

# Ohioana Quarterly

Volume XIV  
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MILL AT  
WEST MILTON

*Carroll Williams*

# OHIOANA QUARTERLY

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FRONT COVER: Mill at West Milton  
Artist — Caroline Williams

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## KEYNOTE SPEAKER



DR. MERRILL R. PATTERSON, former Academic Dean of Marietta College, received as keynote speaker a standing ovation from students, faculty, trustees, and townspeople on the 136th anniversary of the chartering of Marietta College, February 12, 1971.

Dr. Patterson is President of the Board of Trustees of Ohioana Library, and we are happy that he agreed to our request to print his excellent and relevant speech.

### THEY ARE BUILDING STILL

by Merrill Reeves Patterson

Address on Founders Day, Marietta College, February 12, 1971

President Duddy, Dean Bosch, Mr. Fenton and the Trustees, Administrators, Faculty, President Charles Dawes and the young men and women who form the Student Body of Marietta College — Ladies and Gentlemen.

Today is Abraham Lincoln's birthday. He was within two days of being 26 years old when this college was chartered in 1835. One hundred years later I came to Marietta, and have traveled with her for 36 years of the second century of her existence. I am proud to be a part of her history.

"And," said Lincoln, "we cannot escape history." I might add that the Emancipator went back to the past for much of his knowledge, but he always had the imagination and courage to look and think ahead. This is well to remember in an age intent on what is happening *now*; with a tendency to disregard the past and let come what may in the future. In these days of conflicting philosophies, we still should know, in the Lincoln way, how to preserve and cherish both country and college. Said he: "We, even we here, hold the power and bear the responsibility." You will note well and long remember, I trust, that Lincoln indissolubly associates the words *power* and *responsibility*, and implies that we are answerable to those affected by our actions.

These remarks lead me, then, to the teachers and scholars I see before me. Dr. Raymond B. Allen, while President of the University of Washington, said in speaking of college faculties and of academic freedom: ". . . the teacher and the scholar must be free to think and discover and believe, else there will be no new thought, no discovery, and no progress."

The faculty were handling this power responsibly almost four decades ago when I came here, even though our personal lives were circumscribed by custom and by occasional edicts of administration. Indeed, I remember attending a dinner in 1934 given by the president in his home. Following the dinner, the ladies remained in the living room while the men adjourned to the huge presidential study. The present-day women's "lib" advocates would have been up in arms in a minute. But we accepted this segregation docilely, leaving the Dean of Women with the women. We would never have dreamed that this designation could split the student body down the middle!

The president, as a gesture to the amenities, passed around a box of dried out cigars. I was too young and stupid to know that I was to say "no, thank you." Everyone else had. Then the box came to me. I took one look, pulled out my own pack of cigarettes, said "May I?", and lighted up. The president hastily retreated to the far end of the room. I took a puff; he at the other end went "Buh, bu, bu, bu." I took a second puff; he at the other end went "Buh, bu, bu, bu."

Finally I caught on. "Sorry, sir," I said, "is this smoke bothering you?" "Buh, bu, bu, bu, — not at all!" I got the message, but could not find an ash tray. The incident ended by my dropping the ashes in the cuff of my trousers, and I finally put out the cigarette by mashing it against the bottom of an old-fashioned match box.

But, in that antedeluvian age of 1934, we had a dedication to teaching and we found and believed in "academic freedom" at Marietta. We never doubted that a

serious responsibility accompanied these benefits. I came across a clear statement of this responsibility in a *Cincinnati Enquirer* editorial for April 1967. Since little remains sacred today, since everything is in flux, and since things taken for granted up to now are under attack, I call attention to the writer's admonition.

"If academic freedom is to have any future in America — and we pray that it does," says the Editorial, "the academic community itself must put and keep its house in order. It must do so by differentiating between the educator and the indoctrinator. It must do so by recalling that the sensitivities and the traditions of the community and the nation deserve to be weighed along with the sensitivities and the traditions of the faculty. And it must do so by recalling that academic freedom is no gift of the American Association of University Professors or of the Supreme Court or even of the Bill of Rights. It is rather a gift that untold generations of scholars and thinkers have won and periodically reaffirm." I am proud to be a member of a faculty today most of whom respect and honor this tradition.

At this point, let me establish my authority for speaking of teachers this evening. My son, along with others in the first grade he attended, was asked by the teacher: "What does your father do? Where does he work?" My son replied, "Daddy doesn't work — he teaches!" Now, after establishing my authority, I should like to demonstrate my intelligence. This past summer I came home to find my wife trying to water our side-lawn, but she was having difficulty because the hose was old and had developed a particular leak near the faucet. She tried to subdue the jet of water by binding it with a rag, but that did not work. I made masculine noises of disapproval; proceeded to the tool shed where I produced an old kitchen knife, a pair of pliers, a screw driver, and a hammer — and (with the admiring glance of my wife upon me) severed the hose cleanly just below the offending break, but I had forgotten one important thing — the reattachment of the severed hose to the faucet. Whereas before I wielded the knife, my parched lawn had received a modest sprinkling of water, now it received none. Unfortunately, I have disciples, among both faculty and students, who act on a similar principle — "cut free from the old." It is showy, impressive, until the discovery is made that no way remains to make *any* connection. There are many so-called experts tinkering with the garden-hose variety of education. In their hands the garden hose may grow alarmingly, even become a fire hose, as if delicate young shoots could stand such terrific pressure. Or it remains disconnected, as in my experience, with the hope that *if* an expensive connecting gadget could be obtained, or *if* this, or *if* that — what a wonderful watering our gardens would receive!

Students, I know from my position as Director of Academic Advising that you do not make enough use of the dedicated men and women in these front rows, faculty and administrators alike. I remind you that the word "administer" literally

means "to serve;" the word "instruct" originally meant to "build on." We need constantly to build on what we have.

Many of the real rewards of learning are not found in the formal classroom, but in the laboratory, in the Pit, in the professor's office, or in his home. Examples could be multiplied: the devotion of Harla Ray Eggleston, after whom the Biology Department is named. The light in his laboratory was never out; his students often congregated there until one o'clock in the morning for long discussions not only on Biology (the study of life) but on the purpose of life itself. Or the Krause brothers in Chemistry. Or Theodore Bennett, just retired as Head of the Mathematics Department, a disciplinarian who really made his students work. While dean, I had two students at separate times (with failures in his courses) tell me that they had learned more from Dr. Bennett with an 'F' than they would have learned from anyone else with a 'C'. Or the late Don Drumm (after whom the Don Drumm Field is named) — honest, approachable, an example for all students to emulate. Or Jerry Hamilton, a man with a great heart who made music personal and alive for students. Or Israel Ward Andrews, serving Marietta College as instructor, professor, and third president for 50 years, whose entries in his diary show concern for the welfare of the young persons in his charge. For many, many years these young people with their doubts and troubles passed in review before this just man. Most passed by thoughtlessly, heedlessly, often unconscious of the help they had received. Yet a heritage of character and conduct has been disseminated down the years, a heritage seeded in Marietta soil, growing into tradition, and bearing an intangible but precious fruit.

Since this is Founders Day, I could continue to extol great men produced by Marietta College. I actually put this on paper but decided against using it. Many of them were rebels too — Charles Gates Dawes, for example — Vice President of the United States (graduate and Trustee of Marietta College) who smoked his pipe upside down and drove the Faculty Marshal crazy by breaking up the academic procession to stop, shake hands, and chat with his friends; who, as Ambassador to England, would not conform to the English custom of wearing knee breeches at Court.

The grandnephew of this man is your own College Body President, Charlie Dawes, who has worked hard this year with many others to bring about a liberalizing of student social customs within the framework of which a student either matures without help from parent or administrator or falls by the wayside. This is a system that has been taken for granted for years in European universities, but the student there is usually more highly selected and mature. No restraints are placed upon the individual except those dictated by good taste and self-respect. In this new freedom which can become "heady" for some, the student soon finds that his real freedom comes not from the discipline of father or mother or dean but from the discipline he places upon himself. We have moved, then, to a plateau of campus

self-governing comparable to that experienced by many colleges and universities around us to the distress of some parents who do not like the old order changing, "yielding place to new"; and even with significant finger crossing on the part of some students.

We are beginning to move forward also in the academic situation. The new curriculum will add depth to the programs of many and should stimulate students to harder endeavor. Ideally, education should be a dialogue between professor and student, and between student and student. I hope, and occasionally see evidence, that this is happening more and more at Marietta College. Again, such a system should embody the imagination of a Lincoln looking ahead with courage combined with that of an Isaiah Bowman, late president of Johns Hopkins University, who said that our total stock of precious natural resources and far more precious humanity needs going over in a critical spirit in order that men and women may still have that splendid chance in life, the thing not found elsewhere, that gives our America its unique historical stamp. "We must," he said, "be guided by the stars of our ancestors; but not by their dead campfires."

Cicero was right, too, when he said: "tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis" — "the times are changed and we are changed, or must change, with them."

By getting out of the backwaters and eddies of life into the full stream, the students of Marietta College have gained the freedom that has been and should continue to be a way of life in America.

Large segments of our faculty and an even greater number of our students reflect a consuming desire for freedom that has distinguished our country from the revolutionary times of Washington to the revolutionary times of the present. And freedom cannot truly be analyzed by UNIVAC, or added by IBM, or taken apart by surgeon's scapel.

The greater our honors, the greater our accomplishments, the greater our intelligence, the more we must recognize within us the mystery of our being. And an anniversary such as this is a good time to look. It is our responsibility to develop true humbleness by looking at our beginnings and at the "ghost," as Thomas Carlyle calls it, or God-given spirit within. It is Carlyle who opens to us the mind of Israel Ward Andrews, of Abraham Lincoln, of Isaiah Bowman before they were ever born; who shows us Marietta College, not in its material manifestations but in its spiritual strength, before Marietta College was ever conceived.

Carlyle says: "O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force

dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force nothing more.

Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

"So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow: — and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence? — O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff  
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life  
Is rounded with a sleep!"

But life can be at times a nightmare as well as a dream. I am glad we have eliminated the autocratic authoritarianism of Dr. George Wheeler Hinman, seventh president of Marietta College, who had two sets of rules, one for the students and one for himself. His habit was to smoke long, black Havana cigars, but the regulations forbade students to smoke. One day, the story goes, he invited to his office a first-semester senior who had defied convention by walking through the campus with his arm around a girl.

"Sit down, man, sit down," said Hinman, "Have a cigar." The offender took the cigar, lighted it, and started to smoke. Suddenly he realized that smoking was forbidden to students. So he said, "Dr. Hinman, students aren't permitted to smoke!" Hinman said, "Go right ahead, young man, go right ahead. You're no longer a student at Marietta College!"

On some campuses this authoritarianism has been replaced by permissiveness. This too is bad. There must be freedom of administrator and professor as well as

of student to carry on a continuing give-and-take dialogue with no fear on either the professor's or student's part of being fobbed off or treated with indifference. Students complain of irrelevance in their studies and classes. Old materials must be updated, for Hamlets and Lady Macbeths are living at this moment in Marietta and New York and Chicago. Therefore, the dialogue must touch life today — and must stimulate.

One of the finest compliments I ever received as a teacher was just after conducting a Freshman English class. The bell rang. The students moved out. Two freshmen who thought they were out of earshot continued to talk about what had been discussed in class as they went down the stairs. One said, "I don't believe a thing Patterson said today." and the other replied, "Oh, I don't know . . ." and his voice trailed off. They were thinking! I had stimulated two minds at least.

We *must* try to stimulate others, but not with drugs or obscene pictures. We need to return to the Wordsworthian consideration that "the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants;" so that we can again appreciate the miracle of a sunset, the wonder of the astronauts' voyage to the moon, the mystery of love in the human heart. We must also help others to think with courage. There could be no better philosophy for any generation, especially the generation attending college today. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the late Supreme Court Justice, stood in a crowded smoke-filled room at age 72 speaking to his old friends of the Harvard Law Association. He said: "As I grow older, I grow calm . . . I do not lose my hopes . . . I think it probable that civilization will last as long as I care to look ahead . . . I think it not improbable that man like the grub that prepares a chamber for the winged thing it never has seen but is to be may have cosmic destinies he does not understand. And so, beyond the vision of battling races and an impoverished earth, I catch a dreaming glimpse of peace."

Now, let me pointedly and specifically address my favorite people — you students out there. I am convinced that the majority of you have enrolled in Marietta College not primarily to have room visitation, smoke pot, go on trips, or "freak out" — but to get an education. And under your assorted wigs and sideburns, your bleached blue jeans, and your hangups over a world confused, I know that you, in general, are brighter than my generation, are aggressively inquisitive, want an instant answer to the race problem that has been hanging fire since Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and want to destroy the hypocrisy of the "Establishment," but in your haste you sometimes evade the very two things that will help the most — *Time*, along with the first principle in all education, *Intelligent Observation*.

Nevertheless, with you young people the real tragedy of education is that many of you rise up far enough to see the faults but not the virtues of mankind. You do not rise high enough "to see life steadily and see it whole."

On the other hand, the fault of my generation is that we refuse to see the *person* in the mini skirt covered by the maxi coat or the *person* under the mutton chop whiskers — and we condemn before we listen.

Your generation follows the pattern of all young people. You are rebels — and this is good. But often you are rebels in search of a cause — any cause. You are almost romantic in your impatience, your intensity, and your idealism to repair and rebuild the world. You are like me and my garden hose. You take the knife and make a quick, clean cut — "Off with the old." Yet you have no idea how to connect the hose that will bring the eternal water of life to your parched gardens.

And why? Because you and I did not take time and did not use intelligent observation to note that even a hose in order to have freedom to operate well must have the discipline and restraint of an iron band close to the source of supply. When that band is not there, you become frustrated, atheistical, drained.

Do you know what I think — or do you care what I think — concerning Marietta College on the 136th Anniversary of her birthday? And when I say Marietta College, I mean the trustees, faculty, the countless alumni over the world, yes, secretaries like mine who has served 22 years — and you students. I think that you and I and they are the builders of that most precious commodity of all — the character of the men and women who attend this institution — a commodity intangible, but more enduring than real stone.

The poet, Tennyson, has said it best in *Gareth and Lynette*. You will recall how Gareth, upon reaching the age of 18, decided to join King Arthur's Knights and fight the good fight with them — very much like the ideal most of you had when you entered college. Gareth was determined, as you were, to rescue distressed damsels, push back the heathen, right the wrongs of the world.

But Gareth's mother, being the "Establishment" and thinking him too young, did everything she could to dissuade him. His enthusiasm finally won, however, and with her consent he started off one morning early toward Camelot, his mind fired with idealism, and his heart with eagerness. He saw the turrets and spires of the great city rising into the mists before him. He came to the entrance gate, inscribed with mystic symbols. There he saw an old man leaning against the gate. He was the Wise Man — Merlin. Put in Merlin's place, if you will, your favorite professor.

Merlin said: "Where are you going, young man?" Gareth answered: "To join King Arthur, push back the heathen, clear the forest, and build on the clearings." But Merlin had looked through that mystic gate and he had seen many of the men inside were not observing the strict vows that King Arthur had set up — that all was not sweetness and light. Merlin had been around. And he knew that this young man's idealism would be tarnished.

Then he said a strange thing: "You know, some people think the city is real and the King a shadow."

Well — I pick up this glass of water. It seems real — you can touch it, feel it, taste it. Also we think of this building as real (hard brick and mortar) — but drop an atomic or hydrogen bomb — and Poof! — it is gone — and all these things are reduced to nothing.

So old Merlin was truly saying that the ideals of King Arthur were *real* and the material brick and mortar were the *unimportant* things. Just as in a concentration camp material possessions can be denied you, but unless you are brainwashed your memories or ideas or ideals cannot be taken away. Then Merlin said another crazy thing. He said that some people believe this city of Camelot is built to music. Now music is an intangible thing. You cannot touch it or handle it, but at the same time you cannot destroy it. Therefore, it endures forever.

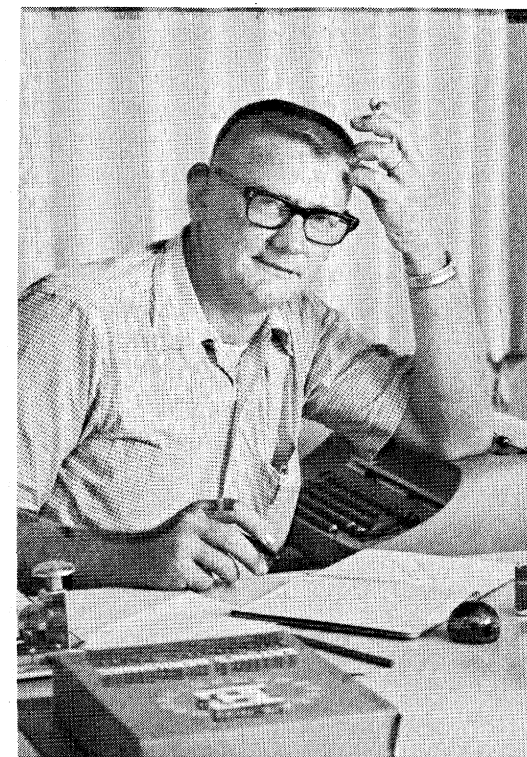
“So,” said Merlin, “Young man, you will swear vows as you pass beneath this archway which you cannot keep — no man could. Yet unless you do swear these vows, you might just as well go out with the stupid cattle of the field.”

Tennyson has expressed these ideals better than I can possibly express them in my own words. It pleases me to think that much of Marietta College’s effectiveness and worth — found in trustees, in administrators, in faculty, and above all, in you students is expressed symbolically in the following lines:

And fairy queens have built the city, son;  
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft  
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,  
And built it to the music of their harps.  
And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,  
For there is nothing in it as it seems  
Saving the King; tho’ some there be that hold  
The King a shadow, and the city real.  
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou pass  
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become  
A thrall to his enchantments, for the King  
Will bind thee by such vows as is a shame  
A man should not be bound by, yet the which  
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,  
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide  
Without, among the cattle of the field.  
For an ye heard a music, like enow  
They are building still, seeing the city is built  
To music, therefore never built at all,  
And therefore built forever.

Ladies and Gentlemen. And my students out there: This is Marietta College.  
Never built at all; and, therefore, built forever!

## PONTIAC’S UPRISING



THE CONQUERORS by Allan W. Eckert. *Little, Brown-1970.* Maps. Bibliography. Index. 720 pp. \$10.

AUTHOR: *Allan W. Eckert is a Daytonian writer who has moved to Florida. He has outlined a series of 20 or more narratives on THE WINNING OF AMERICA. In 1968 Ohioana Library was happy to present Mr. Eckert with an Ohioana Book Award for the first volume in the series, THE FRONTIERSMEN.*

"READABLE," FASCINATING," "SUBSTANTIAL" — words used by reviewers for Mr. Eckert's *Wilderness Empire*, the second volume in his Winning of America Series — are equally applicable to this, his third. Having had the pleasure of reviewing *Wilderness Empire* for *Ohioana Quarterly* a year ago, I take special pleasure in reporting on its sequel, which carries on the narrative of how the white man took the land from the Indian as colonization moved progressively Westward. Again, one is impressed by the vast amount of research that went into the ascertaining of details and the multiplicity of fact that lends substance and credence to these books; yet none of them breathe of academic dryness or the lamp at midnight. In an Author's Note Mr. Eckert reminds us, as he did in the two earlier books, that here we are reading "fact, not fiction," but fact presented in a way that blends written history with the historical novel.

*Wilderness Empire* ended with the English victorious in the French and Indian War. *The Conquerors* deals with the exploitation of the redskin by the English that aroused the Indian tribes from a wide area to unite behind Pontiac, war chief of the Ottawas, to expel the English from their lands in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Much of the responsibility for this disastrous carnage is laid upon the insensitive Lieut. Gen. Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who departed forever for England on November 17, 1763, leaving behind both a new commander-in-chief and

"a chaotic situation on the frontiers which was largely of his making; leaving behind a land whose earth was soaked with the lifeblood of hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of men, women, and children — settlers, soldiers, traders, frontiersmen, Indians; leaving behind a tragedy of the first magnitude which need never have occurred at all but for his simple lack of human understanding." (p. 586)

The incompetent Amherst "was one of those individuals who, even in the face of the most overwhelming evidence, refuses to acknowledge that matters may not be as he wishes . . . and confidently believes them to be." He refused, for example, to believe reports of Indian unrest and uprising, regarding them as exaggerated. His correspondence repeatedly shows his belief that the "barbarians" understood only violence and regarded kindness and generosity as signs of weakness and fear. In view of his mishandling of the whole Indian affair, there can be little surprise that upon his departure from these shores his own officers drank toasts to his going.

In *The Conquerors* there is not the element of romantic love that entered into *Wilderness Empire*, but there is plenty of suspense, mixed in

with romantic adventure. There is, for instance, a white man, protected by friendly Chippewas among whom he is living. They stained his skin to their color and dressed him in Indian garb. More somberly there is use of germ warfare (blankets used by whites with smallpox are given to the Indians to spread the disease among them) and talk of using dogs against the Indians. There are betrayals of the English by the French (an English child is murdered by a Frenchman at the order of Pontiac to prove his loyalty) and a description in some detail of at least one execution of an English officer by torture at the hands of Indians.

Some irony occurs late in the account when (presumably) Christian whites around Philadelphia seek to attack Christian (Moravian) Indians, "red niggers," who have to be spirited away for their own protection. By contrast, however, the Quakers behave in a thoroughly godly way, even on occasion losing their lives to Indians who refuse to trust any white man. But the activities of the Paxton Boys in eastern Pennsylvania, killing any Indians they could find and even invading jails to do it, won the support of many whites. In Pennsylvania the lines were sharply drawn; you were either an Indian-hater or an Indian-lover — a Presbyterian or a Quaker. Official peace came in December of 1764; but Pontiac, that charismatic leader, was to be assassinated by an Indian a little over four years later, at the age of forty-nine.

Again one commends the numerous maps, drawn by Mr. Eckert himself, and the handsome dust jacket, depicting a painting by John Alan Maxwell. The 185 footnotes, mainly supplying added detail, are numbered consecutively through the twelve chapters and Epilogue, to make easier the finding of specific items. As in the two previous books in this series, there is a List of Indian Characters, with pronunciation of names. Both Mr. Eckert and Little, Brown may well be proud of this latest joint achievement.

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



## FORM AS MODE OF ARRANGEMENT

FORM AND STYLE IN THE ARTS: AN INTRODUCTION TO AESTHETIC MORPHOLOGY by Thomas Munro. *The Press of Case Western Reserve University in collaboration with the Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland and London, 1970. Bibliography. Index. 467 pp. \$17.50.*

AUTHOR: *Thomas Munro, now retired, has been curator of education at THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART and professor of art at CASE WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY. He is a founder and honorary president of the AMERICAN SOCIETY for AESTHETICS and the author of many books, including EVOLUTION IN THE ARTS, THE ARTS AND THEIR INTERRELATIONS; and ORIENTAL AESTHETICS.*

THOMAS MUNRO is extremely industrious, with this major work following upon the heels of the revised edition of THE ARTS AND THEIR INTERRELATIONS, which was reviewed in these pages in Volume X, Number 4, Winter issue 1967. The new book is similarly encyclopaedic, and it provides a foundation for the emerging science of aesthetic morphology, whose aim is to increase human knowledge and understanding of the arts. The book is the fruit of Mr. Munro's long years of teaching at Case Western Reserve University and the Cleveland Museum of Art; everyone interested in finding out where art education stands today will be fascinated by his presentation.

The word "morphology" is attributed to Goethe, whom Mr. Munro emulates in taking all knowledge for his province. He is not concerned with quibbles as to whether there is such a thing as design; instead he tells us, scientifically, what design is. He deals with the systematic analysis, comparison and classification of such structures as paintings, poems, symphonies and cathedrals, for "the morphology set forth here deals with all the arts, especially the visual arts, music and literature." He proceeds from the common sense point of view that wherever there is form, there is content, and this content can be described in psychological terms. He deals with compound climaxes, reinforcements, accents, crises, foci of emphasis, and his answers pour out almost before the questions.

Mr. Munro's illustrations to this spate of cultural history are deceptively familiar: he shows us a half dozen views of Chartres Cathedral, eight color plates from the Cleveland Museum, the Taj Mahal and Bernini's fountain in the Piazza Navona, but his true subjects are spatial, temporal and casual development. The visual arts are the trampoline from which he launches his intellectual leaps; his virtuoso performance is stimulating to watch but not always easy to follow. No one but Mr. Munro could have brought it off.

REVIEWER: *Mahonri Sharp Young is the Director of the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts. He is a regular contributor to the prestigious British magazine of fine arts, APOLLO.*

"Writing is My Business" - - - O. Henry

## MAJOR BIOGRAPHY

O. HENRY: THE LEGENDARY LIFE OF WILLIAM S. PORTER by Richard O'Connor. *Doubleday-1970. 252 pp. \$6.95.*

AUTHOR: *Richard O'Connor who writes both fiction and non-fiction has more than twenty books to his credit. He has been a newspaper reporter in New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. He has two homes, one in Ellsworth, Maine, and the other in Ballydehob, County Cork, Ireland.*

THIS IS PROBABLY the best biography of O. Henry that has been written, but it has little special significance for Ohio readers. Like O. Henry himself, O'Connor glosses over the years in Ohio Penitentiary. He mentions the friendly encouragement of Dr. John H. Thomas but says nothing of the possibility that O. Henry may have borrowed his pen name from a prison guard, Orrin Henry. He does, however, describe the incident that led to the creation of O. Henry's most famous character, Jimmy Valentine: a prisoner, Jimmy Connors, was recruited to open the safe of a Columbus publishing company which had been locked by an embezzling official. The biography is best in its depiction of the last eight years of O. Henry's life, when he lived in New York and turned out the stories that made him famous, fearful all the while that the story of his imprisonment would be revealed.

REVIEWER: *Dr. William Coyle, a former Trustee of Ohioana Library, is now Chairman of the English Department, Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton. He is the editor of the valuable reference book, OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS—1796-1950.*

## ***42nd Annual Meeting and Luncheon For Ohio Authors and Composers***

*Sponsored by*

The Martha Kinney Cooper  
Ohioana Library Association

Plan Now to Attend!  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1971  
10 a.m.  
CENTER FOR TOMORROW BUILDING  
2400 Olentangy River Road, Columbus



Meet in person the honor-guests who are bringing fame to Ohio in the fields of Books and Music. Enjoy the notable music which will be presented.

### **CITATIONS - BOOK AWARDS - MEDALS**

will be presented to these outstanding Ohioans who are adding luster to Ohio's fine heritage in the arts.

This literary event will live in your memory as you meet these fame-names and see them receiving the Ohioana Book Awards, often called the Buckeye Pulitzer Prizes, and the Citations for distinguished service to Ohio.

Thus the Ohioana Library annually honors Ohio's native sons and daughters, recognizing their talent, and bringing national attention to their literary and musical achievements.

*Be one of those who join in honoring Ohio's famous authors and composers.  
Be one of those who make reservations promptly for themselves and for their friends to attend this important literary event.*

### **MARION RENICK**



OHIOANA LIBRARY salutes Mrs. Marion Lewis Renick for the great honor which her alma mater, Wittenberg University, bestowed upon her at the annual Commencement exercises on June 13.

She received from Wittenberg an honorary Doctor of Literature Degree in recognition for her renown as an author of juvenile books which now number thirty. Each of these stories is about a sport, a vehicle which Mrs. Renick uses most successfully to communicate with children. Her latest book is titled *Ohio*, published by Coward McCann.

"Pat," as the legions of her friends affectionately call her, is a Life Member of Ohioana Library, a member of the National League of American Pen Women, and of Theta Sigma Phi.

Mrs. Renick, whose home is in Columbus, has received many awards and much recognition for her books. She was given the Boys Clubs of America National Award and the Ohioana Library Medal for her works.

Twenty of her books were used by the National Educational Television as part of a series that would "hold interest and have meaning for children."

Until 1969 Mrs. Renick held a lectureship in journalism at The Ohio State University and was a news broadcaster for the Ohio School of the Air.

Pat Renick is one of Ohio's important authors.

## CHANGES IN CORPORATE POLICY

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF BUSINESS: COMPANY AND COMMUNITY, 1900-1960 by Morrell Heald. *The Press of Case Western Reserve University*. Appendix. Bibliographical Notes. Index. 360 pp. \$10.95.

AUTHOR: *Dr. Morrell Heald is Professor of History and American Studies at Case Western Reserve University.*

THIS CHALLENGING BOOK on The Social Responsibilities of Business fulfills a long need for the description of the consolidation of a 60-year period of evolution from purely paternalistic company welfare programs into modern Industry-Union-Government-Consumer cooperative programs. Such programs are technologically and socially highly advanced and in the main effective. The book is extremely well researched and footnoted and even the footnotes are interesting reading.

The reviewer, who has prowled through this territory many times before, found himself excited by the description of the Pullman village. Also covered brilliantly is that priceless piece of our industrial history, the New England Mill Towns where the girls lived in college dormitory type housing (and worked 12 hours a day).

In a more modern setting the account of the Community Chests in their prime, which gave business its five per cent deduction for charity from its corporation income tax base, is well told. As a trade and deal transaction, it is most interesting. The achievement of the five per cent amendment was a bright spot in what, from the perspective of future business and community relations, was a dull decade.

On the whole, the author, Morrell Heald, thinks that corporate philanthropy is unselfish in the broader sense. However, corporate business realizes that healthy communities with excellent cultural backgrounds benefit business and industry as well as individuals. Heald discusses ably the complicated problems of family foundations and corporate trusts and their relationships to the Community.

The department store genius, E. A. Filene, emerges in this book as the hero of modern corporate contributions. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and Henry Ford, Jr. were to be counted, also, as innovators of the great Funds and Foundations.

As Filene himself had dedicated his Twentieth Century Fund to research on fundamental economic problems, so the C.E.D. carried further his belief that the businessman's greatest gift to society lay in the more effective discharge of his own distinct function and the gift of his knowledge and experience for a more productive society.

Our progressive and even punitive tax system makes impossible large individual gifts to charities, education, museums and other cultural centers. Corporate gifts are filling this tax-induced gap. The whole picture is changing. General Motors is the central picture rather than the ruling member of the Rockefeller dynasty.

The support of culture, of the performing and representative arts, had traditionally been the province of the wealthy. The advance of democracy had widened the demand and the interest for such undertakings, increasing the cost of the facilities. On the other hand, through taxation it had restricted the funds available in large fortunes for their support. Given the prevailing resistance to public subsidy, corporate treasuries offered a tempting source of funds for hard-pressed cultural institutions. Individual businessmen had, of course, given leadership and dollars to such agencies. As the older generation of individual sponsors and donors retired and were replaced on the boards of directors by corporate managers or their wives, it was only natural that company funds should be tapped. The insistent needs of a host of cultural organizations pressing their claims, thus opened still another area for corporate involvement.

The major criticism which might be made of this book is that the lay reader is not sufficiently considered. It would not detract from the scholarly impact of this book to mark the trail of this type of evolution and spell out its social significance, proceeding as it does from individual to group effort.

REVIEWER: *Dr. Helen Cameron is professor of Economics at Ohio State University and is the co-author of CASES IN PUBLIC FINANCE—1965; PUBLIC FINANCE: SELECTED READINGS—1966; and THE PUBLIC ECONOMY—1969.*

## THE EVERLASTING GARBLE

by Tom Burns Haber

MANY READERS of "Books in Review" (Sunday *Columbus Dispatch* for 24 January) must have recognized Bayard Taylor's *Bedouin Song* in the garbled title of Mr. Bark's new book *The Sun Grows Cold*. Others may have linked this catchy title with Cecelia Holland's *Until The Sun Fails*, of three years ago. So it is that, for good or bad, high or low, garbling crops up everywhere but invariably carries with it an undeniable attraction for books, especially so far as writers and readers are concerned. I look up at a groaning shelf of new novels in my library and remember that I bought half of them because I could not resist the pull of their irresistible titles, so cleverly concocted to intrigue, amuse, enrage, excite, or soothe the hesitating purchaser.

How does a garble originate? It may be a mere fault in the author's spelling, or an intentional quirk in phonetics, like Phoebe Taylor's *Cold Steal*, or Barbara Silberberg's *Kitten Caboodle*, or *When The Saints Go Marching Out*, by Dr. Charles Merrill Smith. All in all, it is evident that a garbled book-title is seldom dull, whatever the contents of the book may be. Who would not feel a jar, amiable or annoying, upon meeting face-to-face these book-names?—*The Bonds of Acrimony*, by Rose De Wolf; *A Word to the Wives*, by Dorothy Rogers and Mary Rogers; *Light Horse-keeping*, by Helen Mather; *The Way to A Man's Heart is Through His Capricorn*, by Peggy Holt; *For Richer, For Richer* is Dulcie Gray's emphatic call to arms. Phyllis McGinley has left the birds and at last turned to *Saint-Watching*; *The Unimportance of Being Oscar*, by Oscar Levant; *Chips Off the Old Benchley*, by Robert B.; *Thirty Plays Hath November*, by Walter Kerr; *Your Script Is Showing*, by Renee C. Martin; *The Gospel According to Madison Ave.*, by Ray Hutchinson; *Let the Seller Beware!*, by James Bishop and Henry Hubbard.

The fact that these are garbled titles is more likely than not to stimulate the reader's at-home interest. Carry on! *Green Flows the Bile*, by Jerzy Peterkiewicz; note the incendiary *Fire and Blackstone*, by John R. Fry; con-

trast with Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Earth Shine*; *Tales I Told My Mother*, by Robert Nye; and *My Lively Lady*, by Sir Alec Rose; *Forever Thin*, by Theodore I. Rubin; *Like Father, Like Son—Like Hell!*, by Robert H. Hansel; *The Rising Son*, by William Wells Brown; *A Man's Home Is His Hassle*, by P. J. Laux; *A Wise Child*, by James Hughes, ('Tis a wise Child that knows its own father). *Pens and Needles*, by David Levine; *The Land of the Rising Yen*, by George Mikes; *Things Your Mother Never Told You*, by Richard E. Sand, M.D.

Many garbles, however plebeian, may be traced to royal ancestry that the author may or may not know about. If he does and gold-leafs a famous phrase on his book cover, he is halfway to his reader's purse. The most-frequented sources are the Bible and Shakespeare. The New Testament passed into an enormous popularity after the opening of the Israeli War.

The richest quarry for Shakespearian titles over three or four decades was Macbeth's despairing 10-line cry: "Tomorrow, and tomorrow . . ." After all, it may be said that Shakespeare has provided more booktitles than any other poet of England. A. E. Housman is third, but at a long distance.

In order to show how modern booktitles come into being, six modern garbles have been chosen to show their pedigrees from title, to modern author, to his antecedent author, and finally the source:

THE TOPPLING TOWERS, by Barbara Willard; from Marlowe's *Faustus*: "The topless towers of Ilium."

MERCHANTS OF MENACE, ed. by Hilary Waugh; from Shakespeare's title, *The Merchant of Venice*.

TURN THE OTHER SHEIK, by Troy Conway; from *Luke* 6:29, "Turn the other cheek."

ALICE IN ACIDLAND, by Thomas Fensch; from Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*.

THE FRAIL OCEAN, by Wesley Marks, from Robert Louis Stevenson, "Aes Triplex," from Horace, Book 1.

GULLIBLE TRAVELS, by Patrick Campbell; from Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*.

It hardly needs to be argued that each of the modern writers knows the source from which he drew his catchy title; he is really only asking the reader to join the fun. And what better fun could there be on a rainy day? All we need is more good garbles.

AUTHOR: *It may be that Dr. Haber's activities were sharpened by a long series of assignments in work at home: Trustee in the Ohioana Library,*

President of the local chapter of the English-speaking Union, Director of Ohio Poetry Day, and many other professional and honorary societies here and elsewhere.

After forty-five years' teaching at OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, from which he has two degrees, Dr. Haber has recently retired as PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND COMPARATIVE LITERATURE. Active in research, his perennial interest was, and is, in the letters, manuscripts, and especially the poems of A. E. HOUSMAN. Over twenty years Dr. Haber brought to light numerous authentic drafts of this poet and published five volumes and many articles on his discoveries. He edited HOUSMAN'S COMPLETE POEMS in THE CENTENNIAL EDITION, 1959.



MARY TEETER ZIMMERMAN

CAPITAL UNIVERSITY conferred upon Mary Teeter Zimmerman the degree of Doctor of Humanities at an impressive program on 7 March, 1971, when its new library was officially dedicated.

Mrs. Zimmerman deserves this recognition of her professional achievements in literature and in the world of books. As Head Librarian of the Bexley Public Library she was awarded the honor of being named "Outstanding Librarian of the Year" (1968).

She has contributed much to librarianship in Ohio. Moreover she is active in cultural organizations as a life trustee of Ohioana Library Association, and as the current president of the Columbus Branch of the American Association of University Women.

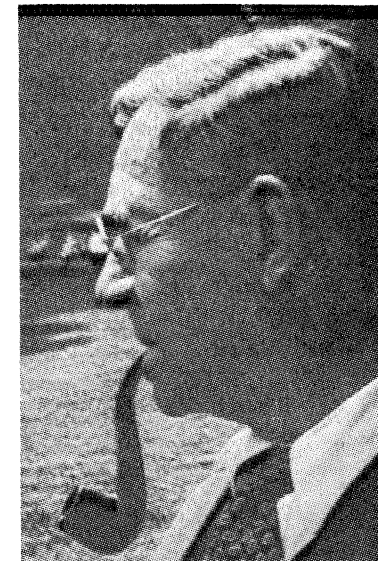
Mrs. Zimmerman compiles the Fall Children's Books Section of the COLUMBUS DISPATCH. She teaches a course in Book Selection at Ohio Dominican College, and she is a member of the National League of American Pen Women.

She always contributes much to the meetings of Ohioana Library, and the Trustees join in sending her congratulations.

*Pictorial Survey of Ohio's Indian Trails*

## THE TREAD OF

## MOCCASINED FEET



OHIO INDIAN TRAILS, A Pictorial Survey, by Frank Wilcox. Edited by William A. McGill. Kent State University Press. Drawings in color, and black and white by the author. Bibliography. Topical index of Indian-related places and routes. 144 pp. \$15.

AUTHOR: *The late Frank N. Wilcox (1887-1964) was for 40 years an instructor at the Cleveland Art Institute. His first Ohio Indian Trails was published in 1933. His new book, representing a lifetime of study of Ohio Indian lore, includes 32 paintings and many drawings not in the first edition.*

ABOUT 15,000 INDIANS lived in the Ohio country when the white men arrived in force after the American Revolution. They laced the area with paths which connected their scattered towns or led to hunting grounds or places of supply like Flint Ridge.

The last tribal Indians left Ohio in the 1840s, pushed west by land-hungry white settlers. The red men left behind hundreds of our place names and dozens of trails which became the routes of many modern roads and freeways.

Wilcox loved to explore the hills and valleys to find traces of the old trails. His maps show the old Indian trails and towns in relation to modern Ohio towns and roads.

Ohio was a wilderness when the Indians made their trails. Dense hardwood forests covered the hills and underbrush choked narrow gorges and valleys. The vast Black Swamp in northwest Ohio, remnant of post-glacial lakes, was almost impenetrable. Indians had corn and pumpkin patches in the rich bottoms of the Scioto, Muskingum, Miami and Maumee rivers.

There were several tribes. The Delawares in the Muskingum valley had been crowded over the mountains by white settlement and Indian unrest on the eastern seaboard. Shawnees, said to have migrated from the South, were in the Scioto plains. To the north were Ottawas, Eries and Hurons, or Wyandots. The Hurons had come into Ohio from Canada, via the Detroit land bridge, after losing out in Iroquoian warfare.



*Heckewelder Preaching to the Delaware at Coshocton*

From "OHIO INDIAN TRAILS"  
Kent State University Press

Indians moved around a lot, hunting, attending tribal councils, making war on one another or on the invading whites. Stronger tribes ousted weaker ones. The Delawares and Mingos had been pushed westward by stronger eastern tribes.

Travel made trails. Canoes could be used on rivers and creeks when the water was right. Short portages connected the Scioto-Sandusky rivers, the Muskingum system with the Grand and Cuyahoga across the Akron summit. In the west travel followed the Miami rivers across portages to the Wabash or the Maumee leading to Lake Erie.

Early Moravian missionaries came into Ohio from Pennsylvania over the Great Trail, as it was called. Explorers, fur traders and scalawags used the Indian trails—or avoided them if they feared ambush.

Route 23 pretty much follows the old route of the Scioto-Sandusky trail. Euclid Avenue in Cleveland follows the trace of the Lake Trail that skirted Lake Erie from Niagara to Detroit. Marietta settlers built Fort Harmar where the Muskingum Trail descended to the Ohio from Zanesville and Coshocton.

The Wauhonding Trail led from the salt licks near Columbus northeast to the Wauhonding River and a crossing with the Muskingum Trail. The Black Swamp Trail connected Upper Sandusky through the dense morass to Blue Jacket's Town on the site of Defiance.

Chillicothe was the name of at least four Indian towns before it stuck to the present city of that name. One was near Pickawillany (Piqua), where the Ohio Historical Society will soon build an Indian museum.

*Ohio Indian Trails* will be relished and treasured by those who like to remember the historic period when Ohio was a sylvan wilderness inhabited and enjoyed by the Indians whom our ancestors conquered and drove away.

REVIEWER: *Don E. Weaver is the former editor of the Columbus Citizen-Journal, and he writes a syndicated column on ecology.*

## IMOGENE HILYARD



A MEMBER OF OHIOANA LIBRARY, Imogene Hilyard, of Columbus, has received deserved recognition in an article published by *Triad*, April 1971, the official publication of the Ohio Music Education Association.

The OMEA Elementary Committee pays tribute to Mrs. Hilyard as one of Ohio's outstanding music educators. We wish to add our own tribute, for we consider her to be one of the nation's preeminent educators in music.

Her philosophy in teaching explains to a large degree her success. She has always taught children "through" music rather than "about" music.

Much of her success during her illustrious teaching career, we feel, is due to her own magnetic personality. She graduated from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and received her master's degree in Music from Ohio State University. She is a member of the National League of American Pen Women.

Besides teaching music to children in the elementary schools Mrs. Hilyard conducts music workshops, contributes articles to scholarly magazines, and was music consultant for the kindergarten book in the music textbook series, *Making Music Your Own*, published by Silver Burdett.

## PRESENTATION OF OHIOANA BOOKS

IN JULY OHIOANA LIBRARY will make a presentation of books by Ohio authors and on the Ohio scene to the Biblioteca Nacional de Madrid, Spain. This collection of Ohioana books is the gift of Governor John J. Gilligan, the Ohio State University Press and Ohioana Library.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. A. Collins, Director of the International Exchange Service of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., these books were sent to The Honorable Senor Guillermo Guastavino, Director of the Biblioteca Nacional de Madrid. The Director of the Ohioana Library will personally present these books to the Director of the Madrid Library. The titles and authors of the gift books are as follows:

Barber, Willard F., & Ronning, C. Neale  
INTERNAL SECURITY AND MILITARY POWER  
*Ohio State University*

Bogan, Louise  
A POET'S ALPHABET  
*McGraw-Hill*

Bradley, John Lewis  
THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO LORD AND LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE  
*Ohio State University*

Burgess, Philip M.  
ELITE IMAGES AND FOREIGN POLICY OUTCOMES  
*Ohio State University*

Byrne, Leo Gerald  
THE GREAT AMBASSADOR  
*Ohio State University*

Clemens, Diane Shaver  
YALTA  
*Oxford University*

Crunden, Robert M.  
A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF  
*Alfred A. Knopf*

Esman, Milton J., & Cheever, Daniel S.  
THE COMMON AID EFFORT  
*Ohio State University*

Geismar, Maxwell  
MARK TWAIN: AN AMERICAN PROPHET  
*Houghton Mifflin*

Havighurst, Walter  
THE MIAMI YEARS, 1809-1969  
*Putnam*

Havighurst, Walter  
RIVER TO THE WEST: THREE CENTURIES OF THE OHIO  
*Putnam*

Heald, Morrell  
THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF BUSINESS: COMPANY AND COMMUNITY, 1900-1960  
*Case Western Reserve*

Holmes, Urban T., & Scholberg, Kenneth R., Editors  
FRENCH AND PROVENCAL LEXICOGRAPHY  
*Ohio State University*

Kettler, David  
THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL THOUGHT OF ADAM FERGUSON  
*Ohio State University*

Klein, Isabelle H.  
WILD FLOWERS OF OHIO AND ADJACENT STATES  
*Case Western Reserve*

Charles, Amy M.  
THE SHORTER POEMS OF RALPH KNEVET  
*Ohio State University*

Kronenberger, Louis  
NO WHIPPINGS, NO GOLD WATCHES  
*Atlantic-Little, Brown*

Kronenberger, Louis  
THE CUTTING EDGE  
*Doubleday*

Munro, Thomas  
FORM AND STYLE IN THE ARTS  
*Case Western Reserve*

Murray, Robert K.  
THE HARDING ERA  
*University of Minnesota*

Padden, R. C.  
THE HUMMINGBIRD AND THE HAWK  
*Ohio State University*

Rickenbacker, William, Editor  
FROM FATHER TO SON  
*Walker & Company*

Rutkowski, Edwin H.  
THE POLITICS OF MILITARY AVIATION PROCUREMENT, 1926-1934  
*Ohio State University*

Sandburg, Helga, & Crile, George  
ABOVE AND BELOW  
*McGraw-Hill*

Schlesinger, Arthur, Jr.  
THE BEST AND THE LAST OF EDWIN O'CONNOR  
*Atlantic-Little-Brown*

Scholberg, Kenneth R.  
LA POESIA RELIGIOSA DE MIGUEL DE BARRIOS  
*Ohio State University*

Simon, John Y., Editor  
THE PAPERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, VOL. 11  
*Southern Illinois University*

Tobias, Richard C.  
THE ART OF JAMES THURBER  
*Ohio University*

Utley, Francis Lee, Editor  
THE FORWARD MOVEMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY  
*Ohio State University*

Wagenknecht, Edward  
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS  
*Oxford University*

Weber, Sarah Appleton  
THEOLOGY AND POETRY IN THE MIDDLE ENGLISH LYRIC  
*Ohio State University*

Whitlock, Brand  
FORTY YEARS OF IT  
*Case Western Reserve*

Williams, Caroline  
LOUISVILLE SCENES  
*Doubleday*

Winter, Edward  
ENAMEL PAINTING TECHNIQUES  
*Praeger*

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## HARRIETT BOLZ



POLYCHROME PATTERNS, a composition for Clarinet and Piano by Columbus composer, Harriett Bolz, was performed at Lincoln Center in New York on April 12, 1971. The work consists of three movements, *Rainbow Reflections*, *Sapphire Sea* and *Neon Nights*, and was part of a program presented by the National Association for American Composers



and Conductors that evening in the auditorium of the Library-Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. The composer is a member of the Association, and was introduced following the performance of her number. Performers were William Blount, clarinet, and William Komaiko, piano.

An interesting sequel to the program occurred the following morning when Mrs. Bolz for the first time visited the headquarters of the Association in New York City. These are located at 15 West 67th Street, in an impressive building called Park Studio Apartments. Upon entering she was greeted by a uniformed doorman who escorted her to a small elevator which took her reluctantly to the 7th floor. The doorman indicated which door led to the Association and then left her. Upon knocking, the door was opened by a charming lady who turned out to be Mrs. Thomas Watts, long-time corresponding secretary of the Association. Mrs. Bolz was admitted to a spacious old duplex apartment furnished with antiques and hung with tapestries, and in a flash she realized that this had been the apartment of Mrs. Henry Hadley, widow of the American composer, who herself had just died on January 8 of this year. It was here that Henry Hadley had lived and where much of his music was composed, and it was he who had founded the NAACC in 1932.

Since Mr. Hadley's death in 1937 Mrs. Hadley, herself a singer and soloist with the New York Symphony Orchestra, had been the guiding light of the Association, and had maintained its headquarters in her apartment. Now that she is gone the headquarters will of course be moved, so Mrs. Bolz felt privileged to have had this nostalgic glimpse into the recent past of American Music.

Mrs. Bolz has won previous honors for her compositions, having received awards from The National Federation of Music Clubs; one by Phi Beta, national professional fraternity of music and speech; and one this past year by the National League of American Pen Women.

This Ohio composer is listed in *Who's Who of American Women*, and is a member of The Ohioana Library Association, of The National League of American Pen Women and other organizations devoted to the arts.

OHIOANA WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP  
The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls  
February 9, 1971 to May 1, 1971

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Rev. Paul Besanceney, S. J.<br>Cleveland | Mrs. Harriet P. Lattin<br>Tiburon, California |
| Ms. Eleanor Bowers<br>Laurelville        | Reuben McMillan<br>Free Library—Youngstown    |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Brown<br>Youngstown    | Ms. Hetty Rabey<br>Springfield                |
| Mr. William J. Brown<br>Youngstown       | Mr. Sam Sansone<br>Shaker Heights             |
| Ms. Audrey Dudley<br>Columbus            | Mrs. James Strong<br>Lima                     |
| Mrs. Edwin English<br>Urbana             | Mrs. William Whalen<br>Urbana                 |
| Miss Philomen H. Gregg<br>Delaware       | Miss Michelle Whalen<br>Urbana                |
| Mr. Jesse Jackson<br>New York            | Mr. Charles Whetsel<br>Fort Pierce, Florida   |

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NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMEN

We are happy to include the following in our Ohioana Family

HOCKING COUNTY

Ms. Eleanor Bowers, Chairman  
Laurelville

MEDINA COUNTY

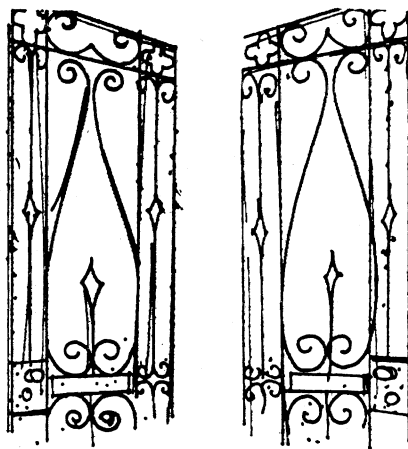
Mrs. Parker Beach, Co-Chairman  
Medina

MIAMI COUNTY

Mr. Thomas Wheeler, Co-Chairman  
Troy

# OHIOANA

## Library News



ENTRANCE GATE  
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

MRS. KATHARINE MCCOOK KNOX, a life member of Ohioana Library who lives in Washington, D. C., has received the honor of being appointed by President Nixon to the Advisory Committee on the Arts. Mrs. Knox is a researcher in art history, and she is a collector of historic memorabilia of her own family, the McCooks of Carrollton, Ohio. Nine Sons of Daniel McCook and five Sons of John McCook volunteered to fight for the Union in the Civil War.

As United States soldiers these McCook men interrupted their civilian careers as lawyers, surgeons and students.

BECAUSE WE HEARD SISTER MARYANA of Ohio Dominican College give a most inspiring (and also explicit) talk on creative writing at Bexley Library, Columbus, we desired to re-read her recent and delightful book, *The Sound of Ireland*. It was then we realized an error in our listing of her book in last fall's issue of the Ohioana Quarterly. We wish to make the correction as follows:

Childs, Sister Maryanna. "The Sounds of Ireland". Published by Our Sunday Visitor Inc. The author's enchanting impressions of Ireland during a summer visit. \$1.25.

OTTO WITTMANN, Director of the Toledo Museum of Art, has been named a Commander, Order of Merit of the Italian Republic (Commendatore, del Ordine al Merito della Repubblica Italiana) by Giuseppe Saragat, President of Italy and Grand Master of the Order. The insignia of the Order, Italy's most prestigious decoration, was presented this past February to Mr. Wittmann at the colorful opening ceremonies of the Museum's

exhibition, "The Age of Magnificence, 18th Century Painting in Italy", by His Excellency Egidio Ortona, Italian Ambassador to the United States. The exhibition, a \$30 million collection of paintings, gained international recognition.

Mr. Wittmann, one of the most respected figures in international art circles, was honored in recognition of his long standing efforts to strengthen the cultural relations between Italy and the United States. During World War II, Mr. Wittmann, then an Air Force major, worked with many art authorities in Europe retrieving art treasures stolen by the Nazis and returning them to their legitimate owners. For this work, he has earned esteem throughout Europe and has been decorated by France and by the Netherlands.

A TRUSTEE OF OHIOANA LIBRARY, Warren T. Hackett, has been honored by Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Mr. Hackett is the recipient of the "George Washington Honor Certificate Award" for his publication on the American economic system, *How We Prosper Under Freedom*.

In the Winter 1970 issue of Ohioana Quarterly Magazine, *How We Prosper Under Freedom* (published by The Citizens Evaluation Institute) received a highly complimentary review which includes this quote: "The book is easy to understand and is one which needs to be read as this country veers towards confiscatory taxes and powerful, unlimited bureaucracy."

MARY ANN WEBER has won signal honors, and we wish to extend our congratulations to her for a fine career which consists of the following:

Miss Weber received her Ph.D. in English literature from Tulane University in New Orleans, Louisiana on June 1, 1970. Her dissertation was "Thomas Heywood's *The Four Prentices of London: A Critical, Old-Spelling Edition*." She is now an assistant professor of English at Wright State University in Dayton.

Her BA was from Ohio University in 1964, and she has taught at George Washington University and Trinity College in Washington, D.C., on a part-time basis. She had an NDEA Fellowship for three years at Tulane, and received an English-Speaking Union Scholarship for study at the Shakespeare Institute in Stratford-upon-Avon, England, in the summer of 1967.

Miss Weber's mother, Mrs. Lawrence Weber, of Marietta, is a loyal member of Ohioana Library, and we know she is proud of her daughter who is now living in Fairborn, Ohio.

## SCULPTOR AND PAINTER

Miss M. Hortense Beardsley of Ravenna researched and wrote the following article about a famous artist of Ravenna, which we are happy to print.

### BIRTLEY KING CANFIELD

**BIRTLEY KING CANFIELD**, artist, sculptor, a painter in oils, was born December 12, 1866 in Ravenna, Ohio. He was the son of Clinton C. Canfield and Henrietta King Canfield. He was born in the Old John Birtley King Homestead on East Main Street, a stately red brick house surrounded by acres of magnificent trees, shrubs and lawn. It has now been destroyed and the acreage is the site of numerous apartments, the place being entitled, "Green Acres."

This had been the home of his grandparents, General John B. and Phebe W. King. Birtley's father, Clinton C. Canfield, was a member of the wholesale drug firm of Benton, Myers and Canfield of Cleveland, Ohio.

After attending the Ravenna Elementary schools, the Western Reserve Academy at Hudson, Birtley Canfield studied at the Cleveland School of Design, situated in the attic of the City Hall. Here he worked under A. M. Willard whose painting, "The Spirit of 76," is so famous and widely known.

In 1889 Birtley Canfield went to Paris to study sculpture. There he won several awards, prizes and honors for his creative work. In 1892 he returned to his studio in New York City. Later he returned to Cleveland. When the Spanish American War broke out, Birtley enrolled as a Sergeant in Troop C, First Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, May 9, 1898. He was mustered out October 22, 1898.

Whereupon he returned to Ravenna. Here much of his painting was done. He had a sky-lighted studio built in the East Main Street home. Here he painted the inspiring picture of Christ knocking at night at a tightly closed door. The picture was his gift in 1907 to Grace Episcopal Church where it now hangs on the north chancel wall — a constant reminder to the worshippers to open their hearts and minds to Jesus.

It was his love for animals, especially of dogs, that led to his death at the age of 45. A rabid dog whom he attempted to pet bit him on the hand. Futile attempts to cure the infection were made. He died November 30, 1911. Burial was made December 3, 1911 in the Maple Grove Cemetery, Ravenna, Ohio.

## Book Looks

**THE CUTTING EDGE** by Louis Kronenberger. *Doubleday*. Index. 174 pp. \$5.95.

Louis Kronenberger, a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, is now a New Yorker and a famed literary critic.

Utilizing his vast knowledge of literature and a discriminating sense, he has collected in this volume amusing acerbic quips and witty insults made by famous persons.

Some of the masters whom he quotes are Dr. Samuel Johnson, Disraeli, William Gilbert and George Bernard Shaw.

Famous letters are also included: D. H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound. And finally, the chapters also contain deadly repartee by such experts as Horace Greely, General Pershing, William Pitt and John Barrymore.

These men were real pros in the fine art of insult.

In 1967 Louis Kronenberger received the Ohioana Library Career Medal for his many excellent books on the theatre and literature.

**ENAMEL PAINTING TECHNIQUES** by Edward Winter. *Praeger Publishers*. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. \$14.95.

The art of enamel painting is explained in this handsome book by a Cleveland artist who studied the subject at the Kunstgewerbeschule in Vienna and then returned to Cleveland to teach it.

His own original paintings, panels, plaques, and murals have been exhibited widely throughout the States. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, and other museums have his works in their permanent collections.

This is Mr. Winter's third book on

enamelling. 110 plates, many in magnificent color, enhance the beauty of this book as well as demonstrate the fine and meticulous art work.

The text explains what enamelling is, its durability, its antiquity and its chemical composition. The various kinds such as transparent, opalescent and iridescent are described and shown in the plates.

Instructions as to preparation of the metal, airbrushing, firing and the various techniques are given by this international authority.

Comprehensive yet easy-to-use, this book is much more than a text book on enamelling. It is also a beautiful art book.

**THE FUTURE PRESENT** by Marianne H. Micks. *The Seabury Press* 178 pp. \$5.95.

Dr. Micks is Dean of Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio, and Professor of Religion. This, her second book, is an examination of the phenomenon of Christian worship.

Such chapter headings as Rhythm in the Calendar, The Sounds of Silence, Worship and Hope, The Breaking of Images and Worship and Action, reveal Dr. Micks' concept of the theology of hope. In toto the book gives an overview of many controversial facets of today's Christian Society.

The title is explained by this sentence: "Insofar as Christian worship remains rooted in its own history and faithful to its ancient liturgy, it not only recalls the past but also eagerly strains toward the future."

Dr. Micks' first book is titled *Introduction to Theology*. Both it and *The Future Present* are excellent analyses.

AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS AND SPACECRAFT. Edited by David C. Knight. Foreword by Thomas O. Paine, Administrator, NASA. Brief Biographies of United States Astronauts. Glossary of Space Terms. Index. *Franklin Watts*. 159 pp. \$7.95.

*American Astronauts and Spacecraft* is a book every family will enjoy having in its home library. This book is a collection of descriptions of space flights with photographs which illustrate technological ideas used today which developed from the space program. Moreover the book makes you think of this country's potential if it continues all these endeavors in science.

The volume is a pictorial history from Project Mercury through Apollo XIII. It is easy to read, with its brief explanation of each project and some feats accomplished during each project. The photographs of each flight are very impressive in content and quality. The short biographies of all the astronauts plus a dictionary of space terms are both helpful and interesting.

*Reviewed by Thomas Hauer*

OTHER SHEEP I HAVE by Edith Case Homan. *Exposition Press*. 133 pp. \$4.50.

The heroine of this novel for teenage girls is a city girl who returns to the small town of her birth and attempts to sell the family homestead. An old family scandal and difficult neighbors are all locked into an entertaining plot.

Mrs. Homan, born in Green Springs, Ohio, formerly was a school teacher for the seventh and eighth grades, and a feature writer for three Ohio newspapers. She knows the age group for which she writes and she communicates well.

PEPITO'S SPEECH AT THE UNITED NATIONS by Margaret and John Travers Moore. *Carol Rhoda Books with the Cooperation of The United Nations*. \$3.95.

The talented writing team, Margaret and John Travers Moore, have now added another appealing story to their long list of juvenile books. Mr. and Mrs. Moore must have journeyed from their home in Cincinnati to the United Nations to make a thorough study of its operation, because their story of little Pepito succinctly describes the atmosphere of the impressive United Nations Building.

Smiling Pepito himself and his environment in New York City are symbols of many nations living and working together in harmony.

When Pepito's parents take him to visit the United Nations, the story takes on added symbolism.

Pepito is an idealistic little boy who will appeal to young readers.

EVERYDAY SCIENCE by Daniel Hershey. *Doubleday*. Index. 167 pp. \$5.95.

Scientific explanations behind ordinary phenomena, such as rainbows, pulleys, dew formation, and the electric eye are grouped into interesting chapters. A helpful index guides the student reader in selecting the subjects which interest him.

Dr. Daniel Hershey, Professor of Chemical Engineering, University of Cincinnati, explains the laws of chemistry and physics which control these things in clear, simple words, for the junior high and high school student.

DRUM BEATS ON THE SANDUSKY by Julius A. de Gruyter. *Carlton Press*. 264 pp. \$3.95.

The author is a West Virginian who is greatly interested in the Ohio Scene. He has made extensive studies of the Ohio Territory and uses his knowledge for the background of this historical novel about an eighteen year old lad who in 1782 became an Indian fighter.

His adventures, including capture by the Indians, make a good suspense story based on frontier life in Ohio.

BREAD AND BUTTER JOURNEY by Anne Colver. *Holt, Rinehart, and Winston*. Illustrated by Garth Williams, 101 pp. \$3.95.

The West was not won by fighting Indians. It took people with courage and determination to settle the majestic and breathtaking territory. People who were brave enough to leave their comfortable homes to start again in the West. Many didn't survive because of Indians, wild animals and uncharted country.

*Bread and Butter Journey* by Anne Colver is about two families and their struggles to build a new home in the West. The fathers of each of the families have gone ahead to begin to carve homes out of the wilderness. So the families are forced to make the journey without them. Two women, two teenage boys (Philip and Jonas) and three little girls make up the party. Philip must stay behind to recuperate from a riding accident.

Along the way, the girls learn the importance of putting the welfare of the families above their own. Through their adventures, the girls learn to trust and aid others they meet. Jonas learns the meaning of "responsibility." It is a time

of growing for all, and when they arrive at their new homesite, the pioneers are truly ready to build again.

Author Anne Colver draws on family history to piece together a story of people growing up and out. Charcoal illustrations by Garth Williams further enhance the story.

*Reviewed by Annette Hauer*

ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME edited by Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson. *Arlington House*. 263 pp. \$11.95.

The dime comic book was the greatest book bargain in the world. Now Mr. Lupoff and Mr. Thompson have written the saga of these comic book characters who have become part of our reading myth-structure. These two authors offer a history and analysis of the four-color comic book.

There have been good comics and bad ones. The costumed adventure hero is popular, such as Superman and Batman. Superheroes such as Popeye and Tarzan enchant children.

The book portrays about twenty-four comics heroes, opening with the chapter on Superman. Another chapter analyzes the appeal of Popeye and Olive Oyle.

Doubtless pedants will scorn this book. But once-upon-a-time devoted comic book collectors, who are now adults, will enjoy the pleasurable nostalgia of reading about their boyhood heroes who personified excitement in four-colors—all for a dime.

Don Thompson lives in Mentor, and is currently assistant suburban editor of the Cleveland Press. He is the author of articles for numerous magazines of national reputation, and is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America.

TROY, THE NINETEENTH CENTURY by Thomas Bemis Wheeler. *Troy Historical Society*. 265 pp. \$8.00.

Troy was overrun with a rough element; boys in the schools screamed, whistled, and stamped their feet to such an extent they broke up performances. An assembly today? This was in 1864. There was something to get upset about; butter was eight cents a pound and eggs were six cents a dozen. Even though good mechanics were making as much as \$3.50 a day, these prices were outrageous!

Mr. Wheeler, who studied at Ohio State, Wittenberg, and Miami Universities, has put together a fascinating collage of Ohio history, centering around the Troy area. Thorough researching, and his years of writing for the Troy Daily News, have enabled him to skillfully blend personalities, events, and facts.

This book provides interesting background leading to today's urban life. Mr. Wheeler, who fittingly is president of the Troy Historical Society, leaves the reader on a rather wistful note as he writes that no one on that Sunday afternoon of May 27, 1900, who saw Will Lorimer as he drove his automobile (the first in Miami County) from Piqua to Troy, realized a new way of life was beginning.

*Reviewed by Ruth G. Ball*

THE TAOIST VISION by William McNaughton. *The University of Michigan Press*. Notes. 90 pp. \$1.95.

Just when Red China has turned from their beautiful ancient philosophies and religions, the Western World is reviving them, almost in faddish fashion.

William McNaughton, who is a member of the faculty of the Experimental College at Oberlin, has written this brief summary of Taoism, one of China's two

religions. (The other is Buddhism, whereas Confucianism is a philosophy of ethics.)

This book is an introduction to Tao which means living in harmony with Nature, considered by the Chinese to be the most beautiful life of all. It quotes from two notable Taoists, Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu, who sought the peace and quiet of harmony.

The final portion of the book contains poetry influenced by Taoism.

Tao is the all-seeing God of Nature who has established rules of harmony for earth and heaven. Man, to be happy, must live in harmony with these Taoist laws.

A Western student of Tao gains new respect for the ancient wisdom of the Chinese. William McNaughton's book is a splendid introduction to this philosophical religion.

THE PETE ROSE STORY by Pete Rose. *World Publishing Company*. 202 pp. \$6.95.

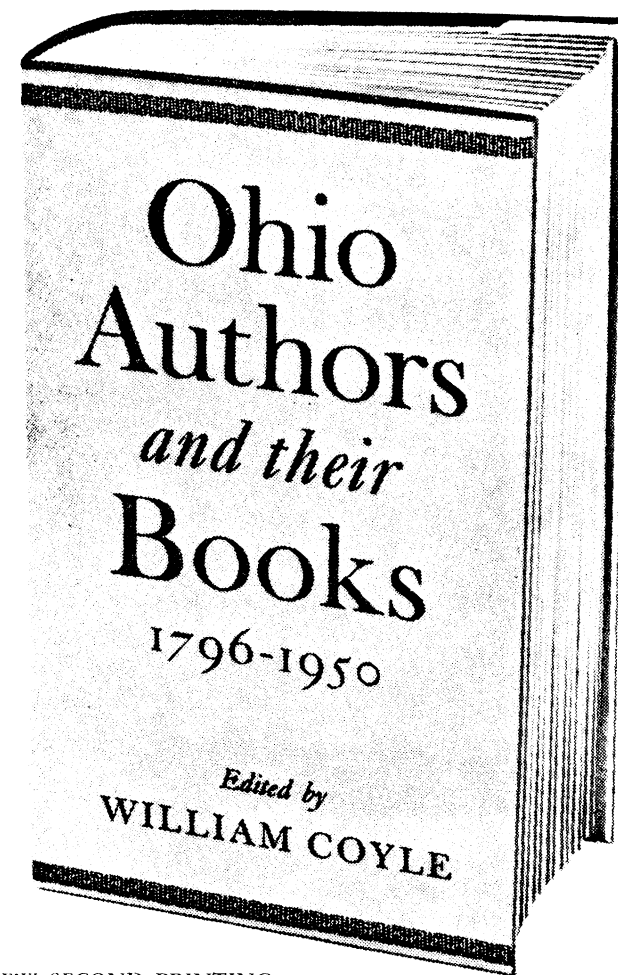
Related in autobiographical form, *The Pete Rose Story* describes the life of an athlete who always was running in order to win.

Pete dedicates his book to his Dad, "who made everything happen." His book proves that he can talk as well as "play ball."

Pete is a Cincinnati educated in its public schools. He tried out for his first baseball team when he was 9 years old. As he grew older baseball was all that mattered to Pete.

Now and then an "ain't" creeps into his lingo, but that's Pete, the way he talks, the way he writes.

A book for baseball aficionados, especially for those who love the Cincinnati Reds and their colorful right fielder.



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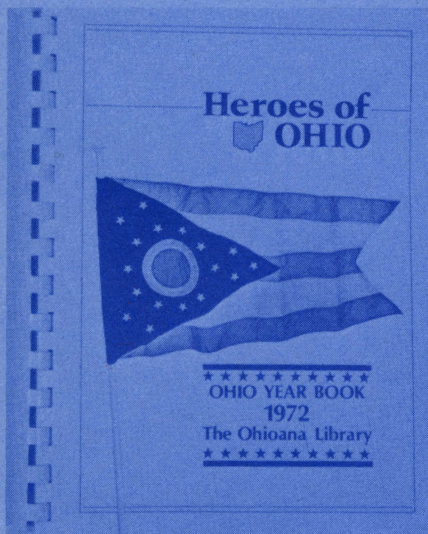
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