

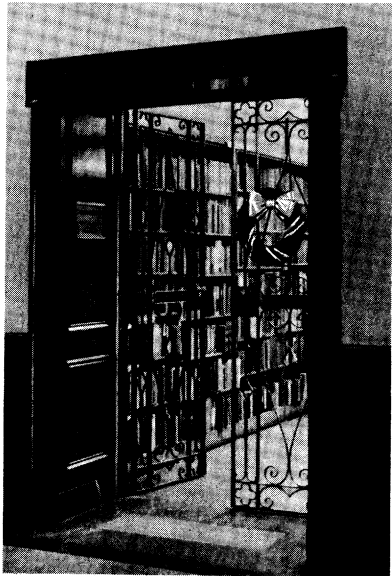
ohioana

OF OHIO AND OHIOANS • VOL. 1 • WINTER 1958

In This Issue . . .

- ★ Norman Vincent Peale Remembers His
"Boyhood Christmases in Old Cincinnati"
- ★ "Ivory Tower Stuff is Out"
- ★ Another "First" by Howard Pyle
- ★ Reviews by Mrs. Depew Head, Robert B.
Sinclair, A. D. Richardson, III
- ★ Queries — News-Notes — Pictures

The Picture on the Cover



The open gates of the Ohioana Library invite the world to come in, especially in winter, the season of hospitality. This fourth picture on our cover to show a little of what the Library has and looks like symbolizes the protection Ohioana gives its treasurers and its open-door welcome to visitors in search of information about Ohio.

The gates, a decorative solution to a practical problem of ventilation, point up the loyal support Ohioana receives from its members. They were presented to the Library by Miss Elizabeth Dyer of Cincinnati, an Ohioana trustee. She gave them in memory of her father Frank B. Dyer, an outstanding educator of Ohio who was Superintendent of Schools in Cincinnati, 1903-1912 and held the same position in Boston, 1912-1918. The gates stand ajar to welcome you to our shelves.

*(Cover Photo by
Richard M. Ross, Columbus)*

OHIOANA: OF OHIO AND OHIOANS

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Membership is open to all who believe in the things the Association stands for and are willing to support its work. These things are set forth on the inside back cover.

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The Time of the Child

Now is the time of the Child, of children everywhere. And, for older children at heart, it is the hour to summon memories of childhood's joys, tears and wonder, in the fashion of our eloquent friend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

For the golden stream of kindness and attention bestowed on our child *Ohioana*, in her infancy, by Ohioans at home and at heart, it is a time to be grateful. But our addled editorial memory shuffles through the seasonal saws ("Best Wishes" . . . "Merry Xmas") and oriental effusions ("Exquisite pleasure infinitely prolonged") in confusion.

Ohioana, engulfed in the glories of Uncle Ben Zevin's princely gift, the Bruce Rogers World Bible, beckons. Her small, relatively clean finger firmly scans the 122nd Psalm, 7th verse:

"Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces" (great and humble) . . . So be it!

EUGENE D. RIGNEY, *Chairman*, Board of Editors

IN APPRECIATION

It should add to our readers' enjoyment to know that all the signed articles have been contributed by the writers without compensation. The monetary value of these contributions is far more than we could ever pay. We are correspondingly grateful for them and for the love of Ohio which inspired them. The contributors are not responsible for the proof reading, which has been done by the staff.



DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

writes lovingly of his

BOYHOOD CHRISTMASSES IN OLD CINCINNATI

WHEN CHRISTMAS comes round, my thoughts inevitably return to the Ohio Christmases of my childhood. No doubt children enjoyed Christmas elsewhere, but hardly to the extent that it thrilled us long ago in Cincinnati.

In that predominantly German city on the Ohio River, Christmas was a supreme event. "Oh Tannenbaum, Oh Tannenbaum" rang through the frosty streets, and to this day "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" has never sounded quite right to

Dr. Peale, a native of Bowersville in Greene County, is probably the country's best known clergyman. He is the author of a number of books including *The Power of Positive Thinking* (Prentice-Hall, 1952) of which about one million copies have been sold; his syndicated column "Confident Living" is read from coast to coast; his broadcast and television appearances have reached a vast audience; his monthly *Guideposts* is very widely read, and his long-playing records are in many homes. In October Dr. Peale returned to the air on NBC Radio in "The Art of Living," sponsored by the National Council of Churches.

[A biography of Dr. Peale under the title of *Norman Vincent Peale: Minister to Millions* by Arthur Gordon has just been published by Prentice-Hall (\$4.95.)]



me when sung in English. The Germans had originally brought to America the custom of installing a fir tree in the home at Christmas, and in Cincinnati in those days, it was a ceremony indeed. The tree had to be full and well shaped. A sheet was placed on the floor to catch the droppings, the trunk was settled in a pan of water, and a homemade clamp held it securely. The new fangled arrangements of the present day had not yet been invented.

On the night before Christmas the tree was brought in after debate as to where it should be placed, which, of course, was always the same spot, a corner of what we called the parlor, chief room in the house. Then the family gathered to trim the tree with the bright and shiny ornaments, which, though they came down from the attic year after year, never failed to thrill. High atop the tree went a long sliver of silver culminating in a star. Dad always put it there with ceremonious flourish, then Mother pinched a Santa Claus and a silver-tailed bird each to a limb.

I still have those two ornaments, and now, more than fifty years later, as we trim our tree, I tenderly place the Santa Claus and the bird, as she did in days gone by. For sixty years those little ornaments have graced a Peale Christmas tree since Mother bought them at Alms and Doeppe's six decades ago. I should feel badly indeed were they to shatter. I always hold them and think of the dear hands that held them in the days of my childhood, and fondly recall the light of love and contentment in her eyes as she superintended the exciting happenings in our Ohio home on Christmas Eve.

Candy Canes and Tinsel Angels

Nowadays you can buy assorted tinsel and simulated icicles in the ten cent store, but I can't recall that we had them then to any great extent. What we did have was strung popcorn which we draped in long festoons from top to bottom. Striped candy canes went well in the branch crotches, and tinsel angels had their place too. We still have one of those remaining. Perhaps an orange or two might be tied to the tree, for oranges were a

luxury then. My father used to tell me that at his own boyhood Christmas one of the greatest treats was an orange in his stocking. Apparently citrus fruit was not so widely marketed then as now.

Other things were different then too. My father recalled the time when his "Pa," as the father was then called, came home from the Peale Brothers store in Lynchburg, Highland County, bringing the first banana to come into the home. And if memory serves me right, tomatoes were regarded as somewhat dangerous to eat, though they soon became popular. This, you must recall, was the day of plug tobacco, the cracker barrel and store cheese. Cellophane-packed, non-hand-touched food was a development of the future. Yet, we were all healthy, at least we all survived, and had a rare good time living. In fact, to us it was the golden age, childhood's romantic and happy hour.

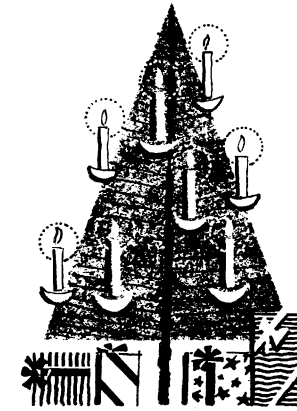
Finally when the tree was fully trimmed and stood there a thing of beauty, the more so because together in the loving unity of the family we had made it beautiful, then the final glory was applied—the scented tallow candles. I recall that they came in boxes of various colors, with snug little receptacles in which they were pinched to the branches, care always being taken to place them where they could not sear the drying pine needles. Newspapers after Christmas were always listing Christmas candle fires so finally, like firecrackers on the once glorious

Fourth of July, Christmas candles yielded to progress, at least to safety, and electric tree lights took their place. But these modern bulbs can never bring back to one old Ohio boy the sweet aroma or the mellow glow of those tallow Christmas candle lights of yesterday.

But the candles in our house were not lighted on Christmas Eve. That was reserved for the most thrilling, the most exciting morning of all the year, the early hours of Christmas day. For we started Christmas while it was yet dark.

A Little Bit Off Key

When finally the tree was completely finished, the family gathered round the old Estey reed organ. Mother played and we all sang Christmas carols. My preacher father, inevitably was just a little bit off key. Mother always cautioned him to sing quietly in the pulpit lest he "throw the congregation off." I always thought I was pretty good as a vocalist until years later my own wife and children gave the same



instructions to me.

Then when we had sung all the carols in the book, it was time for family prayer. The lesson was read from both St. Luke and St. Matthew, Dad explaining that each writer had his own version of the momentous event. He would tell us that Christmas is more than trees and ornaments and gifts, that it is the birth of our Lord and Saviour, and he expressed his hope that we would be good Christians all our lives.

Then the ceremony of hanging the

stockings. Mother was bound to get the most presents, we argued, for hers were longer. But ours were not too far behind, for boys wore long ribbed, itchy stockings in those days.

Then the lights were turned down, and only the flickering glow of the grate fire (we all burned coal in Cincinnati, or natural gas) lighted the room. Then Mother read, or rather recited (for she knew it by heart) the lovely old poem, "Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse." We believed in every bit of it—St. Nicholas, the reindeers, the chimney. It was childhood's priceless possession of dreams, and we lived it to the full. Then goodnight kisses, and "up to bed you go—and don't any of you come down until you are told, or else Santa Claus—" so ran the timeless gentle threats.

Sleep, excitement and all, was not long in coming, but just before going off, what was that sound? Was it tiny reindeer feet on the roof? "Bob," I whispered, nudging my brother, "could it be?" Two little boys in a big double bed stared wide-eyed into the darkness, then drew closer together. The thrill and mystery of Christmas gripped them, but so did the sandman, and soon they drifted off, where "visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

The Sheer Delight

Christmas morning in childhood! What a thrill. Can anything bring back the wonder and mystery, the sheer delight, creeping downstairs in pajamas, there to find the tree ablaze with lights, presents piled around it, and Mother and

Father beaming with love and joy. A kiss for each of them, and then the opening of gifts, the shouts of pleasure.

Of course, we were far from well off. A Methodist pastor in those days was doing very well with \$1,500 salary, and my father was below that. So our gifts were not the expensive ones children receive today. Once we received a bicycle at Christmas. Indeed, it was a joint gift to Bob and me, as we were about of an age. It wasn't new, but it was good. My mother had said for a long time that we couldn't have a bicycle until "her ship came in." To bring that ship in, she had to go without, but haven't mothers always been willing to go without? But there on that Christmas morning it stood, bright and shiny. How it glistened, and how wonderfully well it rode down Gilman Avenue in old Cincinnati on a Christmas long ago.

It's strange, very strange, but always at Christmas my mind goes back to Cincinnati. As a child I thought the big Christmas tree in Fountain Square was the greatest in the world. In memory I hear the clanking streetcars going up Vine Street. Even though I have walked the streets of New York at Christmas for over a quarter of a century, time retracts, and it is Cincinnati of which I dream when Christmas comes. Some time I must spend another Christmas in Cincinnati. But no sooner does this suggestion come to mind than I know it would not do. The old Christmases cannot be reconstructed, save in the precious place of memory. There let them remain, and indeed they shall forever—boyhood Christmases in old Cincinnati.



Lotte Neustein

ANATOMY OF ME:

A WONDERER IN
SEARCH OF
HERSELF

by Fannie Hurst. Doubleday, 1958.
Pp. 367, \$5.00.

REVIEWED by Mrs. Depew Head of Columbus, who has been a professional book reviewer for thirty years. For twenty-four years she was Executive Director of the Ohioana Library and is now a Trustee. She holds several college degrees, earned and honorary.

The title of Fannie Hurst's autobiography, *Anatomy of Me*, has little reader appeal, but it is very apt, for Miss Hurst virtually puts herself on a couch, and, acting as her own psychiatrist, "anatomizes" herself, confessing "I am trying most of all to understand myself."

When the Ohioana Library was founded I asked Miss Hurst to place her books in this library for Ohioans and of Ohio. She replied, in part, "It was pure accident I was born in Ohio. My mother just went to *her* mother's home for my birth. Immediately thereafter we returned to our own home in St. Louis."

Some ten years later, when I had lunch

with Miss Hurst, she told me that in working on her autobiography she was surprised to find how often Ohio appeared. So I was not surprised to read of her happy summers spent in Hamilton with her grandparents, the Koppels, who emigrated from Germany a century ago, and put their roots down in Ohio. "The Koppels were simple people," (she writes), "they were crude but the good in them outweighed their shortcomings. I am glad that despite the vulgarities and petty violence of my background a modicum of the magnesium of Ohio soil is built into me." The Ohio scenes are some of the best in her book.

Though surrounded by a doting family, though she lived "as snug as a bug in a rug in middle-class security," Fannie hated most of the first twenty years of her life. As she presents her home and her parents she creates two of her finest characters. Papa, a poignant figure, she draws with a few telling strokes of her pen, but on Mama she heaps words and more words, paragraphs and more paragraphs. Personally, I could do with less Mama, but Miss Hurst is intent on giving an honest and whole picture of Mama, to prove to herself and to us that she loved her in spite of her loudness, her vulgarity, her endless nagging. "When Mama walked into a room filled with ladies she doused them like so many candles on a birthday cake." "Worlds divided us but something deep and tribal united us. I rode her stress and storm and have bitterness about neither."

Fannie had only one desire—one ambition—to write! She felt smothered by her parents' love, harassed by their bewildered nagging, trapped in mediocrity. She must escape! Like countless others she believed that only in New York could she find "the people composed of persons" about whom she must write.

The last half of the book tells how Fannie, "a gawky, over-weight, over-dressed girl" found her stories and fulfillment in New York. There were the usual rejection slips, but fame and fortune were not long in coming. At one time Miss Hurst was the highest paid fiction writer in America. She received \$70,000 for the serialization of one novel. It was an exciting era in American writing, studded with great names, and this book brings nostalgic memories of some of its distinguished editors and writers.

Anatomy of Me reveals much about the author's unconventional marriage to the late Russian-born pianist, Jacques Danielson. There is no question Fannie adored her husband. But one wonders if her determination to live her own life, go her own way—to be Me,—regardless—was as completely satisfying to her husband as she would have us believe. My reaction was—"the lady doth protest too much." The use of Me in the title is not without significance, for Me—Myself is very important to the author.

The autobiography is written in short, staccato-like paragraphs. Many paragraphs are just one line; often there are fourteen paragraphs on a page. This does not make for relaxed reading—and the book suffers from wordiness. Nevertheless, the reader (and there will be many) will enjoy its good stories, the excellent characterizations, and its various bits of real Americana as he follows an unhappy girl from her bourgeois home on Cates Avenue, St. Louis, to her present Renaissance triplex mansion overlooking Central Park, Manhattan; from her scribbling on Cates Avenue to her popular novels, many of them best-sellers and successful pictures; "from Cates Avenue still redolent with the warm fragrance of Mama's raisin-spiced schnecken, to intimate guest of the White House; from Cates Avenue to honorary degrees, citations and delegate to the United Nations; from Cates Avenue to guest of Canadian and Israeli governments; from Cates Avenue to life among so many of the doers and thinkers of my time." Miss Hurst would be the first to admit her story could happen "Only in America." *Anatomy of Me* tells this story.

"Kissing Good-bye at the Depot"

By CHALMERS LOWELL PANCOAST

Ohioans carry songs and poems around in their everyday hearts. Some songs achieve fame, some die aborning, some are gone and forgotten. This is the representative life of a typical one, written by an Ohio newspaperman.



Chalmers Pancoast when he was a reporter on the Newark, Ohio, *American-Tribune*, 1899-1900.

Chalmers Lowell Pancoast, born in Belmont County in 1880, calls Newark his home town. He has worked on newspapers all over the United States and is the author of many books. His latest is *Away Back Home—Fond Memories*, written with his wife, Hazel Thomas Pancoast, who died recently. Mr. Pancoast has been very active in Masonry, especially as editor of *Knight Templar*, the magazine of that order. This fall he gave up his residence in New York and returned to Newark to live.

At Christmas-time in 1900, as a cub reporter on *The Newark Ohio American-Tribune*, I wrote the words of a sentimental song about the B. & O. depot. It was "Kissing Good-bye At The Depot." The idea came from watching folks going away by the steamcars. No autos, buses, or planes in those days.

In 1901, as a police-reporter on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, I passed around copies of my words to the reporters stationed at the Central Police Station. They tried it out with all sorts of tunes, even with wild parodies.

Afflicted with wanderlust, I was working as a reporter on *The Citizen*, at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Christmas Day 1902, I was assigned to cover the Christmas Program at the New Mexico Territorial Penitentiary in the old city of Santa Fe. I gave a copy of my song—"Kissing Good-bye At The Depot" to a convict who tried it out to the tune of Yankee Doodle and a mixture of spirituals. It was a big hit among the convicts.

By Christmas, 1907, I had drifted back to Ohio. While on the *Cincinnati Post*, my song, many times revised, was set to music and published. It was first used on a Christmas Program by the Advent Memorial Club Minstrel Show, Cincin-

nati, in which I was a black-faced member of the chorus.

I then wrote a Christmas story about a reporter writing a song, entitled, "Kissing Good-bye At The Depot" and winning fame and fortune. It was sent to the *Overland Monthly*, San Francisco, in answer to an advertisement for short stories. Later I received a letter from the magazine saying my story had been destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Then 1,000 copies of the printed song were mailed to song-pluggers across the country. Years passed, the dream-song of a Newark reporter slowly drifted into oblivion until recently one lone, remaining copy was discovered in an old scrapbook, yellowed with age, but alive with memories. The memories blossomed into this little article.

Incidentally, a song of the same idea and similar title appeared on a radio program in New York City in 1957.

THE POETRY READING

THE poet waxes lyrical
With all her soul and heart;
She glorifies the Miracle
Of which she is a part.

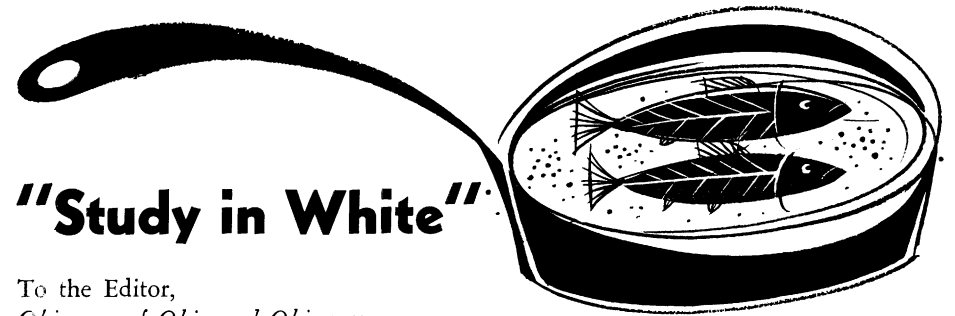
She hails the heavenly Pleiades,
The lilac blooms in May,
The birds, the hamadryades,
The clouds, the ocean spray.

To all of God's phenomena
She sings her dithyrambics
Complete with prolegomena
In jubilant iambics.

The lady doth enrapture me,
As only ladies can!
(Her lyrics, too, would capture me,
If only they would scan.)

—JOE NEWMAN

Joe (Joseph H.) Newman of The Cleveland Press contributes another bit of light verse. He hails from New London, Huron County.



To the Editor,
Ohioana: of Ohio and Ohioans:

Your readers will be interested, I am sure, in an amusing little anecdote related by Mary White, daughter of former Governor George White. Under the title of "Study in White" she has written an account of her trials and tribulations—as fun—as hostess at the Governor's Mansion from 1931 to 1935.

Four years at Smith College and the gay life of a debutante had given her the social graces needed in her role as First Lady of Ohio but she had to acquire experience in dealing with the household problems that were thrust upon her by father's election to the governorship shortly after her mother's death.

To add to her difficulties the Great Depression had come upon the country. State revenues were sharply reduced. Funds for operating the Mansion were correspondingly curtailed. Services there were maintained because prisoners from the Penitentiary were sent over to work at the Mansion as a reward for good behavior.

Here is an instance of their behavior quoted from Miss White's "Study in White."

"The yard man, Peter, was a 'lifer' from the Penitentiary. He was a very hard worker and he was devoted to the yard and gardens. Several days a week a guard from the Penitentiary brought

some prisoners to the Mansion and Peter put them to work in the gardens.

"The large gold fish from the garden pond were kept in the garage in winter. One day when I returned from my shopping I smelled fish cooking. The odor came from the garage and I went to investigate.

"The convicts were eating my gold fish!

"I rushed for the encyclopedia because I feared they might be poisonous and was relieved to read that they were only harmless carp.

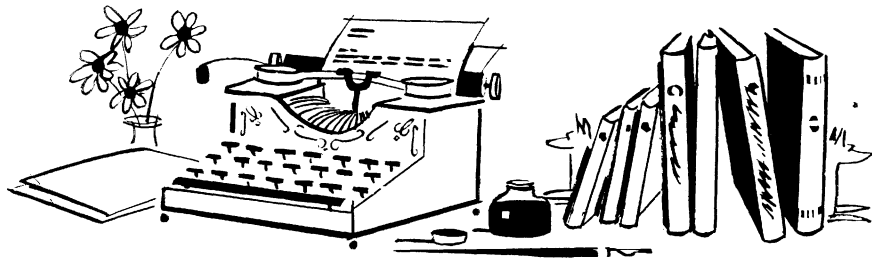
"Peter and the guard had locked the convicts in the garage while they went on an errand. The fish were there and so was a little stove, and they proceeded to have themselves a gold fish fry."

—ALMA M. BEVIS
(Mrs. Howard L. Bevis)

THE OFFER STILL STANDS

THE 45 student members of Ohio Wesleyan University's Circle K Club recently volunteered to move 25,000 books in the university library onto new shelves, as a contribution to the library. Their offer has not so far been put to use, however, for the steel shelving of a new and improved type, due to arrive in August, has not yet been received.

NEWS AND NOTES



DAVID K. WEBB, director of the Ohio Valley Folk Research Project of the Ross County Historical Society at Chillicothe, reports the following announcement from the University of Kentucky Library: "Positive microfilm prints (covering actual costs, no more) of the first series of the Ohio Valley Folktales (with a few exceptions) may be obtained upon application to Director of Libraries, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky."

* * *

MUSIC by Ohio composers was published during the past year by twenty different publishers, according to the compilation appearing in the Ohioana Library's *Ohio Authors and Composers—1958*. Five of the twenty publishers are located in Ohio.

* * *

JAMES THURBER's *The Years With Ross* has been scheduled for publication in April by Little Brown. *The Atlantic Monthly* has been printing excerpts from the book which is a biography of Harold Ross, founder and first editor of *The New Yorker*.

* * *

The Four Bronze Horses, a juvenile book by Rosemary Yager of Chillicothe, will be published February 21, 1959 and not earlier as first announced by the pub-

lishers, Caxton Printers. It deals with the world-famous horses standing on St. Mark's Church, in Venice. Probably no horses in history, either bronze or real, travelled further or saw more of the world.

* * *

CLEVELAND is outstanding in its efforts to encourage children to read. The community's sixth annual Book Fair for Boys and Girls was held November 9-16 at the Cleveland Health Museum. A reception for authors and editors visiting the fair was held on Veterans' Day. The sponsoring organizations are the Cleveland Press, the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, the Children's Book Council, the Greater Cleveland Public Libraries, the Cleveland Chapter of the Women's National Book Association, and the Health Museum.

* * *

A TWO-MAN faculty show of painting and ceramics by Edward W. Hewett and Paul Bogotay of the School of Fine and Applied Arts at the Ohio State University has been scheduled for the lobby of Hayes Hall from April 13 through May 2 of next year. Professor Bogotay is the creator of the Ohioana Library's ceramic medal given each year for the best books written by Ohioans.

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CHARLES O. LOCKE, a native of Tiffin whose family has long been known in Ohio newspaper publishing circles, will have his latest novel published in January by Norton. It will be titled *Amelia Rankin*. Mr. Locke won this year's Ohioana Book Award for his novel *The Hell Bent Kid*.

* * *

FRANK M. HACKMAN, of the Chamber of Commerce of Lima, has brought out the first of a proposed series of ten booklets under the general title of "Portraits of the Great Black Swamp," dealing with the history of Lima, Allen County and northwestern Ohio. *It Happened Here: Lima—Seat of Justice*, is the title of the first to appear.

* * *

CECIL JANE RICHMOND of Reynoldsburg, author of *Handbook for Dating* (Westminster Press), has had her first novel, *Copy Girl*, chosen by the Junior Literary Guild. It is for readers aged twelve to sixteen. Her newest book, *A Challenge for Barney*, is now in the hands of her publishers.

* * *

MARIE DICKORE, Cincinnati genealogist, reports that she plans to publish data about the more than fifty grandchildren left by Othniel Looker, Ohio's only governor who served in the Revolutionary War. Her biography of Looker in the *Bulletin* of the Historical and Philological Society of Ohio brought to light much important information about him.

* * *

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE HAROLD H. BURTON, who is a member of the Honorary Council of the Ohioana

Library, on October 6 submitted his resignation from the Supreme Court. Shortly before doing so he was the guest of honor and recipient of the Bowdoin Prize in a special convocation at Bowdoin College, his alma mater, in Brunswick, Maine. The Ohioana Library has a file of his court opinions.

* * *

MRS. C. M. SIMONS, librarian of the Lloyd Library and Museum, Cincinnati, is the author of the article on John Uri Lloyd in the volume of the *Dictionary of American Biography* published recently. In March, 1958, she edited a *Catalogue of Pharmacopoeias in Lloyd Library, 1493-1958*. That library has the largest collection of this subject in the world.

* * *

THE CRITICAL SITUATION in regard to teaching English in secondary schools is reviewed by Dr. Donald R. Tuttle, professor of English at Fenn College, Cleveland, in the November issue of *College English*. He stressed six points: every child has the right to be taught by a professional English teacher; every secondary school should have at least one teacher with a collegiate English degree; better certification requirements; better programs for English teacher preparation; stronger efforts to reduce secondary teaching loads; and college entrance requirements of four years of high school English.

* * *

THE AMERICAN JEWISH Archives, Cincinnati 20, offer to lend without charge exhibits on Ohio, Colonial Jewry, the Civil War, and American Jewry. The material is suitable for clubs, institutions, etc.

Masterpieces of Permanent Worth



NOVELS OF OHIO'S GREATEST WRITER RE - APPRAISED IN DEFINITIVE LIFE

THE REALIST AT WAR: THE MATURE YEARS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, 1885-1920 by Edwin H. Cady. *Syracuse University Press*, 1958. Pp. 299. \$5.00.

REVIEWED by Robert B. Sinclair, Associate Professor of English at Miami University, Oxford, who holds degrees from Indiana and Columbia universities.

This is the second and concluding volume of Dr. Cady's definitive life of the distinguished novelist, the first biography of Howells since the publication of Miss Mildred Howells' *Life in Letters* in 1928 and the fullest study of his work since Mr. Oscar Firkins' work in 1924. *The Road to Realism*, the first volume of Mr. Cady's biography, traced Howells' life until the publication of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* in 1885. The present volume takes Howells at that peak of his fame, recounts the full years of the eighties and the nineties, tells of his great influence on Crane, Norris, and other young writers at the turn of the century, and describes the subsequent decline in old age. In these two volumes Mr. Cady does much to place Howells in his historical position in our literature and to reaffirm his importance and his influence.

The publication of *The Rise of Silas Lapham* in 1885 not only raised Howells to the front rank of American novelists,

it also brought on the war of Mr. Cady's title. That battle—the struggle of realism versus romance—was waged not only by the example of Howells' own fiction, but by the monthly essay that in January 1886 he began to contribute to "The Editor's Study" in *Harper's Magazine*. Month after month, year after year he dealt his verbal blows against romance. As the most constant practitioner of realistic fiction, he assumed the leadership in the war for truth in fiction, for the recognition of the significance of our common life, for realism. He was aided in his fight by his friends Mark Twain and Henry James, and his example was followed by a host of younger writers so that the latter years of the nineteenth century are rightly called the Age of Howells. It is this long battle that Mr. Cady records in a fuller, more detailed way than has hitherto been done.

Mr. Cady's particular contribution to Howells scholarship is his masterly analy-

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ses of the major novels—*The Minister's Charge*, *April Hopes*, *Annie Kilburn*, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, *The Quality of Mercy*, *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, and *The Son of Royal Langbrith*. For every major novel he brings new insight into what went into the making of the work from Howells' personal life, from his reading, from his minute and comprehensive observation, from his innermost thought, so that his criticism of these works has the freshness of new discovery. Mr. Cady stresses the importance of Howells' novels of social criticism and the impact made by his reading of Tolstoi on his view of life and on the problems of his novels. Heretofore in early twentieth century criticism *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and the other social novels have been treated often as merely early examples of a type that flourished better later, but Mr. Cady shows them to be masterpieces in their own right, of permanent worth, deserving still of serious study and of wide reading. Mr. Cady sheds new light on Howells' position at the time of the trial of the anarchists of the Haymarket Riot when Howells virtually alone of all people in the country called out in his eloquent appeal for justice for the condemned men. Nothing else in his life shows so clearly his strength of character, his compassion, and his integrity. The subsequent novels took on a seriousness and depth that had been missing in the earliest works.

And Mr. Cady gives us a new understanding of how personal tragedy affected Howells' life and work. Very revealing is his account of the long illness and the death of Howells' eldest daughter Winifred. This tragedy had its permanent effect on Howells in the invalidism

thereafter of Mrs. Howells, on the tragedies inherent in *A Hazard of New Fortune* and of *The Shadow of a Dream*, and in the poems that beautifully memorialize his sorrow in *Stops of Various Quills*.

Scenes of His Youth

Of special interest to Ohio readers is the frequent reference to the lurking nostalgia, as he grew older, for the scenes of his youth. Some of his happiest pages are his descriptions of life in Ohio in the first part of *The Coast of Bohemia* and of *The Kentons*; both novels suffer a change when the action leaves Ohio. Mr. Cady concludes his book with a study of Howells' last major work, the Ohio novel *The Leatherstocking God*. This may be described as a historical novel because it deals with an incident in early Ohio history, when a religious imposter visited the community of Salesville. Mr. Cady points out that the incidents occurred not long before Howells' own childhood and the conditions of life in his early days had not changed much from those described in the story.

The impression one takes away on reading Mr. Cady's book is of the overwhelming richness of Howells' life and output. Where in American literature has so much been observed and recorded? Where can one find so vast an assemblage of American people? Where can one find so profound an observation of the conditions of American life? Where can one find a style so clear, so humorous, so apt, so entertaining? Mr. Cady's book reinstates Howells in the position that he held at the turn of the century, a position, one would like to believe, that he will permanently hold.



EDWARD WINTER HOLDING HIS ENAMEL ON STEEL PANEL "SILVER BIRDS"

EDWARD WINTER OF CLEVELAND

By Edna M. Clark of Columbus, author of *Ohio Art and Artists* and a Trustee of the Ohioana Library.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO the books dealing with the History of Art treated the "Minor Arts" very casually at the end of a chapter. We have since made progress. Now we realize that there is no distinction between Major Arts and Minor Arts, if the creative efforts of the craftsmen have the esthetic requirements

of rhythm, color, symmetry and proportion. The worker, in any material whatever that is adaptable to artistic expression, truly deserves the title of artist as much as does the architect, the sculptor or the painter.

It is a pleasure to pay tribute to a master craftsman, Edward Winter of Cleveland, whose work emphasizes this changed point of view. He has served as a pioneer in enameling on metal in this country; he is the author of a book just off the press *Enamel on Metal*; he was an

exhibitor at the Brussels World's Fair, and has been the winner of many national honors.

You will be interested in his background. First of all, Mr. Winter is a thoroughly trained artist who knows colors and design as well as the technique of firing. He has consistently explored new paths. While others were making ash trays, etc., he executed huge ornamental murals on steel and aluminum for architectural use. Second, he is a hard worker, often putting in ten hours or more at night. While he does not belong to the country-school-house days (he is nearing fifty) he must have been brought up on the old motto "No Crown Without Labor" frequently seen on their walls. Third, he is business-like (answers letters promptly), fills his orders on time and guarantees his product.

His very appearance "clears the atmosphere": height six-foot-three, and weight 230 pounds. Firing his enamels at Ferro Corporation furnaces made him healthy and kept him that way. His panels for the Clague Road Water Installation, for example, weighed ten pounds each. There were 42 panels, each one to be fired nine times. He lifted about two tons of metal. He says: "Waiting to be discovered is for the birds. The ivory tower stuff is out. Artists who wore beards and flowing ties and lived the Bohemian life didn't help the profession. Artists now look like the business men that they are." Winter has been a rebel against "arty" channels of success.

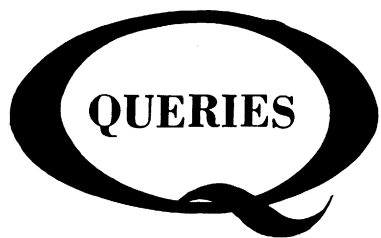
Winter's reputation is international. Introducing his new book are the editor of *American Artist* magazine, Ernest Watson, and the director emeritus of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts, Anna

Olmsted. It is illustrated by photographs of his works in New York's Metropolitan, the Cleveland Art Museum, Youngstown's Butler Art Institute, the Aluminum Development Association of Great Britain, the International Business Machines Corporation collection, his mural commissions in churches and other buildings and examples owned by private collections.

Unfortunately the illustrations used here can not convey the extreme beauty of the clear and luminous colors of these enamels. His design is simple in effect, but carefully follows good proportion. There is a noticeable resemblance to Persian art in both color and design. This may be purely incidental, but gives great pleasure. Edward Winter holds an unique place in American craftsmanship.



"FLOWERS" — ENAMEL ON STEEL PANEL BY EDWARD WINTER



FOR OUR READERS TO ANSWER

(Readers are invited to ask queries as well as to answer them.)

Why is Dayton called "The Gem City"? Many answers have been given to that question, but none of them has the ring of unchallenged truth. Hand in hand goes the companion question: What is the date of the earliest published reference to that nickname?

Q

State officials want to know where canal land records are to be found in Ohio, not including those in Columbus. Who can give information about such records in county court houses and the like? Records relating especially to reservoirs are particularly wanted.

Q

A Columbus columnist wants to know where to find copies of *The Western Christian Advocate* (published in Cincinnati) for March, April and May, 1839. They contain articles on Lew Wetzel and his brothers, written by a Colonel John McDonald (1775-1853) of Poplar Ridge (the author's own spelling) near Lattas, Ross County.

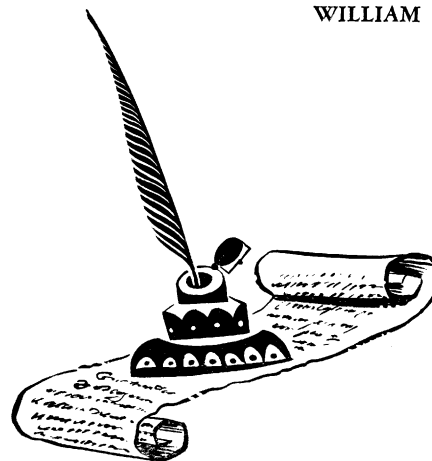
Q

Charles O'Neill, author of *Wild Train* (Random House, 1956), is still seeking material about the fabulous Andrews Raiders. Among his "Caboose Notes," as he calls them, is a request for contacts with present-day descendants of the Ohio soldiers—Frank Mills, Frank J. Hawkins, J. W. Holliday, Alexander Surles, and B. F. Durbin—who are reported to have gone with Andrews on the first abortive raid in March, 1862, to cut the Western and Atlantic Railroad line.

Q

Something else Mr. O'Neill wants to know is this: William Pittenger, one of the Andrews Raiders, served as a Methodist minister in Minerva, Massillon, Cadiz and Mount Vernon between the years 1864 and 1889. Did any of his parishioners leave endorsements or criticisms of him after the Dorsey and Knight attacks on his integrity?

THE BIOGRAPHER OF LINCOLN WRITES TO
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



MRS. HAY'S BLACK EYE

By CHARLES DUFFY

In 1874 John Hay (1838-1905) married Clara L. Stone of Cleveland. The couple moved there the next year, and Hay assisted Amasa Stone to straighten out his financial difficulties. Sometime in the fall of 1879, the Hays took a trip east, where they called upon various friends, among them William Dean Howells (1837-1920), then editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, who was living in Cambridge. The following, evidently a bread and butter note, expressed their appreciation of the Howells' hospitality. (This letter is in possession of the Howells family and is here printed with their kind permission.)

Knickerbocker Club Nov. 14, 1879
249 Fifth Avenue
My dear Howells

While I am waiting for my wife to make one more trip to Sixth Avenue for that now historic pair of gloves, I take

advantage of my enforced leisure to tell you we are well and prosperous. We spent a delightful day at New Haven. Prof. Marsh¹ gave us all his time, a little to our remorse and embarrassment because we could not help thinking of all the strange creatures at the Peabody Museum which had been waiting for some millions of years for him to name them.

He showed us his little place on Prospect Hill and on Monday morning introduced us to his fossil friends from the Rocky Mountains. He spoke affectionately of you and the journey he made with you lang syne.

Arriving here we found letters from Mrs. Stone, saying Mrs. Hay had come in contact with some furniture and had a black eye; which makes me very impatient to get home, as I have never seen her adorned in that way, and I imagine she must be very fascinating.

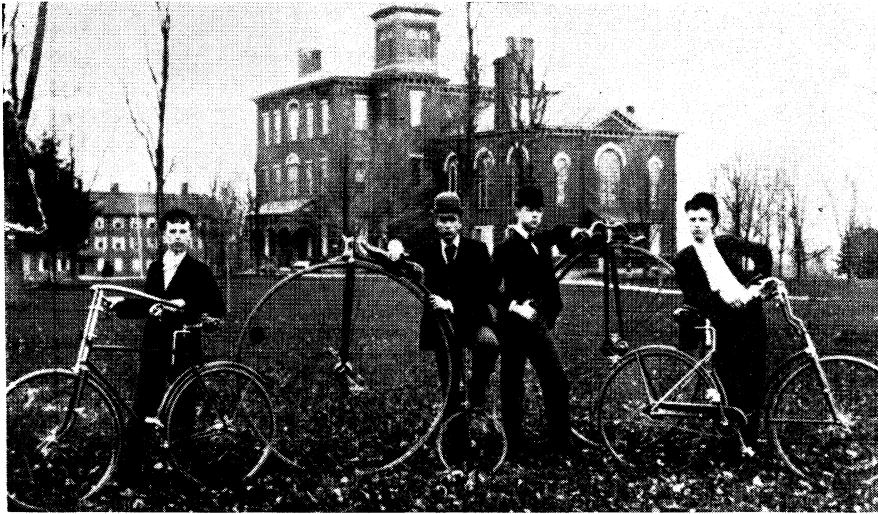
Mrs. Hay and I can never forget our delightful visit with you—how you and Mrs. Howells made us feel so perfectly at home with you and your friends—and we shall never be quite contented until we have a chance to show you Cleveland and make you know you are loved and appreciated there.

Yours sincerely
John Hay

¹ Othniel Charles Marsh (1831-1899), professor of paleontology at Yale University.

Professor Charles Duffy, head of the English Faculty, University of Akron, has long been interested in the field of American literature. John Hay was co-author, with J. G. Nicolay, of *Abraham Lincoln*, the great ten-volume biography of the president.

Ridin' High, Ridin' Low



Young gentlemen of the Miami University Bicycle Club and their mounts (1890). An illustration from Walter Havighurst's history of that institution, *The Miami Years: 1809-1959*, published this Fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"FELLA NAMED SIDNEY"

By TOD RAPER

Until his death in 1916, my father, Frank Stoddard ("Tod") Raper was associated with *The Columbus Dispatch* as a political writer and general assignment reporter.

One afternoon he strolled into the office of his best friend, Billy Ireland, nationally-known cartoonist, who years later told me this story. Tod tossed a stack of manuscript pages on Bill's desk.

"Someday when you get some time," said the writer, "read these over, will you? I haven't got the time to go through them. Just tell me if they're any good."

"I told him I would," Bill recalled, "and promptly forgot them. I put them over in a corner on the floor, and never noticed them again. I believe the janitor eventually got them, and I didn't even notice that they had disappeared.

"About six or eight weeks later Tod strolled into the office again and asked me if I had read them. I told him no, I hadn't, and instituted a search. It was then I discovered they had vanished. I started to apologize, but Tod shrugged it off.

"'Never mind,' he told me, 'they probably weren't any good and it's of small importance. Some convict over at the Penitentiary wrote them and wanted me to tell him if they were any good. I think the guy got paroled last week and he's left town. Fella named Sidney . . . ah . . . oh, yes, Sidney Porter.'"

Admirers of the stories of William Sidney Porter, better known as O. Henry, have claimed him as an Ohio writer because a number of his stories were written while he was imprisoned in the Ohio Penitentiary, 1898-1901. Tod Raper is the Radio and TV Editor of *The Columbus Dispatch*.

Psychological Novel Centers on the Complex Character of a Male Nurse.

Anne Chamberlain has written two other novels, *The Tall Dark Man* (1955) and *The Soldier Room* (1956), also published by Bobbs-Merrill. She lives in a large mid-Victorian house in Marietta.

The Darkest Bough

by Anne Chamberlain
Bobbs-Merrill, 1958,
Pp. 186, \$3.00.

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS almost a pity that contemporary authors and readers have been so conditioned by a general preoccupation with psychology that they can seldom be satisfied with a good tale of suspense well told unless it also contains, or seems to contain, some significant psychological insight. If the story with a moral is now considered in the worst sense Victorian, we have substituted for it the story with what James Joyce



REVIEWED by A. D. Richardson, III of Columbus. Dr. Richardson holds three degrees from Yale, served in the U. S. Navy, was on the Yale Faculty for several years and is Headmaster of Columbus School for Girls.

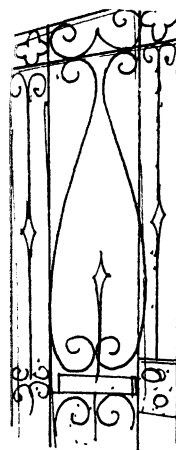
called an "epiphany" or moment of revelation. It seems questionable whether our modern demand is more worthwhile than the demand for a moral, but it characterizes both reader and author in the Twentieth Century.

Judged on the basis of its psychological revelation, Anne Chamberlain's third novel, *The Darkest Bough*, is curiously unsatisfactory, although it has many intriguing qualities. Sophisticated as we fancy ourselves, we are still sensitive to the thrill of horror and the chill of the macabre when they are presented acceptably. Witness the success of Isaak Dinesen. Here is where Miss Chamberlain is at fault. She begins with an excellent situation for either a chilling horror story or a psychological study, but she tries to follow both paths, and neither one leads her to a satisfactory end.

Bitha Cavenner lives with her grandmother and her younger brother, Morgan, who is mentally retarded. The parents of the two young people, unable to face their responsibilities and their tragedy, have run away along the path of drink to death which was waiting for them in the form of an auto accident on an icy road. Grandma, Bitha, and Morgan are too closely knit together by selfishness masquerading as love in a world which constantly narrows as Morgan matures physically and becomes more of a problem. Finally, it is necessary to hire a male nurse, and the plot is built upon the machinations of this outsider to change the pattern of the three Cavenners' lives.

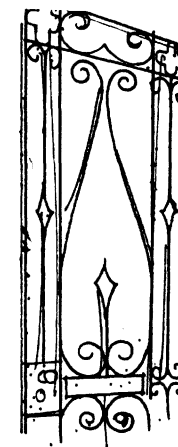
The nurse, Angelo Dalton, is the chief source of Miss Chamberlain's failure. Instead of a believable composite, he remains a kind of blurred multiple exposure, a seducer, a hypnotist, a Machiavellian, a Frankenstein, a profound philosopher, an angel of mercy and love. (Miss Chamberlain calls attention to the name in her very first sentence.) Conceivably a character could be all of these at once, and indeed be the more credible and human for having such a complex nature, but Angelo is neither human nor a satisfactory symbol. The dénouement, therefore, though startling and dramatic in terms of plot, leaves us psychologically nowhere. Yet Miss Chamberlain has started enough psychological hares for us reasonably to expect some conclusion to the chase. It is not quite fair.

One feels the more strongly about this failure because the author has plotted her story so well, has sketched such good portraits of Grandma and Bitha (amazingly mature in some ways for a nineteen-year-old girl, yet credible when one considers her responsibilities), and has suggested so economically the attitudes of a small city populace. I suspect that Morgan is not a true picture of one in his condition. Again, this would be legitimate had Miss Chamberlain not made such use of his psychological make-up, but like Angelo he is successful neither as a symbol nor as an individual. It is a pity that Miss Chamberlain did not give us a story which was more simply one of suspense and horror or else more profoundly psychological.



"... enter into our
gates with thanksgiving."

OHIOANA LIBRARY NOTES



NEW THEME—The theme originally chosen for the 1960 Ohioana Engagement Calendar Year Book, "Ohioans in the Amusement World," has been dropped and in its place will appear "Highways and By-ways in Ohio." If you want your part of the state to be featured, let us know.

* * *

A stream of unsolicited orders continues to come in for our Literary Map of Ohio, including orders from out of the state.

* * *

The demand for back numbers of this magazine has exhausted the supply. Virtually no more are available.

* * *

Mrs. Edward G. Mead of the Ohioana Music Committee has revised our popular leaflet "Suggestions for Musical Programs by Ohio Composers for the Christmas Season." Copies may be had for the asking.

* * *

The year 1959 marks the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of this library.

Plans are already well under way for a suitable observance of such an important event. Members are invited to send in their suggestions.

* * *

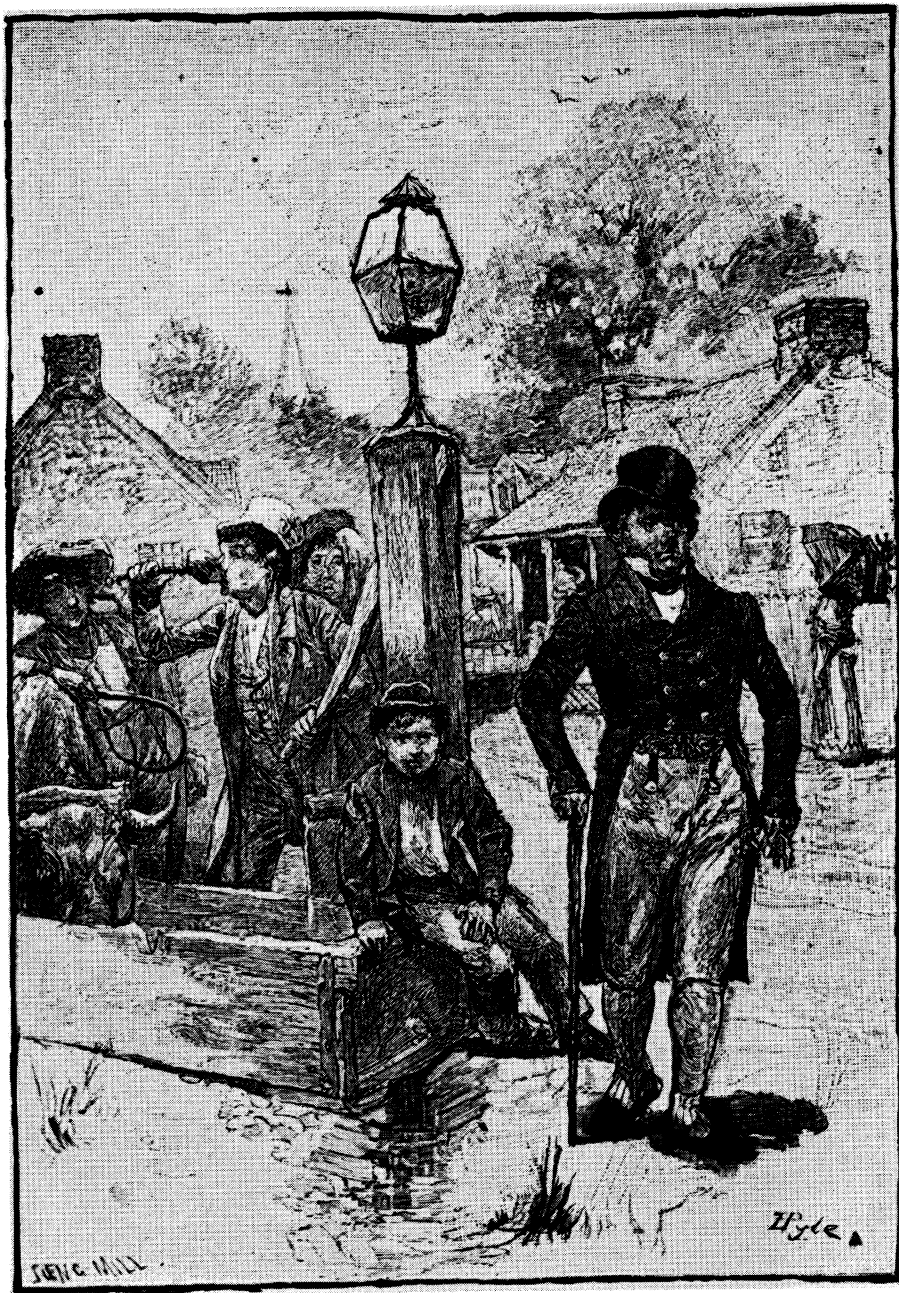
TWO NEW TRUSTEES—James A. Gorrell of Columbus has been appointed by Governor O'Neill a Trustee of the library to succeed Walter Havighurst of Oxford. Mrs. Herbert S. Cook of Columbus was elected a trustee by the members at the annual meeting to succeed Mrs. Letta W. Hesse of Columbus who became an Honorary Life Trustee.

* * *

If you have any old books by Ohioans or about Ohio you are invited to offer them to this library. But before you do so, first offer them to your local library. We feel safe in saying this because many local libraries are not geared to handle books of the kind that Ohioana wants.

* * *

No state has yet answered Ohioana's proud boast that we have better biographical information about the authors of our state than any other state has about *its* authors.



"THE TOWN PUMP" BY HOWARD PYLE



"LESSON: THE TIGER" BY HOWARD PYLE

ANOTHER "FIRST"

Canton collector discovers that first book published containing a Howard Pyle illustration is *McGuffey's Second*, not *Fifth*, *Eclectic Reader*.

The first book published containing illustrations by Howard Pyle was *McGuffey's Reader*. Thereby hangs a tale.

The recognized Howard Pyle Bibliography: *Howard Pyle, a Record of His Illustrations and Writings* compiled by Willard S. Morse and Gertrude Brinckle and published by the Wilmington Society of the Fine Arts, 1921, states on Page 157, under the listing for *McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader*, "This is the first book published containing illustrations by Howard Pyle." The two illustrations described were one for Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Town Pump" and one for Charles Dickens' "Squeer's Method."

Recent research by Joseph Kelly Vodrey of Canton has uncovered an earlier published illustration of Howard Pyle's, also in a *McGuffey Reader*. This is the illustration for "LESSON: THE TIGER"

in *McGuffey's Second Eclectic Reader*, page 68. The table of contents gives Howard Pyle as the illustrator and sharp eyes can detect his characteristic signature in the lower right-hand corner of the picture. (See reproduction herewith.) The name in the upper left-hand corner is that of the engraver.

The Copyright Office of the Library of Congress lists *McGuffey's Second Reader* under Number 5820, May 1, 1879, and *McGuffey's Fifth Reader* under Number 8125, June 18, 1879.

It is interesting that one of America's outstanding illustrators should have his first work published in one of America's most widely used school textbooks. It is doubly interesting that this "first publication" remained unnoted for so long by the Howard Pyle bibliographers and was discovered more or less by accident.



MORE LAMBS

Third installment of a series of biographical sketches of Ohioans who are members of the Lambs, America's oldest theatrical club.

By Russ Johns, a Lamb from Chillicothe now living in New York where for years he has been directing radio programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

5. BOBBY CLARK

Bobby Clark of "Clark and McCullough". That team became a household word. Then in 1936 McCullough died, and Bobby Clark was on his own. One of the great comedians of our generation, Bobby Clark looks like a successful business man. In 1888, the year of the big blizzard, he was born in the Rectory of Christ Church, on the corner of Linden Ave. and High Street, in Springfield, Ohio. Bobby's god-father was Asa Bushnell, at that time governor of Ohio. His god-mother was Eleanor Ludlow, the belle of Springfield, and who at one time was rumored to have been married to Lieut. Hobson, the "kissin' hero" of the Spanish-American War.

It was at the Southern School in Springfield that Bobby met his future partner, McCullough. From acrobatic work, minstrel shows, the circus, vaudeville, burlesque, to London revues, to the music box revues in New York—that was the pattern. Following McCullough's death in 1936, Bobby's first show alone was the Ziegfeld Follies with Fanny Brice. Twenty-five shows, with only one failure, are certainly a record. Bobby's

favorite in the musical line was Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts." In the non-musical, "The Rivals." Except for a few distant relatives and Mr. Fuller Trump, and Mr. Gus Sun, Bobby hasn't of late been in touch with Springfield. But for those of you who recall those early days he mentions the names of Walker Buell, political correspondent of the Cleveland Plain Dealer; Z. Barney Phillips, chaplain of the U.S. Senate for years; Francis MacMillen the violin virtuoso, and Charles Zimmerman, Supreme Court Judge of Ohio.

The other night I saw Bobby waiting to "go on" at one of the affairs given in the Lambs Theatre (a beautiful and modern theatre in our building, seating about 300.) I believe it was a charity affair, a one-time performance, with the actors donating their services. But there sat one of the world's great comedians, the famous 'spectacles' painted on his face, furiously smoking that inevitable cigar. This night was just as important as any 'first night' on Broadway, and it had to be no less than perfect! Any wonder Bobby Clark has had only one failure in a long and distinguished career?

Bobby Clark recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and now spends his mornings at board meetings and his afternoons at the Lambs and Players.



FROM OHIO

6. IRVING FISHER

Irving Fisher walked on stage in New York one night for a brief moment just before the final curtain, and a new career was born. The show was Ethel Merman's "Call Me Madam" in which Ethel played the role of a famous hostess who later became the U.S. Ambassadors to a small European country. When Irving appeared center stage, Ethel let out one yell, "Harry", and the house went into a tail spin. Many people thought it really was Harry S. Truman, and the others recognized a remarkable likeness between the ex-Ziegfeld star, and the then President of the United States. (Even without makeup the similarity in features is startling.) From that time on, Irving Fisher has had a new job, appearing as "HST" at countless affairs all over the country—TV shows—political gatherings and banquets. But success was nothing new to him.

From the time he was born in Cincinnati, Irving went his placid way, through the Cincinnati public schools, to Ohio State University where he was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, to New York, where a fine natural singing voice made him a top singing lead. Nickelodeons, cabarets, and night clubs were the steps to the Ziegfeld Follies. Eleven years for Flo Ziegfeld which included a four year run in "Sally". In this show Irving Fisher introduced a song that has become a classic,

"Look For The Silver Lining." And to hear him sing it today is a rare thrill.

Irving played opposite many of the great ladies of the theatre: Hazel Dawn, Elsie Janis, Marie Dressler, Marilyn Miller, Irene Dunne and others. After that he was well content to sit back and enjoy life, for it had been good, and he "retired" in 1940. Then came that impersonation of the President of the United States!

7. WALTER M. HALLE

Walter Murphy Halle is President of Halle Brothers Company of Cleveland and is a non-professional member of the Lambs. He was born in 1905, was graduated from University School (Cleveland) in 1922 and Princeton University in 1927. Two years later he joined the Halle Brothers Company. In the same year he married Helen Chisholm. He entered the Army Air Corps in 1942 as a lieutenant, served three years and was discharged in 1945 as a lieutenant-colonel. The following year he was made president of his company, succeeding his father, Samuel H. Halle, founder of the business, who became chairman of the board.

Mr. Halle's clubs include the Cleveland Skating, Kirtland Country, Athletic and Chagrin Valley Hunt Club. Tennis is one of his favorite sports. His children are Mrs. Helen Halle Foster who has two children; his son, Chisholm, who has two children, and Mrs. Kate Halle Briggs.



THE LATEST BOOKS

Part I: by Ohio Authors

Published either (1) in 1958 or (2) announced for early publication. Exclusive of books on Ohio subjects listed in Part II: The Ohio Scene.

- ANGLE, PAUL M. (Ed.).....Richland Co.
THE AMERICAN READER. *Rand*. Contemporary eye-witness accounts taken from letters, diaries, newspaper stories and other writings describing important events in America from Columbus to the present time.
- BARRET, RICHARD CARTER.....Lucas Co.
BENNINGTON POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. *Crown*. The first complete, authoritative book on Bennington ceramics, with more than 2000 examples illustrated in detail and all authenticated marks, by the curator of The Bennington Museum.
- BERGER, THOMAS.....Hamilton Co.
CRAZY IN BERLIN. *Scribner*. A first novel laid in Berlin during the early days of the American-Russian occupation. It deals with the building of young Carlo Rinehart's character.
- BOURJAILY, VANCE.....Cuyahoga Co.
THE VIOLATED. *Dial*. Thirty years in the lives of four major characters, a girl, her brother and two of her brother's classmates in this novel about a dreary amoral world.
- BROWN, FREDRIC.....Hamilton Co.
ONE FOR THE ROAD. *Dutton*. A newspaper reporter in an Arizona town tells how he and the police solved the murder of a girl whose body was found stabbed through the heart in a motel.
- CARRIGHAR, SALLY.....Cuyahoga Co.
MOONLIGHT AT MIDDAY. *Knopf*. The daily life of the white settlers in Alaska, the life of the Eskimos and of Alaska's animals as few outsiders ever see them are the subjects of this book by the well-known naturalist and author of *Icebound Summer*.
- CATTON, BRUCE.....Cuyahoga Co.
AMERICA GOES TO WAR. *Wesleyan Univ. Pr.* A commentary on the Civil War and its meaning to Americans today. Illustrated.
- CHAMBERLAIN, ANNE.....Washington Co.
THE DARKEST BOUGH. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Reviewed in this issue.
- CROUSE, RUSSELL and CROUSE, ANNA ERSKINE.....Hancock Co.
ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND AARON BURR. *Random*. The lives, times and duel of these noted men. Illustrated by Walter Buehr. (Landmark Book.) Ages 10-14.
- CUSHMAN, ROBERT E.....Summit Co.
THERAPEIA: PLATO'S CONCEPTION OF PHILOSOPHY. *Univ. of North Caroline Pr.* An appraisal of Plato's diagnosis of the plight of man as well as his provision for its remedy. The author is a professor in the Divinity School of Duke University.
- DE LEEUW, ADELE.....Butler Co.
THE GOAT THAT ATE FLOWERS. *Steck*. An easy reader about Piet, the white goat, that almost lost his home when he ate Aunt Willy's favorite flowers, but saves the day and makes a friend of Aunt Willy. Ages 6-9. The author won a 1958 Ohioana Citation.

* Indicates the Author is not an Ohioan.

- EMMONS, ROBERT.....Allen Co.
VERSE NEVER MAILED. *Vantage*. Love poems in various verse forms.
- FAUSEY, JOHN WADE.....Sandusky & Seneca Cos.
THE LITTLE WHITE ROOSTER. *Vantage Pr.* The exploring habits of the little rooster lead him into trouble and make the farm a very lively place. The author is Professor of Education and Director of Student Teaching at Heidelberg College, Tiffin. Ages 4-10.
- FINNEY, KATHERINE.....Hamilton Co.
INTERBANK DEPOSITS: The Purpose and Effects of Domestic Balances, 1934-1954. *Columbia Univ. Pr.* Considers the value of domestic interbank deposits and the influences which govern their size and location.
- FRANK, GEROLD (and Graham, Sheila*).....Cuyahoga Co.
BELOVED INFIDEL: The Education of a Woman. *Holt*. From her intimate friendship with F. Scott Fitzgerald during the last years of his life, Sheila Graham gives a candid story of a charming but tortured man.
- GEIGER, GEORGE R.....Greene Co.
JOHN DEWEY IN PERSPECTIVE. *Oxford*. A study of Dewey's philosophy, showing how it affected his thoughts on liberalism, religion and education. The author teaches at Antioch College.
- GRANT, JAMES J.....Van Wert Co.
MORE SINGLE-SHOT RIFLES. *Morrow*. Added information about the most popular American and foreign single-shot rifles, with useful information for selecting, collecting and remodeling. Illustrated.
- GRIESINGER, FRANK K. (and Greenfield, Harvey*).....Cuyahoga Co.
SALES-LEASEBACKS AND LEASING IN REAL ESTATE AND EQUIPMENT TRANSACTIONS. *McGraw*. Discusses the tax, legal and accounting factors involved and provides case histories to illustrate the points covered.
- HABER, GRACE.....Pickaway & Franklin Cos.
WITH PIPE AND TOMAHAWK. *Pageant*. Logan, the Mingo Chief, is a friend of the white men, admired and respected by them. His last message, before his tragic end at the hands of these same white men, is a model of classic eloquence. Mrs. Haber is a member of the English Department of The Ohio State University. Ages 12-16.
- HANNUM, ALBERTA PIERSON.....Delaware & Franklin Cos.
PAINT THE WIND. *Viking*. Continues the story of the talented Navaho Indian boy, Beaten Yazz, now grown and an ex-Marine, and the clash between his new environment and the mores of the Navaho. Beautifully illustrated with paintings by Yazz.
- HARROD, KATHRYN E.....Franklin Co.
MASTER BRIDGE BUILDERS: THE STORY OF THE ROEBLINGS. *Messner*. A German emigrant to Pennsylvania and his son, Washington, great civil engineers, gave us one of the wonders of the new world, the Brooklyn Bridge, which cost him his life.
- HURST, FANNIE.....Butler Co.
ANATOMY OF ME: A WONDERER IN SEARCH OF HERSELF. *Doubleday*. The story of her life as Fannie Hurst lived it and loved it. Reviewed in this issue.
- LENSKI, LOIS.....Clark Co.
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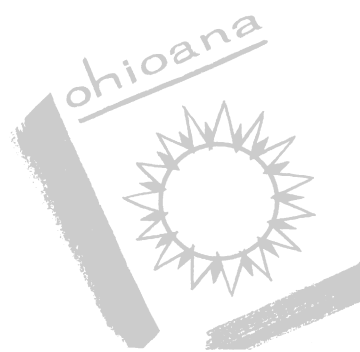
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