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THE TOLEDO
MUSEUM OF ART

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TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

The tall Grecian columns of the stately Toledo Museum of Art will welcome you on your 1970 Pilgrimage. Considered among the ten best in the United States, the Museum makes history come alive through its fine collection of paintings supplemented by sculpture, furniture and the decorative arts to provide a better understanding of our cultural heritage.

It is an important educational institution, with a complete program of art and music classes for both adults and children. Museum education is carefully correlated with the school curriculum; and classes from Toledo and regional public and parochial schools visit the Museum on a regular basis with their classroom teacher thus making the Museum an extension of their classroom learning.

The new Glass-Crafts Building, officially opened in September, 1969, permits the Museum to expand its educational program to include the teaching of glass craftsmanship, sculpture, and metalsmithing.

The Museum is also the center for the enjoyment of the finest music, through the Peristyle Concert Series and through Chamber Music provided in the Great Gallery.

The world-famous Glass Collection of the Museum is housed in a new two-story gallery, called "Glass Through the Ages." It presents the history of glass from Ancient Egypt through the twentieth century. The two floors, surrounding an open court in the center of the gallery, are connected by a ramp; and the 5,000-piece collection is chronologically arranged in wall cases of varying sizes.

Certainly the Museum in Toledo serves as a great community educational center in the fields of art and music. Open Tuesday through Saturday from 9 to 5, and from 1 to 5 on Sunday, Monday and holidays, admission is always free.

Your hosts for the 1970 Pilgrimage,
THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART
and
THE EARLY AMERICAN GLASS CLUB

THE MUSE AND ME

by Millie McWhirter



“THERE WAS A TIME, before the county seat began to spread, when a community known as Willow Creek drowsed against the lean hills . . .”

This is the way HUSHED WERE THE HILLS begins.

This, too, is where conversation begins when readers question whether my novel is fact or fiction. “*Was* there a community known as Willow Creek?” they ask. “*Did* you live there?”

“No,” I say. “There was no place by that name. But oh yes, I did live there. I lived there through many months, many seasons of writing, rewriting.”

I admit that the Cincinnati Telephone book was listing my name all that time, and the tax collector insists that I’ve been a resident of Hamilton County for eight years. It’s true that I sat at my typewriter each morning while the traffic-copter whirred over Columbia Parkway, and when I worked late in the afternoon I saw the street lights (courtesy of CG&E) become visible with the onset of dusk.

And yet, to me, that whirring sound was not a helicopter, but locusts during a drought. Those street lights were the glow of fireflies as darkness seeped into the hills that sheltered the community of Willow Creek.

I was, of course, writing from the viewpoint of my personal background, from my own convictions about life and living. But the characters who were coming alive now were conceived in my mind, born from my typewriter.

Here, taped to the wallpaper above my desk, is a map of Willow Creek. It's a crude thing and would be of no help to the traveler attempting to find his way there. But, to me, that curved line is the narrow road that leads over the hill, down past the General Store. That square on the left is the old McFarland Place, and that green circle is the cemetery where the ghost of Maribeth Wilson was laid to rest. The blue line is the creek as it ambles along, sucking at the roots of the willow. And so, simply by glancing above my desk, I'm in Willow Creek. I run barefooted over the warm furrows of earth. I hear the roosters arguing among themselves about the time. I know which house is fragrant with sausage sizzling in the skillet, what woman is just sitting, staring into her coffee cup.

Even now, although the community is enclosed in a dust jacket, I find myself wishing I could telephone Miss Ada there at the General Store and ask her if the recent rains flooded the creek, if Miz Pope found her lost heifer, and if it's true that Angie is expecting another young'un.

Miss Ada runs the General Store and she would know. The only thing Miss Ada doesn't know is that she was my confidante while I was working in Willow Creek. I sometimes wonder what she'd have done, what folks would've said, if word had leaked out that there was a writer working in their midst.

In the first place, they'd have looked on me as "a real curiosity!"

Folks in Willow Creek did read books. But those books were the Bible, the Almanac, the Sears Roebuck Catalogue. So if, one day, a stranger had come into the General Store, declaring that he was a writer, he would just plain have to be some apostle returned from the dead or else some person to whom you returned whatever was damaged or wasn't fittin'. It would've been a "real curiosity" to know that a writer-woman worked by the strange process of staring at a typewriter, tossing paper into a wastebasket, thumbing through something called a th-thesaurus!

"Have you seen 'er?" the conversation would begin as folks gathered at the store, eased themselves into the split-bottomed chairs.

Miz Pope would nod. "Right pitiful looking, I'd say. Wears a baggy old sweater. Slacks worn thin in the behind. Barefoot, too, most of the time."

The women frown. "Maybe we ought to get up a collection. I would give that print dress made from flour sacks. Fits like one, too, but I reckon she wouldn't be too proud . . ."

"Proud?" Miz Pope says. "Huh! I was just saying to The Mister that that woman's got no pride a'tall. Why, she's *living* with somebody called The Muse. Ain't married to 'im either, far as I can tell."

Angie, who is a romanticist, would smile, sigh. "I've heard her say she can never really depend on The Muse. It seems that he just kind of comes and goes whenever he takes a mind to. But though I've never seen 'im, I can tell when he's there with 'er. She rises singing in the morning, and her typewriter hums far into the night. I reckon it's worth those bad times, those silent times, when he's gone."

Jim Gardner, who's in love with Angie, would speak up. "Well, I wish I knew what he's got . . . what he has to give 'er."

Angie smiles. "Words. Just words. I've heard her say she'd rather have The Muse bring her one wonderful, perfect word than a whole box of chocolate covered cherries!"

"Well, she's crazy, you see? Folks like that are just plain crazy!"

Finally, Miss Ada would speak up. "Hush talkin' that way. She's just touched in the head, that's all. Not stark crazy. Just a bit touched."

At last, I can laugh and get back to work. Miss Ada speaks true.

Those of us who have a hankering for words, a deep, abiding love for The Muse *are* a bit touched in the head. But it's an euphuism preferable to terms sometimes used by more knowledgeable people who describe us.

Recently, I read an article in which a psychologist said that writers tend to show symptoms of paranoia. And I say, why yes, of course! How else can I explain these delusions of grandeur, these days when The Muse whispers that I'd better be giving some thought to my acceptance speech when I win the Pulitzer! How else can I account for sieges of depression, these days when I weep from my lack of talent, my futile attempts to write just one simple scene?

It is said, too, by those who research the psyche of the writer that we are masochistic. I plead guilty to that one, too. Every day, we writers put ourselves in the position to be rejected. Either we reject our own work, crumpling the worthless words into the wastebasket, or we open the mailbox knowing that we may find an editor's note saying sorry . . . sorry.

And even when the day comes when, oh glorious day!, our book is accepted, do we then rejoice and think we are absolutely the *greatest*? Not for long, we don't. We wait anxiously for reviews, torturing ourselves with anxiety . . . will the criticism be good or bad? If it's good, will we rest on our laurels? If it's bad, will we never write again?

Either way, the answer is No. We will begin all over again, knowing that always our reach will exceed our grasp. So are we just plain crazy? Maybe. And yet, I think it is Miss Ada who describes us most succinctly. We are "touched."

All of us who love to write, to read, are touched in the head, and touched in the heart. We are blessed with one of life's greatest joys. We walk into a library as if it were a candy store. We savor even the fragrance of books. We look up at the shelves and run our fingers over whole volumes of words. Suddenly The Muse takes our hands, leads us down the long narrow aisle, into the wonderful world of words.

Folks who prefer chocolate covered cherries are "a real curiosity!"

AUTHOR: The success of Hushed Were The Hills, Miss McWhirter's first book, is deserved due to the beautiful quality of the prose. Miss McWhirter has written short stories which have appeared in Redbook, Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan and McCall's. She appears as panelist for many creative writing seminars throughout the country.

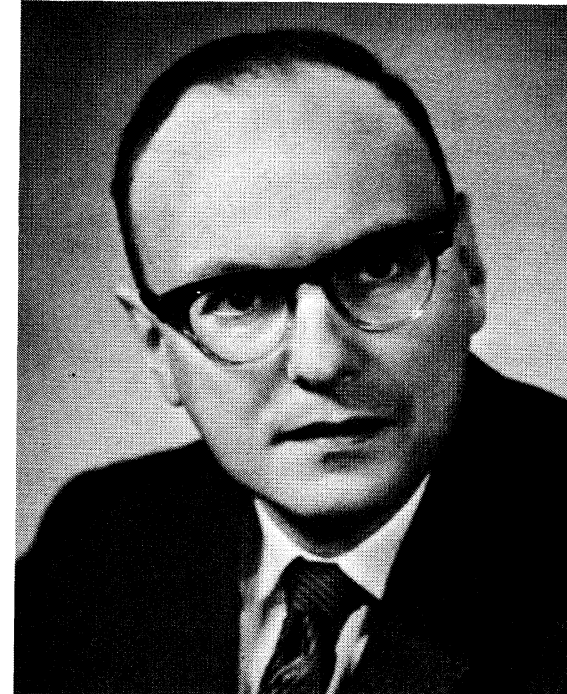
KUCK-OHIOANA LITERARY AWARDS

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 Minnie Hite Moody, 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. James A. Rhodes at the Governor's Mansion, Saturday, April 11th. 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 encourage neophyte writers of Ohio, and to enhance their appreciation of the ideals and beauty of our State.

*Christ, Plato, St. Thomas Aquinas and Shakespeare versus
Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Dewey and Sartre*

A PERSPECTIVE OF MORAL VALUES IN AMERICA



THE AMERICAN MORAL CRISIS, by Arthur S. Trace, Jr. Exposition Press. 1969. Introduction, Chapter Notes. 303pp. \$8.50.

AUTHOR: Dr. Trace, born in Denver in 1922, served at home and abroad in our Armed Forces, then graduated from the University of Denver. With a background of earned degrees and associations with other universities, presently he teaches English at John Carroll University, lectures, and contributes to academic and popular periodicals.

THIS IS DR. TRACE'S THIRD BOOK about our contemporary educational and moral situation. The earlier ones were *What Ivan Knows That Johnny Doesn't*, and *Reading Without Dick and Jane*. He subtitles this volume "An Examination of Our Moral Decline and Its Origins." After the Introduction, the first of two parts deals with our historical background, the other with the current scene. The burden of the book is the deterioration of moral values in our American society.

"What this study proposes . . . is to take a long historical, philosophical, and theological look at the problems of morality in America in order to give it a perspective which it seems not to have been given before, and to offer explanations for the problems which have perhaps heretofore only been dimly realized at best . . ." So does Dr. Trace state his purpose in his Introduction. Going back at least two centuries on our side of the Atlantic and three in Europe, he succeeds admirably in linking past with present. Among many other things, including "hickory stick justice," he covers a wide gamut from 17th and 18th century attitudes through the Procrustean bed of prudish Victorian conformity to our present dubious permissiveness vis-a-vis traditional standards of acceptable behavior.

For the best understanding of Dr. Trace's profoundly thoughtful thesis, you should first give careful attention to his analysis of four possible answers to the most fundamental questions about the moral nature of man. By keeping his starting position in mind you should be able to stay with him in his entire discussion of moral standards, relative vs. absolute. You will find that the "absolute" stance is based squarely upon original Christian doctrine.

Dr. Trace summarizes the four possible answers:

1. Man is by nature a combination of both good and evil.
2. Man is by nature wholly good.
3. Man is by nature wholly evil.
4. Man is by nature neither morally good nor bad, but morally neuter, i.e., amoral.

As a further clarification in different words, these four ideas are expressed also as:

1. Philosophical Classicism: Natural man is somewhere between 1 and 99 per cent good or evil.
2. Philosophical Romanticism: Natural man is 100 per cent good.
3. Hobbesianism and Lutheranism-Calvinism: Natural man is 100 per cent bad.
4. Philosophical Naturalism: Natural man is neither bad nor good, but essentially amoral.

The adjective "philosophical" is used because the intellectual history of Western Civilization predates Christianity and the other religions that even now could be called modern when considered in the context of the entire story of man. Obviously the introduction of proper names has to do with the philosophies and doctrines for which each is known. In other frames Dr. Trace refers to a long list of man's great thinkers from Plato to Freud, giving his estimate of the influence of each upon the modern scene.

The first of the four views of morality is called Classical because it is the position that dominated the West from the ancient Greeks to about the middle of the 16th century. Of course it was identified morally with Christianity because there was a comfortable amalgamation of intellectual and spiritual views. The moral nature of man is primarily a philosophical question unavoidably related to the spiritual. As such it becomes part of theology. As you will learn, this is essentially Dr. Trace's viewpoint in his search for a viable way out of our modern moral dilemma.

In the second position the term Romanticism is used because it refers to the historical late 18th and early 19th century Romantic Movement with its idea of the natural goodness of man. Its development in literature and the arts in general had profound effects, extending even into our time.

The third position, the one holding forth about man's total depravity, cannot be placed too accurately. But it derives chiefly, says Dr. Trace, from the philosophy of Thomas Hobbes with his belief that man's life is "nasty, brutish, and short." Calvinism and Lutheranism come in here. But the difference between these beliefs and Hobbesianism as a secular idea is that the theologians, especially the Calvinists, affirm the spiritual nature of man and the possibility of redeeming grace, whereas Hobbes denies both.

The fourth position is that man is amoral, or neuter as to good or bad tendencies. This, too, goes back to a couple of centuries to the genesis of a naturalistic movement, a belief that there is little difference between man and the beasts with regard to moral values. This idea, applied on the modern scene, highlights the differences between relative and absolute standards of morality. Man, admittedly, has a moral responsibility. But that sense of duty is only what society says it is. This is the only position consistent with the concept of Philosophical Naturalism.

Chapter titles, naturally, but in a most accurate way, indicate the logical sequence of Dr. Trace's discussions of phases of the general subject. In the five chapters of Part One we find references to man as moral, immoral, and amoral; morality and religion; the rise and decline of the tradition of philosophical classicism; and the historical background of morality in our time and place.

In Part Two you'll see references and comprehensive discussions of the churches; morality and the schools; various kinds of parents; sex and the family; and a picture of how well or badly they all fit into the structure of our society. The entire book is closely related to the four fundamental ideas given in the beginning.

In his last chapter the author states that his purpose, with which most readers probably will agree, has been to show that for at least the past three centuries in our Western Civilization man has been experimenting with the idea that his moral nature is something other than what the great religions, especially Christianity, have always said it is. We Americans are perhaps most guilty of all.

In a recap of his thesis Dr. Trace says we began three centuries ago to repudiate the 2,500-year-old tradition of Philosophical Classicism (we can think of no better phrase) in favor of the successive adoption of the other three ideas that he describes.

"Or, to state the thesis in another way, Western Civilization, and especially America, has been gambling that the view of man's moral nature held by Moses, Christ, Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Shakespeare, and Dostoevsky, and almost all of the influential thinkers from the beginning of civilization until the seventeenth century are wrong and that the view of Descartes, Locke, Rousseau, Emerson, Marx, Freud, Dewey, and Sartre, and most of the leading thinkers of the past 250 years . . . are right. Both views cannot be right because the tradition of Philosophical Classicism insists that men are only partially good by nature, and the representatives of these newer traditions deny it."

In examining this book you will either not finish it or will read it more than once. It deserves study. But be warned, as we indicated, to stay on the track about Dr. Trace's definitions upon which he bases his work and to which he constantly refers.

A reviewer may be too likely to try to pontificate, especially about a book of this kind. It may be a dangerous thing, too, to try to classify readers. Your agreement or disagreement with Dr. Trace, of course, will be dictated by your own background of beliefs or appraisal of modern man and his attitude toward his problems. You may not agree with the author's reference points.

But if you are conservative enough (again we can think of no better term) to cherish the traditional moral and religious teachings found in the

old centuries, you will agree substantially with Dr. Trace. If you are a revolutionary modernist, you'll disagree. Whatever you are, this book should stir you. You should think and feel whether you think the grayness in our time is the twilight of a sick civilization or the glorious dawn of a new and better and greater era.

REVIEWER: *I. F. Howell, an Ohio Poetry Day prize winner, is a member of The Columbus Dispatch book review and editorial staffs, and also writes The Dispatch weekly column* RANDOM OBSERVATIONS.

OHIOANA HAPPENINGS FOR 1970

- Creative Writing Seminar at Neil House, Columbus, sponsored by the
Railroad Community Service Committees March 7 at 10 a.m.
- Reception at Governor's Mansion for County Chairmen, Co-Chairmen and
their guests April 11 at 2 p.m.
- Pilgrimage to Toledo Museum of Art June 27 at 10 a.m.
- Reception and Tea for Hamilton County authors, Cincinnati Art Museum
..... September 12 at 1:30 p.m.
County Chairmen, co-Chairmen and their guests invited. R.S.V.P. to Mrs.
Mills Judy, 2324 Madison Rd., Cincinnati 45208.
- Ohioana Day for Ohio Authors and Composers, and honoring the Ohio
State University in its Centennial Celebration, at the new Center for
Tomorrow Building, Ohio State University Campus
..... October 24 at 10 a.m.

THE UNCOMFORTABLE SPECIALIST

By George Laycock



SOME WRITERS choose specialties which sound like fun. But my special field of conservation and natural history becomes a frightening one. A few examples from my research during the preparation of recent articles and books will serve to demonstrate.

Start with the implications found in the sad case of the pelican, admirable, ungainly, and not especially brilliant representative of an ancient order of birds. Today's model functioned well for some 40 million years. Then recently, the birds began disappearing.

On assignment for AUDUBON MAGAZINE I followed the trail of the pelicans and eventually this led to a book for young readers. I was asked originally to investigate reports that the big brown birds no longer nested along the Gulf Coast in any numbers, except in Florida. Even in

Louisiana, which claims the Pelican as its State bird, the pelican was gone. Recently the brown pelicans of southern California have experienced complete nesting failures.

Investigators find that pelicans are now laying thin shelled eggs. Some have been found with no shells at all. Almost certainly, this trouble can be traced to man and one of his chemicals, DDT. Pelicans gather it with their fish. It inhibits their calcium metabolism.

From pelicans the assignment led on to a lengthy investigation of DDT. I almost wish that, while still young enough, I had chosen to specialize in football. One of the first things I learned is that already it is too late for us to decide that we do not want DDT in our bodies. Little girls, whether made of sugar and spice, are definitely not made of "everything nice," at least not the little girl of today. She is 10 parts per million DDT. Little boys too. And the rest of us as well.

A wonder chemical in its early days, DDT survived, as a highly profitable commercial product, to plague us. Unfortunately DDT has a half-life figured at anything from four to 16 years. And each year more is added on top of what is still there from the years before. It rides the waters, moves through the soils, and is carried in the air—around the world. The penguins of Antarctica and the seals of the Arctic, far from any DDT applications, are carrying the chemical in their tissues.

Without question DDT is bringing on the extinction of a lengthy list of birds of prey, especially those living around water. The warnings of Rachel Carson are proving accurate. Some scientists tell us that DDT is probably reducing the oxygen supply of the world by destroying oxygen synthesizing plants in the oceans. And still its manufacturers cry that there is no proved threat to human health, or in effect, that we are healthy until proved dead.

In the light of increasing concern, a few places have stopped the sale of DDT. Included are Michigan, Arizona, and Sweden. Others may follow, unless DDT manufacturers can stop the trend.

There is no end to the abuse we heap on the landscape. Recently, in British Columbia, I drove into the grimy little coal mining town of Natal. They're going to move Natal, I was told. No loss there. But they're moving it to make way for potentially the biggest strip mining operation in North America. If this were in flat or level land that could be repaired the threat might be less, but the coal field lies in the scenic Kootenay Mountains, ancestral range of mountain goats and bighorn sheep. The mountains themselves are in danger.

This strip mining lies within another country. But it means additional irreparable damage to the face of North America. Furthermore, the leading strip mine company is based in Oakland, California. It is exporting destructive techniques that have already left large sections of North America, including Ohio, bearing ugly permanent scars.

We have spent a quarter of a century ripping the mountains of eastern Kentucky and West Virginia apart. Canadian conservationists journeyed to Appalachia to see what they might expect in their own country. And they went home in despair.

Another writing task took me to Texas where dredgers of oyster shells remove beds of shell to use in road building as a substitute for limestone, which is available but slightly more costly. The oyster shells come out of the estuaries, the nurseries of the ocean. Removing the shell destroys living conditions important to food and game fish, shellfish, and even birds that feed on these organisms. Included are the whooping cranes which winter on the Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge now within sight of the shell dredges.

Gradually, all of these elements begin to fit together into a frightening mosaic. The plight of the whooping crane is scarcely worse than that of perhaps sixty or seventy other wild creatures. Among the endangered is the alligator whose trail I have also followed in the course of preparing articles and books.

Poachers invade the darkness of the southern swamps on summer nights and kill the alligators for the hides — the raw material for costly handbags, belts, shoes, and wallets, all marks of affluence — and show wanton disregard for the welfare of a vanishing native American giant among reptiles. Almost without exception such products sold today are fashioned from hides illegally taken. But the element of profit still protects the poacher from meaningful legislation.

Meanwhile, we allow our highways to pass through historic and natural treasures, our impoundments to flood scenic valleys that we need not flood, and all the while we continue to add our pollutants to the streams, air, and land. Eventually it is evident that there is a relationship between all of these seemingly unrelated topics, that each is a chapter of the same story, and that an attack on any part of the environment damages the whole ecosystem of which man is a part.

There are occasional bright spots. Recently the words of a New York taxi driver renewed my hope that there may be a growing public awareness to our impending ecological disaster. "I've decided," he told me, "that man

is like a virus on the earth and he's destroying the host. We no longer have clean air to breath (honestly — the taxi driver said this) or water that's drinkable.

"And still everyone goes around thinking he's something special and that it's fine for him to have 12 kids if he can afford them. Thirty-three years ago, when we got married, my wife asked me how many kids we should have. I said two. I said we'd just replace ourselves. Now I'm trying to talk my children into having only one."

Joseph Bunbaum of the Bronx paused. "But it's too late," he concluded sadly. "We've had it."

I'd like to think he's wrong about that.

AUTHOR: George Laycock moved from Zanesville to Columbus when he entered Ohio State University, College of Agriculture, where he majored in Wildlife Management. He now lives in Cincinnati, where he devotes full time to free lance writing of books and articles. He has authored 13 books which deal with natural history, conservation and outdoor recreation. Two new books are scheduled for publication in 1970: THE PELICANS, and THE DILIGENT DESTROYERS, about the abuse of the American landscape. (Both by Doubleday.)

DR. MAX KRONENBERG OF CINCINNATI is the recipient of high honors and awards, both for his writings and for his research in milling and broaching processes and for his application of his principles for comparing machining data.

A third volume of Dr. Kronenberg's book, *Machining Science and Application*, has now been printed. It is written for both the practising manufacturing engineer and the research scientist, and on the subject of machine tools and their design and development.

The author has used his findings of forty years of research and machine-shop practice in the United States and Europe.

In 1955 Dr. Kronenberg received the First Prize of the Lincoln Foundation for his work on machine tool vibration, and in 1958 he was awarded the Research Medal of the ASTM. In 1968 he had the great honor of being elected "Engineer of the Year" by the Scientific Societies Council, representing 30 engineering associations.

The author is listed in *Who's Who in Engineering* and in *American Men of Science*.

TRUTH AND DRAMA OF THE GREAT LAKES

by Dwight Boyer



THE GREAT LAKES, despite their dramatic, almost unbelievable role in our nation's history, have been given short shrift in its literature. That they are the least understood or appreciated of our priceless natural resources can only be attributed to a deplorable tradition faithfully followed by many publishing houses. It is the firm belief in the east, from whence most publications originate and where history is written, rewritten or totally ignored, that the Great Lakes are some sort of vague midwestern recreational facility. And as such their history is automatically categorized as "regional" and their appeal supposedly local. If so, it is the largest "region," area-wise and population-wise, in the country.

The formal history of the development of the land, the march westward, the rise of great cities and the heroics of their industrial pioneers are adequately documented. But most of the great industrial cities along the lakes . . . Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago, achieved this stature not because of the sagacity or business acumen of the industrialists but because of the lakes and their unique commerce. And they remain great today because of them.

These lower lakes cities, midway between the rich coal fields of Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Illinois, and the iron ore deposits of upper Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, became the catalysts for the greatest steel and heavy industry concentration in the world. They became, to quote an oft-repeated cliché, the "Arsenal of Democracy" that provided the hardware to win two great world conflicts. Best of all, this concentration of steel mills and factories, along with the freshwater arteries that supplied them with raw material, were in the heartland of the nation, safe from enemy action. Those nations which of necessity relied on salt water supply lines were early victims of the war at sea.

Of the gallant men and ships who figured in the development of lake shipping, from tiny wooden schooners to some of the largest vessels in the American merchant marine, comparatively little has been written except in relating them to the captains of industry who commanded shipping and steel empires. Probably many capable writers have proposed doing something about this obvious omission but I suspect that the curse of "regionalism" has too often been illogically applied by publishers.

Great shipwrecks which, had they occurred on salt water, would long since have been immortalized in poem and prose, are known only to those who live along the lakes. Salt water ships that disappear are the subject of many yarns over the years. Yet similar events on freshwater draw little attention outside the area press. Had the Mataafa come to grief on our east coast she would have been the subject of countless stories. As it was she went hard aground on the beach at Duluth's very doorstep and broke in two. All during a stormy day some 40,000 witnesses, peering from rooftops and office windows, saw nine men freeze to death as they clawed frantically for shelter as the bitter seas combed the wreck. Yet today the fate of the Mataafa and her people is known only to those along the lakes.

There is little doubt that the Great Lakes have been shortchanged in the history books. What else could inspire the fable that the Monitor of Civil War fame, was the first iron-clad ship of our Navy? Actually, the

first such vessel was the old U.S.S. Michigan, built at Erie, Pennsylvania, 20 years before the Monitor. She was built of parts fabricated in Pittsburgh which probably makes her the first prefabricated ship of the Navy. Yet generations of scholars have been taught otherwise.

History buffs and tacticians have studied and rehashed even the more obscure battles of the Civil War but Perry's victory in the Battle of Lake Erie has been given scant attention. This despite the fact that a defeat would have given the British complete control of the Lakes and much of what we now call our midwest.

For the most part the ships and men lost in Great Lakes commerce died with little of a lasting nature left to recall them. True, the shipping journals of the day listed their passing, but with a minimum of detail. But ships and men do not perish without drama simply because they "sailed away" on freshwater instead of salt water. Obviously the same life and death charades take place as in some of the memorable ocean disasters that have been chronicled time and time again. But where to find the details?

Government agency archives reveal the bare facts and statistics . . . details of length, beam, tonnage, official number and sometimes the cargo. But this makes dull reading. It is the circumstances, the people or a combination of both that make a story worth reading. And personal experience has taught me that newspapers are the best source of such material . . . not the big city dailies from which microfilm reels can be purchased, but usually the small daily or weekly newspapers nearest the scene of the disaster. Here in all likelihood the story would have been covered in maximum depth, replete with eyewitness interviews and the usual statements of who saw what and exactly where, in minute detail. Names and impressions flow freely in printer's ink . . . all the things that would be later lost in the condensed versions in the big city papers. Six pages could shrink to as many paragraphs. But it is the small town papers that are most difficult to acquire in useable form. They are the ones least likely to have had back issues microfilmed and it is painfully surprising how much history has gone up in flames because the editor ran out of storage space. Frequently back issues are presented to the local libraries, thus relieving the editor of the responsibility of preservation and placing the burden upon already harassed librarians. Again, the small libraries do not have funds for microfilming these gifts. But in some instances the services of a library assistant may be arranged for in looking up the indicated dates, copying the related material in longhand and later transposing it into typewritten pages. It can be an expensive procedure. But microfilm is also costly, without any assur-

ance that it will contain what the author desires.

Again, the big city paper accounts will be replete with misspellings, the result of careless wire stories. In one instance, in wire stories, I discovered five different versions of the first name of a lost ship captain. It was then necessary to determine in which county of a particular state the official coroner's investigation or inquest took place. For here, surely, the correct name would be on records released by the ship owner. But even here there is room for doubt for in earlier days the life of a seaman was a popular refuge for those who had some reason for escaping family responsibilities or were in difficulties with the law. It was not uncommon to find half the crew sailing under assumed names.

Adding to the burden of such research is the fact that in the 1800s, even far into the present century, newspapers had the deplorable habit of not using first names, only the initial . . . J. Miller, T. Smith, C. Anderson, et cetera. A list of thirty lost crewmen would contain not a single first name. Thereafter, no matter how heroic or notable his actions, the individual would be referred to as Miller, Smith or Anderson.

Obviously, it is difficult to get very profound about a man, regardless of his importance to the story, if the writer does not know his first name. Again the practice of going to the home town newspaper not only yields the name but in most cases some sort of biographical data such as his family, his sailing career, his previous employment. It is big news locally, but not in the big city papers.

This tracking down of little but necessary bits of information can be a prolonged and often costly process. But it is the only method I know of to get what you want. Obviously, too, the burden of correspondence is heavy and only after a long passage of time does one's files accumulate enough detailed material to consider putting it down in chapter form. The most promising of leads often turn into dead end roads.

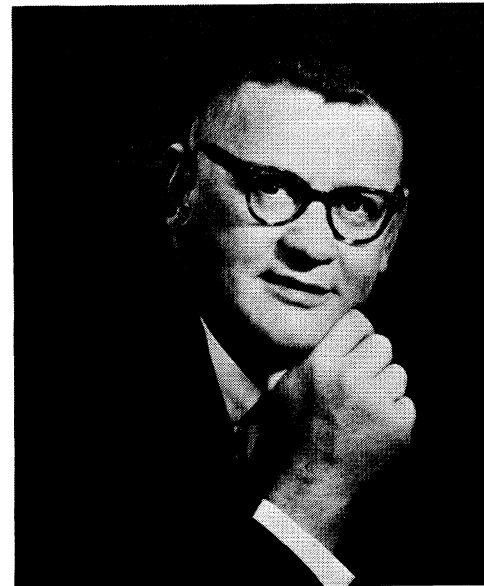
Happily though, some avenues of approach that at first seem unlikely to yield gold, turn into bonanzas, often because some interested person at the other end of the line goes beyond the simple courtesy of a reply and sets to work with a will. And to a few very special such people I am forever indebted.

In both of my Great Lakes books I omitted much material that would have made good reading, simply because I could not adequately document the events. Not using material that could not be verified or documented has paid off by the respect of the shipping industry and of the men now employed or once employed on the lakes.

It would be relatively easy to embellish shipwrecks with dramatic incidents, according heroic treatment to an undeserving individual simply for the sake of drama. A case in point was an article that appeared in one of the several magazines devoted to the male consumer market. Its name, in fact, would lead the reader to assume that every word contained within was the gospel truth. The article was about a Great Lakes freighter driven on the rocks at a desolate point on Lake Superior, there to lay broken and beset as the wild seas climbed aboard unchecked. The heroes, heroines in this case, were two women members of the galley crew who, through superhuman efforts and selfless devotion to duty, and while working waist deep in frigid seas, kept the spirits of the hopeless sailors alive by making coffee, singing hymns and by managing to produce hot meals along with words of comfort. This indeed did make for good reading, but the official annual report of the U.S. Lifesaving Service reported that when the life-savers came upon the wreck the two ladies were so paralyzed with fear that they had to be tied to planks and lowered over the side. This fabrication, plus the fact that the writer had lifted entire paragraphs, verbatim, from one of Walter Havighurst's fine books, was a factor in arriving at my own philosophy that if the research is thorough enough and the writer is willing to work hard enough, the truth itself, properly recounted, is drama enough.

AUTHOR: Dwight Boyer is a feature writer for the Cleveland Plain Dealer, many of his articles appearing in its Sunday Magazine. He is also a frequent contributor to many periodicals, and the author of GREAT STORIES OF THE GREAT LAKES and GHOST SHIPS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

Frontier Exploits in the Second book of the great series: "The Winning of America."



A STUDY IN DEPTH OF THE IROQUOIS LEAGUE

WILDERNESS EMPIRE by Allan W. Eckert. *Little, Brown.* Principal Sources. Chapter Notes. List of Indian Characters. Index. 653 pp. \$8.95

AUTHOR: Allan W. Eckert has won acclaim not only as an historian but also as a naturalist. Among his other published books are THE GREAT AUK, WILD SEASON, and THE CROSSBREED. He received the Ohioana Book award in 1968 for his historical narrative, THE FRONTIERSMEN.

HAVING BEGUN his Winning of America series with *The Frontiersmen*, Mr. Eckert now offers us the second book in the sequence that will, when completed, be a saga of the movement Westward during the colonial period and the early years of the American Republic. *Wilderness Empire* covers the period July 23, 1715 (a Saturday) to July 11, 1774 (a Monday), telling of the French and Indian War and the continued struggle of both England and France for possession of land that both they and, sometimes,

the Indians, were claiming. From the Author's Note prefacing the book, we learn that not only its theme, but the theme of the whole series chiefly concerns the taking of America by white men from the various Indian tribes.

Covered geographically in this work, which Mr. Eckert calls "A Narrative," is land from the Atlantic Ocean to the western shore of Lake Michigan. Most of the action, however, takes place in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; some occurs in Canada. Included are fourteen maps showing areas being discussed and, sometimes, military positions in various battles. Mr. Eckert seems to have drawn them himself, and well done they are.

It is obvious that Mr. Eckert researched his field thoroughly. This book, he tells us, is fact, not fiction; thus, in creating dialogue he relies upon statements made in "hundreds of letters, official documents, diaries, logbooks, journals, council reports, newspapers, unpublished manuscripts, personal narratives, depositions, theses, and dissertations," turning paraphrase into dialogue. He does not manufacture scenes: historical evidence exists for everything in the book, we are told. He observes chronology carefully, giving us not only the precise date for each action or set of related actions, but also the day of the week. And he notes the day in 1752 when England and her colonies dropped the eleven days following Wednesday, September 2, to bring her empire into conformity with the Gregorian calendar. Here, as elsewhere, the writing suggests a diary, the entry for September 14 beginning, "It was a peculiar day today, for the simple reason that yesterday had been September 2." But isn't the phrase "for the simple reason that" a twentieth-century expression?

A major figure in this narrative is William Johnson, who comes to America from Ireland at the age of twenty-two at the suggestion of an uncle already over here, to manage for him a 14,000-acre plantation in the Mohawk River valley. Unwilling to be merely an agent for his uncle (who seems to have thought his young nephew existed largely to do his bidding), young Johnson soon asserted his independence. Unlike most white men, he possessed a genuine sympathy for the Indians; the Iroquois rewarded him by making him an honorary member of their tribe, giving him the name *Warraghiyagey*, meaning The-Man-Who-Does-Great-Things. Honest and able, he soon came to the attention of Governor Clinton, who made him supervisor of Iroquois League affairs. Other honors followed, and he died as Sir William Johnson at 59, in July of 1774.

We are told a number of times of Johnson's fondness for women; he appears to have procreated children by both white women and Indian squaws, and one reads with regret that syphilis had weakened him at the

time of his death. For his detailed study of Johnson, Mr. Eckert tells us he has relied heavily on the Sir William Johnson papers, whose compilation and publication covered the years 1921-1957, in twelve volumes.

In addition to Johnson, a figure probably unknown by other than students of American history, we find Benjamin Franklin and, aged twenty, Major George Washington, who makes a name for himself by his exploits in the West against the French. It was he who realized the strategic importance of a fort at the point of land where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers converged—i.e., modern Pittsburgh. Recognizing the value of his popularity, young Washington applied at once, upon his return from the "West" (the region around Pittsburgh), for a promotion to lieutenant colonel.

Franklin, who in 1754 was forty-eight, is depicted as calling attention to the strength of the Iroquois League through their confederation and proposing "that all of British America be federated under a single legislature and a president general to be appointed by the Crown." The proposal was rejected then, but "a seed had been planted" that would grow to fruition some twenty-five years later.

Dealing as it does with the hardships and horrors of war and the gradual taking away of land from the Indians, this book contains almost no humor. Perhaps the only really amusing incident in it is the scene dated Sunday, September 7, 1755, when Col. Stephen Williams, a "venerable chaplain," preached to the Indians and soldiers "an excruciatingly long and complex Calvinistic sermon taken from Isaiah." Perplexed by the applause and foot-stamping of the Indians when he had finished, he asked his interpreter (who had been translating the sermon aloud as it was being delivered) the reason for the applause; the interpreter replied, "'They think you are one of the funniest story-tellers they have ever heard.'" Followed by his soldiers' laughter, Colonel Williams retreated to his tent for most of the day.

As I said above, this book merits praise for the detailed research that went into its preparation. But a major problem of the author has been to sustain interest. The eleven chapters are remarkably long. The book moves slowly and the style lacks distinction; occasionally it becomes stiff, as in the following:

"At council after council among them he [William Johnson] had talked and danced and talked some more until his voice was hoarse and his legs failing and now, having returned home at last, he was met by Angelique Vitry. The eighteen-year-old girl threw herself into his arms

and kissed him passionately, hoping to stir in him some of the old fire that she sensed was diminished of late."

But a letter to Governor Clinton had to precede lovemaking; at the end of the scene, the letter on its way, Johnson carried her (presumably as Rhett Butler carried Scarlett O'Hara) up the stairs.

Yet, matters of style and grammar aside, one must admire the author's thoroughness in providing a detailed bibliography for the eleven chapters and Epilogue, remarkably full notes for the whole book, and a list of Indian characters by tribe, with the meaning given of each tribe's name and pronunciation of Indian names (eighteen tribes are represented), and a full Index that appears to have been carefully checked for accuracy; at least spot checking revealed no errors in it.

At the end of *Wilderness Empire*, the Indians comment on the breaking of promises made them by the whites and realize that had they united against the whites, both French and English, instead of trying to be neutral or siding with either, they would have fared better. As it was, they had let themselves be used as pawns in a power struggle. In 1760 Canada had become part of the British Empire, and in America "English forts were springing up all over the land," the English having broken their promise to destroy their forts or give them to the Indians. The days of Indian glory were ended.

If one compares this book with one of Hervey Allen's in his saga of America in the eighteenth-century (e.g. *Toward the Morning*), one feels that Allen's is the more readable, if less detailed. But Mr. Eckert appears to be writing history, not a novel; or perhaps he is combining the two genres. He seems to be writing for the reader interested in history rather than for the casual reader of fiction. Thus students of American history will undoubtedly find this book useful as a picture of life in one part of America in the sixty years before this country gained its independence.

A special word of commendation should be added for the book's exceptionally attractive appearance, particularly the jacket, which depicts a winter scene, painted by John Alan Maxwell. The calligraphy on it, by Sam Bryant, harmonizes excellently with the scene. Handsomely bound, the book is a credit to its publishers for its attractive jacket, cover, and typography.

REVIEWER: *A former newspaperman, Dr. John S. Phillipson is an Associate Professor of English at the University of Akron, specializing in British literature of the eighteenth century.*

Springfield and Columbus Represent Warm Home-comings



by Lois Lenski

MY OHIO BEGINNINGS



RETURNING TO OHIO — to Springfield, Anna or Columbus — has always been a warm home-coming to me. Each return trip fills me not only with a nostalgic homesickness for the past that is forever gone, but also with a feeling of deep satisfaction. All the strangeness, discomfort and frustration that irks even the seasoned traveler in an alien land, fades away as if by magic, and one can say honestly and contentedly, "I *can* come home again!"

There is something about the look of the middle-west landscape, its fields of tall corn, its meadows, brooks and woodlands, something about the streets and stores and shady trees in the cities that spells O-H-I-O for me. Something about the look on the faces of the people walking down the streets, about the flatness and the particular twang of their voices—the “uh-huh” and the “all-righty” and above all, in the taste of the food—fried chicken, cherry preserves, cole-slaw and apple pie—that is unlike any other part of the country and definitely spells O-H-I-O. Whenever, after years of being away, I return to the Buckeye state, I feel I am going home.

Ohio has been place of my beginnings in more ways than one. It was here, in a two-story house at 422 Cedar Street in Springfield, that I first opened my eyes, looked out upon the world and found it good. It was here, in Springfield, that I spent the first six years of a happy childhood. My father, Dr. R. C. H. Lenski, was pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, and after leaving Cedar St., we moved to 416 W. Columbia Street, the Lutheran parsonage.

We left Springfield on October 9, 1899, when my father accepted a call to Anna, Ohio, a little town of only two hundred people in the western part of the state. There I spent my growing years, from six to eighteen. The town was the center of a large farming community, with a few stores, a post-office and a grain elevator. Life was quiet and peaceful in horse-and-buggy days, with school, where I received a fine basic education, church and home-made pleasures. I can well remember the excitement in town, when the father of one of my best friends purchased the first automobile and we children were all given free rides.

My father was the Lutheran pastor of a large country congregation, and in the parsonage we five children met all kinds of people who came and went—booksalesmen, tramps, wedding couples, beggars, visiting preachers, rich and poor in all walks of life. There were books in the home, our greatest joy at Christmas time, but there was little knowledge of the creative life. Rose Foster, a grade school teacher who lived in Sidney and taught in Anna, showed me how to trace pictures of flowers from seed catalogues, by holding a paper against the window. These I painted in the colors from a three-color and black Prang water-color box.

While the new brick church, of which my father was so proud, was being built, a fresco-artist from Lima stayed in our home. It was he who told my father, “This child has talent. She needs a better box of paints.” Whereupon my father gave him three dollars and he brought me a won-

derful Windsor-Newton water-color box from Lima. This was real encouragement and I became more ambitious. I began to copy the cover designs from the *Woman's Home Companion*, my mother's favorite magazine. I sent one in to Aunt Janet's children's page and received a three dollar prize!

My parents were very proud of me and my paintings, although my father had his reservations. He often told me, “That would be good, if it only were original!” but he did not know how to tell me to be original. I kept on tracing and copying, and took a succession of First Prizes at Shelby County Fair in Sidney. I attended High School at Sidney, riding the Interurban cars back and forth each day. By graduation time, I knew that my father was to go to Columbus, to be a professor at Capital University. My parents were happy about it, because it meant the chance of a college education for all five of us children.

Although I lived only four years in Columbus—my college years—the city has always held deep associations for the Lenski family. My mother was born at Obetz Junction, south of Columbus, my maternal grandmother's home had been there, my father and my uncles were all educated in Columbus, and as it turned out later, my parents were to live there for many years and finally to be buried there.

My maternal grandmother was Sarah Helsel of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, whose grandfather had been one of the first settlers in the Scioto River Valley, south of Columbus, and it was in his barn that the first Lutheran congregation in Ohio was organized. My grandmother, left a widow in her thirties, lived in a log cabin, still standing though covered with frame siding at the intersection of Lockbourne Road and Refugee Road, and brought up her three children by doing truck-farming. My mother taught school two miles away in a country school at the corner of Refugee Road and Alum Creek Drive, and probably rode her spotted Texas pony back and forth each day. It was at a box-supper at her school that she met a young man, a college classmate of her brother Ed from Capital University, whose name was Richard Lenski.

My father's parents had immigrated from Prussia to Jackson, Michigan, in 1872, so their sons might escape military service. Polish in ancestry, they never spoke Polish, but always German. My Lenski grandfather was a tailor by trade, and out of his frugal means, they sent my father, destined for the Lutheran ministry, to study at the college and Seminary at Capital University. My mother's brother, Edwin Young, was also a seminary student at Capital at this time. Perhaps it was he who brought my father to that famous box-supper at the country schoolhouse.

At any rate, Richard Lenski and Marietta Young were married in 1888 and had a family of five children, three girls and two boys. My father became a popular preacher in three successive pastorates, during which time he also began his writing. In 1911 he returned to Capital, first as Professor of Classical Languages, later to become Dean of the Seminary. During these years, he accomplished his monumental commentaries on the books of the New Testament, a great contribution to the Lutheran church.

Because Capital was not co-educational at the time, I had to attend Ohio State University, where I enrolled in the College of Education, expecting to teach. But my destiny took an unexpected turn when one of the instructors in the Art Department, Louise Shepherd, suggested I go to New York for further art study. Professor Charles Fabens Kelley, head of the Art Department, talked to my father about it, and won his reluctant consent to let me go. So I left Columbus and Ohio, never to return except for short visits.

Years of art study in New York, working my way with difficulty, followed by my marriage, kept me in the east for many years. Illustrating for other authors came first, making it possible for me to continue further study. Then I gradually began writing as well as illustrating my own books.

The strong influence of the Ohio years was shown in my first two books, *Skipping Village* and *A Little Girl of 1900*, both being stories of my childhood and the doings of the Lenski family. I made a rather timid use of my childhood memories in these stories, but the episodes were taken from real life. I have always regretted that my mother did not live long enough to see my books. It was my father who, while he enjoyed these beginning books immensely, suggested that I could have been more outspoken in telling the truth of actual happenings. Not until many years later did I realize the importance and wisdom of his advice.

After I had cut my teeth on a few imaginary stories, I began a series of historical books for the early teens, based on sound research. These were inspired by life in a colonial homestead in Connecticut, which my husband and I purchased in 1929, and where my son Stephen Covey grew up. One of these books deals with Ohio — *A-Going to the Westward* and was dedicated to Great-Great-Grandfather Philip Helsel of Obetz Junction and his valiant wife, Nancy Willis. For this, I was later given an honorary life membership in the Ohio Historical Society.

The regional books followed the historicals and are stories of less well-known regions in our country and the people who live there. Each book meant a stay of weeks or months "on location," getting to know the people and sharing their adventures, studying the effect of environment

and occupation upon family life and upon the children in particular. My travels took me from south to north, from east to west, from small town to city, from desert to woodland, from corn-field to cotton farm.

In each new and alien environment, I had to stay long enough to shake off all the initial strangeness, discomfort and frustration, to feel it happily fade away as if by magic, to be replaced by the feeling of deep satisfaction that one associates with home and loved ones. Entering the lives of the people vicariously, I had to stay so long that leave-taking became difficult, and when I did finally make the break, I had to look back with that same nostalgic homesickness one feels for his native place. *Their* life had truly become *my* life.

My regional experiences have been so rich that I have often said: "While I was born in Ohio and lived there through my growing years, and since then have lived over thirty years in New England, my roots have been put down in each region I have written about. I have not one but many home places. Something of my heart is left in each place that I have written about."

When an author has entered into the lives of living people, who instinctively give him their trust, when he has lived through their joys and sorrows, their trials and problems, when he has shared their home and eaten of their bread and been offered their deepest confidences, he can only hope to be worthy. He becomes one of them, their home place becomes his, their life becomes his vicariously. To leave them, he is bereft, but inspired by the hope of interpreting their lives to his readers, so that they will feel at home in this environment too. Love of one's own little home-place and its people is not enough. It must expand until it includes the home places of the people of the world.

So the love of Ohio must become a symbol of the love of the world and of all the many kinds of people who live in it and call it home.

I have experienced many poignant and eventful returns to Ohio.

I did not go back to the little town of Ohio until fifty years after I had left it, and then I was happily surprised. There were changes, it is true, but most of them were on the periphery of the scene and not in the heart of it. Many stores and homes along the shady streets were the same, the people looked and talked the same, giving me a warm welcome. The exterior of the old parsonage was changed, but inside I had no trouble visualizing the lively activities of the Lenski family a half-century before. It was, in every sense, a joy to go home again, to re-live in memory the life of that little girl with flaxen braids who liked to draw pictures before she had learned how.

Sadness brought me back to Columbus in the 1920s for my mother's death, and a decade later for my father's.

In 1943 I was the guest of the Ohioana Library, when the Ohioana medal was awarded to my first Regional book, *Bayou Suzette*, a story of the bayou-French children of the delta country of Louisiana. In 1953, to celebrate my sixtieth birthday, Springfield gave me a warm homecoming, when the Lois Lenski Room for Boys and Girls was dedicated in the Warder Public Library. Women who had known me before I was six, embraced me with words of welcome. This room houses one of my most extensive Lois Lenski Collections of manuscripts and literary materials, and is open to students for research.

In 1966 came another home-coming — to Capital University, the Alma Mater of all the men in my family and lately of grand-nieces and nephews too, to be awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. How proud and happy both of my parents would have been, could they have shared this recognition.

Two recent pleasures have come, the establishment of an R. C. H. Lenski Memorial Room in the Seminary Library at Capital, by my brothers, sisters and myself, in honor of our father and his life's work. It is to become a Center for research and study in the New Testament, which was his major field of interest. It is our wish that Seminary students of the future may benefit and be deeply inspired through the use of this continuing collection of books.

Over the years, my literary materials have increased and expanded to such an alarming degree that I have had to look for depositories for them. Several University Libraries had already begun gathering materials about my work, and I have been able to augment their collections. A recent gift to Capital University of a representative collection has brought about the establishment of the Lois Lenski Collection Room at Rudolph Memorial Library. Here a selection of my manuscripts, original illustrations, foreign editions and association items of all kinds pertaining to my books will become resource materials for students of Children's Literature of the future.

So in many more ways than one is it possible "to come home again;" to bring to one's beloved home-place a wider and stronger devotion because of sharing the home-places of many other people in many other parts of our country. Yes, one *can* come home again!

OHIOANA LIBRARY WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls

November 15, 1969 to February 15, 1970

Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Jones, Sr. Newark, Ohio	Sugar Creek Library, Sugar Creek
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Nadeau, Akron	Mrs. James Gregory, Delaware Mr. Kenneth I. Lea, Ashley
Mr. Richard L. Paugh, Columbus	Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Lumley, Ontario, Canada
Miss Karma G. Witherspoon, Grove City	Mr. Arthur N. Stunz, Ashland
Mrs. Albert H. Norweb, Cincinnati	Mrs. Muriel A. Magdych, Farmland

NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMEN AND CO-CHAIRMEN

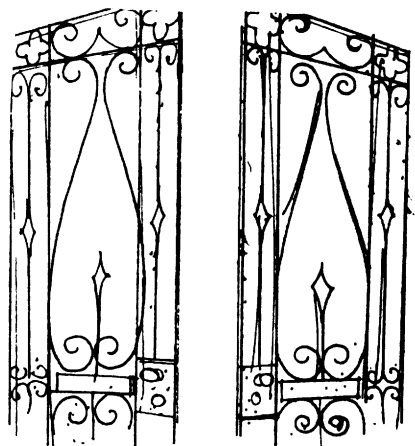
We are happy to include the following in our Ohioana Family

ASHLAND COUNTY

Dr. Joseph D. Pollitt, Ashland
Co-Chairman

OHIOANA

Library News



ENTRANCE GATE
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

FROM THE CENTENNIAL NEWS LETTER of Ohio State University: "The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association will honor The Ohio State University in its Centennial Celebration on Saturday, October 24, 1970—the 41st Ohioana Day.

This annual event will be held in the Center for Tomorrow. Ohioana Book Awards and Citations will be presented during the morning program. The afternoon program, following the luncheon, will be very special entertainment, themed to The Ohio State University Centennial, and will be of national as well as Ohio interest.

The Ohioana Library, located on the 11th Floor of the Ohio Departments Building, represents the most comprehensive single collection of published material about Ohio and/or by an Ohioan.

Mrs. Howard L. Bevis, Mrs. John Bricker, and Mrs. Bernice Foley are the committee members representing the Ohioana Library.

Dr. Helen Cameron, Economics; Dr. Francis Weisenburger, History; and Miss Janet Clover, College of Education, are the faculty members of this committee.

Every feature of Ohioana Day, including the awards, music, and the presentation of celebrities, will be themed to the Centennial."

IN JULY OHIOANA LIBRARY will present to the Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique (the Royal Library at Brussels, Belgium) about 30 Ohioana books, by Ohio authors and on the Ohio scene. This gift presentation will be shipped, courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington D. C., to Mr. David M. Draudt, Director of European Operations, State of Ohio, Development Department, International Trade Division, Brussels, Belgium, from where the Director of the Ohioana Library will take them to the Royal Library and present them in person to Fr. Vanwijngaerden, Librarian for Gifts and Exchange, in a ceremony arranged by the Royal Library.

These books are the gift of Governor James A. Rhodes of Ohio, the Ohio State University Press and Ohioana Library, and are for the purpose of furthering Ohio's literary culture abroad.

TESSA SWEAZY WEBB OF COLUMBUS, founder of Ohio Poetry Day, and recipient of an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters, Honoris Causa by l'Université Libre, Karachi, Pakistan, has announced that Cecil "Hale" Hartzell has accepted the office of president for the Ohio Poetry Day Association.

Mr. Hale is currently Assistant Professor of Speech and Poet-Playwright-in-Residence at Mount St. Joseph College, Cincinnati. He also is Director of the Professional Theatre Performances of the Artist Series for the College. Before that he was well-known for his radio programs on WLW and WSAI, Cincinnati. He himself is both poet and playwright.

Ohio Poetry Day Association is fortunate to have so gifted a person as its new president.

POLLY PAFFILAS, like Graham Kerr (the Galloping Gourmet of TV), has an enthusiastic zeal for cooking which is delightfully contagious. Whereas Kerr bounds around his TV studio-kitchen like an antelope, Polly dishes up each day of the year with a menu, and titles it *1970 Menu—Appointment Calendar*. If our arithmetic is correct, that gives you 365 menus, all seasonable and all delish.

Polly is a prominent Ohio newspaper woman, who is food editor of the *Akron Beacon Journal*. She has won both state and national honors in the general journalistic and food-writing fields.

Her calendar is new and different, and attractive in format. Besides recipes and menus and days, it contains amusing quotes such as this one from Aesop: "Better beans and bacon in peace, than cakes and ale in fear."

Polly Paffilas' own charming personality comes through with warmth, wit and wisdom.

Book Looks

THE THOMAS A. EDISON ALBUM by Lawrence A. Frost. *Superior Publishing Company*. Bibliography. Index. 174 pp. \$12.95.

Dr. Lawrence A. Frost is a former Ohioan who writes comprehensive and magnificently illustrated volumes or "albums" on famous Americans such as U.S. Grant, Phil Sheridan and George Armstrong Custer.

His newest pictorial biography is an equally fine book on Thomas A. Edison. The assemblage of photographs and illustrations with a well-presented text make a superb biography which every Ohioan will relish as a reading must.

The Edison story begins at Milan, Ohio. The book contains pictures of Edison's birthplace and reproductions of early photographs. His life is illustrated by an impressive array of pictures.

As "The Wizard of Menlo Park," he created millions of new jobs in America and, in Henry Ford's words, "did more to abolish poverty than all the politicians and reformers put together."

Many pages are devoted to the array of his medals and awards from nations all over the world.

Dr. Frost is to be commended for another valuable and brilliant picture biography of a famous personage. Formerly of Toledo, he now resides in Monroe, Michigan.

DAVE'S SONG by Robert McKay. *Meredith Press*. 181 pp. \$4.95.

Both this story and this author have interesting backgrounds . . . and both are to be admired, the man because he

was an inmate-custodian at the Ohio State Penitentiary who has now become a successful author, and who, restored to his freedom, is making a constructive new life for himself.

While in prison, Mr. McKay raised canaries and studied their habits. *Canary Red* was his first novel for young people. He has also authored many short stories and articles.

His second novel for this same age of readers, entitled *Dave's Song*, is also to be admired as a splendid and positive fictional story about teen-agers, Vietnam, politics, prejudice and individual goals. Besides, teenagers Dave Burdick and Kate Adams, another of the story's characters is Jack, a pet starling, which is based on an actual pet of Mr. McKay.

THE NORMAN ROCKWELL STORY-BOOK by Jan Wahl. *Simon and Schuster*. \$4.95.

Super and outstanding is Jan Wahl's newest juvenile book which has the appearance of a collector's item. Each full page reproduction in color of Norman Rockwell's paintings is accompanied by a fitting and appealing story by Jan (who was born in Columbus).

One story, *Dog For Sale*, is about "Charlie," a stray which should have been named "Arlene." An amusing sled-ding story is entitled *The Golden Comet*. The painting of another story describes how "the runt" of the football team became a hero. Halloween, baseball and young love are the subjects of other Jan Wahl tales and Norman Rockwell paintings.

One second thought this large, slim book is not for children only — it is for all ages.

A ST. NICHOLAS ANTHOLOGY. Selected and Edited by Burton C. Frye. *Meredith Press*. Illustrated. \$8.95.

Burton C. Frye has culled from the early years of the St. Nicholas Magazine, beginning in 1873, stories, poems and articles for this handsome anthology. Written by noted authors, the selections make excellent reading today. W. D. Howells is included for his *Christmas Every Day* story of 1886.

The contents of this anthology are divided into four seasonal sections.

About the editor and compiler, he is an Ohioan and the author of several books of notable poetry. At present he is Permissions Editor of Appleton-Century-Crofts.

A MAGIC MORNING WITH UNCLE AL by Millie McWhirter. *World Publishing*. Illustrated. 64 pp. \$3.95.

Millie McWhirter, Cincinnati and author of the beautiful and wistful novel, *Hushed Were the Hills*, seems to have put on another hat, Uncle Al Lewis' own straw boater, when she wrote in tingley rhyme this picture book about the Uncle Al and Wanda Lewis TV Show, originating each weekday morning over WCPT-TV (Cincinnati) and carried by other stations.

The poetry and pictures describe a fantasy land entered by a repetition of Uncle Al's magical word "alakazam." The plot revolves around one little boy in Uncle Al's audience, Jim, who remains a skeptic throughout the program (and the book) until the very last.

The skillful verse re-creates the magical world of Al and Wanda which is filled with talking animals, a clown, a scarecrow and other characters beloved by children. Magical delight!

ONE WAY TO WRITE YOUR NOVEL by Dick Winfield. *Writer's Digest*. Markets for Novels. Index. 161 pp. \$5.95.

Rules for writing a novel are valuable knowledge for an author to have — even if he breaks them.

The opening chapter of this excellent writing aid begins logically with "the first step." Other steps include creating an unforgettable character, dialogue for real, small doses of description, plotting all the way through, and other important points.

Dick Winfield (the pseudonym of a successful and well-known Ohio novelist) is the author of this practical, do-it-yourself volume. Dick writes in an easy, neoteric style which is attention-holding, which says a lot, and which gives good, hard-nosed advice.

THE GHOST BOAT by Jacqueline Jackson. *Little-Brown*. 148 pp. \$4.50.

Young readers will enjoy a re-acquaintance with the four Richards children and neighbor Kenny, as they chase the ghost of a drowned fisherman who rows his boat by moonlight, but sinks it in the marshland weeds in daytime.

A Chamber of Horrors, put together by the inventive five to impress some up-start vacationers, leaves prickles running up and down the spine. How the gang puts the ghost to rest is ingenious.

Jacqueline Jackson taught Children's Literature at Kent State University, and in 1966 she published *The Taste of Spruce Gum*, selected one of the "notable children's books of the year." This new vacation story, illustrated by the author, carries on the Jackson tradition of good children's literature.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball

CONTRACT SURGEON by Robert T. Crowley. *Doubleday*. 309 pp. \$5.95.

Dr. Cam Howard would never have touched the hospital in Hosford, Appalachia, if his wife Felice, in the process of divorcing him, were not determined to hurt him financially. Accepting the post of Chief of Surgery at Hosford's new Frazier Memorial Hospital enables Cam to leave the state and avoid Felice's pressuring.

Signing a year's contract leaves him feeling he is no longer his own man, but at the end of his year he has come to appreciate the isolated and poverty-stricken town; and he is a hero to the townspeople, after the disastrous flood which rips the area.

The story is complete with a shoot-out feud and a beautiful nurse; but the ending will leave you wondering.

Author Crowley is a top-flight surgeon in his own right, and ran a clinic in Kinsman, Ohio, at one time. In this, his third novel, he gives out some of his own medical philosophy while telling an exciting story of small town life.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball

TO MAKE YOU THIRSTY by Jake Falstaff. *Brookside Press*. 105 pp. \$2.00.

Born Herman Fetzer, Jake Falstaff never wrote his autobiography. He summed up his life this way: "Agnostic; have seen ghosts."

Celebrated for a wit both subtle and urbane, he filled his syndicated newspaper column, *Pippins and Cheese*, with gay poetry and humor.

Selections of his prose and poetry are included in this slim volume. Also included are excerpts from his two books, *The Book of Rabelais* and *Reini Kugel*, and from his columns.

Often Jake wrote about a shy boy, Lemuel, said to be himself. Lemuel visited his maternal grandparents, immigrants from Switzerland, who had a farm in Wayne County. In later years three farm books were the result of these visits: *Jacoby's Corners* (1940), *The Big Snow* (1941), and *Come Back to Wayne County* (1942).

Falstaff's biography at the end of the book is too brief and sketchy. His approach to his own writing is described in these words which he wrote, and some of which provide the book's title: "I want people to say when they read my stuff, 'That makes me thirsty.'"

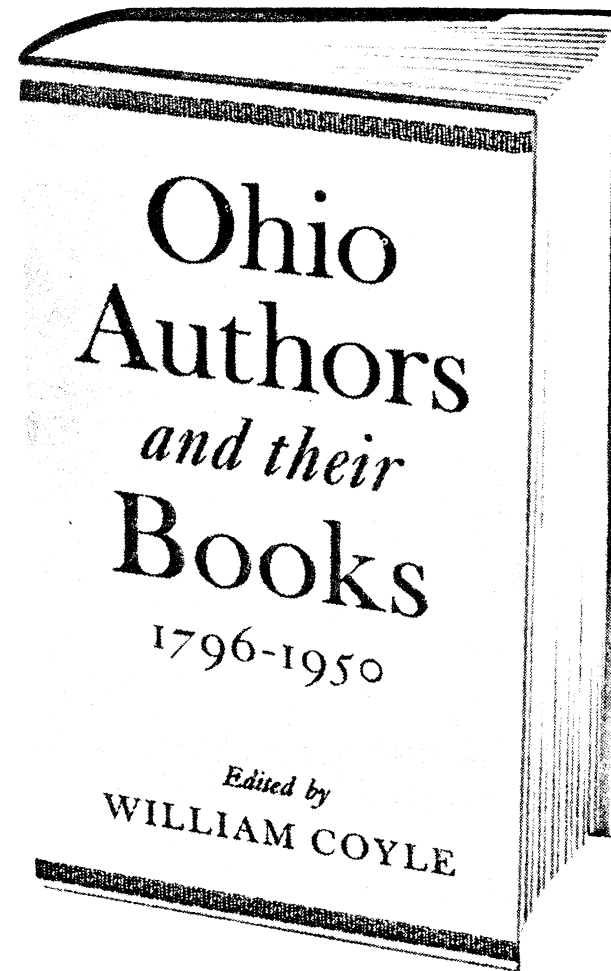
A SINGULAR FURY by Howard Oleck. *World Publishing Co.* 246 pp. \$4.95.

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" Sam Benedict doesn't actually say it, but it is a most apt cliché for wealthy socialite Janet Porter as she languishes in jail, held on a charge of murdering her husband.

The main characters of the defunct TV program are here in this first of a new series of mystery novels, based on the career of Jake Ehrlich, a real life famous trial lawyer. Sam Benedict is the high key San Francisco attorney; his assistant Hank Tabor is around, as is secretary watchdog, Trudy Wagner.

Author Oleck, Dean of the Cleveland-Marshall Law School, has written numerous adventure novels, and in this book has combined this narrative experience with his legal knowledge to come up with a fast-moving and interesting story in which Oliver Wendell Holmes plays a most important role, something not easily accomplished when dead.

Reviewed by R. G. Ball



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