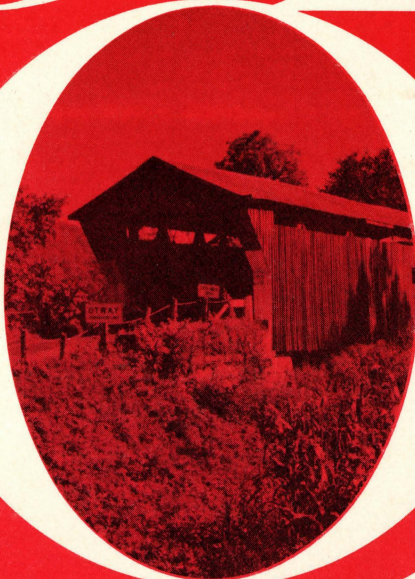


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OF OHIO &
OHIOANS
WINTER 1960

Catton's Address
Harding's
Newspaper
Ohio's
Avant Garde
News and Notes
Ohio Oddities



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OF OHIO AND OHIOANS • VOLUME III • WINTER, 1960 • No. 4

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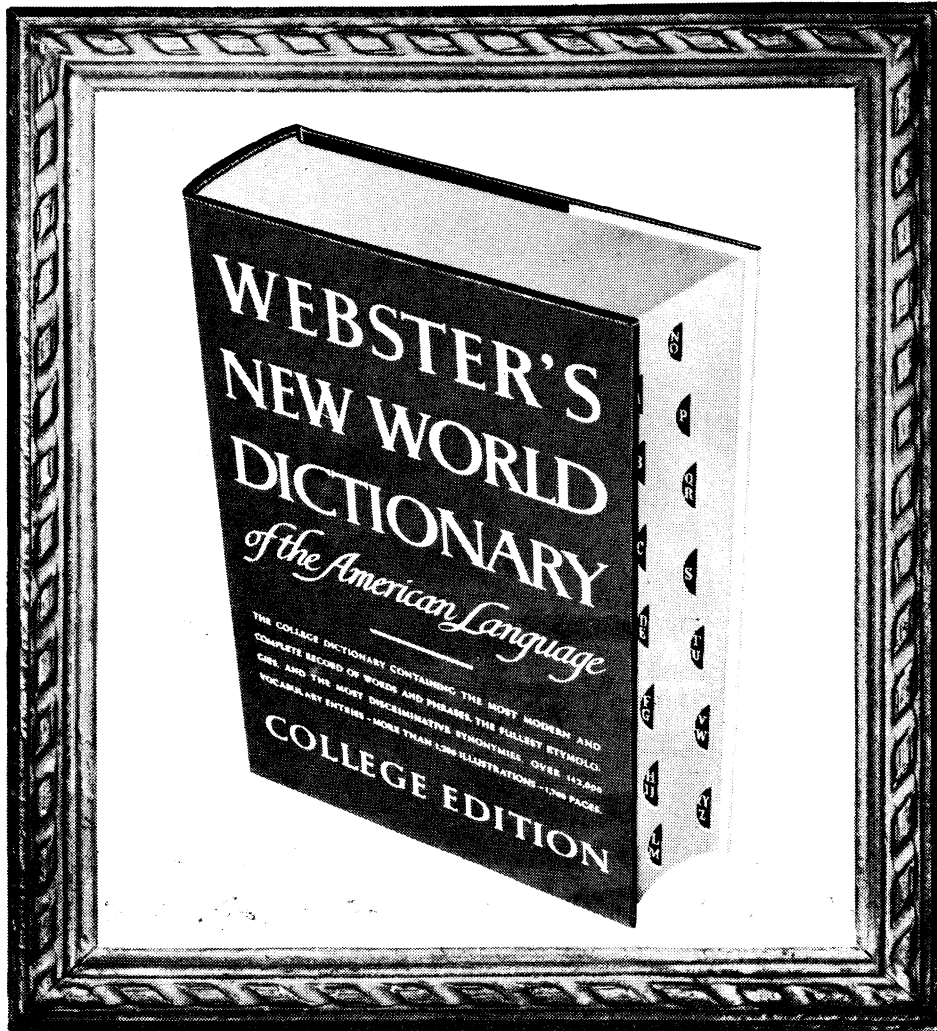
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OHIOANA: OF OHIO AND OHIOANS. A quarterly published by The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association, 1109 Ohio Departments Building, Columbus 15, Ohio.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to individuals are through membership in the Association. Subscriptions to libraries are \$2.50 a year. Membership dues in the Association are: Annual \$5.00; Sustaining \$10.00; Patron \$25.00; Life \$100.00. Membership is open to all who believe in the things the Association stands for and are willing to support its work.

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TODAY'S CULTURAL PIONEERING by AVANT GARDE GROUP

Cincinnati Poets & Musicians
Reviving A Vocal Tradition

By GEORGE THOMPSON



THE SOUTHWESTERN URBAN corner of Ohio bears little resemblance to those magnets of Bohemian and *avant garde* artists, Manhattan, Chicago and the 'Frisco bay area. And yet the artistic activity most closely identified with the current crop of young Bohemians—poetry in jazz—enjoys as active a development and as serious a following in Cincinnati as it does anywhere in the country.

Center of this cultural pioneering is Jazz Bohemia, a small, informal night club at 4922 Vine Street in the suburban town of St. Bernard. Here, since the beginning of 1959, poets and jazz musicians have regularly combined their talents before delighted weekend audiences of from fifty to one hundred persons. Not contented to remain confined to locally-written poetry, or to poetry of the "beat" school, the Jazz Bohemia group has in its repertoire poetry-in-jazz renditions of Poe, Whitman, and several English poets of the past centuries.

GEORGE THOMPSON, *Director of Readings at Jazz Bohemia, is editor of HOWEVER . . . , a magazine of criticism and review. The illustration by Fred Lieberman is taken from the cover of a record album put out by Jazz Bohemia, recording some of their musicians.*

Although several local poets read casually at the club—just as occasional visiting musicians will "sit in" with the instrumental combo—the regular Jazz Bohemia group totals eighteen musicians and three poets who work together consistently. On a given weekend night there will be four to six musicians engaged for the evening. These instrumentalists perform with one or two of the poets in about five poetry-in-jazz turns, normally one turn in each hour. At nine in the evening on most Fridays and Saturdays, an open workshop is conducted, giving early patrons a view of the rehearsing and coordination that go into preparing a poetry-in-jazz work.

Various Age Groups

Followers of this revival in the vocal tradition of poetry number largest among college-age persons. People of other age groups, however, are strongly represented. As interest has spread from Jazz Bohemia outward through the community, poets have been engaged to read at large social affairs organized by married couples. Much younger people, too, have become devotees. One of the group's most attentive audiences were members of a high school fraternity, with dates, on a riverboat party, where a Jazz Bohemia quartette plus poet were booked as entertainment.

Major poetry-in-jazz presentations are a highlight of Cincinnati's calendar of events. Last fall, Jazz Bohemia presented the long narrative poem by Karl Shapiro, "Adam and Eve" in jazz accompaniment. Four performances of this poem were given, through the courtesy of Mr. Shapiro, who became interested in the group's poetry-in-jazz developments during the spring semester of 1959, when he held the George Elliston chair of poetry at the University of Cincinnati. Two major performances, both enthusiastically received by Cincinnati audiences, were given of "Sounds from the Oxford English Verse", an original demonstration of how jazz styles can be varied to accompany English poetry from the 13th. to 19th. Centuries. Currently, the group is preparing for poetry-in-jazz rendition, in addition to original poems which are continuously incorporated into jazz readings, lines from *The Iliad* of Homer, Irish ballads, translations from African, Eskimo and North American

Indian rituals, Milton's "On the University Carrier," and copyrighted works for which permission to perform is being sought.

Cincinnati has no sizable Bohemian community. Enthusiasts of the new art form tend to be people of any creed who enjoy good jazz and/or good poetry. Although some informed persons object to this "mixing of two different art forms", the two media are successfully being reunited into a modern synthesis. Like the primitive magico-religious rite in which music and poetry had simultaneous births, and like the Greek *mousike* (literally: poetry *with* music) which was the shared cradle of the two arts in Western culture, this synthesis has power to transform an audience through an emotional experience not quite duplicated by any other sphere of ritual or of art. As the recombined form develops, it is hoped that more people will be able to share this experience in person or through recordings.

A BRACE OF LIMERICKS

A provincial Ohio collegian,

A poet of note in the region,

Forlornly cried "Curses!

I cannot write verses

In Gaelic, Czech, Croat, or Norwegian!"

Said a lit'ry chap from Chicago

As he thoughtfully watched a

buzz-saw go,

"That reminds me of what

Poor Pasternak got

For the writing of *Dr. Zhivago*."

—Robert L. Bates

Because geology is what Professor Bates teaches at Ohio State, these Limericks might be called Limerocks.

Two Main Themes
In Latest Novel of
Talented Clevelander

Personal Guilt and Search for Identity

ANNA TELLER by Jo Sinclair.
McKay, 1960. Pp. 596, \$5.95.



JO SINCLAIR has lived in Cleveland since she was three. She has written three other novels, *WASTELAND* (1946), *SING AT MY WAKE* (1951) and *THE CHANGE-LINGS* (1955) as well as several plays and short stories. *THE CHANGELINGS* won the Ohioana Fiction Award for 1956.

REVIEWED by Geraldine Harris, a history teacher in Central High School, Columbus, whose book reviews are widely followed.

JO SINCLAIR works on a wide canvas in time and space with her new novel *Anna Teller*. From a farm in Hungary, to city living in Budapest, on to a new life in Detroit and Akron she traces the life of Anna Teller, her seventy-four-year old heroine.

The plot breaks up into two main themes. One, the struggle of a number of people for their identity: Anna Teller, now a Displaced Person; her son, Emil, a frustrated poet; Abby and her illegitimate son, and Mark, who was afraid to allow himself to love anyone again because of past experiences. Then, there is the theme of personal guilt; Emil and his mother had never been close and he had always resented her domineering way of handling her family. Yet, now he wondered, if he had done differently would his brother, Paul, killed by the communists, be still alive? And could he have prevented his sister and her family from dying in a Nazi crematorium? Anna was tormented by the query, What had she done wrong to have only one child left and he almost a stranger?

In December, 1956, Anna Teller, a refugee from revolution-torn Hungary flew to America to make her home with her son, Emil. She was still bewildered to think that she—who had been nicknamed "The General" because of her pride, her ability to take command of situations and her custom of giving orders to her family—was forced to leave her home and her country. She had withstood onslaughts of Naziism and Communism and she had fought in the streets like a man in the last Revolution. Now the Revolution was

crushed and she was labelled a homeless D.P. For the first time in her life she must depend on someone else for her living. Of her three children only Emil, whom she had never understood, was living.

Book of Poetry

Anna had been born into a Jewish-Hungarian family seventy-four years before. At nineteen she had married, not that she was in love, but Harry Teller possessed some land, the only thing of value. The children came, grew up, their father died, but Anna ran her life and theirs like a commanding officer. Only Emil, the eldest son, dared to do things unknown to his mother. First, he wrote a slim book of poetry, and then came to America with high hopes of being a great poet.

In 1956 it was twenty years since Emil had left Hungary and "The General." He hadn't written the great poem because he had been too busy with a business, a wife and two sons. If he had moments of guilt over not using his talent he could point to the young people, Abby and Mark in particular, whom he had helped in his writers' workshops.

Anna, in America, was still "The General" to her son. She was not the tender mother of whom he had dreamed. Something within Anna and Emil kept them from talking of the things closest to their hearts—the death of members of their family. For both of them it was a time of unsuccessful soul searching. Where

had they taken the wrong course? Where had they lost each other?

Adjustment Not Easy

Adjustment to a new country is never easy, but to Anna it was easier than to some others. The difficult part was adjusting to her new family. It was true she became a symbol of hope to Abby and Mark in their guilt-ridden lives, she was a symbol of courage to her grandsons, but she must once more become a human being at peace with herself and her son. She found in working on the land she restored her pride but that was not enough. She and Emil must try to reach the place of common understanding based on family love. In the months to come Emil and Anna sincerely tried to reach each other but it wasn't until a near tragedy struck them that they found out how close a family can become.

Miss Sinclair's book is over-long and much of the soul-searching of Anna, Emil, Abby and Mark is repetitious. But her story is controlled and in the details of the Hungarian-Jewish family life, the hardships of the two World Wars and the terror of living under Naziism and Communism she has chosen her episodes wisely. Her descriptions of Emil, Abby and Mark and others are well drawn but it is around Anna the book centers. Her life, her influence on others, the symbolism of her experiences and finally, the peace she realized when she found her own identity, hold the long novel together.

OHIO ODDITIES FOR OHIOANS TO PONDER

Clyde W. Park of Cincinnati, editor of the *Lincoln Library of Essential Information*, adds the following about "the Immortal J. N." who was the subject of Minnie Hite Moody's sketch in the preceding issue:

During my boyhood at New Lexington, Ohio, I had seen "the immortal J. N. Free" occasionally when he visited his relatives who lived there. He was already a legendary person, the subject of many anecdotes, the strangest of which seemed perfectly credible.

My last glimpse of "J. N." was in the summer of 1904, at Columbus. I was standing in front of the Neil House when he appeared striding north on the broad sidewalk along the State House grounds. His long black coat and long gray hair, showing beneath a large black hat, stand out vividly in my recollection and confirm the accuracy of the artist's sketch in the *Ohioana Magazine*. He was followed by several boys, who evidently looked forward to some exciting development. Frequently he paused to greet some total stranger with cordial familiarity or to wave an enthusiastic greeting to the occupants of a passing carriage.

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Another reader to write to us about "the Immortal J. N." is Charles E. Robison of Spencerville who culled the following extracts from the files of the *Spencerville Journal-News*, of which he is the Historical Editor:

June 10, 1887:

By a card received from Dick Langley, we learn that he has been holding communion with the Immortal J. N. and he will "lift the veil" and "assume the pressure" at Spencerville, Wednesday, June 22. Oh, Lord! What have we done?

December 23, 1887:

(Monticello Notes)—"J. N. entertained the people of this vicinity, at the school house, a few evenings ago, with one of his famous lectures, which was well attended. "J. N." says he would not have missed his visit to this place for \$50 in gold.

February 9, 1893:

The Immortal J. N. was here for a short time one day last week.—The pressure was too great to allow him to leave the depot and he left on the first train that came along.

February 4, 1897:

The "Immortal" J. N. Free is headed this way. Although he is nearing his eightieth milestone he continues his travels over the country.—Van Wert Bulletin. J. N. used to be a regular visitor at Spencerville; but about six or eight years ago, he "borrowed" a dollar of one of our citizens and the town hasn't been bothered with him since.

More About Peter Gibson Thomson OHIO'S FIRST BIBLIOGRAPHER

by CHILTON THOMSON

PETER G. THOMSON would have had even more of his mother's "joie de vivre" had things turned out more happily, but his generation was to bear the brunt of the mid-19th century. His younger brother, Alexander —(and perhaps it should be noted that Scottish families very often alternate the given name, in the ancient Nordic fashion, avoiding "Juniors" and "Seniors" . . . for four generations; my family alternated "Peter" and "Alexander" for the eldest son and gave the other name to the second-born)— died tragically in babyhood. As my mother tells it: "His mother, who was preparing an old-time hair tonic, had asked the nurse to bring her a cup of hot water, and the nurse had thoughtlessly set the cup down within reach of the child. He drank the scalding water, and it burned his mouth and throat so severely that he died before help could be given."

His powerful father strained his heart in grief, perhaps, or in some of his renowned feats—but certainly he caught an extremely bad cold on a return coach trip to Cincinnati in 1857, which soon turned into rheumatic fever. He held court in his



bed chamber, in his red flannel nightgown, for seven years . . . watching savings trickle away to nothing, but even that great, strong heart finally had to give way and he died in the winter of 1864—during the worst period of occupation jitters in The Queen City.

"Old Peter" Thomson, the original immigrant, died within a month — leaving a spindly, under-developed fourteen year-old boy as the "only man" in the house on the east side of Broadway. His only uncle, James, had moved to Indianapolis. His mother's family were living in Louisiana and Virginia. One second cousin was still known to be alive in India and his older sister, Millie, was being courted by a hard-working young mechanic named Rammelsberg, who had not yet invented the shaping machine that was to revolutionize the furniture industry.

The second installment of the text of a paper delivered at The Rowfant Club in Cleveland by Chilton Thomson, grandson of Peter Thomson. The author of the paper is head of the English Department of University School, Cleveland.

An Honor Student

He was not totally bereft, though. His father had enrolled him in the second intermediate school in the city, where he became an honor student. He had also started, in 1860, regular attendance in the "gymnastic classes" conducted by a professional boxer named Samuel Barrett on Third Street, just around the corner from his home, to get over being ". . . very thin and delicate, and, as my mother often said, just a bag of bones." Determination and zest for competition paid off: by the time he was 22, he had won the gym record for dead weight lifting—1,265 pounds—and the prize for Indianclub swinging! So far as I know, both records still stand at the Cincinnati Athletic Club, the gym's successor.

Moreover, Great Grandmother Thomson somewhere found fifty dollars which enabled him, at 17, to enroll in the Bryant-Stafford & Co. Business Colleges, "to pursue a full course of instruction in Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Practical Penmanship, Correspondence, and the Details of Business, and the review of the same at pleasure." Just a year or two later, he obtained his job with Robert Clarke as a shipping clerk, unpacking and making up shipments and doing general work in Cincinnati's best-known book store.

This position combined with two other experiences to make the framework of Peter Thomson's life. Robert Clarke was an astonishing man in any age, but was particularly so in a midwestern city of the 1870's. He was an accomplished and brilliant scholar, a thorough-going gentleman of quality and distinction, the possessor of one of the three or four fine libraries in the United States (he is the

first man known to have possessed an incunabula, west of the mountains) and a remarkably generous and considerate employer. He required only 10½ hours of labor a day from his staff! They were permitted to use the other 1½ hours of the customary total for the partaking of "decent nourishment in decent surroundings" and "readings and studies contributory to their personal, social and professional advancement" . . . and I quote, since such generosity was deemed noteworthy by a local commentator, Henry A. Ford of Hillsboro, Ohio. As a side-issue, I do wonder whether that Henry Ford thought to comment about Mr. Clarke's "benevolence" to his young relative who was to gain so much greater fame than the author of *Cincinnati* in 1876.

Concert Brought a Spouse

The second great experience of Peter's life concerned a concert which, just as it had for his mother, brought him his spouse. "Old Judge" Hendrick, who lived across Broadway, had two pretty daughters who had often attended parties across the river in Kentucky, more accessible now that the world's first suspension bridge was finished. There they had met Laura Gamble, of Louisville, and had prevailed on her to visit in Cincinnati during the fall of 1874 to enjoy the theatre, which she dearly loved. On the last night of her visit, Peter Thomson was called over to escort the visitor to Pike's Opera House. They hadn't even reached the famous old playhouse before he wanted to marry Laura. My mother wrote, some years ago: "He has told me a number of times that he wanted to ask her to marry him that

(Continued on page 115)

Ohio Speaks Through Its Authors



The first installment of the complete text of the splendid talk on Ohio in the Civil War which Bruce Catton delivered at the Library's 31st Annual Meeting on October 29 is given below. Succeeding issues will carry the balance. Lewis Nichols in the New York Times Book Review (10-23-60) wrote of our speaker as "Bruce Catton, who to all intents and purposes is the Civil War."

From what I have heard today, it seems to me that there is supposed to be something rather special about Ohio authors.

Apparently we are different from other authors. I suppose we use the same typewriters, and go through the same struggles in the effort to get lucid thoughts down on paper; but the implication here seems to be that if we come from Ohio we have some sort of distinguishing mark on us. I am of course willing to confess that this state is unlike all others—unlike

them, and much better; but I am just a little uncertain about what it is that separates us Ohioans, once we begin to write, from all other people.

Probably it is a matter of background.

Everyone who writes does so, in spite of himself, from his own special point of view. He sees life from his own particular vantage point. No matter what he has to say—whether he is producing novels, works of history, articles for the local paper, or bits of this-and-that designed to nourish the ego of some local magnate—he writes as a creature of his own time and place. He can't help himself. He writes out of what he is, and what he is depends, to a certain indefinable extent, on where he came from. His own land speaks through him, no matter how much he may believe that he is simply speaking for himself.

So we are all *Ohio* authors; Ohioans, and therefore different, and therefore

rather special. That is all right. But before we begin flapping our wings too virtuously it might be a good thing if we spent just a little time trying to figure out just what being Ohioans makes of us. To be sure, it made authors of us: *Ohio* authors. But precisely what does that mean? If we are different, as we fondly believe, how are we different? What has Ohio done to us? What does it mean to us? If Ohio somehow speaks through us, what has it got to say?

Our History Runs Deep

I suppose we need to go back in history to get an understanding of this. This is the great land of the middle border; the area which, only a century ago, was known as the Great Northwest. Its history is briefer than the history of the eastern and southern parts of our country, but it runs very deep, and it has its own significance. This was not one of the original colonies. At the time when the new nation won its independence from Great Britain, the Ohio country was a howling wilderness. The society that was established here was the creation of the nation as a whole. If that new nation was in fact, as we fondly believe, a magnificent experiment carried on by people who saw that they had been blessed with an opportunity to make a fresh start in the world, Ohio was the place where this experiment was first and most fully developed. It embodied the deepest aspirations and the highest hopes of the American people. It was staked out in the hour of national dawn; its guide lines were laid down, not by what people had always done before but by their notions of what might be done in the future. Here, if anywhere, the American dream was given its chance to become real.

It is only stating the obvious, of course, to point out that the great determining factor in the formation of this society was the universal acceptance of the idea of human freedom. The basic charter of the Northwest Territories stipulated that the institution of chattel slavery could never be established here. But that was only part of it. Freedom meant more than the mere denial of one man's right to own another man. It involved an unspoken but unshakeable belief in the sacredness of the individual personality. It rested upon the assumption which lies at the very heart of our faith in democracy itself—the assumption that the average human being has not only the right but the capacity to make his own way in the world, the conviction that the mistakes which he makes when he follows his own light—his blunders, his follies and his meannesses, all wrapped up together—will be more than counter-balanced by the resources of intelligence, of good will and of unselfishness which he can and will find in his own spirit. Fundamentally, this is simply a belief in people.

(Continued in next issue)

OHIO'S FIRST BIBLIOGRAPHER

(Continued from page 113)

night, and she has freely admitted to me that if he had done so, she would have said, 'yes.'" They had known a great deal about each other through mutual friends and relations, but it's still rather astonishing that their seventh meeting was their wedding day! 189 miles was a long distance to travel by steamer and the young bookman didn't have as much time or money as he had determination.

(Continued in next issue)



Both William Dean Howells
and Mark Twain
Profited by Long,
Frank Exchange of Views

Letters Span 41 Years Of Memorable Friendship

MARK TWAIN-HOWELLS LETTERS. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL L. CLEMENS AND WILLIAM D. HOWELLS 1872-1910. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson, with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. *The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press*, 1960. Two vols. Pp. 948, \$20.00.

“HE HAD BEEN such a world-full friend,” Howells wrote when Clemens died in 1910. For both, indeed, the friendship had been very full, and that an almost continuous record of it should have been preserved in some 680 letters over forty-one years must be counted one of the great, good dispensations of literary chance. These two handsome, well-edited volumes will stand as a worthy monument to one of the most momentous associations in American authorship.

Clemens and Howells met first late in 1869. The former, 34, was enjoying the enormous success of *Innocents Abroad*.

Howells, two years younger, had praised the book in the December *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was assistant editor, and Clemens had called at the office of editor James T. Fields to acknowledge the attention. Howells' review had been a bit unusual, actually, for the *Atlantic*, now the country's leading literary reporter, was, like most of such journals, owned by a trade publisher, and Howells had ventured to recognize with high favor not only a book of the rival subscription-agent business but one from a writer who was still considered chiefly a platform and

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, who was born in Martin's Ferry in 1837, was considered Dean of American Letters in the second half of the 19th century.

REVIEWED BY ROBERT PRICE, *Chairman of the Department of English at Otterbein College, a specialist in 19th century American literature. He is the author of the definitive biography of Johnny Appleseed.*

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newspaper humorist out of the raw West.

Howells had been added to the *Atlantic* staff, of course, partly because Fields had recognized in him a canny awareness of the American stuff that was beginning to make the country's coming literature. Already he seemed to have that sure sense of what was both natively original and artistically good, which was to make him, in time, not only the sponsor and guide of Samuel Clemens but for a generation the critical force that would usher in and fight the first battles for a new American realism.

Both Living in the East

The first preserved letters date from 1872. Howells, now editor-in-chief, was established with his young family in Cambridge and winning high recognition with his first novel, *Their Wedding Journey*. Clemens too had married and settled in the East. He was living in Hartford and was having another lucrative success with *Roughing It*. When Howells again reviewed favorably, Mark wrote him that he was “as uplifted and reassured by it as a mother who has given birth to a white baby when she was awfully afraid it was going to be mulatto.”

Howells was encouraging Mark to submit something to the *Atlantic*. Not that the monthly could afford to pay as much as Mark was getting elsewhere. He was making big money indeed, especially when it was compared with Howells' modest returns. But in September, 1874, he submitted two manuscripts, thus providing an opportunity at last for Howells' sure critical acumen to touch his art in a shaping way. “A True Story,” that Howells accepted, was a dialect piece with no humor. “This little story delights me

more and more,” Howells wrote. “I wish you had about forty of 'em.” But of the other manuscript, a satire on religion, though Howells sympathized with its import, his sure editorial sense made him write, “The *Atlantic* . . . is just in that Good Lord, Good Devil condition, when a little fable like yours wouldn't leave it a single Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Methodist or Millerite paying subscriber . . . Send your fable to some truly pious concern like Scribner or Harper and they'll extract it into all the hymnbooks. But it would ruin us.” Howells had some changes to suggest in the “True Story,” especially in the dialect spellings—Clemens could “reject” if he wanted to. Far from any thought of rejecting, Clemens welcomed the help, admitting that his variant spellings, seen in print, looked like mere carelessness.

And so the pattern of critical relationship for Mark was set—one that, in a sense, would never be broken through his lifetime. Though such manuscript matters fill only a small portion of the *Letters*, they provide one of their richest themes. Many distorted and unknowing things have been written about Clemens and Howells since their deaths, especially in the free-shooting and thesis-riding Twenties and Thirties. Though, by now, the myth has been pretty well exploded that the prudery and timidity of Howells, Olivia Clemens and others worked frustration upon the native genius of Clemens, the true story has certainly never been set forth so clearly as it appears here in the give-and-take of the correspondence.

Extravagant Humor

No one more than Howells, the *Letters* show, ever enjoyed the racy abundance of

life that Mark could pour into words, or the extravagant humor that often fizzed and bubbled there. But no one knew better the moment when to draw the fine line between the assimilated and the unassimilated for effective writing. Howells was to be the most vigorous pathfinder of his age for the new realism in America, but he was no reckless iconoclast. No great leader ever is. He knew where to stop, if he was to hold an audience with the new and the unconventional. Mark, in his writing, often lacked just this sense. With all his extravagantly original outpouring, he was often merely raw, quixotic, or just plain silly, and no one ever came to realize this fact better than Mark himself. Letter after letter shows that, though he joked endlessly over Livy's reticences and Howells' prunings, he came to depend upon them as part of his regular routine of composition. And when it came to proprieties he was, in the end, his own severest red penciler.

"The only thing I'm doubtful of is the night watchman's story. It doesn't seem so natural and probable as the rest of the sketch—seems made-up, on your part," Howells writes, sending a proof for *Life on the Mississippi*. And on other occasions: "Stick to actual fact and character in the thing, and give things in detail." "Don't write at any supposed Atlantic audience, but yarn it off as if into my sympathetic ear." "Don't be afraid of rests or pieces of dead color. I fancied a sort of hurried and anxious air in the first." "This is capital . . . but there's one paragraph . . . which I'd leave out because it seems lugged in a little." So the advice went from sketch to sketch, story to story, and eventually from book to book, continuing gratis after Howells

severed connection with the *Atlantic* in 1881.

When he read the MS. of *Tom Sawyer*, Howells saw that it could be an immense success. But Mark should treat it explicitly as a boy's story, and Howells made his usual generous suggestions for revision. Mark, following meticulously, was no end amused to discover that Howells had not questioned the propriety of Huck's "They comb me to hell." Livy had also passed it long ago. So had her mother and aunt ("both sensitive & loyal subjects of the kingdom of heaven, so to speak"). It was Mark who eventually toned down Huck's words.

Many Fascinating Topics

Many other topics of discussion are equally fascinating to follow—growing families and their problems, happy get-togethers and excursions, fellow authors, politics, the need for adequate copyright laws, travel reports from abroad, and, as the years lengthened, the tragic illnesses and deaths that began coming to each family in much the same proportion.

When Clemens died in 1910, Howells said he had been "the most truthful man I ever knew." And he closed *My Mark Twain* with the assertion that Clemens was "the Lincoln of our literature." In fact, one gets the feeling that, even though the letters are almost equally distributed between the two friends, in the collected form they give the volumes to Clemens. Howells was so often the straight man in the long conversation; Mark, the irrepressible, aggressive creator, providing most of the new ideas for the good talk. Without Howells, he might never have managed to say some of this quite so well in writing. Howells, in

turn, might never have managed to stay quite so close to the heart of reality without Clemens.

Professors Smith and Gibson, who have provided the exemplary scholarship for these volumes, have arranged the letters into twelve chronological groups, each with an interesting and adequate bio-

graphical and critical preface. The letters are exactly annotated, often with extensive addenda. There are twenty-eight illustrations. A 24-page Appendix adds undated letters and notes, a calendar of the correspondence, a biographical reference directory, and a minutely helpful index.

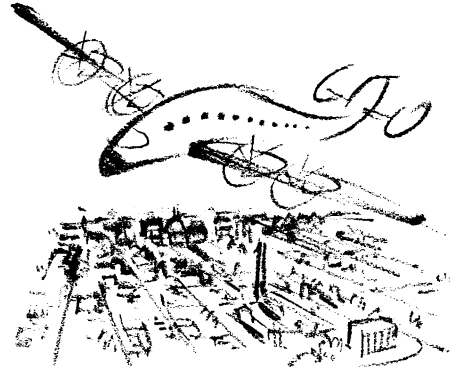
Prize Poem

THE PRIZE OFFERED by the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library in the 1960 Ohio Poetry Day Contest for a sonnet written since Poetry Day 1959, on any theme, was won by Virginia Moran Evans of Dayton. Her prize winning poem follows:

THE BUILDER

He took the sticks and stones, the clay and mud
Which life allotted him, and hour by hour,
Toiled ceaselessly to build with flesh and blood,
With vision, love and faith, a mighty tower.
It rose within his dream, a thing of grace,
Both artist's masterpiece and citadel
For all the runners of the endless race,
For all the weary refugees from hell.
Now he has fallen, as each builder must,
His labor finished and his dreaming done;
And yet, triumphantly above the dust,
His structure gleams resplendent in the sun.
Still, still they come, the seeking, fearful, torn
To stand beneath his tower, and be re-born!

A LETTER From WASHINGTON



One familiar with the city writes charmingly of her impressions

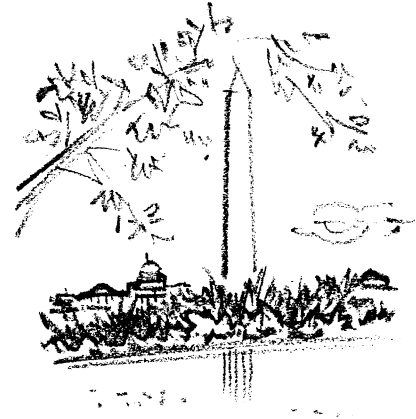
Editor, *Ohioana: of Ohio and Ohioans:*

One cannot live at the crossroads of the world today and not be conscious of its past history and history in the making. Arriving by plane one Spring night, we dropped down out of the clouds into the diamond outlined design of the most beautiful city in the world, first known as the Federal City, later as Washington.

As we drove to our hotel from the airport I could not help but contrast our mode of travel and arrival with that of the first occupants of the White House, John and Abigail Adams. She had come by stage from Quincy, Massachusetts, sending their belongings, many of which were lost, by water.

We drove through the arching elms past the Basin and Mall, looking both ways at the vista planned by L'Enfant and remembered that this was once swamp land, malaria-ridden and filled with Potomac fever, the original ailment that affected those who came to live on the river, and still does, but in a different way.

Passing the White House with its brilliantly lighted and beautifully draped windows, I thought back to Abigail Adams' first glimpse of the Executive Mansion—for she came to an unfinished, bare, cold house set down in a wilderness



of trees almost surrounded by marshland, the location known as Swamp Poodle and Foggy Bottom. She came reluctantly, but courageously to the new Capitol, armed with a resolute spirit, deep convictions, and a thorough training in protocol through her many years association with Martha Washington in Philadelphia—her husband to assume his responsibilities in developing "A New Order for the Ages."

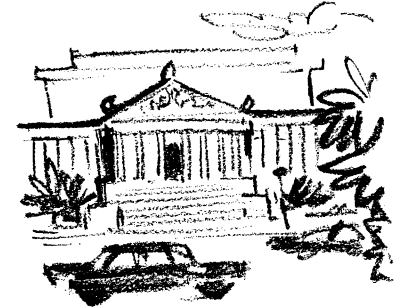
Jenkins Hill

The Capitol, on top of Jenkins Hill in the distance, was only partially built and a muddy stream, actually an open sewer, ran down the hillside into and through the heart of the commons. The government had been moved to the new site and Congress, a group of 32 in the Senate and 106 in the House, was already sitting and soon to be voting on a ten and one-half million dollar government expenditure for 1800.

Shaking off these thoughts of the past, I became conscious as we drove along, of an inscription above the door of the Archives Building—"The Past is Prologue"—and it was with a heart full of awe and gratitude that I thought of the firm foundation and sure development of

the structure of our national government; the discernment and wisdom of those stalwarts gathered in Philadelphia through whose vision our nation has grown in dignity and strength.

I thought with pride of many men who have been called into the service of government—among them Harrison, Hayes, Grant, McKinley, Garfield, Taft, Harding



—all serving in the highest office of the nation and of the countless others in the House and Senate representing our people back in the homeland. Catching a glimpse of the contributions of Light and Flight which are commemorated there and the impetus these discoveries of Edison and the Wright brothers gave to the development of the country.

"The Past is Prologue," our satellites are in orbit, and sound government with world peace is our goal. May those who come years hence to Washington look back on this Present, which will then be Past, with the same gratitude and pride as we hold today for our nation's founders and men of vision.

Yes, as you may have guessed, this visitor was from Ohio.

Harriet D. Bricker

Mrs. John W. Bricker needs no introduction to Ohio readers.

The NEWSPAPER WORLD of WARREN G. HARDING

by RANDOLPH C. DOWNES

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING was a newspaperman from first to last. As an early teen-ager he was "devil" in his father's Caledonia *Argus*, where, to use his own words, he "learned how to stick type, feed press, make up forms and wash rollers." At Ohio Central College he edited the fortnightly *Iberia Spectator* until his graduation in 1882. In 1884, still a teen-ager, he was reporter for the Marion *Democratic Mirror*, but soon graduated to the editorship of the Marion *Daily Star*, bought with the aid of his father.

On June 18, 1923, less than two months before his death, Harding sold the *Star* to Louis H. Brush and Roy D. Moore of Canton, Ohio for \$480,000. During the negotiations he indicated his intention to retire from the presidency at the end of his first term and resume newspaper work for the Brush-Moore

DR. DOWNES is Professor of History at Toledo University and Executive Director of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio. He is currently at work on a biography of Harding.

syndicate as an associate editor and writer of editorials. The presidency had palled upon him. He told William Allen White at the White House in 1922:

When I first took this job I had a lot of fun with it. I got a kick out of it every day for the first six months or so. But it has fallen into a routine, more or less . . . Every day at three-thirty, here in the midst of the affairs of state, I go to press on the Marion *Star*. I wonder how much advertising there is; whether they are keeping up with this week last year. I would like to walk out in the composing room and look over the forms before they go to the stereotypier. There never was a day in all the years that I ran the paper that I didn't get some thrill out of it.

Acid Test for Success

The acid test for journalistic success is advertising. This came for Harding as early as 1890 when the *Star* was included in the *List of Preferred Publications* prepared by G. P. Rowell for the Association of General Newspaper Advertising

Agents. This made the *Star* one of the 121 Ohio publications recommended to advertisers.

Harding's professional associates attest to his flare for advertising. Jack Warwick, co-buyer of the *Star* with Harding in 1884, wrote, "As an advertising solicitor or persuader, W. G. always got on the right side of the cow. He convinced her that she ought to 'give down'." (N. W. Ohio *Quarterly*, XXX p. 123) Sherman A. Cuneo, editor of the Wyandot *Union-Republican*, and life-long friend of Harding, has told of the *Star* editor's sales technique:

As an advertising solicitor, Editor Harding had various methods, but his most successful one was to meet with his prospective customer after business hours, after a good dinner or while smoking the evening cigar. He would then go into the full subject of advertising and discuss its value in relation to the special business of the customer in question. Often he would submit a series of advertisements carefully prepared and actually set up in type, covering



William A. Kuhnman

a proposed campaign, and, in cases where the merchant continued dubious and hesitating, offer the advertising on a contingent basis, to cost nothing unless the advertiser's business reached a certain fixed sum in consequence.

"You can't afford not to," said Harding. "If you do not advertise, your competitors will use advertising as a club to beat off your business head." This "pitch" worked, said Cuneo, quoting one of the Marion advertisers, "His convincing argument won us all one after the other. And once we began we couldn't stop." (Cuneo, *From Printer to President*, 1922, pp. 49-50).

Thrilling War News

Daily advertising depended on daily readers. Harding's year of triumph in this respect was 1898. That was when he brought a new era to Marion journalism with the purchase of the daily telegraph service of the Scripps-McRae Press Association. The thrilling events of the Spanish War in far-off Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines were brought to the news-hungry Marionites over the *Star's* own wire. This was world news, as Harding wrote, "smoking hot, indeed fairly sizzling from the griddle of the world's busy affairs."

Only a professional newspaperman can fully understand what this all means. For the laymen, for whom the news is prepared, one might baldly summarize some of the ingredients of Harding's contributions to the field of journalism. Basically he gave what the people of every burgeoning industrial city required — daily, even hourly, news service geared to the pace of the telegraph. The weeklies

and semi-weeklies were all right for the country folk — and Harding had the *Weekly Star* for them—but not for the cityites. The big city dailies were no more satisfactory. Harding delighted to call attention to the *Star's* front paging of daily events which had transpired after the Cincinnati *Enquirer* or the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* issues had started out hours ago on their railroad journey to Marion.

Good newspaper technique can lead to good political technique. It certainly did with Harding. From 1884 to 1899, when he was elected to the State Senate, Harding's central political emphasis was twofold: (1) vigorously to promote the necessity for unity in Marion County's jealousy-ridden and minority-blocked Republican party; (2) to exclude from the *Star's* columns the "bloody-shirt" asperity by which Republican papers sought to use the Civil War issue for the damnation of Democrats. And so Harding guided the *Star* out of the mud-slinging of politically based newspapers, whose editors owed their existence to political patronage, into the straightforward professionalism of newspapers issued for news purposes, whose editors depended upon advertising patronage.

Reader Appeal

Along the way there were many professional details to attend to and budgets to balance. There was always the over-riding necessity of providing reader appeal to all classes of the community six days a week. This meant: bigger and speedier presses; more attractive fonts of type for reading matter and headings; improved format and composition; serial stories by popular writers; feature articles from the American Press Association (es-

pecially for the ladies); special editions for fairs, elections and Saturdays (the Sunday metropolitan papers were threatening); newsy locals for town and country, lodges and clubs, churches and schools; industrial promotion for a bigger and better Marion; cartoons and illustrations.

All these challenges Harding met with confidence and relish, directly or by dele-

gation. No wonder he was homesick for it all in the days of the presidency.

Nicholas Murray Butler in *Across the Busy Years* (I, p. 410) wrote in 1939 that Harding "had a good mind, but made little use of it." Whether or not this judgment is true of Harding as President of the United States, it is distinctly not true of him as a newspaper man.

OLDEST LAW PUBLISHING FIRM

The oldest law publishing house in the U.S., is the proud boast of Banks-Baldwin Co., established in 1804, with headquarters in Cleveland. Although little known to the general public, this concern is entirely familiar to every lawyer in Ohio and the six other states for which it publishes codes. These are New York, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and Michigan.

The company's main office is located in an historic small frame house where the staff of twenty-five does its work. The walls are hung with a complete set of portraits of Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court and a famous collection of all the caricatures relating to courts drawn for *Vanity Fair* by Leslie Ward (Spy). The company's printing is done at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

GROWTH OF WOOSTER COLLEGE

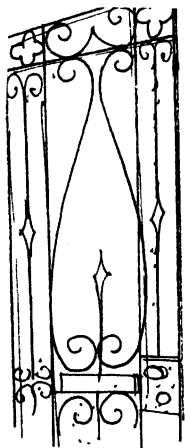
Construction plans are under way for building four new buildings and renovating several present buildings on the College of Wooster campus. New buildings planned are an addition to Holden Hall dormitory for women, library, women's dining room, and religious education building which will be shared by the college and Westminster Presbyterian Church congregation.

CAN YOU HELP?

Do you know anyone who has any old report cards, or teachers' certificates, or diplomas, or Reward-of-Merit cards? Do you yourself have any of these things that may once have belonged to someone else in your family? Are there any in that old trunk of Grandmother's up in the attic? Maybe there are even some old school themes or examinations or notebooks. The Educational Archives at The Ohio State University, a Historical Collection of old school papers, is thought to be the only collection of its kind in the United States. Any papers whatsoever having to do with schools in times gone by will be gratefully received, says Prof. Robert B. Sutton, director of the Archives.

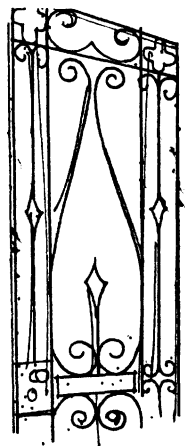
QUOTATION

Robert I. Snajdr, Book Review Editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, quoted the following from Allan Tate's *Collected Essays* (Alan Swallow, Publisher, Denver, \$6.00): "It is the duty of the man of letters to supervise the culture of language, to which the rest of culture is subordinate, and to warn us when our language is ceasing to forward the ends proper to man. The end of social man is communion in time through love, which is beyond time."



“... enter into our gates with thanksgiving.”

OHIOANA LIBRARY NOTES



ALMA L. GRAY (Mrs. Thomas C. Gray) of Akron, our Summit County Chairman, won two first awards and one honorable mention in the 1960 Ohio Poetry Day Contests. The awards were presented to her at the banquet in Columbus on October 15.



TOM BURNS HABER of Columbus, our trustee, and Mrs. Haber, author of *With Pipe and Tomahawk—The Story of the Mingo Chief*, are the joint authors of a pageant “Logan, The Mingo Chief” commissioned for the Circleville Sesquicentennial celebration. The pageant was given in the Coliseum at the county fair-ground and the parts were taken by county people.



THE POET LAUREATE of West Virginia (appointed by Governor Underwood on March 24, 1960) has become a member of this Library Association. She is Vera Andrew Harvey (Mrs. John Speed Harvey) who was born in Cedarville, Ohio and now lives in Huntington, W. Va. She is the author of *Touching the Stars*, published by Emory University Press.

“KEEPING EVERLASTINGLY AT IT BRINGS SUCCESS” is the motto of the great N. W. Ayer Advertising Agency. It also seems to be the motto of Mrs. Everett R. Hayes, our Meigs County Chairman. Four times she asked the Pomeroy *Sentinel* to request its readers to send in information about a Meigs County author. On the fourth try she received a telephone call that yielded the author’s mother’s address and, eventually, biographical information.



JOSEPH WADDELL CLOKEY, prominent Ohio composer of more than 300 choral works, symphonies and other musical compositions, who lived in Butler County, died September 14 in Covina, California at the age of 70. He was recognized at the annual meeting of the Ohioana Library in 1945, the first time the Library honored in this way an Ohio composer. Lillian Luverne Baldwin, a composer from Cuyahoga County, who received a Citation of Special Music Appreciation at Ohioana’s annual meeting in 1948, died September 11, 1960.

FRED MARSHALL, Route 2, Cedarville, has turned up some fascinating information about Hal Reid, dramatist whose stage plays earned him a fortune. He was the father of Wallace Reid, an idol of the early silver screen. The Reids came from Cedarville and were cousins of Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Marshall has an article about Hal Reid in mimeograph form, copies of which might still be available.



WILLIAM C. KLEIN of the George R. Klein News Co., Cleveland, and Ronald A. Bloch of the Mahoning Valley Distributing Company, Youngstown, were two Ohio distributors of magazines and paperbacks who spoke at the annual convention of the Council for Periodical Distributors Association held in New York. The Klein company and other such distributors in Ohio are now distributing the Ohioana Engagement Calendar Year Book.



ARTHUR TREMAIN, former Shelby County Chairman of this Library, has just published *The Legend of Paul Bunyan and Santa Claus: “A Christmas Partnership”*. This is a book for children in which the author writes about a partnership between Bunyan and Santa Claus—“the first and only story of such a partnership.”



THERE IS NOTHING that encourages a library like receiving a little bequest in a will. We invite all our readers who believe in what this library is doing to make a little bequest to it in their wills, thus making a lasting contribution to the literary culture of the Buckeye State. “All contributions gratefully received.”

THIS MAGAZINE’S favorite Buckeye Cowgirl keeps us posted in prose and verse about what it is like to operate a ranch full of cattle ever so many miles from a railroad or post office in Montana. One would never guess from reading her letters that she is 78 years old, but she says she is. Her latest communication explains in verse to the citified editor of this magazine just what hay means to a rancher. The editor up until then always thought that “that ain’t hay” referred to money. Now he knows better.



Back in the 1850s the East thought of the West as the place from whence came humorous rather than serious writers, William T. Coggeshall, Ohio State Librarian, pointed out in an address delivered before the Beta Theta Pi Society of Ohio University in 1858. He showed that Appleton’s *American Cyclopedia of Eloquence* listed only two westerners whereas Appleton’s *Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor* listed nine western humorists.

Coggeshall’s address was sub-titled “A Discourse on the Social and Moral Advantages of the Cultivation of Local Literature”—not far removed from a part of the thesis to which the Ohioana Library is subscribing today.

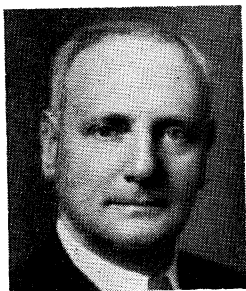


THIS LIBRARY has long been as much concerned with getting people to buy Ohio books as to read them (perhaps even more so). We are therefore pleased to see that our friends in the Toledo Public Library are now displaying some 300 paperbacks in order, the director, Robert D. Franklin, says “to stimulate personal purchase at bookstores or by mail.”

*Murray Seasongood Set
The Cincinnati Reform
Movement in Motion*

The Interesting Opinions of a Public-spirited Many-sided Man

SELECTIONS FROM SPEECHES (1900-1959) OF MURRAY SEASONGOOD. Compiled and with a foreword by Agnes Seasongood. *Alfred A. Knopf*, 1960. Pp. xii - 271, \$4.50.



REVIEWED by Francis Robert Aumann, professor of political science at the Ohio State University. He is a native of Delaware, Ohio, the author of nine books and monographs, and an Honorary Life Member of the Ohio Historical Society.

IN THE literature of American municipal government much attention has been given to Cincinnati and its governmental experience. Earlier in the century such diverse commentators as Lord Bryce and Lincoln Steffens wrote about the low estate of the city. In later years, particularly after major charter reforms had been effected, a rather extensive body of writing has appeared, describing the achievements of the "Cincinnati Experiment" and the operations of a new form of municipal government, based upon a small council, a city manager, and a system of proportional representation. In much of this writing the name of Murray Seasongood is mentioned as one of the leading actors in bringing major governmental changes to Cincinnati and Hamilton County. Indeed it was this man who set the Cincinnati reform movement in motion in a speech before the Cincinnati Association in 1923 and became the first mayor to serve under the new charter, which he helped to draft and get adopted.

A many-sided man, Murray Seasongood is first of all a lawyer, practicing his profession in an active way for almost sixty years after his graduation from the Harvard Law School in 1903, and teaching law at the University of Cincinnati for thirty-four years. From 1903 onward he was also active in the Legal Aid movement, serving as president of both local and national legal aid societies. An energetic, participating member of local, state and national bar associations, and the American Law Institute, he served in a number of responsible posts in these organizations as well as on the governing bodies of various public, philanthropic, religious, educational and cultural bodies. All of these activities were in addition to his work in the cause

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of good local government, whether as President of the Hamilton County Good Government League (1925-1959), or as President of the National Municipal League (1931-39), or in extensive writing in the field of local government. An effective public speaker, his services on the platform were also much in demand in Cincinnati and elsewhere, on a wide variety of subjects, on many different occasions and before many different kinds of audiences.

In the volume before us, which is a labor of love undertaken by his wife at the request of his sister, an attempt is made to bring together some of his speeches, which best reflect his varied interests and services. Thus selections have been made from some forty-five speeches, which range in time from 1900 to 1959, and in subject matter from his undergraduate Ivy Oration at Harvard University, through commencement addresses, campaign speeches, formal lectures before legal societies on various aspects of law and its administration, to excerpts from his Godkin lectures at Harvard, dealing with the subject of local government and its reform.

Gifted and Warm-hearted

Despite the wide variety of topics presented, the selections have been well made and throw much light upon his thinking, particularly upon his strongly held view: (1) that local government is the most important of the three levels of government, and (2) that knowledge of local government and an active, informed and unselfishly motivated participation in its processes, especially by young people, is essential to the well-being of the country. Perhaps even more clearly, the

selections present a picture of a remarkably gifted and warm-hearted human being, able, vigorous, stimulating and above all, generous in the use of his talents in behalf of his community, his religion, his profession and his fellow men. The picture also shows a man capable of fighting hard for the things he deemed to be good. If wounds were inflicted by him in the heat of battle, it would seem doubtful that he took pleasure in the fact. Indeed the basic human touch and ever present sense of humor that are reflected in his speeches must have taken much of the sting from the "slings and arrows" that are so frequently unloosed in the battle for reform.

This is an interesting book about an interesting man. Although it was not designed to give us a complete review of his work in the "Cincinnati Experiment," it does give us a good understanding of the qualities of mind and heart that led to that work and some personal observations on the work itself. Moreover, the Head Notes which have been compiled by Mrs. Seasongood contain many pertinent references. There is a foreword, but no index. The book itself has been handsomely prepared by Alfred A. Knopf.

A DELTIOLOGIST

CHALMERS ("CHAL") PANCOAST of Newark has written a song with the same title as that of one of his recent books, "Our Home Town Memories." He has informed us that he is also a Deltiologist, which he says means "Collector of Old Pictures."

The 1961 National Library Week will be held the week of April 16.

NEWS AND NOTES

MANY A HOSTESS will be grateful to Zelda Wyatt Schulke for the delightful ideas in her *Holiday and Party Table Settings* (Hearthside Press, \$4.50). Five color prints and 76 photos depict table settings for every occasion. Mrs. Schulke lives in Brecksville and this is her second book. Her first was *A Treasury of Christmas Decorations* (1957).

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FRANCES WALLACE of Bellaire wrote a profile of Knute Rockne, famous Notre Dame football coach, which appeared as a "Most Unforgettable Character" feature in the October *Reader's Digest*. Wallace's full-length biography of Rockne was reviewed in the Fall issue of this magazine.

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COLUMBUS WILL BE the place of publication of two nationally prominent children's magazines which combined and appeared in November under the title of *Highlights for Children*. *Highlights for Children* recently purchased the other magazine, *Children's Activities*, which was published in Chicago. The merger reportedly will increase the circulation of *Highlights* to more than a half million.

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EDWARD WINTER, the famous Cleveland enamelist, has written a new book, *Enameling for Beginners*, scheduled for November publication by Watson-Guptill Publications. The book is directed to the seventh and eighth and high school grades, but also features the latest processes and developments in enameling. Mr. Winter's previous book, *Enamel Art on Metals*, rang up sales of \$50,000 in two years, here and abroad.

Ohio Records and Pioneer Families, is published quarterly by Esther Weygandt Powell, 36 North Highland Avenue, Akron 3. The subscription is \$5.00 per year, \$1.50 for a single issue. Vol. I No. 1, which appeared this year, contains 52 pages of interesting Ohio material.

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"Ballad of Mark Twain" by Burton Frye of Lorain, with music by Ruth Bradley, was to be performed December 4 at the Hotel Astor, New York, in honor of Mark Twain's 125th birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Frye, both poets, attended five Poetry Day celebrations this year.

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AN UNUSUAL BOOK is *Toward A Democratic Education* by Professor H. Gordon Hullfish of the Department of Education at Ohio State. It was published in Japan, with English and Japanese texts on facing pages. The author has contributed his royalties to be used for prizes in an essay contest. First returns indicate 24 essays already received.

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THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT (1959-1960) of the revitalized Friends of the University of Akron Library contains an interesting note by Professor Charles Duffy, Head of the English Department, and reviewer for this quarterly, concerning the Eliot Bible, one of the greatest treasures of the Muehlstein Collection of First Editions. Dedication ceremonies for the library's four-story addition, to hold 200,000 volumes and study space for 700 readers, are being planned for next April.



A Civil War scene painted by Owen Johnston Hopkins in 1886, based on a sketch made by him during the war.

O.S.U. Press To Publish the Story Of An Ohio Soldier in Civil War

Under the Flag of the Nation, a narrative account of the experiences of an Ohio soldier in the Civil War, compiled from the diaries and letters written by Owen Johnston Hopkins of the 42nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, will be published in January by the Ohio State University Press.

It is edited by Otto F. Bond, husband of Julia Hopkins Bond, the daughter of the diarist. Hopkins was born in Bellefontaine in 1844 and enlisted at the age of 17.

An important part of Hopkins' life in the army was his correspondence with

Julia Allison, the daughter of Charles W. B. Allison, a resident of Bellefontaine and at one time presiding officer of the Ohio Senate. They began to write to each other in 1863, and their friendship rapidly deepened into love. They were married in 1865.

In addition to writing of the many battles in which he took part, Hopkins frequently made pencil sketches of the scenes around him. He used these in later life as the basis for a number of paintings depicting events of the Civil War. Several of these works are now in the collection of the Ohio Historical Society.



THE LATEST BOOKS

Part I: by Ohio Authors

Published either (1) in late 1959 and not listed in OHIO AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS—1959 or (2) in 1960, or (3) announced for early publication. Exclusive of books on Ohio subjects listed in Part II: THE OHIO SCENE.

- ALBAUGH, DOROTHY PRISCILLA**.....Franklin & Union Cos.
GERANIUM IN MY HAT. *Pri. Pub.* New poems by a well-known Columbus poet, on the theme "Stick a geranium in your 'at and be 'appy."
- ANGLE, PAUL M. (and Miers, Earl S.*)**.....Richland Co.
TRAGIC YEARS 1860-1865. *Simon & Schuster.* A documentary history of the Civil War recreated from diaries, letters, recorded words of generals and other contemporaries who fought and lived through it. Dr. Angle is Director of the Chicago Historical Society.
- ARQUETTE, CLIFF**.....Lucas Co.
 Under pseudonym **CHARLEY WEAVER.**
THINGS ARE FINE IN MOUNT IDY. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* More letters from Mama. Another collection of the funniest Charley Weaver letters read on The Jack Paar Show.
- BACHMAN, JOHN W.**.....Mahoning Co.
THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD OF RADIO-TELEVISION. *Assoc. Pr.* A survey of the church's task of communication in evaluating the scope of Christian broadcasts and in pursuit of a plan.
- BARRETT, WILLIAM M.**.....Lorain Co.
LOPSIDED HALO. *Poets of America Pub. Co. New York.* Poems, some personal, others with a sociological, historical, or mythological background. The author is a past president of the Ohio Poetry Society and editor of its monthly *Bulletin.*
- BELL, BETH HAMILTON**.....Auglaize & Franklin Cos.
LORD HAM. *John Blair.* Bonnie Belle Blue, on the death of her parents in an accident, was sent to London to live with a cousin, Lord Ham. What she found there makes a surprising and fascinating fantasy. Ages 10-12.
- BOESCH, MARK**.....Franklin Co.
THE LONG SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT CANCER. *Putnam.* In addition to six juvenile books, the author has been writing on medical subjects for the past seven years. This is a history of cancer research in which he claims certain results have been hidden.
- BOWEN, CROSWELL**.....Lucas Co.
THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN. *McGraw-Hill.* A history of the family of Eugene O'Neill, with the assistance of Shane O'Neill. Mr. Bowen is now a New York free lance writer. Pub. late 1959.

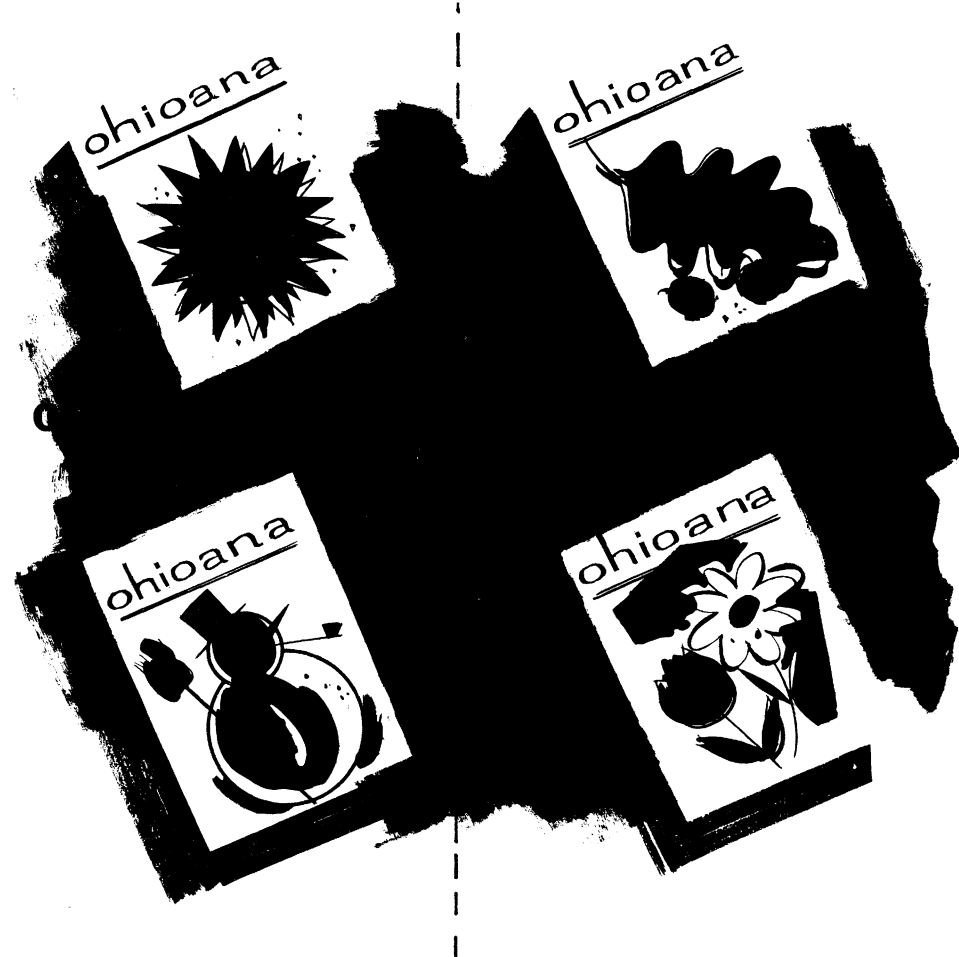
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- BURTON, KATHERINE**.....Cuyahoga Co.
WHEAT FOR THIS PLANTING: THE BIOGRAPHY OF SAINT MARY JOSEPH ROSSELLO. *Bruce.* The life story of the founder of The Daughters of Our Lady of Mercy, canonized by Pope Pius XII in 1949, is beautifully written by a distinguished Catholic writer.
- COLLIER, ETHEL K.**.....Lucas & Cuyahoga Cos.
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SELECTIONS FROM SPEECHES (1900-1959). *Knopf*. Reviewed in this issue.
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- WALKER, AUGUSTA.....Hamilton Co.
A MIDWEST STORY. *Dial Pr*. A realistic novel of a present day midwest family, depicting the lives and loves of the Curtises, and how, with their different temperaments and tastes, they met life's pressures and problems. Pub. late 1959.
- WALLACE, FRANCIS.....Belmont Co.
KNUTE ROCKNE. *Doubleday*. An affectionate closeup of the great football coach and other football greats by a Notre Dame graduate and writer of football who lives in Bellaire. Reviewed in the fall issue of *Ohioana: of Ohio and Ohioans*.
- WEAVER, CHARLEY (Pseud.) See ARQUETTE, CLIFF.
- WILSON, HAZEL.....Cuyahoga Co.
HERBERT'S HOMEWORK. *Knopf*. Herbert, in the 7th grade, dislikes too much homework. Receiving an electronic brain for his birthday, he had more playtime until it blew a fuse. Other experiments and adventures pile up, making this a delightful and humorous book. Ages 8-12.
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