 p. \$4.00.

Louis Filler in his introduction willingly raises the ghost of *The Gallows Bird*. He asks the student (or reader) to be unpretentiously willing to learn about the life and career of Markham, and to relate these to his art. They will discover Markham simultaneously to be romantic and idealistic, exhortatory and harsh.

No cardboard teacher is Louis Filler, professor of American Civilization at Antioch College. He shows Markham's hunger for religious experience, his feeling for the transcendental, and his faith in things unseen and in a moral world.

The Ballad of the Gallows Bird was published in the *American Mercury*, August 1926, and never re-appeared in Markham's lifetime. Although it was considered horrible, Markham felt that this poem was his masterpiece, and a crystallization of his poetic perceptions. This is its first book publication.

Louis Filler won the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Book Award for biography in 1967, for his volume entitled, *The Unknown Edwin Markham: His Mystery and Its Significance*.

KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES by Ralph and Terry Kovel. *Crown Publishers*. Index. 314 Illustrations. Bibliographies. 327 p. \$7.50.

The novice collector of antiques owes a debt of gratitude to this husband-and-wife team of Cleveland for assembling in book form infinite knowledge on all categories of American antiques from furniture to jewelry.

Ralph and Terry Kovel write a nationally syndicated column, *Know Your Antiques*.

This fourth book by these Ohio authors is a veritable handbook on how to recognize genuine antiques in china, silver, pewter, glass, weaving, prints, bottles, ironware, books, pottery, and other house furnishings. These experts explain how to recognize and evaluate like an expert any antique, large or small.

The prose style is clear and concise . . . like the cut glass pictured in one of the chapters. It's a pleasure to be informed by two such excellent writers who are acknowledged authorities in their field.

The many illustrations add to the eye appeal of the book besides being helpful in recognizing authentic antiques.

Reading such a book makes us more appreciative of our American heritage. Its perusal can be either for reference or for pleasure. Three other books by Mr. and Mrs. Kovel carry the following titles: *Dictionary of Marks: Pottery and Porcelain; Directory of American Silver, Pewter and Silver Plate; and American Country Furniture: 1781-1875*.

STRANGER FROM THE DEPTHS by Gerry Turner. *Doubleday*. 205 p. \$3.50.

An Ohioan, now transplanted to Westport, Connecticut, likes youngsters and writes for youngsters. His newest story for them, in the realm of science-fiction, is about a pre-historic lizard-man who leads three teenagers into a strange underworld adventure.

Gerry Turner has other successful books: *Hideout for a Horse, Magic Night for Lillibut, and Creative Crafts for Everyone*.

In addition this author does editorial and advertising photography.

GLADYS McKEE IKER is the talented Cincinnati poet who won the 1967 Silver Webb Award. Her Chapbook, entitled *A Later Translation*, contains stunningly effective poems with which the reader identifies with tears in the eyes and a lift in the heart. Whoever has a son, a grandfather, a husband, an anniversary, a round dining-room table, or a quiet evening knows that Mrs. Iker writes deep and true.

The title poem, *A Later Translation*, encompasses in a single line a whole philosophy that searches the sphere of predestination . . . "if we choose or are chosen." Like the prose of George Eliot, these poems are created on a hard moral core which Mrs. Iker overlays with the subtle softness of beauty and memory. This is in agreement with Platonic aesthetics which contend that a literary work is intimately connected with its moral qualities. Mrs. Iker's subjectivism is meaningful in human terms, and gives the reader both memory's tear and laughter.

On Ohio Poetry Day, October 28, 1967, Mrs. Iker was named Ohio Poet of the Year, a title she well deserves. She is active in the Cincinnati Branch of The National League of American Pen Women, The Greater Cincinnati Writer's League, The Cincinnati Woman's Press Club, Poetry Society of America, and Canticle Guild.

REFLECTIONS OF THE RHYMING LADY by Edna Allen Eschenbach. *Pri. Pub.* 64 p.

Written from the heart, these "reflections" in rhyme express universal emotions in terms of human experience. Mrs. Eschenbach is adept at fitting her sentiments within the framework of everyday experiences.

SKETCHES IN THE SAND by James Reston. *Alfred Knopf*. Index. 479 p. \$7.95.

The long newspaper experience of this former Daytonian provides an expertise which is apparent in this collection of his columns. His reporting has a distinguished quality of writing which is both sophisticated and as comprehensible and down-to-earth as apple pie. Taking the world as his beat, Scottie Reston exudes personal enjoyment in analyzing the current political scene.

His portraits of such men as de Gaulle, Edward Murrow, Felix Frankfurter, Dean Acheson and R. Strange McNamara prove Reston to possess a searching mind and to be a prestidigitator of phrases whose poignards both spar and puncture.

In contemporary journalism Reston has made a famous place for himself. He writes prolifically, with his political opinions coming out in print in pure Restonese, an American language withal.

BEATING AROUND THE BUSH by Clara Lee Brown. *Christopher Publishing House*. 136 p. \$3.95.

This clever title aptly describes the contents of this personal account of a safari to Africa under the aegis of Mr. William Hoff, at that time Director of the Cincinnati Zoo.

Mrs. Brown's descent into adventure was made via plane—New York, London, Frankfurt and Rome to Nairobi. She discovers that the "Dark Continent" is filled with sunlight, that a Land Rover is no limousine, and that "bestly" weather rarely materialized.

Her account of a well-planned safari (Swahili for *journey*) is lighthearted and amusing.

THEREFORE CHOOSE LIFE by Abba Hillel Silver. *World*. 442 p. \$10.00.

Published posthumously, this volume of selected sermons, addresses and writings of Rabbi Silver is deeply rooted in Judaic heritage. However his spoken and written words carry inspiration for men of all beliefs. They bring universal spiritual messages as well as an interpretation of the Jewish faith and its traditions.

This anthology is the first of several projected books of Rabbi Silver's works. It has been edited by Herbert Weiner, and carries a memoir by Solomon Freehof.

Rabbi Silver was a forceful leader of the Zionist Movement, and he plead this cause before the United Nations. In Cleveland Dr. Silver, the citizen, statesman and Zionist, is remembered as a forceful and inspirational speaker before many groups, both religious and secular. His educational background also is Ohio, having studied at Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, when the total student body was circa forty, and when a class had five or six students.

THE SILENT SYNDICATE by Hank Messick, *Macmillan*. Index. 303 p. \$6.95.

Written with the aid of a \$25,000 Ford Foundation grant and based on personal research, this exposé of organized crime concentrates on the gargantuan Cleveland Syndicate and its far-flung power. Authenticated and indexed, this account begins by covering the Cleveland waterfront in 1930 when "rummies" sneaked their **Canadian liquor** laden-boats into dock at the foot of 9th Street.

Today this same Cleveland Syndicate has branched out into various enterprises.

ORIENT PEARLS AT RANDOM STRUNG by Owen Philip Hawley. *At the Sign of Aladdin's Lamp*, Marietta, Ohio. 38 p. \$3.50.

Marking the centennial of Ralph Waldo Emerson's visit to Marietta, this well-composed monograph by Professor Hawley of the English Department, **Marietta College**, is a colorful recountal of this event.

Emerson gave during this visit three lectures, *Social Life in America*, *The Man of the World*, and *Immortality*.

Professor Hawley has recreated the mood and atmosphere of the times, quoting how Mr. Emerson was received, and describing the audiences who listened to him.

THE AUTUMN YEARS by Florence M. Taylor. *Seabury Press*. 125 p. \$3.50.

Inspirational reflections are a very personal matter with Mrs. Taylor. She shares them with the reader in this collection of essays written from the viewpoint of a grandmother, who now lives in Columbus.

RED IS FOR APPLE by Beth Greiner Hoffman. *Random House*. Illustrated. \$3.25.

It was such a joy to meet Beth Hoffman in person when she dropped in at Ohioana Library to say hello. More authors should pay us visits.

Charming Mrs. Hoffman's picture book for the very young is purposefully written with the object of introducing the child to the world of color around him. Thus "Red is for Apples, Grandma's roses, healthy cheeks and sunburned noses. White is for the winter snow, icy streets and stars that glow."

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