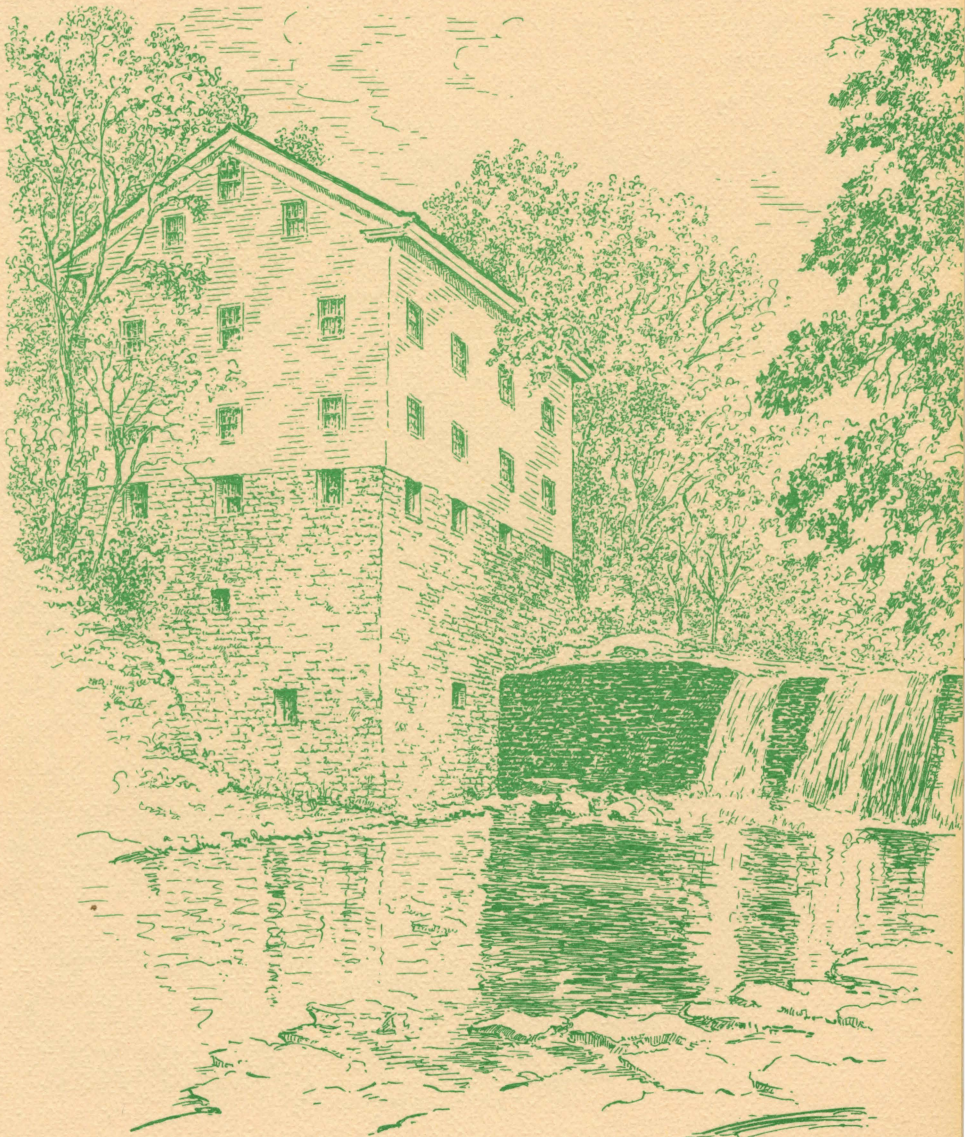


Ohioana Quarterly



Volume XII
Number 1
SPRING
1969

Caroline Williams

Mill Creek Park, Youngstown, Ohio

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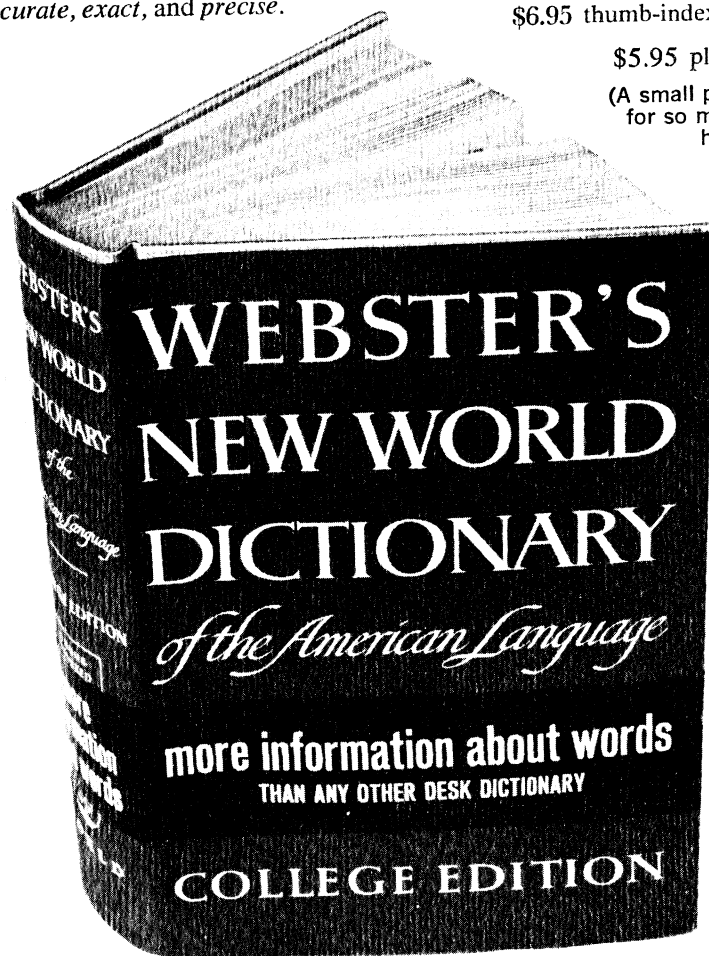
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OHIOANA QUARTERLY

VOLUME XII

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WORDS

BERNICE WILLIAMS FOLEY

Words come in all sizes, emotions, colors, personalities and meanings. They form the proud literary history of Ohio.

They may be written, spoken and read. Man's very journey toward understanding is composed of words. In the corpus of Ohio literature they educate, entertain, inform, influence and proclaim. Disraeli once declared, "With words we govern men." This is their greatest power.

One's whole lifetime is lived with words. When these words become books, they become enduring and lasting. The collection of books by Ohio authors and on the Ohio scene, housed in the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library, provides the reader with a wonderful world of vast variety.

The purposes of reading collect naturally into four categories. In receiving language, one can read rapidly for facts and information; or one can enjoy reading leisurely great literature, when the words are heard, and when metaphors, similies, symbolism, and rhythms ignite the imagination and produce reflections and involvement; or reading can become a window through which to view the world, both tangible and intangible; and lastly but most important of all is the literature which gives the reader spiritual guidance and light unto his soul.

On the Ohioana Library shelves are books in all four of these divisions . . . furthermore there are books in all ten of the Aristotelian categories, namely substance, quantity, quality, relation, place, time, posture, possession, action and passion.

To paraphrase Prince Metternick who once said, "For me, Mankind begins with barons" . . . for us the Northwest Territory begins with the treasured books brought by the early settlers over the mountains in saddle bags, in covered wagons and down rivers on flat boats. Ohio continues to be a favored "territory" in which the Wonderful World of Words takes a prominent place.

THE PLEASURES OF LITERARY SNOOPING

by George Lanning



WHEN MY FIRST NOVEL was published, I was surprised to have a total stranger hunt me down—a dear little lady—for the purpose of photographing the house, or houses, in which the novel was written. The lady explained that for years she'd been going around taking pictures of the homes of Ohio authors, and that she now had a substantial file. I was flattered to be included in this company, and my only regret was that the two houses in which the narrative had been carried forward were not especially imposing—neither looked like Henry James's Lamb House,

that is, or the Jewett home in South Berwick, Maine, or (coming closer to our own area) Louis Bromfield's Malabar.

After publication of my second novel, I waited hopefully for the lady's reappearance. I had by then come up in the world—or at least I'd got larger quarters which, on a bad day and seen from a distance, might be said to bear a blurry resemblance to the beautiful Jewett place and so be considered suitable for an author. But the lady never came, although other people did who were convinced that I'd set that gamey story within my own

AUTHOR: *George Lanning, editor of The Kenyon Review, has published three novels, The Happy Rural Seat, The Pedestal, and Green Corn Moon, and is co-author with Robie Macauley of Technique in Fiction. Mr. Lanning's short stories have appeared in various magazines and have been included in both the Best American and O. Henry annual collections. He is currently at work on a new novel, called at the moment Two Last Gasps of Alice Grant Rosman.*

walls. I hadn't, but this persistent curiosity, and my recollections of the solemn lady with her camera, got me to thinking about the pleasures of literary snooping (I mean that word in its most innocuous sense). It's a hobby that must await its own time and place, of course, since few of us live ringed by writers, but it's about as inexpensive a form of diversion as anyone could find these days, and has the further, inestimable merit of being vaguely cultural. Who, trooping after a guide through a house maintained by the Something-or-other Foundation, hasn't felt vaguely uplifted by the sight of shelves filled with the author's own books, by the autographed photographs on his walls, by the mementoes gathered from all over the world or sent by adoring readers? There is an agreeable sadness, too: usually, by the time the tourists move in the author has turned up his toes, and visitors have the sense of getting a grip on him which won't be loosened by the awkward appearance of subsequent works.

My own first snooping almost failed, because the author's neighbors insisted she'd long been dead—or if she wasn't dead they didn't know exactly where she lived, although it was "somewhere near." There's something symbolic in this community vagueness: writers are, necessarily, a physical part of some place, and yet they are seldom resident in the conventional sense. In the general awareness they flicker dimly most of the time, surging up brightly perhaps when a book comes out, but then dying away again. They are "somewhere near," but not quite close enough.

Well, I did at length find my author, ensconced regally behind a gatehouse and a guard on a private road that ar-

rowed south down the peninsula from Seaside Park, New Jersey, with the Atlantic on one side and Barnegat Bay on the other. Her response to my arrival was similar to what I felt myself some years later: surprise and gratification. It seems to me unlikely that many impassioned readers made their way in a dusty railway coach along the coast of New Jersey to that impressive, protected private road, that remote house sprawling across dunes.

But the trouble with living authors—here is a reason why snooping around the homes of dead ones is more satisfactory—is that they talk *back*. One's dialogue with them, so satisfactory in the imagining, wanders far from its original course when an actual confrontation occurs. The wrong things are said, and what one has thought of as the right observations draw a blank, polite stare, or worse a chilly frown. I cherish Hugh Walpole's comment after he had been for a while a tutor to the Arnim children at the great estate of Nassenheide, in Pomerania. Of the girls' mother—the incomparable "Elizabeth"—he wrote that in a good mood she was more charming than the most charming of her books. The trouble was that she was usually in a very bad mood indeed, terrifying everyone around her into silence.

So my own meeting with that much-loved author, remote from the urban world on her private road, was less than I hoped it might be. Only once since then have I attempted to corner a live writer at home. Otherwise, I've confined my visits and my dialogues to the dead, who almost always live exactly as I think they ought to, and invariably say the right things. We part with the utmost respect on—I like to think—both sides.

One of my favorite places for snooping is Ellen Glasgow's great, gray house at 1 West Main Street in Richmond, Virginia. She referred to this house as tucked away in a forgotten part of the city, and it was a shock (and an interesting revelation of how authors switch facts around to suit themselves) to find that it fronted on a street as busy as Broad or High in Columbus, or Euclid or Carnegie in Cleveland—worse, that it bordered a slum, and was adjoined at one side by derelict buildings and on the other by wretched, small stores such as one sees on the edge of every downtown district. Tucked away, indeed! Still, there the brilliant place, aloof in its garden, stood. And paused on the pavement before it I had my first real comprehension of one of Ellen Glasgow's major themes: the way the present, for good or ill, inexorably overwhelms the values and beauties of the past. I remembered the houses in *The Sheltered Life* and *They Stooped to Folly* and *In This Our Life*, which surely, in some fashion, were this beleaguered house, from the upstairs study of which the author, ill, frail, almost deaf and driven by nerves, peered down at her crowded, ugly neighborhood.

In South Berwick, Maine, I found the Jewett house easily enough—it's on what might be called the town square, catty-corner from a hideous business block—but I had great difficulty discovering the whereabouts of the Jewett family graves. I made my way to them finally, on a hillside rank with untended, bleached-out grass. Sarah Orne Jewett's grave, raised above ground level and surrounded by an iron chain, was a disgrace: weedy and littered. I lingered a little in the pale sunshine—like the narrator in *Wuther-*

ing Heights—and tidied here and there. The grave looked so *old*, so thoroughly pitted by lichen; and yet it hadn't been such a great while since Miss Jewett was summering along the Massachusetts shore with Annie Fields, or meeting Willa Cather at the Fields's Boston house in Charles Street. Not long at all; yet here she was. Then I remembered her stories, and the Pointed Fir sketches: the sense they give, that is, of the homely blending of past and present, and the awareness they convey of death at even one's happiest moments, or of life going on no matter how acute one's own desolation. She had become a part of her own fiction. It was even appropriate that so few of the townspeople were sure where her grave was, though everyone could point out her house.

Some establishments, of course, propose very different responses from those I've been talking about. Several years ago I visited the elaborate home of a novelist who had an immense success in the '20s and '30s, and excellent sales, if an increasingly poor reputation, throughout the '40s. What readers ever saw in those books it's hard now to understand, and I don't suppose any of them will even be remembered in another decade. This is sad in a way, but at least success lasted the author's lifetime—and none of us knows what sort of rough handling he'll get from posterity. The point I want to make is something else, however. This writer's house was a striking reflection of his books: at once grandiose and shoddy. The package looked very good from a distance, but closer inspection showed the amount of jerry-building, the cracks in the walls.

I've never made a visit to the Booth Tarkington house in Indianapolis, but I've seen his country place at Kennebunkport, Maine, which is exactly the kind of roomy, modest house one would expect this generous, modest writer to own. All very grand, but tucked away up a wood road, and built against woods so that its homely good looks must be picked out by the patient eye. (His near neighbor, Kenneth Roberts, predictably has an immense, showy house that one approaches along what seem miles of driveway.)

In Santa Fe I went to explore the Governor's Palace, though less because of its historical importance than because it was here that Lew Wallace is said to have written *Ben Hur*. I found (or I think I did) the room where he worked on the book: an alcove, really, just a bit larger than a modern laundry room. Never having read *Ben Hur* I can draw no conclusions, but I was struck then by the fact that such a vast novel had come from such a tiny enclosure. There's some point to be made here, though it escapes me. I can only add, for whatever enlightenment it may offer the reader, that I work in a comparatively large study and write tiny novels.

There are lots of authors' houses I'll never be able to visit: the many that Edith Wharton lived in, for instance, and Nassenheide, that great, somber, glowing place, and Mas des Roses and Chateau Soleil, and Hugh Walpole's home in the Cumberland Country. Some of these places are probably gone; others have changed hands so often that nothing of the creative spirit can possibly remain in them. I have a friend who lives in one of the houses that William Faulkner occupied during his stay in Charlottesville,

Virginia, but I cannot imagine that a visit there will be more than convivial. It is my friend's house now—himself a writer—and whatever there may once have been of Faulkner must have fled.

I shall conclude with a happy note about the living—about a dear friend in Boulder, Colorado, who has written a book a year for more than three decades. Hers is, more perfectly than any other I've visited, a writer's house, full of framed photographs and letters from readers all over the world, stuffed with editions of her novels in all known, and several unlikely, languages, and crowned by a study with a huge desk and typewriter, reams of paper, dictionaries heaped on one another, and a single pencil badly in need of sharpening.

Anyone uninterested in writers and writing will of course find author snooping a terrible bore; but that person will probably not be reading the *Ohioana Quarterly*, and so I suppose myself safe in assuming a sympathetic audience in these pages. I have concentrated here mainly on the dead, but let me assure you that the living are not immune to or disdainful of public curiosity — which they construe, perhaps innocently, in terms of potential sales. I shouldn't myself want people tracking through my house at any hour of any day in the week, but if they turned up on, say, a Sunday afternoon, clutching one or preferably all of my books, I won't say I'd object. They might want to see the room where the lovers were reconciled (yes, in the last book I came round—or sank down—to using my own house), or the dining room where all those terrible things happened. On the other hand, they might want just to drive by the outside, peer-

ing in in the hope of some revelatory sight (the author striding naked through the living room, for instance).

But remember my caution. From the

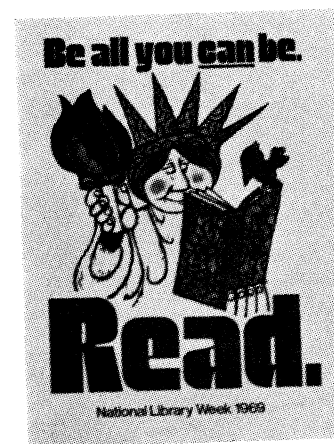
hobbyist's point of view, the live and kicking author—naked or clothed—is almost invariably a disappointment. He's bound to start *talking*.

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

Governor James A. Rhodes, Honorary Chairman of National Library Week in Ohio, has issued a proclamation, designating April 20-26, in recognition of the opportunities derived from libraries, books, and reading for better-informed citizens.

"Better libraries build better communities" is the theme to focus public attention on the Ohio Library Development Plan for expanding resources and services, in order that Ohio libraries can adequately meet the soaring demands associated with Ohio's cultural, industrial, and economic growth.

Robert W. Rodger, Public Relations head of the Cincinnati and Hamilton County Public Library, is serving as Executive Director of the Statewide committee.



TWO ACCOUNTS OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

FAVOR THE BOLD: CUSTER: THE INDIAN FIGHTER by D. A. Kinsley. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston*, 1968. Pp. xi plus 241. Bibliography. Index. \$6.95.

THE COURT-MARTIAL OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER by Lawrence A. Frost. *University of Oklahoma Press*, 1968. Pp. xv plus 280. Bibliography. Index. \$5.95.

AUTHORS: Born in 1939 in the Philadelphia suburb of Drexel Hill, Penna., Mr. Kinsley now lives in Kansas City, Mo. His interest in Custer derives partly from his own part-Sioux ancestry. Dr. Frost, a podiatrist in Monroe, Mich. (the home of Custer and his wife) has written books on both Custer and President Grant, and possesses an extensive collection of material on Custer. He is Custer curator of the Monroe County Historical Society Museum.

IT IS EASY TO BECOME INTERESTED in a legend, particularly when the figure involved is as colorful and controversial as Ohio-born General George Armstrong Custer, Civil War hero and Indian fighter whose heroic death at thirty-seven made him one of the major figures of American legend. Mr. Kinsley has obviously been captured by the Custer myth: his two volumes recounting Custer's life, of which this is the second, prove that abundantly. He titled his first volume *Favor the Bold: Custer: The Civil War Years*,

tracing the "boy general's" rise to national fame. This second volume begins the evening of April 10, 1865, in Richmond, Va., and ends on a June afternoon eleven years later on the battlefield of Little Big Horn in Montana, the site of "Custer's last stand."

What sort of person was Custer "Yellowhair"? The photographs Mr. Kinsley has supplied us with (Custer the Indian fighter and the Frontier Custer, both 1868, an 1872 studio photograph

REVIEWER: *A former newspaperman in his native city of Rochester, New York, and now an Associate Professor of English at the University of Akron, Dr. John S. Phillipson specializes in British literature of the eighteenth century.*

with the Grand Duke Alexis, and Custer in various formal dress, military and civilian) do not suggest a clear answer. In one he appears as a heavy, bearded man of middle age; elsewhere he appears more lithe, with a moustache of considerable size. In none of them does he suggest a young man, although in 1868 he was but twenty-nine. The book does better in picturing Custer for us, though it has faults.

Writing in a novelistic style, frequently creating dialogue though often quoting verbatim from notebooks, letters, official documents, telegrams, et cetera, Mr. Kinsley never quite succeeds in getting to the heart of this colorful figure of a century ago. Rather, he seems to be writing an historical romance. His attempts to portray his hero as a lover meet with the same problem as his depiction of him as a soldier: we are given only externals; we see what the man does but never quite understand him. The love scenes appear as awkward interruptions, depending as they do upon clichés of action and dialogue. The opening scene suggests the approach: Libbie (Custer's wife) in Jefferson Davis' bedchamber in Richmond, awakened by a kiss from her general husband, newly arrived after flight of the Confederates. Throughout we see "Autie" eagerly rushing to the side of his "little girl," his "precious Sunbeam," as soon as he is temporarily freed from the task of fighting Indians. This propensity at one point leads to his court-martial.

Here, for instance, is an example of Mr. Kinsley's narrative style: "It was just before noon, Friday, July 19, 1867. Elizabeth Custer was heartsick, in a daze, pacing the floor of her quarters on Offi-

cers' Row. Suddenly her heart lightened at a familiar sound: the clank of a saber, and with it those brisk, bounding steps she knew so well. The door flew open.

"Autie and Libbie flung themselves into each other's arms. She wept with joy, and hugged him desperately; and he, tears in his eyes, caressed her with trembling hands."

Despite this husbandly affection, Custer seems to have undergone a second marriage, effected before he knew what was happening, with an Indian girl named Meyotzi. Whether Custer ever consummated this "marriage" is questionable, as Mr. Kinsley notes; the greater probability is that Custer's younger brother Tom performed this function, abusing his fraternal rights, as Mr. Kinsley puts it, but sanctioned in this by Custer himself. One wishes that Mr. Kinsley had avoided the romantic gush about this relationship that helps to keep this work on the level of second rate fiction: "Did he taste the forbidden fruit of the wilds? And in so tasting did he dream of Libbie? How simple and pure was his husbandly love? . . . Did it make Meyotzi the fanciful fulfilment of a lonely soldier's yearning for the girl he left behind him?"

Apparently drawn to the cliché, Mr. Kinsley gives us the following: "nipped the evil in the bud," "fates had frowned," "the political die was cast," "too close for comfort," "beat a retreat," "on the spur of the moment," "smelled a rat," "white mantle of winter," "thorn in his side," "led a merry chase," "follow the beaten path." Latin phrases—*brutum fulmen, verbum sapienti, peccavi, pro forma, arbiter elegantiae*, for instance—and French ones—*sans peur et sans re-*

proche, beau sabreur, le grand poseur, éclat, faite de mieux — produce only a specious gentility and elegance.

Obviously a courageous man, though perhaps lacking in discretion (as the massacre at Little Big Horn suggests, when he stormed five thousand armed Indians with a relatively small body of men and met his own death in the process), Custer was also one of integrity. As Mr. Kinsley depicts them, Custer's accusers seem largely to have been drunkards and unreliable malcontents. Custer could be savagely cruel, punishing mutiny, desertion, or insubordination mercilessly by horsewhipping, by spreading naked men beneath the hot sun to be bitten by insects; or by repeated dousing in a river "by being horse-dragged across a ford with lariats tied to their legs." Despite his courage, his devotion to his wife, and his moral honesty, one has difficulty in finding Yellowhair an appealing figure. But, as Mr. Kinsley indicates in his Preface (written in a far better style than the book itself), "Much of Custer's character and personality is buried in the legend and controversy that enshroud him."

In that it seeks to do less, Dr. Frost's book succeeds better. Published by a university press, it is presumably aimed at a different audience than is Mr. Kinsley's romanticized approach. It is apparently (according to Col. Brice C. W. Custer, Ret., who contributed a brief Foreword about his great-uncle) the first complete telling of the famous court-martial. Like Mr. Kinsley, Colonel Custer views it as "an obvious attempt by high officials to whitewash the disastrous Hancock expedition in answer to the public's cry for

a victim." Yet this expedition, as Colonel Custer notes, "provided Uncle Autie with the Indian experience that motivated Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Sully to ask for his early reinstatement to lead them to victory over the depredating Indians."

Because we need to know the background of the case, Dr. Frost's book opens with an account of the situation in Kansas in 1867 when hostile Indians there pillaged, raped, and murdered. Interestingly enough, Brig. Gen. John Pope wrote Washington that he realized the Indians must be dispossessed before the Westward migration of whites, but he wondered how that might be done "with the least inhumanity to the Indians." Not all were so concerned about this last. Indeed, the Indians had ample reason to mistrust the white man, whom experience proved, could not always be depended upon to keep his word, to obey treaties. Complicating the problem, as both authors note, was the authorized practice by the Indian Affairs Department of selling guns to the Indians for hunting and, more perniciously, sales of arms and ammunition by Indian traders. As a result, one Indian might be equipped with two or three rifles.

The result of the Indian uprisings in Kansas was the expedition against them that Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock organized and led in the spring of 1867. Hancock seems not to have known how to deal with the Indians. "Unintentionally," says Dr. Frost, "he was doing everything possible to stir up a war."

Like Mr. Kinsley, Dr. Frost cites the increasing number of U. S. Army de-

serters and notes the concern of Custer (serving under General Hancock) about this. "The insufficiency and inferior quality of the rations furnished the men" was a major cause of dissatisfaction, Custer believed. Bread baked six years before was being issued; boulders "weighing as much as twenty-five pounds were found in unbroken packages of provisions." Cholera and scurvy were added sources of discontent.

In short, for various reasons the Hancock expedition proved a disaster. It was at this time that Custer, having reached Fort Harker, whither he had been ordered, reported to his superior officer there, and then, having a few days before his train and escort would be ready to return, "applied for and received authority to visit Fort Riley" (Custer's words), about ninety miles away, to see his family. Ordered to return almost as soon as he arrived, Custer did so as quickly as he could and was arrested on his return to await court-martial on charges of "absence without leave from his command" and "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." The court-martial convened about two months later, September 15, 1867, and adjourned the following October 11.

Working from a microfilm of the original transcript of the court-martial, "350 pages of longhand," Dr. Frost reprints the whole, save for some legal repetitions. Of this, perhaps the most impressive is the lengthy statement (twenty-one printed pages) by General Custer himself, read by his counsel, Capt. Charles C. Parsons. To the original charges was added another, "conduct prejudicial to

good order and military discipline," by Capt. Robert M. West, who, having been previously reprimanded by Custer for intoxication, seems to have decided upon this means of reprisal. During the court-martial, Custer noted: "West is drinking himself to death, has delirium tremens to such an extent the Prosecution will not put him on the witness stand. Parsons is conducting my defense admirably."

Despite these circumstances, the court decided against Custer, though not on all counts, and imposed as penalty the forfeiture of pay for a year (\$95 a month) and suspension from service during that time. A review board in Washington upheld the verdict, surprisingly mild had the charges really been as serious as they sounded. Custer seems to have had enemies in high position. Both Mr. Kinsley and Dr. Frost believe that Custer was done an injustice, and the present-day reader is likely to join them in this belief. It is significant that on September 24, 1868, just under one year after the court-martial ended, three generals and most of the officers in Custer's regiment asked him to join them to fight against the Indians. Custer went readily and gladly. Eight years later he was to die in this pursuit.

To his book Dr. Frost has added an impressive bibliography and a detailed index. Photographs and reproductions of engravings, maps and sketches enable one to follow the Hancock campaign and understand it. Meticulously researched and documented, this should become a standard reference work for the Custer trial and perhaps the only truly authoritative one.

QUESTIONS PUT TO AN AUTHOR

By Dale Hollerback Fife



IT WASN'T UNTIL I BEGAN WRITING for children that I realized how universal is the urge to write. When I worked in the adult field, I learned that doctors, lawyers, mailmen, all believed they had a story to tell "if only I had the time." I did not take these would-be writers seriously. I thought it was a matter of "distant fields. . . ."

But after I began visiting classrooms and talking to school assemblies, I discovered that the urge to "tell a story" is basic and universal. I began to see it as part of man's need to communicate.

He knows what he has in his heart, but he cannot express it clearly, or easily. The children taught me this by their frank and unabashed questions.

We are as we are, we are told, because of countless experiences, thoughts, dreams, frustrations, joys. Out of this "human computer" develops something called "personality,"—the "real me." No one else is exactly like "me" and so there is this urge to share one's personal view of life and events. "Listen to *my* tale," we cry. "This is how *I* see it."

Often I am asked what the difference

AUTHOR: Toledo born, Dale Hollerback Fife is the talented author of many successful juvenile books which include *A Stork for the Bell Tower*, *A Dog Called Dunkel*, *The Fish in the Castle*, *Walk a Narrow Bridge*, and *The Boy Who Lived in the Railroad Depot*. She has also written two books for adults: *Weddings in the Family* and *The Unmarried Sisters*.

Mrs. Fife and her husband now make their home in San Mateo, California. She traveled to Columbus to receive the Ohioana Book Award for *Walk a Narrow Bridge*, chosen as the best book of juvenile fiction for the year, 1967.

is between writing for adults and writing for children. I never consciously write for a particular age. I have a story that is ready to be told. The viewpoint I use is the one that has the right "feel." This, in a measure, determines who will be most interested in reading it. A truly good story will interest people of all ages, since it will not be a surface story, but will have varying depths. *Gulliver's Travels* fascinates the child with its exciting tale of adventure. The same child, grown up, re-reading it, discovers political and historical undertones he had not known were there.

The story I am presently writing is about what we, as children back in East Toledo, called THE HOLLOW. This ravine-like area is now cemented over, and cars hiss by where once the meadow lark sang, small animals scurried at our approach, and frogs croaked down by the marsh.

It was our private never-never land where grown-ups seldom strayed. Elderberry bushes flourished on the high ground, towering above us, for we were small. Our bare feet trod the winding paths, and we waded in sweet clover, and through the umbrella-like blossoms of May apples, and golden camomile. Below us was the pond, and the rafts the boys had fashioned and hidden in the tall cattails. We would imagine the pond to be an ocean, on the other side of which was France, or England, or any place we decided in our game of the day.

The Hollow was a place to "dream the impossible dream," as the song goes, and the time came when I wanted to share it with today's children.

"How long does it take to write a book?" one of "today's children" asked me recently in a school assembly. "Would

you believe ten, twenty, thirty years?" I answered. A gasp went up from the students. And yet, in a sense, this is true. Consciously, I started writing the story of the Hollow a few months ago. But my sub-conscious was at work storing material years ago when I roamed the paths of the green ravine. At that time conservation was not a critical issue. But in the years since then it has become so. My thoughts on the matter were duly filed away by the ever-working sub-conscious. So perhaps I should not have been surprised to discover that the underlying theme of the story about the Hollow is "conservation."

Children especially are fascinated by the way in which the sub-conscious functions. In our Ohio kitchen we had a pump by which we drew soft (rain) water from an outside cistern. It was necessary, if the pump had been idle for a while, to prime it with a cupful of water to make it work. Once primed, the water began to flow, reluctantly at first, then in great gushes. The sub-conscious works somewhat on this order.

I had written for sometime before I realized the part my sub-conscious played in my writing. It was not until after the publication of my first book, *Weddings in the Family*, that I had proof of it. In this book I characterized my three Alsatian uncles by their moustaches: "Theofil, the eldest," I wrote, "wore his straight across, somewhat like a long, thin cigar he might be holding under his nose, testing for fragrance."

At the time I wrote this, Uncle Theofil had been clean-shaven for years, and I didn't really believe he had ever sported such an exaggerated face decoration. Still, it seemed right for him. After the

book was published, my mother supplied needed snapshots for publicity. I found myself in one of them, a small child in white embroidered dress, sitting at the feet of Uncle Theofil. There he was, in all his splendour, sporting a moustache which did indeed look "like a long, thin cigar. . . ."

"What advice do you have for a beginning author?" I am sometimes asked.

Thomas Edison, on being asked to give advice to a group of college students, said: "The person capable of giving advice knows enough not to."

KUCK-OHIOANA LITERARY AWARDS

Once again we are in the midst of assembling all the entries of original prose and poetry by amateur writers of Ohio for the Lucille Loy Kuck-Ohioana Literary Award Contest. The entries have been "flowing" in, which is indeed gratifying. They will be judged by an eminent author of fiction and poetry. The winners will be introduced and will receive their cash awards and honorable mentions at the reception given by Governor and Mrs.

Still, perhaps one word is admissible: OBSERVE.

Sit in a crowded bus and observe your fellow passengers. They will be nodding, reading, yawning, eating, but almost never observing. Thoreau observed the Massachusetts countryside. Colette brings us the people and sights of Paris through her eyes. First, they were observers of their scene, then interpreters of what they saw, and, lastly, writers distilling their findings into words.

It is this observation of people and events that makes writing the alive profession it is.

James A. Rhodes at the Governor's Mansion, Saturday, April 12th. We hope Mrs. Kuck herself will be present to announce these awards.

Ohioana is proud and happy thus to be able to encourage excellence in literary expression. These awards are provided by the E. R. Kuck Foundation to promote neophyte writers of Ohio, and to enhance their appreciation of the ideals and beauty of our State.

*An Austere Professor of Latin
is Humanized*



THE POET OF "A SHROPSHIRE LAD"

A. E. HOUSMAN by Tom Burns Haber. Bibliography. Index. *Twayne Publishers*. 223 p. \$3.95

AUTHOR: Tom Burns Haber, retired Professor of English at Ohio State University, and a native of Rossburg, Ohio, now lives in Columbus. He is a recognized world authority on A. E. Housman, and has written numerous published works on this poet. His articles have appeared in leading philological and literary journals in America and Europe. He edited the Centennial Edition of Housman's poetry and authored *The Manuscript Poems of A. E. Housman*.

PROFESSOR HABER, leading authority on Housman, and editor of the Centennial Edition of Housman's poetry, has written what will, in all probability, prove to be the definitive life of the poet. The range and depth of the author's scholarly research are impressive, but equally notable is his remarkably fine style, so vivid and life-enhancing that his

subject—that strange, seclusive poet, and professor of Cambridge University—seems to leave the printed page and live. This is really a remarkable achievement, for the cold, remote, austere professor of Latin at Cambridge, the tall, lonely figure who strode alone across the frozen fens on bleak December afternoons and disappeared into the sunset, curtly repelled

REVIEWER: Formerly a teacher at Ohio State, Professor Herbert Edwards is now a member of the Department of English at the University of Maine. He is the author of several books and a number of scholarly articles in various journals.

all inquiries about himself, and comparatively little biographical information about him has hitherto been available.

As a scholar in his chosen field, Latin, Housman was feared, hated, and admired. So extensive was his knowledge here, so meticulous his scholarship, and so devastating his excoriation of errors that few dared to challenge his judgments, and all feared the lash of his criticisms. It was almost as if his hard-won eminence here was a kind of revenge, for as a young man of 22 he had flunked his final examinations at Oxford, and had left in disgrace without his degree. A year later he published an article on Horace in the *Journal of Philology*, and ten years later he was appointed Professor of Latin at University College, London. But this was only a beginning. Twenty years of unremitting labor were finally rewarded in 1911 by his appointment as Professor of Latin at Trinity College, Cambridge.

But a greater paradox in the life of this strange genius was his publication in 1896 of a book of poignantly beautiful lyric poetry, *A Shropshire Lad*. It was not immediately popular, but slowly and surely its fame grew with critics and public alike, until in a few years Housman was universally hailed as an important poet. His lyrics showed little influence by the poets of the Victorian Age—Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Swinburne. Instead, the poet of *A Shropshire Lad* seemed to go back to the well-springs of all great poetry—the deep emotions of the heart—and he voiced these emotions in the simple words of Anglo-Saxon origin that have always been the language of our greatest poetry. He spoke from the heart to the heart

like the Psalmist of old, and, like Shakespeare, from an intense realization of life. Indeed, as Professor Haber shows, the Bible and Shakespeare were two of the most important influences on Housman.

There were few evidences in his poetry of the vast erudition of the professor of Latin. His poetry was obviously the work of a poetic genius with a natural inspiration. It rose from the heart—not from the mind. It dealt with the fundamental emotions inspired by the basic experiences of life—love, death, nature—the primitive feelings as old as the human race, the joys and tragedies of human fate. It rose from the root instinct of man's nature, his passion for life, and it was obvious to all that the author of *A Shropshire Lad* was a born poet who possessed this passion for life more abundantly than those few who knew him had ever supposed. Evident, too, was the born poet's hypersensitivity to all the manifestations of life, and his creative power over language.

Great artists, whatever their particular form of art, seem to attain the highest reaches of their art through suffering. This fact is familiar to us in the lives of the great composers, painters, and poets. To give only one instance of many, Whitman in his profoundly beautiful *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* tells us that only after the loss of a loved one through death was he able to take into his imagination death as well as life and he wrote: "My own songs awaked from that hour." With Housman it was the loss of a deeply-loved friend, and the suffering from this tragedy, that seems to have inspired the poignant lyrics of *A Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems*.

Professor Haber's sensitive discussion of this and earlier tragedies in the poet's life contributes much to our understanding of Housman and his poetry.

These few comments give only a brief sampling of Tom Burns Haber's splendid

critical biography of Alfred Edward Housman. All those interested in Housman's poetry must read this latest and best of the books about this fascinating poet. Anyone who loves poetry will find here exciting discoveries.

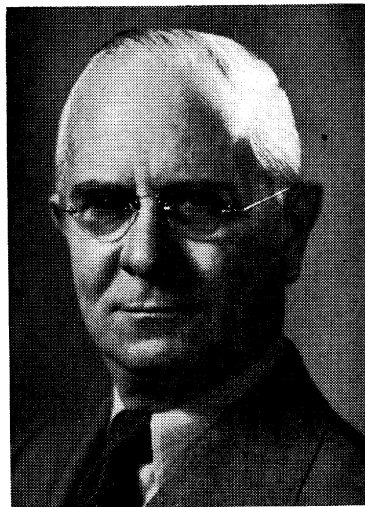
OHIOANA QUARTERLY HONORED

DR. JOHN S. PHILLIPSON, Associate Professor of English at the University of Akron, has informed Ohioana Library that the Ohioana Quarterly is now being abstracted by *Abstracts of English Studies*, an official publication of the National Council of Teachers of English. This means that scholars all over America will become aware of our publication. We are proud that *Abstracts of English Studies* has added our journal to its coverage.

Moreover, Mr. Phillipson, as one of

the American editors of the Modern Humanities Research Association's *International Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, has suggested that *Ohioana* be added for surveillance. The American Editor-in-Chief has agreed to survey our Quarterly; hence scholars checking the *Modern Humanities Research Association's Bibliography* hereafter, will find pertinent articles and book reviews cited there from *Ohioana*. We consider this quite a recognition for our Quarterly.

A DYNAMIC LIFE



CONCERNS OF A CONSERVATIVE DEMOCRAT by Charles Sawyer. *Southern Illinois University Press, 1968.* Index. Pp. xv-399. \$10.00

AUTHOR: Tall, erect Charles Sawyer, known to his friends as Charlie, is now living in Cincinnati, his "home" town. As businessman, lawyer and diplomat he has been closely identified with politics, on the Ohio, national and international levels.

ONE APPROACHES THE TASK of reviewing the autobiography of a friend with trepidation as well as with interest. Even the most brilliant individuals have come up with dull books. Moreover, the field of autobiography is particularly difficult. Charles Sawyer has led a remarkably dynamic life. His interests have been

broadly diverse, running the gamut from the out-of-doors to international diplomacy. He has been meticulously careful and accurate in everything he has done. All these qualities are reflected in *Concerns of a Conservative Democrat*. But even the broadest of experiences and the most faithful reporting of them wouldn't

REVIEWER: For 44 years David W. Roberts has been editor and publisher of *The Clermont Sun*, Batavia, one of Ohio's oldest Democratic weekly newspapers. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Sawyer have been friends for almost all those years—during the former's service in several Ohio political campaigns; during his years as columnist, foreign correspondent and editorial writer for *The Cincinnati Enquirer*.

necessarily produce a good book. Mr. Sawyer, in addition, is able to write simply, logically, lucidly—and entertainingly. I found it difficult to stop reading. But with a text of some 400 pages, one must take time out now and then. Seldom has such a mass of detail been handled with such skillful concern for the interests of the cash customers who do the reading. The foreword is done by Dean Acheson and John W. Snyder, both of whom served—as did Mr. Sawyer—in President Harry Truman's Cabinet.

Mr. Sawyer's life-long habit of mincing no words has helped produce a book which is direct and clear as crystal. It gives the reader a lucid picture of Sawyer in action—not only in the Cabinet, but in his post as Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg. In the latter post he represented his country in one of the most sensitive European posts and during a time—in the last year of World War II—when much of the success of Allied diplomatic efforts in Europe rested on his shoulders.

One senses a certain sympathy between Mr. Sawyer and President Truman, although the two did not see eye to eye on many issues. Still Mr. Truman most certainly admired his Commerce Secretary's advice and intentions, always stated in terms which were unmistakably clear.

The book follows the general pattern of autobiography. One gets a warm insight into Mr. Sawyer's early years when he was something of a liberal rather than a conservative Democrat. We are led through his business career—"sometimes you win and sometimes you don't" he implies—through Ohio politics where he was his party's leader for years and on to his participation in national and inter-

national political affairs. He relates incidents which throw new and intimate historical lights on such world figures as Eisenhower, Churchill, Attlee and Roosevelt.

As a businessman and a business lawyer, Mr. Sawyer knew the problems of private enterprise. As Secretary of Commerce he felt he was the direct representative of business in the administrative branch of government. His whole program as Secretary was based on that thesis. Many of the vastly complicated problems which crossed his desk are treated in detail in his book.

Ohioans will be intrigued and perhaps amused by Mr. Sawyer's blunt treatment of his campaign to win the Democratic gubernatorial primary from Martin L. Davey who at the time—1938—was Ohio's governor. It was a bitter battle, made no less so by Mr. Sawyer's hard-hitting campaign. He won the primary, but was defeated by John Bricker in the general election. In 1936, as Ohio national committeeman, Mr. Sawyer had directed FDR's campaign in this state. Mr. Roosevelt won by 620,000.

In addition to the text, the book also contains a series of historic photographs, all in some way interwoven into the life of Charles Sawyer. Logically enough, the picture record starts with a picture of the author—a "Yankee from Ohio"—when he was three years old. We see him at the time he was elected to Cincinnati City Council, "the youngest ever to occupy the seat." As his career progresses, other photographs were taken—Mr. Sawyer in Ohio politics; playing golf with Dizzy Dean; with Bob Feller and Johnny Vandermeer; with FDR and

then-Senator Robert J. Bulkley; as he conferred with Phillip Murray, head of the CIO, during the historic seizure of the steel mills under President Truman; with counsel representing the government in the famed Dollar Line case, which the book treats in absorbing detail.

One indication of the vast amount of

careful work which went into the volume is the almost 60 pages of reference notes at the end. These, compiled by Eugene P. Trani, are from Mr. Sawyer's great collection of personal papers. The papers, now at the Sawyer home in Cincinnati, eventually will go to the Harry S. Truman Library in Independence, Mo.

OHIOANA EVENTS 1969

April 12—Reception at Governor's Mansion for County Chairman and guests at 2 p.m.

October 4—Hamilton County Reception and Tea for Hamilton County authors. Cincinnati Art Museum. at 1:30 p.m. All members invited.

September 13—Annual Meeting honoring Ohio Authors and Composers. Neil House at 10 a.m. for all.

CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP



Left to right—Harold C. McKinley, Jack Matthews, Minnie Hite Moody, Chester Gephart, Marion Renick, and James P. Barry.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF ACADEME was provided for the 6th Annual Creative Writing Workshop by the location of the event, The Ohio Union, Ohio State University Campus. Co-sponsored by the Railroad Community Service Committees of Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, this Workshop, held on January 25, was attended by talented high school students throughout Ohio. They heard the following panelists: Minnie Hite Moody of Newark, Ohio, and author of *Buckeye Shadows* and many books of fiction, discussed poetry; Marion Renick, Columbus, author of 27 juvenile books and with several in the making, described the juvenile market; Jack Matthews, English Professor at Ohio University, Athens, and author of two books of fiction, *Bitter Knowledge* and *Hanger Stout, Awake!*, briefed the students on fiction writing and revealed interesting facts about his forthcoming novel, which has an Ohio River setting; and James P. Barry, author of *The Georgian Bay, the Sixth Great Lake*, who gave a fine blue-print for the writing of articles.

After luncheon in the Ohio Union East Ballroom, the attentive audience, the largest to date, heard as a special feature Miss Martha Brian, associate professor in Journalism at Ohio State University, speak on Journalism as a career.

The Ohioana Library wishes to express its appreciation to Mr. Harold C. McKinley, Director of the Eastern Railroads Presidents Conference, Railroad Community Service Committees, New York City, who personally brought greetings from the Railroad Committees which finance this workshop as an effective contribution to future literary achievement in Ohio, and to Mr. Chester Gephart of the B & O Railroad, who is Chairman of the Service Committee for the Columbus Area.

SANDUSKY, CROSSROADS OF HISTORY

SANDUSKY'S YESTERDAYS by Charles E. Frohman. *Ohio Historical Society*. 177 pp. with 32 pages of photos and maps. \$5.50.

AUTHOR: Charles E. Frohman, a retired Ohio industrialist living on Cedar Point Peninsula, has become an authority on the history of Sandusky, Lake Erie and environs. He is a trustee of the Ohio Historical Society, Columbus. This is his third book about the history of this region.

SANDUSKY BAY, twenty miles long and four wide, is the largest sheltered harbor on the south shore of Lake Erie. Into it flows the Sandusky River. Guarding its narrow entrance from the lake are Marblehead and Cedar Point. The city of Sandusky grew just south of the bay's entrance, on a spot chosen for it by the redoubtable Col. James Kilbourn in 1805.

Prehistoric Indians left their pictographs on Inscription Rock on Kelley's Island just offshore. An old French map of 1694 notes, at the Sandusky area, "Savage Villages destroyed by Ye Iroquese."

REVIEWER: *As president of the Ohio Historical Society, Don E. Weaver maintains his interest in Ohio history, about which he wrote when he was editor of the Columbus Citizen-Journal. His excellent columns on conservation currently appear on the Opinion page of this morning newspaper.*

books are *Rebels on Lake Erie*, the story of the Civil War prison at Sandusky, and *A History of Sandusky and Erie County*.

He has done much research on Sandusky's history, including indexing the old files of the Sandusky Register.

Many trails of exploration and conquest — Indian, French, British and American — crossed at Sandusky Bay, and there the pioneers built forts to guard the bay. Just offshore, Oliver Hazard Perry defeated the British at the famous battle of Put-In-Bay.

Sandusky has done well, but might have done better in the clear light of hindsight. It should have been the northern terminus of the Ohio-Erie Canal, instead of Cleveland. The Scioto and Sandusky River valleys offered the same easy route they had afforded the Indians. Instead, the canal diagonaled from the lower Scioto through the hills to the Cuyahoga.

Sandusky lost out because it was charged there would not be enough water, and because Cleveland pushed harder for the canal, with arguments like this verse from the Cleveland Herald:

What fools are men to talk about
Sandusky and Scioto route . . .
Their summits high, their valleys
deep,
Their streams are dry, their hills
are steep,
They're naught to Cuyahoga.

But the clincher was the appointment of Alfred Kelley—of Cleveland—as a canal commissioner. The canal managed to touch the home district of every commissioner.

Colonel Kilbourn, an enthusiastic

booster of Sandusky as well as of Worthington and Bucyrus, complained in 1833 that Sandusky had been too late with too little in: finishing a turnpike, starting a bank, establishing ship building, rope making and other manufacturing, selling lots "on accommodating terms" to business enterprisers, and in establishing a new county.

The canal snub was forgotten as railroads took over transportation soon after the canals were completed. Sandusky was northern terminal of the Mad River & Lake Erie, chartered in 1832. The first locomotive, named the Sandusky, was made in New Jersey in 1837, and delivered by boat via the Erie Canal across New York and Lake Erie. The first Mad River train ran, as far as Bellevue, in 1838.

Long before, Sandusky had been a main terminal of another "railroad," the underground that helped escaping slaves from the South to freedom in Canada. This traffic, aided by foes of slavery, lasted from about 1820 to the Civil War.

Sandusky did not escape the frequent cholera epidemics. In 1834 cholera took 27 lives. In the great epidemic of 1849 there were 405 deaths and as many people fled Sandusky permanently. The Cholera Cemetery is marked by a bronze memorial plaque.

Fish and ice were early Sandusky products. It salted 70,000 barrels of herring in 1870. L. D. Anthony once took 14,700 white fish in nets off Put-In-Bay in 24 hours. Winter fishing through the ice of Sandusky Bay and outside Cedar Point employed many men. Unpolluted Lake Erie teemed with huge sturgeon. After the Civil War 1500 kegs of caviar were shipped in a year. Much of it went to Europe, to be branded "Russian" and re-

turned to an eager market in the United States, at higher prices.

Between 1875 and 1890 Sandusky was the largest ice producing center west of the Hudson. The pure water in the land-locked bay made ideal ice. After cold weather it was cut and stored in sawdust-insulated ice houses, then shipped to markets as far away as St. Louis.

Sandusky was on the sidelines of the "Canadian rebellion" of dissident citizens of Ontario in the late 1830's and early 40's. Among the refugees were the parents of Thomas A. Edison. They fled from Vienna, Ontario, to Milan, a few miles from Sandusky, where Thomas was born in 1847.

By 1882, three lines of "herdics," horse-drawn hacks with seats for eight or ten people, were operating in Sandusky. Electric street cars followed, and then the interurban connecting with Cleveland and other cities.

Sandusky had its try at automobile making. The Sandusky electric in 1902, and the "Servitor," a 20-horsepower gas buggy, did not live long. Nor did the Eagle roadster and the Courier.

By 1913 Sandusky was spoken of as the "aviation center of the country." Its bay was ideal for flying either water or land planes. The Roberts Motor Co., formed at Clyde, Ohio, was moved to Sandusky. Its aviation engines were famous before World War I. Weldon Cooke built flying boats that flew 50 miles an hour. Tom Benoist built and sold more than 40 planes in 1910-11. A Benoist plane flew the first scheduled air

service between St. Petersburg and Tampa, Florida, in 1914. As a pioneer airman, Benoist set many early flying records. But he died of a skull fracture when he carelessly jumped from a street car in Sandusky.

Charles Frohman lives on the Cedar Point Peninsula, so he speaks from close observation when he tells about the old Cedar Point amusement park and its recent revival.

Older Ohioans recall fondly the early grandeur of the Breakers Hotel, and of dancing to the music of Glenn Gray, Vincent Lopez, Shep Fields and many others.

Cedar Point Park aged and became shabby. A syndicate invested millions and breathed new life into it, so that it is now an outstanding amusement center.

In his foreword Mr. Frohman says: "It has not been my purpose to write a chronological history of Sandusky, but rather to collect . . . related and interesting facts, many of which are little known, some of which are here published for the first time."

"Interesting" is the word that guided him and rewards his readers.

Scholarly history has its place, but often the lay historian speaks with more interest and understanding to the lay reader. *Sandusky's Yesterdays* is the story of the adventures, trials, humor and quaintness of the people who built a typical Ohio town. Though uniquely its own, Sandusky's story is in many ways the story of Anytown, Ohio.

OHIOANA LIBRARY WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls

November 30, 1968 to February 14, 1969

Mr. Robert Allen, Richwood	Mr. Karl Kordeban, Youngstown
Mrs. Eleanor Andrew, Columbus	Mr. Lloyd Kropp, Columbus
Miss Rita Bergman, Ashland	Dr. Cleveland McDonald, Cedarville
Brooklyn City Pub. Libr., Brooklyn	Middleburg Hts. Pub. Libr., Fairview Park
Brook-Park Pub. Libr., Brook-Park	Dr. Mary Montebello, Columbus
Mrs. B. D. Brummet, Cincinnati	Napoleon Reg. Library, Napoleon
Mrs. William Dietz, Columbus	North Texas University Libr., Texas
Miss Constance Dreisbach, Cincinnati	Miss Barbara Padgitt, Akron
Miss Sandra Dreisbach, Cincinnati	Port Clinton Pub. Libr., Port Clinton
Mr. and Mrs. William Green, Cincinnati	Major Meredith Shryock, Crestline
Kent St. University, Ashtabula	Dr. John Skala, Canton

NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMAN

CUYAHOGA COUNTY

Mrs. Darian H. Smith
North Olmsted, Chairman

HARRISON COUNTY

Mrs. Martha Goodwin
Cadiz

To Our Readers: Don't miss an issue. Notify us when you change your address. We have to pay 15¢ apiece for undeliverable magazines.

OHIOANA

Library News

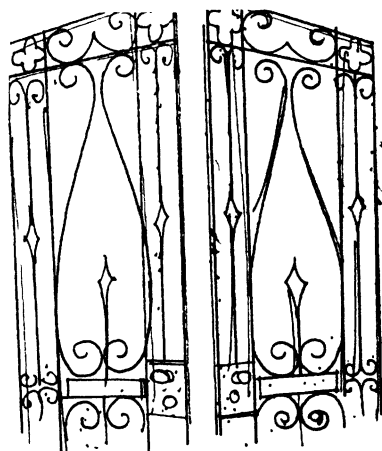
JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER, author of a recent book of poetry entitled *Job's Daughter: New Poems and Old Favorites* (W. W. Norton & Co.) has generously given to Ohioana Library her typed manuscript, complete with annotations, of an unfinished novel, with the title of *The Flowering of Lane Field*. We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Untermeyer for her remembrance of Ohioana Library and are proud to be the repository of this valuable acquisition. Like her poems, this novel is of immaculate craftsmanship. Moreover her prose has a musical quality which the reader also observes in her poems.

Born in Zanesville, Ohio, Jean Starr went to New York to study music, and later she married Louis Untermeyer. They lived in Austria for a time where she made her debut as a Liedersinger.

Again we express our great thanks to Mrs. Untermeyer—and we invite Ohioana members and friends to visit our Library and see her manuscripts.

THE FESTIVE DISPLAY of your attractive Christmas cards, these past holidays, brought color to the Library and joy to our hearts, as they decorated a long reading table which stands against double windows overlooking the picturesque Scioto River with its many graceful bridges.

Unable to acknowledge each card individually, we wish to express our gratitude now for these messages of good cheer.



ENTRANCE GATE
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

INSPIRED by attending the Creative Writing Workshop for talented Ohio high school students conducted by The Martha Cooper Ohioana Library Association and sponsored by the Railroad Community Service Committees of Ohio, January 1968, a group from Gallia Academy High School, Gallipolis, organized a junior writing group on March 5, 1968. The name is "Tyro Scribes."

Mrs. Lola Napier, their English teacher, was chosen as sponsor. Meetings have been monthly at the Episcopal Church. Officers are elected and the members pay dues. The only requirement for membership is an interest in creative writing. Meetings are informal. Each one reads a manuscript which is evaluated by the group. Occasionally a specialist is asked to speak. The local newspaper has used some of the manuscripts. Mrs. E. V. Clarke, Jr. is the present sponsor.

Mrs. W. A. Lewis of Rio Grande, Gallia County Ohioana Library Chairman, made the arrangements for the students to attend the workshops in 1968 and 1969.

MRS. DONNA CHEETWOOD, Librarian of Ohioana, has received deserved recognition for her compilation, *Suggested Programs and Topics for the Study of Ohio*.

This is a list of available books on Ohio, a bibliography of resource material for use by upper elementary grade teachers and their pupils in studying Ohio and its history.

Such a reference list has been needed for some time. It is now available in mimeograph form, at \$1.00 per copy, here at Ohioana Library.

We have given permission for our publication to be reproduced in the *SET PLAN Resource Materials*, edited by Mr. Donald Goodan, SET PLAN Resource Teacher, of the Columbus Public Schools. A credit line to Ohioana Library will be run with the reprint. We are happy to be of service to the Columbus Board of Education.

A "SECRET" to be made public is the date for Ohioana Day, the meeting honoring Ohio authors and composers of the year. This will be Saturday, October 4th, at the Neil House, Columbus, beginning with a program at 10 a.m., and followed by luncheon and presentation of awards.

Circle this date now! Include your family! Invite a friend!

The first EDITH M. KELLER SCHOLARSHIP given by the Ohio Music Education Association was awarded to Nancy Ann Zalar, senior in Music Education at Ashland College, Ohio, and was presented by Miss Keller at the OMEA Convention at the Sheraton-Columbus Hotel, on February 7, 1969. This Scholarship Fund has been made possible by pledges and cash donations from members and friends as a tribute. Miss Keller

charted the music program for the schools of Ohio and served as state supervisor for 35 years. OMEA, the first such organization of its kind, has shown outstanding leadership, with membership numbering more than 4,000. It was given a Citation by Ohioana Library in 1966.

THIS JULY OHIOANA LIBRARY is making a presentation of Ohioana books to the Library at Rhodes House, Oxford University, Oxford, England. An estimated 30 books will comprise this gift presentation. These books will be shipped, courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., to the English-Speaking Union at Dartmouth House, Berkeley Square, London, from where the Director of the Ohioana Library will take them to Oxford University and present them in person to the Warden of Rhodes House, Mr. E. T. Williams, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., M.A., F.R.Hist S.

THE 23RD EDITION of the Ohio Year Book 1970 will be available June first. The theme, "Festivals of Ohio," is already attracting interest.

Approximately forty established festivals will be portrayed by full page photographs (some in color) and by descriptive editorials, written by authorities and historians of each locale. This theme of FESTIVALS includes both the past history of Ohio and the reasons for our present status as "The Festival State."

Visitors to our Ohio Festivals will appreciate their happy experiences all the more when they realize how and why each festival began.

Governor James A. Rhodes again has kindly written the introductory foreword for the 1970 edition of the Ohio Year Book.

Book Looks

THE SEARCH FOR ELISABETH BRANDT by William Harrington. *David McKay Company, Inc.* 376 p. \$6.95.

A strong sense of foreboding and mystery hovers over the most ordinary scenes in post-war Braunsdorf, a German industrial city, when U. S. Congressman Arthur Pomeroy returns after the war to search for his English-speaking secretary, Ilse Brandt, whom he loves and wishes to marry.

Dramatic actions develop, then disperse, only to develop again as Pomeroy, in his search, becomes involved with former Gestapo and SS men. Suspense mounts until the very ending.

Ohio-born William Harrington is a lawyer, living in Columbus. He attended Marietta College, Ohio State University and Duke University. This is his fourth novel, the others being *Which the Justice*, *Which the Thief*; *The Power*; and *Yosbar the Soldier*.

A NATURALISTIC VIEW OF MAN by George Crile, Jr., M. D. *World Publishing Company*. Bibliography. Index. 177 p. \$4.95.

Based on the thesis that "if we continue to emphasize higher education and persist in neglecting the importance of what is learned in the first few years of life, it is unlikely that we will ever accomplish our educational aims," this book by a Cleveland surgeon on child development challenges many of the older concepts in psychology.

It deplores the limited vocabulary used

in early school readers. Learning in school should serve as its own award. The difference between imprintation knowledge and the ability to learn by association is discussed.

Dr. Crile's book reflects his great interest in biological research and animal behavior. The reader will doubtless agree with some of his conclusions, and disagree with others.

THE AMBROSE BIERCE SATANIC READER Compiled and Edited by Ernest Jerome Hopkins. *Doubleday & Company, Inc.* 237 p. \$5.95.

The younger Ambrose Bierce is the subject of this book by Ernest Jerome Hopkins, Professor Emeritus of Journalism at Arizona State University, who was a cub reporter in San Francisco just before Bierce's mysterious disappearance into Mexico in 1913. He has compiled and edited selections from the invective journalism of this fearless satirist, an Ohioan born in Meigs County.

Through extensive research Professor Hopkins has been able to collect the unknown early columns of Bierce who wrote not as a bitter, morose man, but as a brave moralist.

There is the old saying, "I feel it in my very bones." Bierce felt things, such as moral issues, in his very bones, and wrote as he felt it.

In a highly productive writing life of 40 years and more, these heretofore vanished early works, so virile and uninhibited, have a foundational relationship to Bierce's later output.

This new book increases the appreciation of Bierce which today is evidently mounting.

VANISHED by Fletcher Knebel. *Doubleday*. 407 p. \$5.95.

Readers have come to expect the best from Knebel, the Ohioan who combines suspense with political acumen to create exciting stories. *Vanished* is such a novel, as the country, from the FBI down, tries to figure out how a prominent Washington attorney, who is also a close friend of the President, could just vanish for no discernible reason. Did he defect? Was he a deviate? Was he an embezzler to be exposed?

Related by the fictional presidential press secretary, this book contains the same kind of high level governmental intrigue that made Knebel's *Night of Camp David*, winner of the 1966 Ohioana Fiction Award, so outstanding.

Knebel knows his Washington, and taking us with him behind the scenes makes for fascinating reading.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball

EDGE OF TWO WORLDS by Weyman Jones. Illustrated by T. C. Kocsis. *Dial Press, Inc.* 143 p. \$3.95.

Weyman Jones effectively disguises his scholarly grasp of Comanche and Cherokee Indians in this juvenile novel which is truly superlative in characterization, plot and writing.

The boy-hero, Calvin Harper, as he was traveling through Texas on his way to an eastern law school, became the lone survivor of a surprise Comanche massacre. He is found by Sequoyah, an aging Cherokee, who was from a magician's clan. Their travels in Texas become exciting adventure.

This talented author, born in Lima, Ohio, now lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland, where he is Director of Information for the IBM Federal Systems Division.

WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAIL by Maymie R. Krythe. *Harper & Row*. 262 p. \$5.95.

This book is not just for the patriotic buff. It is of general interest and is quite readable. Some of our outstanding landmarks come alive as we understand their underlying history.

Like millions of other home-grown Americans, this reviewer had long accepted the image of Uncle Sam without questioning how he became this symbol. Much that constitutes our American heritage is presented here; our flag, the Liberty Bell, the presidential seal, the Statue of Liberty, and the monuments in our nation's capital are among those examined. Many misconceptions which have grown up through the years are cleared away. One chapter, with real human interest, concerns the White House, as Mrs. Krythe delves into the stories of its varied occupants.

The author, who received her A. B. from Wittenberg University, is noted for her "all about" books and has done it again, this time with Americana.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball

THE CAT ACROSS THE WAY by Anne Huston. Drawings by Velma Ilesley. *Seabury Press*. 128 p. \$3.75.

Getting adjusted to a strange city (Cleveland) is the theme of this entertaining story for young girls by an Ohio writer, born and raised just outside of this Buckeye city.

Ten year old Lacey knew she would never like her new home. She missed her pony and, Pam, her dear friend. A yellow cat changes Lacey's attitude and brings her a new friend. The story has a constructive message.

DARK PIPER by André Norton. *Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.* 249 p. \$4.25.

The world of Griss Lugard, on Beltane, is where all the action takes place in this story. It starts slowly, but picks up pace and gains momentum steadily. What happens when Griss discovers that his plague-ridden homeland is slowly being taken over by scientifically mutated creatures makes for a suspenseful climax which should give the reader pause.

For some inexplicable reason, much science fiction is written with such a complicated story line that the reader becomes confused and loses interest. However, author Norton pulls this plot out of the morass, and it becomes both interesting and exciting.

The Ohio-born author is considered a top science fiction writer, and this latest book bears out her standing.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball

WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL edited by Robert L. Fish. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 256 p. \$4.95.

The editor of this sampler of short-short mystery stories is Robert L. Fish, formerly of Cleveland, and the author of the popular and excellent Red Mask Mystery series, starring Captain José Da Silva of the Brazilian police.

Mr. Fish has selected brief mystery tales of great variety to include in this anthology. In his foreword he states that the mystery story must stand on its own merits in the literary field. He rightfully contends that the whodunits have gained respectability.

Our own personal comment is that we regret the omission in this collection of a Robert Fish story, because his Captain José Da Silva is one our top favorites.

FAMOUS FIRST FLIGHTS THAT CHANGED HISTORY by Lowell Thomas and Lowell Thomas, Jr. *Doubleday & Company, Inc.* Bibliography. Index. 340 p. \$6.95.

Lowell Thomas is the Ohioan of this father-and-son authorship. He received the Ohioana Career Medal Award in 1951, the highest honor which Ohioana Library bestows.

Whereas he and his son have participated in notable flights of their own, they now reach beyond these experiences in collecting the stories of famous flights the world over.

The book's take-off is a misadventure, when Hubert Latham of Paris attempted to fly across the English Channel in the summer 1909. The chapters proceed with the histories of various other portentous flights, including that of "Slim" Lindbergh, of Panghorn and Herndon flying non-stop from Japan to the United States, and of the flight over the South Pole by Byrd, Balchen, June and McKinley.

Over forty action-photographs illustrate these historic air adventures.

The Thomases themselves took active parts in three of the sixteen flights recounted here, all of them aeronautical feats of daring.

HEART GIFTS by Helen Steiner Rice. *Privately published.* 96 p. \$3.50.

Verses by Helen Steiner Rice appear in her books and in greeting cards, spreading cheer to many readers. In the closing poem this Cincinnati gives thanks to:

"People everywhere in life
from every walk and station"

for giving her so much. In return she hopes her rhymed lines will bring joy and hope to them.

A RUGGED MAN'S LIFE by Robert F. Allen. *Dorrance & Company.* 191 p. \$4.00.

The feeling that comes from Judge Allen's descriptions of log cabins, Ohio farm lands south of Plain City, Union County, of neighbors, city visitors, and of plowing, butchering, cider making, and church going is historically evocative.

The book is primarily the story of Judge Allen's father, a rugged individualist, and it opens dramatically with a chapter entitled, "The Day the Log Cabin Burned." This is followed by a veritable parade of family incidents, some tragic, others humorous, all encompassed in a period of agricultural revolution.

The landscape and Ohio's pioneer period are deeply embedded within the author's consciousness. There has been no erosion, as he puts his family's history into words. The inclusion of family photographs adds to the value of this biography, which in toto bespeaks the permanence of family and the Ohio landscape.

BUCKEYE PRESBYTERIANISM edited by E. B. Welsh. Index. *United Presbyterian Synod of Ohio.* 285 p. \$4.00.

This account of the seven Presbyterian denominations with their twenty-one synods and more than sixty Presbyteries which at one time or another have functioned wholly or in large part within Ohio, begins with a brief history of the early settlers of the Northwest Territory and the forming of the first Ohio Presbytery in 1798.

Such well-known names as Rev. James Kemper, Rev. John Wright, and Rev. Joseph Badger are threaded through this history of the early Presbyteries. Secularism, missionaries, Lane Theological

Seminary in Cincinnati, and the University of Wooster are several of the many subjects covered briefly from the 1800's through 1958.

Professor Francis P. Weisenburger, Ph.D., Department of History, Ohio State University, who is a member of the Board of Trustees of Ohioana Library, is one of the committee who helped to research and write this record.

PIONEERS IN SCIENCE by Frank Siedel and James M. Siedel. Illustrations by Ted Gorka and Michael Sorisky. Index. *Houghton Mifflin Company.* 160 p. \$5.00.

Thomas Alva Edison and Wilbur and Orville Wright are the Ohio scientists included in this book, written by Frank Siedel and his son, James, both of whom live in Cleveland. The list of scientists begins with Aristotle, Archimedes and Ptolemy, continuing on down the ages to Enrico Fermi and Ernest O. Lawrence.

A full page drawing and two pages of biography are devoted to each famous man. Forty-eight sketches in all describe the discoveries and achievements, as well as the salient points in the lives of these scientists. The book is an excellent introduction to the great minds of the past.

A MADRAS-TYPE JACKET by Evelyn Hawes. *Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.* 168 p. \$4.50.

The University of Cincinnati can claim Evelyn Hawes both as graduate student and as instructor. Her articles and short stories have appeared in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Redbook*. Her first novel, *The Happy Land*, concerns a family which, despite cares and woes, is in the main "happy."

This second novel has as narrator Margo Brown, a college freshman, who

discovers that it is easier to be "against" than "for"; that helping a person is not always "a good policy"; and that caution is sometimes interpreted as cowardice.

Mrs. Hawes is gifted with wit and humor which she generously inserts into both dialogue and plot. Her novel is good for many chuckles over "green" college days, and for some serious thought on life's problems. For this gay and buoyant story Evelyn Hawes has won honors and acclaim in such distant places as Hawaii.

THE DREAMING TREE by Allan W. Eckert. *Little, Brown and Company*. 300 p. \$5.95.

Allan Eckert is a most versatile writer. His *The Frontiersmen*, the first in a major series entitled *The Winning of America*, is a masterpiece among epic stories. His wildlife books, of which *The Great Auk* and *The Crossbreed* are two, are powerful narratives.

The Dreaming Tree is of still another genre, an appealing, dreamy story of a twelve year old boy who was sent to a boarding school by his self-centered mother. This lad, Will Wagner, suffers the agonies of loneliness, before he discovers a storm-twisted and stunted gnarled oak in a secluded glen, where he retreats to dream and study wildlife.

After a while, Will, sensitive and shy, experiences deep friendships among the other boys and several of his teachers. Dramatic events occur, changing Will's small boy outlook into one of near maturity.

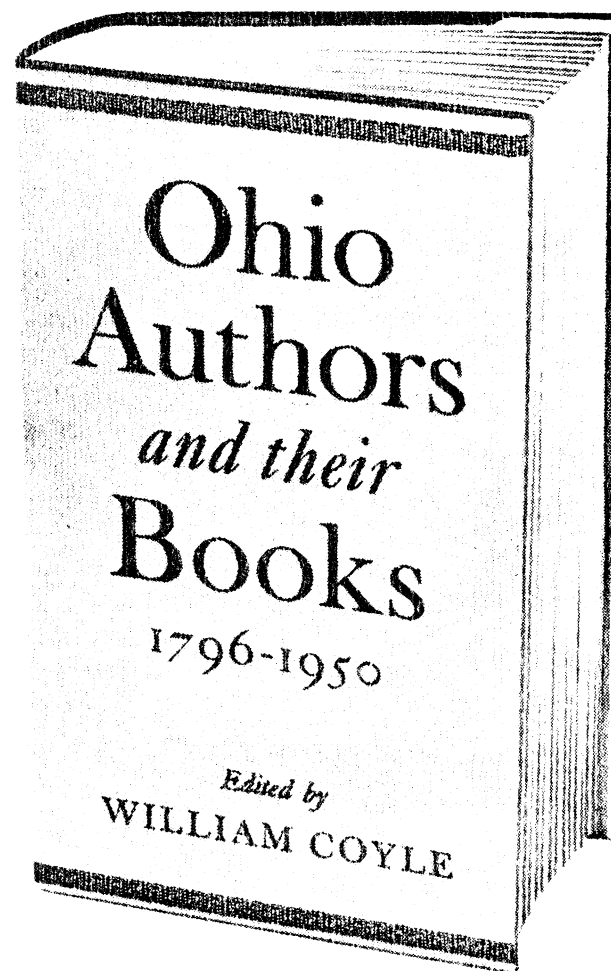
Will discovers that nothing ever remains constant — even his dreaming tree suffers change. The great appeal and pathos of this novel are set against a compelling backdrop of nature and wildlife.

Recently Mr. Eckert deserted Dayton, his Ohio home, for Florida, because, as he says, "You can't fish in Dayton in winter."

EDITH CAVELL, NURSE, SPY, HEROINE by Adele De Leeuw. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*. Index. 95 p. \$3.29.

Adele DeLeeuw, formerly of Hamilton, Ohio, and now residing in Plainfield, New Jersey, has written her 56th book in this story for young readers about Edith Cavell.

Miss De Leeuw portrays Miss Cavell in all three roles as nurse, spy, and heroine, following the facts of history carefully. Her narrative style is perfect for this dramatic and tragic story of World War I. Indeed Miss De Leeuw is a very talented author who has a fine empathy with her readers.



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