

# Ohioana Quarterly

Volume XII  
Number 4  
WINTER  
1969



FINDLAY  
COLLEGE

# OHIOANA QUARTERLY

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 4

WINTER, 1969

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## READING . . . A PANORAMIC VIEW

BERNICE WILLIAMS FOLEY

As a literate nation, we, as individuals, are perpetually searching for good reading. What, then, constitutes "good reading?"

It is a mosaic of (1) reading for recreation (pleasure), (2) for education (knowledge), (3) for escape (fiction), and (4) for information (charts, timetables, reports).

The situational friendship with a book or magazine is today a challenge with change, because current reading patterns and trends are in a state of flux, which, in our swiftly moving era, is compounded daily . . . even hourly.

Who today reads Plato, disciple of Socrates and teacher of Aristotle? Or who is familiar with the essence of the teaching of Zoroaster . . . or who, through reading, can relate the echoes of the Essene beliefs to the present time?

Quo Vadis? Or, where are we going with our reading?

Is it in vain that we have the masterpieces of culture accumulated in our libraries? In Ohioana Library we have collected the finest literature by Ohio authors; some rare volumes are dated in the early part of 1800. Here in our Library are books about Ohio's earliest settlements, and about the Civil War as it affected Ohio.

These are the words of our forefathers.

Contrariwise we collect the newest books by Ohio authors, who are writing on the average of 400 new books per year.

One of the great paths leading to Truth lies in the great books of all ages. In this way the reader acquires the wisdom, knowledge and experience of the world's great thinkers. Their writings are an universal literature which forms today what we term "universal culture."

Ohioana Library has as its aim and purpose the preservation in one location of Ohio's books — of Ohio's literary culture.

We are grateful to you, the members of Ohioana Library, for your loyal support during 1969 of this unique endeavor to collect in one library Ohioana books, both the rare volumes and the new. We welcome, during the new Year of 1970, your gifts of Ohioana books, both old and new, and your continued interest and assistance in making Ohioana a Library known and recognized throughout the world.

## GROWING UP IN OHIO MAKES BOOKS

by Jan Wahl



*mogens gad fotografi  
aronningensgade 47, 4  
kobenhavn k*

**AUTHOR:** *Jan Wahl is a fascinating young man who travels far from his native city of Toledo. Ohioana Library has mailing addresses for him in New York, Mexico and Denmark. But wherever the postman finds him, a bit of Ohio will be found there — in Jan Wahl's heart and in his magic mind.*



EVEN WHEN I BELIEVE I'm not thinking about my growing up in Ohio when I am writing a book, I realize, sooner or later, that is actually what I have been writing about. It is the Maumee River and the Indian past there that I have written about in *The Fishermen* (W. W. Norton, 1969). It is the gray horse for the Driggs Dairy in Toledo that I have written about in *Push Kitty* (Harper & Row, 1968). It is the shadowy woods and bright meadows between Napoleon and Defiance, near Girty's Island, that I have tried to describe in *Pleasant Fieldmouse* (Harper & Row, 1964). It is the kind of people in the small towns of North-West Ohio—New Bavaria, Liberty Center, Malinta, Deshler—who have haunted me and whom I have written about in *The Norman Rockwell Storybook* (published this autumn by Windmill Books-Simon & Schuster). I have two "farm fairytales," *Rickety Rackety Rooster* (Simon & Schuster, 1968) and *May Horses* (Delacorte Press, 1969), which I first told myself, I am sure, when I stayed with my grandparents when I was about six or seven.

Much of this area has changed, although not alarmingly, in twenty-five or so years.

What I remember best perhaps is not what I saw at all but what my parents and grandparents and aunts and uncles had suggested had been the way of life before my time. Their photograph albums and occasional gossip fed me as much as anything. For to a writer or artist the smallest seeds may have the largest growing; and that growing, if planted deep enough, never ends. I realize I have still an idealized vision of the life in this region in which I grew up—country and town—however since Art is always a selective process, and not just a mirror held up or an exact record, I feel I have not done the Ohio I love a disservice.

I "see" it most clearly when I am in faraway places, up in the steep flinty mountains of Norway, or crossing (as I have done) the Sahara sands by camel, or in the green-brown mountains of Mexico. A writer is lucky in that he can change what physically happened. He can add and also fantasize.

Two books which will be published next year, *The Mulberry Tree* (Norton) and *Dr. Rabbit* (Delacorte), came from observing one real tree and one real rabbit. The rest, in these two stories, is my "seeing" what I didn't see. Yet it is Ohio all the same! It is a joy to write children's books (for my fables and animal stories are described as being such) since it is necessary then to be not a moment away from one's childhood and original way of seeing, but to be there absolutely and truly. Not to write backward; rather, never to have left that childhood. I suppose I am most



From: *The Fishermen* by Jan Wahl

happy when a publisher designates one of my books as being fit for "All Ages" or, anyway, 5 or 6 "and Up."

I am really writing first for myself, as a writer should in good conscience do. I am writing to get down on paper as many of my insights and visions from childhood as possible. And I trust in this manner I am communicating with the children of today, speaking not as adult to child but child to child.

It is a great pleasure for me furthermore to see my writing interpreted by the pictures of a number of inspired artists. Among them Maurice Sendak, Garth Williams, Feodor Rojankovsky, Peter Parnall, Blair Lent, Edward Ardizzone, Norman Rockwell. I am fortunate in having my books appearing in foreign countries so that my own very personal Ohio is planted there as well! One of the most extraordinary happenings was having a "long" book (long for me, 128 pages), *The Furious Flycycle*, illustrated by the Chilean artist-cartoonist-filmmaker Fernando Krahn. Neither of us of course grew up in the Ohio and Michigan of around 1915, as in *Flycycle* (Dela-

corte, 1968), since we are both now in our thirties. Still, the amazing, humorous and lyrical drawings made by Fernando Krahn represent perfectly to me the Ohio I sensed and heard now and then sketched in — that is, granted that a boy inventor named Melvin Spitznagle can accomplish the feat of making his mundane bicycle, his Silver Zephyr, fly. Yet this is what a writer or artist must do: give a little magic! The shrubbery, tall barns, the farm countryside, the abandoned Mill, the house with many shutters, the weeping willow, the High School band. There they were, each one living and breathing again, and in this book I carry around my Ohio, past and present. I like to think that enough of it was suggested by my words so that the artist, with his totally different background (raised on the other side of the Andes), believed it to be worth showing, and knew then just how to show it. And I guess at the instant when he was drawing the pictures he was growing up in Ohio also!

Willa Cather once stated that she approached her writing desk every morning in exactly the same state of anticipation that she had when she was very small, one summer's day on which she was to get ready for a picnic. It is this same state that I feel, writing for children — that looking forward.

In my *May Horses*, the farmer's son Paddy Woggs, who is standing out in the fields hoeing in the bean patch with his dog Skitch at his side, looks up in the May sky to see two horses . . . one of them colored orange, one of them colored blue, riding, riding through the air. They whirl down, ask him to ride with them, and they whisk him on a marvelous long journey across mountains, cities and sea. When he returns, he tells his mother and father what has occurred. They do not believe him!

So it is that we have peculiar experiences and are changed in one manner or another. The difficult process of growing up is a series of such secret experiences. Through his stories the maker of children's books has the opportunity of letting children (shall I say other children?) grow with him, through metaphors and fables, through life heightened by whatever art he can bring to his work.

But the writer of books for children (and the artist, because words and pictures are hand in hand), no matter where he travels, no matter where he may live, is always part and parcel of his original landscape: where he used his eyes for the first time. I for one am glad that mine was Ohio's North-West corner, and I try to celebrate it in my books.

*Who Detects Detectives?*

## SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF WRITING MYSTERIES

by Robert L. Fish



**T**HERE ARE A FEW MYSTERIES in the field of writing mysteries that have a tendency to puzzle an author as much as he is supposed to puzzle his audience. One of these is the matter of locale. Now, I was born in Cleveland, Ohio, awhile back, and lived there through college. Knowing the city that well I could easily use it for a very authentic background, but I wouldn't think of it. My editor would scream, and—even worse—my publisher wouldn't buy. Ohio, for mystery fans, isn't romantic. If it makes sensitive Ohioans feel any better, the same is true of every state in the union except possibly two or three.

In fact, I have a feeling that today not just mysteries, but serious novels, would suffer the same fate. I can picture Winesburg, Ohio, being transported at least to Napa County, if not out of the country altogether to Coimbra, Portugal.

And the odd thing is that nobody knows exactly how the thing works. For example, New York is fine for police-procedural mysteries, but no good at all for suspense-adventure mysteries. London is wonderful for both; Paris isn't very good for either. In this country San Francisco is beginning to come into its own, but Los Angeles is as bad as Turkey Trot Junction for a setting. I have had success using Rio de Janeiro as a background for a series of detective books, but had I chosen Sao Paulo — a mere 250 miles away — the books would probably have died. To most people Sao Paulo is not exotic; Rio is. The French Riviera is a good spot for intrigue; the Italian is not, even though in actual life there is ten times more intrigue there. Mr. Moto would be lost in Japan today, although he could still join Charlie Chan in Honolulu. The only type book that could safely use Tokyo as a setting today would be an oriental Cash McCall.

Why? Who knows? Certainly with the tremendous increase in travel these days — both Government sponsored and private — one would think many of the old stereotypes about cities would have been abandoned, but apparently not. People seem to have built-in impressions of places, and even visiting them doesn't seem to change their picture. Almost every American can easily see in his mind's eye a Burmese dacoit skulking in the thick fog at the river's edge, knife in sleeve, in London's East End; it is impossible for that same American to picture that dacoit skulking in the thick fog at the river's edge, knife in sleeve, in Steubenville, Ohio. Actually, of course, the chance of dacoits in either place is equally rare, while the chance of fog in either place is equally good.

But do not think I am complaining. If nobody had these feelings about places, mystery writers would be in a bind. I'd hate to try writing about pirates in Painesville, or guerrilla troops in Gallipoli. Gallipoli, maybe, but not Gallipoli.

That's one mystery, that of locale. An even greater one is the matter of profession as preparation for writing. For some unknown reason many people still retain the impression that the best training for a writer is a combination career of being a short-order cook, a lumber-jack, and a sailor on a ship, preferably one with a mean captain. To me this might train a man to cook, cut wood, or swab decks, but I can't see it training him for writing. It is slightly more logical to look to the teaching profession as background,

but not much. My experience with professors who decide to write, is that they have a tendency to put everything down to symbolism. Well, in the mystery field, a little symbolism goes a long way. A dead butler is a dead butler; a hangman's noose is a means of execution and not a symbol of a mysterious force. Some of them learn, but very few.

Newspaper men also drift into fiction if not watched closely. One has to admit that they are professional writers, even if trained to put everything in the first paragraph on the theory that nobody reads any further. In books this can be disastrous.

Do not misunderstand. I have no objections to professors and ex-reporters writing fiction — I would merely appreciate their leaving the mystery field to those with the proper training to write them. By this, of course, I mean engineers.

I graduated from Case School of Applied Science back when that was still its name, and Reserve was a nasty word. People never cease to be amazed that an engineer should write books. Doctors, lawyers, dentists, bankrobbers — anyone except engineers! It merely shows the colossal ignorance of people of modern engineering. With machines to do your thinking, your mechanical or structural design, your analyses and your calculations, the modern engineer has nothing left to do in his field except to submit reports approximately every five minutes. This is the true training for writing mysteries — because nobody in the home office knows what the report is about, who demanded it, why it was written, or who is supposed to read it.

And, of course, ninety-nine percent of all reports ever submitted by engineers to the home office are the purest of fiction.

*That's professional training!*

*AUTHOR: Cleveland-born Robert L. Fish is a prolific and successful author of meritorious mystery novels. He knows his locales and his detectives. He knows the situational ethics of murder among peoples of many different ethnic cultures. Each of his stories is a masterpiece of intelligence . . . and of engineering.*

*Among the impressive list of his books are the following titles: With Malice Toward All, The Murder League, The Incredible Schlock Homes, Always Kill A Stranger, The Hochmann Miniatures, The Fugitive, The Bridge That Went Nowhere, and The Diamond Bubble.*

*Insightful Account of Grant, the Man.*



## THE STATURE OF GRANT

### GROWS STEADILY

GRANT TAKES COMMAND by Bruce Catton. *Little, Brown and Company*. 1968. 556 pp. \$10.00.

AUTHOR: Bruce Catton, Pulitzer Prize Winner and author of many books on the Civil War, is a recognized authority on this "War between the States." As an objective and poetic historian he has received world-wide acclaim for his many major books on the Civil War which are now considered classics on the subject. *Ohioana Library* has presented him with Book Awards and honors.

BRUCE CATTON stands among the top writers on the American Civil War and a new volume from him is welcome reading to all. Few authors combine such a readable style with fresh insights into his subject. This volume is the third of a comprehensive biography of U. S. Grant. The first

volume of the series was written by Lloyd Lewis, who did not live to continue his study, and Mr. Catton was chosen to complete it. *Grant Takes Command* begins with the general's military leadership in the summer of 1863, after his victory at Vicksburg, and carries the story to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the Grand Review of the armies in Washington just after the close of hostilities.

Surprisingly, Grant was little known to the political leaders in Washington in 1863. He was not a man to thrust himself forward or to seek publicity. He also lacked charisma. He was a mystery even to his close friend, William T. Sherman, his mate in the winning team of the war. Grant's successes in the West — at Fts. Henry and Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga forced him to the attention of the authorities at Washington. He was the only general to have "captured two Confederate armies *en bloc*," and his "unconditional surrender" message had caught the interest of the public. Yet the most successful Northern general was the one they knew the least.

Catton closely follows the relationship of President Lincoln and Grant. It became a unique one. Lincoln came to trust Grant completely and "an uncommonly good working relationship" developed between them. Grant was able to establish a successful relationship with Secretary of War Stanton, which was no easy task. When Grant was given the post commander of the armies he made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac. This was an unusual set-up, with "the general-in-chief sitting almost at the elbow of the major general (Meade) commanding the nation's principal army." Yet it worked out well. Grant was also able to deal with "political generals," such as Franz Sigel, John A. McClernand, and Ben Butler, in a way that was satisfactory.

All of this does not mean that Grant was always magnanimous. "Now and then," writes Catton, "he was singularly unforgiving." His magnanimity, however, was most pronounced toward his enemies in the field of battle.

The author is at his best in introducing homely touches by which he delineates Grant's personality. His description of the way in which Sherman and Grant smoked their cigars — Grant, meditatively and with ease, Sherman, with terrific energy and in short puffs, is one example. The frequent references to Mrs. Grant — the beloved Julia — by short quotations from Grant's letters to her and descriptions of her visits to his headquarters, are also used with great success in portraying Grant's personality. They also keep the man from being engulfed by details of strategy, battles, and cam-

paigns. Grant never revealed military secrets to Julia and she never expected him to do so. In all, it is a delightful book to read.

Over the last decade the reputation of Grant as a general has been steadily growing and it is possible that it will soon overtake that of Robert E. Lee. Grant needed a first-rate biographer and he now has one.

REVIEWER: *Joseph E. Holliday is Associate Dean and Professor of History at the University of Cincinnati.*

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### ETHEL G. SWANBECK COMMUNITY DAY

*Ethel G. Swanbeck Community Day* was held Tuesday, October 21, 1969, throughout Huron and Erie Counties. This is of special interest to Ohioana Library, because Ethel Swanbeck, 304 Center Street, Huron, has been for many years a valued and loyal Trustee of our Library. She is also an important member of the Ohio House of Representatives, 14th House District, Huron and Erie Counties, having served her constituents as their representative for fifteen years.

We are happy to add our voice to many others in praise of her numerous services to Ohio and of her many shining accomplishments. She has been given the stunning title: *Ohio's First Lady of Service*. She received the following congratulation from President Nixon: "Your outstanding service in the Ohio State Legislature has made you most deserving of the honor you receive today."

Mrs. Swanbeck is deserving and worthy of the many honors which were paid to her on October 21. Her statesmanship, talents and charm have made her a distinguished person, bringing honor to Ohio.

Of lasting benefit to Ohio will be the *Ethel G. Swanbeck Education Fund*, established in appreciation of the public service of Mrs. Swanbeck.

We pay her deep and sincere tribute.

*A Perry-Scope View of Ohio*

### MEET ME TONIGHT IN GNADENHUTTEN

by Dick Perry

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, Doubleday will have foisted off on the public that questionable item called *Ohio, Personal Portrait of the 17th State*.

Although the item in itself is no great literary event that will cause other — and far better — Ohio authors to look to their laurels, nonetheless here I sit in the martini mist, sad that the project is done.

Not only did photographer Bruce Goldflies and I have fun putting the book together, but I also learned — as a bonus — how to pronounce Gnadenhutzen.

Many of the places Bruce and I visited in Ohio we shall probably have no reason, save for sentiment, to visit again. No matter. I'm thinking of some good-size towns as well as lonely back roads that deadend in the gloom of a mountain hollow. All these are now pieces of the past.

On the other hand, Bruce Goldflies is an item of the present and the future. May I, on these pages, croon a ballad of this guy's talent and personality? The fact he was designated the photographer for this book surprised not only the Doubleday editors, Bruce himself, Oxford where we both live, owners of pianos he has tuned, dance bands in which he plays clarinet, his junior high school class in Hamilton where he teaches, but surprised as well his wife, children, in-laws, mother, and the Goldflies cat, then giving birth to a litter.

In other words, Bruce Goldflies was — back then — not the sort one expected to end up as *the* photographer on a major and high-priced book about Ohio.

Who, then, was the nut who picked him for the job?

Me.

You see, at first, when the editors and I were talking about a book about Ohio, we decided it needed photographs. So far, so good. Suggested at the time, was the use of pictures of many photographers, skimming the surface, as it were, and ending up with the pictorial cream. I was against this notion.

"If we have pictures from this guy and that guy and that other guy over there," I complained, "we'll not see Ohio from one viewpoint but



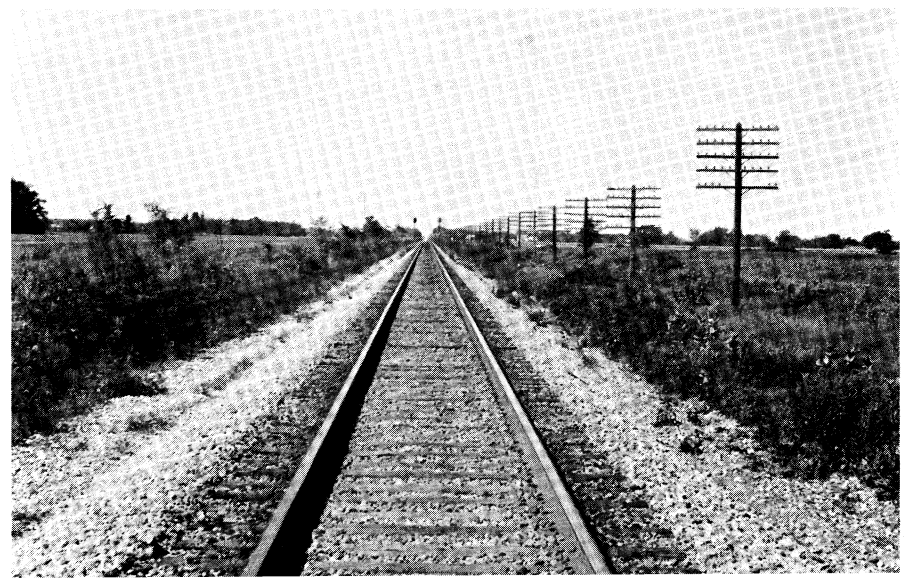


*Bruce Goldflies, as I suggest, is a free spirit and a pixie. Here he sits, smoking an imported Swisher Sweet, and ignoring the owl which a lot of us should, but don't.*

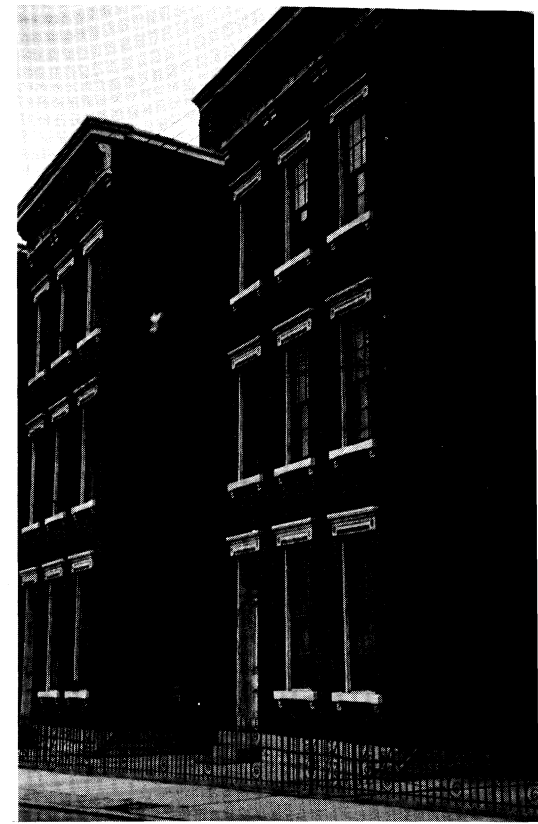
*In Worthington, Bruce caught this trolley. Worthington is just outside of Columbus where Bruce caught a cold.*



*Bruce shot this to show the billiard-table flatness of Ohio's northwest. Two days after he took this picture, a very strange thing happened.*



*Here in Cincinnati is where George of "Raymond and Me That Summer" used to live, building on the right, third floor front. WHO are Raymond and George? Sorry you asked. You sure know how to hurt a guy, don't you?*



from as many viewpoints as we have photographers. Since I'm writing the book from a personal viewpoint, why not use one photographer throughout for his personal reactions as well?"

"Who would we get?" someone in the meeting said.

"Well," I said, "I live in Oxford, a university village. I happen to know a senior who has a Polaroid and he's always getting coeds to pose for him. He's got a collection of co-eds—"

"Is there anyone else?" they murmured.

So that was when Bruce's name came up. Bruce and I happen to be friends because our wives happen to be friends. He is a pixie and a free spirit; I like the way he thinks; and I like the way his heart is. There's not a mean bone in his body. Also, I knew he played around with photography. Unlike the university senior I knew, Bruce shot pictures of buildings.

"What has he done before?" the editors asked.

"Tuned pianos," I said. "And he teaches music at Roosevelt Junior High School in Hamilton. He plays a wicked clarinet. Is awfully good at stopped-up drains, too."

"But does that make him a photographer?"

"No," I said. "What makes him a photographer is his heart. He's nice, one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to meet. I think he would go around and shoot his version of Ohio, and his version would be a pleasant surprise."

"Oh," said an editor.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Don't you like surprises?"

The look on their collective faces said they didn't, but by then many martinis had been consumed, they felt reckless, and they said, "Sure. Go ahead. We'll use Bruce as photographer."

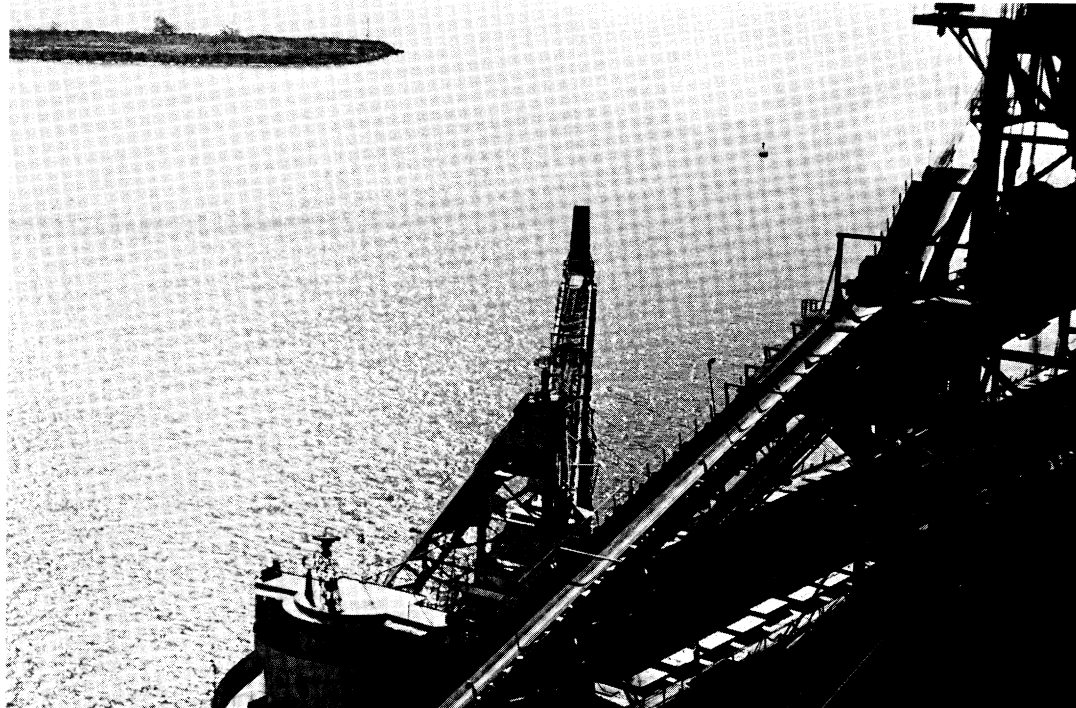
And so poor Bruce, who hates heights, found himself perched on many precarious elevations throughout the state, shooting downward at whatever was strewn below. We flew about the state in a two-engined something-or-other (aviation things are lost on me the day my kite tangled in the power lines), Bruce leaning out the window, shooting down at stuff. He also found himself strapped into a helicopter, sitting in its doorway, feet dangling in the air, shooting things below. The good heart he has, the one I was telling you about, was for the most part in his mouth.

Also, while I warmed myself in the lodge below, Bruce — burdened with camera cases and a poor sense of balance — labored his way on foot up a northern Ohio ski run, freezing his fingers numb, shooting pictures of skiers. The day was grey, 'way below freezing, and — to be frank —



*In Youngstown, while he was looking for something else, Bruce found this old-time setting fresh out of Disneyland. He also found what he was looking for.*

*Wearing a tin hat, and other clothing, Bruce climbed to the very top of a Sandusky coal-loader to shoot this picture — with his eyes shut.*



not pleasant. He spent several hours on that slope. I know because I was inside, before the roaring fire, watching him.

He was not without his problems. He attended the cheese shingdig that Sugarcreek throws every year, but he could not locate the big hunk of cheese, no matter where he looked.

In Akron, shooting pictures of a restaurant, he was held up—in broad daylight.

He explored the workings of those great dams on the Ohio River.

In Cleveland he shot pictures of the noisy Central Market, the Shaker trolleys, the Cleveland Tower, an ethnic religious feast, and a bunch of other things, at one time his guide being someone who identified himself as a friend of the mafia. In Dayton, he got thrown out of a trolley barn. In Columbus, he fell into the river. [Editor's note—Which river?] And all the time he was shooting pictures of Ohio, it rained a lot.

He attended and shot pictures at more festivals in Ohio than his diet would allow.

But you know what I like about the guy? He kept going, no matter what. He was having a ball. He must have shot thousands of pictures. He has visited every city and most villages Ohio has. He has been in each one of Ohio's 88 counties. The result: a look at Ohio you've never seen before. Just as I wrote from my viewpoint, he took pictures from his. Thus, we each expressed a mood of this state. I think he did a better job than I did, but this makes sense.

After all everywhere he went, I was there, too, shouting at him things like "F/11!" whatever that means.

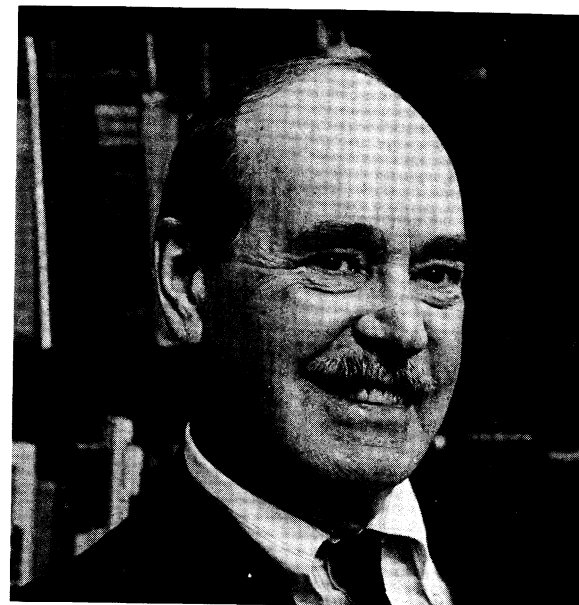
Now when people ask who are Ohio's better photographers, you'll find Bruce Goldflies' name up there among them. But for my *next* book, Bruce will not be the photographer. You see, there's this university senior I know who has this Polaroid and . . .

But this is where I came in. F/11, everyone, and cheers.

**AUTHOR:** *Dick Perry's new book, OHIO, PERSONAL PORTRAIT OF THE 17th STATE, (Doubleday), is just off the press. It's personal, and it's a portrait of Ohio. Dick himself is personable, but he is not the typical portrait—or symbol, if you prefer—of Oxford, Ohio, where he lives and writes.*

*He used to live in Cincinnati and wrote a cracking book about that city . . . VAS YOU EVER IN ZINZINNATI? If he ever moves to Columbus . . . watch out!*

## THE HISTORY OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY



THE MIAMI YEARS 1809-1969 by Walter Havighurst. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 332 pp. *Illustrated.* \$5.95.

**AUTHOR:** *Walter Havighurst, Regents Professor of English at Miami University, has received honorary degrees from Lawrence College, Ohio Wesleyan University, Marietta College and Miami University. His numerous books which include fiction, regional history and biography, have won many coveted awards and world-wide acclaim.*

**MIAMI UNIVERSITY** at Oxford, Ohio, is fortunate, not only in having survived a hard backwoods infancy, but in having a biographer of the quality of Dr. Havighurst who has been on its campus almost continually since 1928. He has written a score of books on historical subjects, ranging from Annie Oakley to Governor Alexander Spotswood.

His book about Miami is narrative in form and is fascinating reading not only for Miami's sons and daughters but for anyone interested in early Ohio education.

It was in 1809 that Oxford Township, a wild tract of wilderness, was designated and named by the Ohio Legislature as the seat and support of a new college. It was to be Ohio's second state university, after Ohio at Athens, provided for in the Northwest Territory Ordinance of 1787.

John Cleves Symmes had set aside a college township in his Cincinnati purchase, but nothing came of it. A site at Lebanon was considered, but became a cemetery instead.

So Miami really began with its backwoods township in 1809. The Legislature named a board of trustees, most of them frontiersmen. They employed the Rev. John W. Brown as a "missionary" to raise funds in the East. He found hard going. Who wanted to give to a still unbuilt college?

The college had 23,000 acres of virgin land, calculated to be worth \$56,000. Leasing it out at 6 per cent annual rental would yield about \$3,400 a year. It was years before the rents amounted to that much.

The War of 1812 delayed building. When peace came in 1815, Miami was six years old but still had no building, no faculty and no students.

James M. Dorsey had come to Oxford village in 1810, opened a "Select School" in a log cabin, then served as a major in the war and returned. The Miami trustees hired him to superintend clearing of a campus and erection of the first building. It cost \$6,167 from the land rents. The brick was made of clay from an old Indian mound at the site.

New ideas were being tried out on the frontier. There was a prosperous Shaker community at Lebanon, and a German Pietist colony on the Wabash at Harmony, Ind. Dorsey and William Ludlow, president of the Miami trustees, organized the "Rational Brethren of Oxford," hopefully to be a communal farming and home industry enterprise built around a university. But private enterprise soon won out over socialistic schemes in the developing frontier.

Miami opened first as a grammar school, on Nov. 2, 1818. The 21 students paid \$5 tuition each session, and boarded with Oxford families for \$1.50 a week. Dorsey was leasing more college land and building more buildings.

Students were examined by a committee of trustees. In 1822 the committee was not satisfied with their progress and recommended the grammar school be closed. Cincinnati politicians schemed to have the infant Miami

moved to Cincinnati. There was a hot debate in the Legislature and it finally was decided to leave it at Oxford.

Robert Hamilton Bishop, a Scotch Presbyterian who had been a professor at Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky., for 20 years, was chosen as president of Miami in 1824. He made it a university and embodied Emerson's phrase: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." President Bishop stayed until he died in 1855, a professor in his later years, and was buried on the campus.

William Holmes McGuffey came to Miami as a professor in 1825 and on his eight-sided desk wrote the series of readers that made him famous — and his publishers wealthy. He knew more of teaching than of royalties.

In 1841 Miami trustees decreed that any student "connected with a secret and invisible society . . . withdraw forthwith." Yet Miami became the "mother of fraternities." One-sixth of all modern Greek fraternity members belong to societies founded in Miami.

Alpha Delta Phi, founded at Hamilton College, started a Miami chapter in 1835. The famous "Miami Triad" of fraternities founded at Miami, includes Beta Theta Pi, begun sub rosa in 1839 and made public in 1846; Phi Delta Theta, founded in 1848; and Sigma Chi, in 1855.

At first fraternity members held meetings in one another's rooms. They also were active in the literary societies that flourished on all campuses at that period. Fraternity and literary society politics often caused schisms and faculty-student conflict.

Our generation, perplexed by today's student revolts, can get some wisdom and comfort from reading the histories of Miami and other universities. The opinions and prerogatives of students and faculties were hotly contested over a century ago.

The Miami student societies defied a faculty rule that names of all speakers should be submitted for approval — an argument still familiar to our day. Student groups insisted on independence. The faculty insisted on control of the college.

Cows still grazed on the Miami campus in the 1840s. One summer night students drove 23 of them into the chapel, in protest against what they considered high-handed faculty rules. The janitor got the cattle out next morning and cleaned up as best he could, but at chapel time it still smelled like a stable. President McMaster read scripture and preached a brief but earnest sermon, hinting that some Miami students were more at home in a barnyard and should have stayed there.

The climax was the great "snow rebellion" of 1848. After a heavy January snow, students walking home from prayer meeting began rolling



up huge balls of snow. The idea came to roll them into the main building and they did.

The president vowed to find the offenders and expel them. The next night a larger crowd of students nailed up the doors of the recitation rooms. The faculty held a trial and there were general expulsions. It was a bad time for Miami, but a year later there was a new president and a new climate on campus. Organized sports gradually replaced student pranks as an outlet for energies.

Miami was masculine for 60 years, although Oxford College for girls was a close neighbor. In 1888 Ella McSurely, daughter of a trustee, became Miami's first co-ed. She was a lifelong spinster. President Hepburn, who always had opposed co-education, lived to see his name given to Miami's first women's dormitory.

Many Ohio State University alumni are surprised to learn that William Oxley Thompson, revered president of OSU, served Miami as president for eight years before he went to Ohio State. Miami, which began playing football in 1888, also later furnished Ohio State a great coach in Woody Hayes.

Wars left their marks on Miami. The one in 1812 delayed its start. The Civil War found diverse loyalties at Miami as elsewhere. Whether loyal to the North or South, Miami students enlisted, drilled and said goodbye as they went the ways their consciences led them.

By 1900 Miami had an enrollment of 200 students. Today it has more than 12,000.

First edition of "The Miami Years" appeared in 1958. In this 1809-1969 edition, Dr. Havighurst has added four chapters covering the decade of the 1960s, in which Miami, like most universities, has grown and changed faster than in any previous 10 years of its history.

Miami treasures its rich traditions, but it looks to the future as it continues to be "a college of liberal interests and conservative practices, regarding intellectual breadth and liberation as the best things it could give its students."

REVIEWER: *Don E. Weaver, conservation editor of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, is former editor of the Columbus Citizen-Journal and former president of the Ohio Historical Society.*

## LYRICAL DESCRIPTION OF NATURE'S CHANGES



THE INLAND ISLAND by Josephine W. Johnson. *Simon and Schuster*. 1969. pp. 159. *Illustrations*. \$5.00.

AUTHOR: *Josephine W. Johnson, born in Kirkwood, Missouri, attended Washington University, St. Louis. She has lived in the outskirts of Cincinnati since 1945. A Pulitzer Prize winner (NOW IN NOVEMBER, 1934), she has published numerous short stories and a half dozen other books.*

**“W**ARM DAYS COME OFF AND ON in May. Islands in the ocean. The great rose fountain blooms . . . Warm heavenly sweetness in which one drifts . . . Nostalgia comes. A sadness for all the lost, the unreturning summers . . . Tears come for the unreturning dead. For the dear aunts . . . Aunt Mary . . . Aunt Elizabeth . . . Aunt Edith . . . Aunt Alice, oh, especially Aunt Alice. Why isn't there some reward for lovely lives, for kindness . . . some compensation for the long sickness . . . the long death?

There's no family home any more . . . only the cemetery. So live the summers now . . . be kind now."

This is only one illustration of Miss Johnson's power in the use of poetic prose to awaken an intellectual and emotional response in others by a tasteful, restrained description of the state of her own mind and heart. Other passages about other subjects are equally well done.

Miss Johnson's *Inland Island*, physically, is her own Ohio farm, actually a wilderness. On another level it is the sum of her thoughts and feelings about our contemporary society with its military and ideological conflicts and its increasing mechanization that all tend to smother individuality and to force conformity despite demands of individual conscience.

On the technical side, if we may use the phrase, Miss Johnson proves her knowledge of scientific terms and their origins when she describes the flora and fauna on her place. She is a close student of ecology as shown by her accounts, for instance, of beetles and aphids in April. She is somewhat reminiscent of Rachel Carson (*Silent Spring*), but with a different emphasis and purpose.

Readers may be reminded, too, of writers such as Thoreau or Hal Borland and others. But, since no two writers are ever exactly alike, here, too, Miss Johnson is different. No other book, for the same reason, is exactly like hers.

This seems to be the proper time and place for your reviewer to make a statement about the rest of this review, knowing that never, perhaps, will readers, author, and reviewer come to a complete agreement, especially about ideas. Ideally, each should recognize those of some others without necessarily agreeing with all.

First of all, and with the greatest emphasis, this reviewer credits Miss Johnson with complete sincerity in expressing her honest opinions and true feelings. Additionally, your reviewer hopes that readers will believe that he is as objective as possible in his appraisal of the author's philosophy as he understands it.

Miss Johnson is a pacifist. "I am sick of war. Every woman of my generation is sick of war. Wars rumored . . . fought, ending, paid for . . . endured. My husband was in the war for four years. My son has served two years as a conscientious objector. How much can you absorb by eye and ear and flesh, and live? Crisis after crisis, trouble, sorrow, disaster, sickness . . . Enough is enough."

So do millions of others feel. It's hard, too, for others to understand and serve and endure. They know that man's addiction to wars in our time may in the end prove his so-called civilization to be the grimmest, greatest

joke of all time. But their minds and hearts may seek solutions, if there are any, in different directions.

Miss Johnson seems to share a blind spot, a concept common to most other pacifists. She is unable or unwilling to recognize the terribly tragic presence of tyranny, the intransigent, naked power manipulated by evil men who believe that love, compassion, and the support of social justice are evidences of weakness, and who respect only a military power strong enough to defend the gentle things.

Miss Johnson leaves unanswered, too, the more than hypothetical question about whether to resist tyranny, with arms if need be, or to submit to slavery that it surely would impose if free men should surrender. Where then would there be room for the true morality and ideals that can live and flourish only in an atmosphere of liberty?

On another level *Inland Island* is about the best "Nature book" that we've seen in a long time. That alone would make it worth the price and the time of its reading.

But on a higher and much more significant level, Miss Johnson has said many things that needed to be said, whether there's substantial agreement or not. If she seems far out on one end of the intellectual, emotional, and moral spectrum, those on the other end may have trouble in seeing and hearing her.

She calls attention to problems that seem the greatest ever to confront humanity. Many, perhaps most of them, may seem almost insoluble. But failure to recognize them and to try to find viable solutions may mean a literal destruction of humanity with all of its achievements, imperfect as they may be.

This, it seems to us, is the lesson of this very important book. Miss Johnson doesn't try to entertain. But her style and content will hold you. Just as she thinks and feels, so does she, in her unique way, ask you to do likewise, agreeing or not with her thought and theme.

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

## THE LITERARY MARKET PLACE

THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP IN AMERICA, 1800 - 1870: THE PAPERS OF WILLIAM CHARVAT. Edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli. *Ohio State University Press*. Pp. XVIII + 316. Publications of William Charvat 3pp. Index. \$7.00.

EDITOR: *Matthew J. Bruccoli, Professor of English at the University of South Carolina, has written or edited more than fifteen books. He is Director of the Center for Editions of American Authors, Editor of The Fitzgerald Hemingway Annual, and American Literature Editor for the Charles E. Merrill Publishing Company. Formerly he was Professor of English at Ohio State University.*

IN THE DEATH OF DR. WILLIAM CHARVAT of the English Department, Ohio State University lost a recognized scholar, the profession a monumental work on the "author - publisher - reader relation," combining the historical economic and social elements of American literature from 1800 to 1870. Unfortunately, only fragments of this extensive work have been found. Some of Charvat's essays have been published in professional journals, while others remained unpublished.

We are indebted to Professor Matthew J. Bruccoli for his superb editing, and to Howard Mumford Jones for a comprehensive and appreciative foreword. Bruccoli has skilfully arranged a collection of miscellaneous articles, essays and papers into a story that ranges from Joel Barlow to Harriet Beecher Stowe. Sixty-six pages are devoted to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow of which only seventeen have been previously published. Herman Melville is given seventy-eight pages, twenty pages previously published. The one-page introduction comprises Chapter I.

Chapter II takes up the need of a truly protective copyright law. The literati of the early days wrote poetry and prose as a by-product of their personal studies. The publication of an author's work was usually subsidized by himself or his friends. The publisher assumed the functions of a distributor, most of the works being sold by subscription. The author of this work not only presented the changing times (1800-1870), but introduced biographies of the outstanding authors of the period.

By 1860, "poetic form and language" had been standardized. For numerous reasons, chiefly transportation and a purchasing public, Boston, Hartford, New York and Baltimore became the first American publishing centers. The Philadelphia-New York distributors became the leaders in that branch of the book trade.

Few American novels published before 1800 exceeded one edition. The British novelist, Mrs. Susannah Rowson, came to Philadelphia in 1793. In that city, at least nine of the 161 editions of her *Charlotte Temple* (1791) were published by Matthew Carey. This house sold its publications through dealers and agents. About the time that Mrs. Rowson quit writing, Charles Brockdon Brown, first American professional author, published his *Sky Walk, An American Tale* (1798). After fifteen attempts to earn a living as a professional author, Brown gave up the struggle and became a hack writer and storekeeper.

Between 1800 and 1820, Boston doubled the number of her bookstores, and her libraries doubled and tripled between 1819 and 1825. 1820 marked the beginning of professional authorship in America. Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper became popular writers. English publishers had discovered fifteen years earlier that English writers could sell remarkably well, especially Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. Buyers paid up to thirty dollars a copy for Scott's *Rob Roy*. The first edition of ten thousand copies sold out in three weeks, bringing fifty thousand dollars in royalties to the author. Professional authorship became more profitable at the turn of the century. Authors had learned to write for the upper and middle classes, and publishers had learned the art of bringing together the authors' works and the readers. In popularity American authors could not equal Byron, Dickens and Scott until Cooper's novels and Irving's *Sketch Book* appeared. American authors suffered from competitive English reprints.

American publishers were hampered by poor communications and transportation and by monopolies held by regional booksellers. Unstable media of exchange, limited credit, inclement weather, poor roads, and scattered population centers affected sales. Few publishing concerns survived more than a generation. Matthew Carey, ablest publisher of his day, improved

conditions in this confused state of the publishing business. With Cooper's novels, mass production and distribution and lower costs were achieved.

By 1830 the concentration of printing and publishing was well developed. Only the alert among booksellers could succeed. Parson Weems and other travelling agents continued to sell the works of such American heroes as Washington and Franklin. During the long Jackson - Van Buren depression, the sale of sets of books declined sharply in the South and West. Transcendentalism flourished during the depression and the romantic movement, a protest in American literature against Jacksonian political philosophy, got under way. Thoreau began his journal in 1837. Emerson set forth the transcendental philosophy in his *Nature*. He could not bear the Jacksonians and Blair's *Globe*, their official organ. Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell and Whittier published through the depression years. Besides his propagative works, Cooper averaged a book a year for thirty-one years. After the death of his publisher, Charles Wiley, Cooper turned to the house of Carey and Lea. Resentful of any suggestion or criticism, Cooper was a problem to his new publishers; they carried him as "a kind of loss-leader." However, his novels did become classics. Poe sold a few poems, but even *The Raven* and *The Haunted Palace* were reprinted less than a dozen times. No American poet was able to live on his income from poetry, before James Whitcomb Riley. Riley was a "mass poet." In 1903 his royalties amounted to \$23,000.

Charvat's treatise on Longfellow is sympathetic, critical and analytical. Being a practical New Englander, Longfellow kept a careful record of costs and receipts. He taught at Bowdoin and Harvard, writing on the side. Charvat classified him as a "public poet." But a public poet seldom earned more than subsistence until he was too old to be creative. By 1854, Longfellow's royalties amounted to \$1700 a year, one hundred dollars less than his Harvard salary. In that year he gave up his post at Harvard. He bought the plates of his published works and bargained well with his publishers. From 1865 to 1875 his average annual income from new works and editions of collections of his old works was \$3,284.

Mass production and distribution became an established fact in the 1840's. Transportation to the West had vastly improved, and some Eastern firms had ceased to produce their own books. New York and Philadelphia became the chief Eastern publishers. New York had a good harbor, the Erie Canal, and railroads by this time.

Herman Melville is given considerable space in this book. Melville had no idea how to manage money, except to lose it. He lost most of his wife's substantial inheritance. Not until 1847 did he began to think of

writing as an art. He experimented in forms of writing. Charvat chose to dwell on Melville's *Mardi*, a popularization of natural history and the "technology of seamanship." This allegory failed to interest the public, but it "raised narrative to the realm of poetry." The Charvat analysis and interpretation of *Moby Dick* are masterly. In twenty years, *Moby Dick* sold under 3000 copies, while at the same time Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* sold 22,000.

The works of Scott and Dickens sold well in the South and West. Emerson was not well received in those regions, his philosophy unattractive. His opinion of the South and West, therefore, was low. He declared that among the 95,000 inhabitants of St. Louis not one "reading" man could be found. On the other hand, a Cleveland editor doubted that this "elongated coffin" should speak in the West at all. Ten thousand miles of railroads carried Eastern lecturers to Western audiences, but they were not always appreciated. Books of prose and poetry were shipped daily to Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis for distribution. Eastern publishers did not always agree on what to publish. One Boston publisher refused Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, because of protests from the South. Another published it and sold 100,000 copies in the West.

Boston, New York and Philadelphia led the nation in the publishing business, but Boston was considered the seat of culture. The literacy of the reading public in New England was five times that of the South Atlantic states, and that of the Middle West three times that of the South Central States. Literary and social groups demanded lecturers; their favorite lecturers were Emerson and Bayard Taylor. The annual income of Emerson and Taylor from lectures was estimated at \$2000 and \$5000, respectively.

In this literary-economic study by Charvat many writers are discussed. He examined meticulously the available records of publishing companies, especially the Carey Collection. He has opened the way for a writer in the future to produce a comprehensive work on the author - publisher - distributor - reader economy. Professors and students of American literature and American history may learn from these thoughtful and well researched essays. Laymen may find them rewarding in their biographical and economic content. The editor has provided a useful index.

REVIEWER: *William E. Smith is Research Professor in American History and Dean Emeritus of the Graduate School, Miami University.*



## A MEDIEVAL TOWN OF TODAY



TORREGRECA: LIFE, DEATH, MIRACLES by Ann Cornelisen. Illustrated with photographs by the author. *Little, Brown and Co.* 335 pp. \$7.95.

AUTHOR: Cleveland-born Ann Cornelisen attended the Baldwin School in Bryn Mawr and Vassar College. She traveled to Florence, Italy, to study archaeology, but instead became interested in a charitable agency, "Save the Children." She lived for ten years in the impoverished regions of the mountains of Southern Italy.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of approaching a book about a part of the world other than our own, depending upon the nature of that part and upon how we live. If we are as seasoned travelers as Richard Haliburton and might conceivably visit the place some day (or have already been there before), then our approach is one thing; our interest and criteria of judgment have

to do with information, accuracy, perhaps with opinions and insights that we want to check against our own. Whereas if we are as sedentary as barnacles, or if the book is about a place we never hope to encounter (the upper reaches of the Amazon? village life in Samoa?) what we seek is something else again. The author then has to transport us to an unknown world, to bring it alive and make it worthy of interest, to provide us with a vision, as a novelist does, that somehow extends our universe beyond what we can ever hope to experience first hand.

Ann Cornelisen's first book is a marvelous vehicle for this latter sort of transportation, and most readers, I imagine, will travel with it as I have. Though I have been to Southern Italy very briefly, I probably will never know *Torregreca dei Normanni*, the imaginary name she gives to the real medieval town below Naples where she lived and worked for many years. Off the well-worn tourist track, lacking anything spectacular that might attract a mere sightseer, *Torregreca* is simply not a place one would look for — or even at.

Far from being a travel guide, therefore, *Torregreca* is instead about a mode of existence, as its subtitle makes clear: *Life, Death, Miracles*. Chapter headings indicate the same thing: "Matrix of Days," "Prophecies, Witches, Spells," "Calabrian Gavotte," "Res Ecclesiastica." A way of life is matched by Miss Cornelisen with a way of seeing, one that is wise, sympathetic, enormously sensitive, and sometimes hilariously funny. The effect for a reader is like that of fiction, in which the material always seems informative and substantial enough, but at the same time is somehow symbolic of something else, something bigger than fact, but equal in size to life itself, its meanings and suggestions.

Writing of another book about far-off places, Dr. Livingstone's journal of his African treks, Graham Greene once said that "the plot of the novel catches attention, but the subject lies deeper." So it is with Miss Cornelisen. In the hands of a less imaginative person, to say nothing of a lesser writer, her book could have been a routine affair, for the tale she tells does have an almost stock plot, with a problem-posing beginning, a troublesome middle, and a happy, uplifting end.

In 1954 she went to Italy to study archaeology, but became interested in a British-sponsored charitable agency, the Save the Children Fund. For ten years she worked in the impoverished mountain villages of the Basilicata region, setting up nursery centers amidst the most trying circumstances. One center was in *Torregreca*. How this particular project was conceived, how it met undreamed-of difficulties and resistance, how it gradually won the faith of both the authorities and the people it would serve, how the center and an adjacent housing development ultimately were constructed and

operated — all this could have provided Miss Cornelisen a ready-made plot, with herself cast as heroine, of how she fought the good battle against inertia, stupidity, and even deliberate malice, and of how she was victorious.

This plot, though present, is minimized; the subject lies deeper. The author tells us early in her book that when she was being considered by the agency, "their representative was a young Englishwoman who apparently saw something in me worth training — maybe nothing more than my passionate curiosity — and hired me on a semi-volunteer basis." Actually, whether or not a "passionate curiosity" is needed for such difficult social work is beside the point. Fully on the point of her book, however, is that willy-nilly this character trait defined her real subject, the Torresi, the inhabitants of Torregreca.

"I must be honest," she says, "they fascinated me."

Fascination smothers her mission and battle, which are forgotten through large sections of her work. Plot gives way to observations of customs, mores, institutions, history, and above all to skillfully wrought portraits of individual characters.

Her fascination — and consequently ours — is certainly not due to the lovable qualities of the Torresi, who could strain the quality of mercy in any Portia, and often do in an Ann Cornelisen. Ingrained in them as deeply as the Torregreca dirt in their skin pores are deceptions, graft, gossiping, blackmail, class snobbery, the narrowest of prejudices, exploitation of the weak, outright thievery. Compassion, even for the most abject of Torresi victims, does not well up spontaneously; it has to be applied, deliberately. Thus, when Miss Cornelisen is taking applications for the housing development, in which there are too few places for the multitudinous poor that deserve them, "they wept and whined," she tells us, "and I loathed them, myself, and the system." All about her are corruptions, self-degradations. Some Fascists are still in power. The Communists, intent on raising membership in one town, introduce a TV set into their clubhouse, then have to raise dues to hold back the avalanche of new comrades. Almost as if in summary, a Torregreca father explains to his son: "Towns like this poison men, make them worse than they are."

There are exceptions, of course, and Miss Cornelisen is quick to single them out: dedicated men, women of stature, people of humor and good will; but it is this very fallibility of the Torresi, their capacity for corruption, that gives the subject of this book its depth. Had she followed her plot, it is likely that their humanity would have been reduced to black, hers to white. As it is, the moral spectrum, including her own, ranges from black to grey, which is undoubtedly much closer to actuality wherever men live, wherever they travel.

Ultimately a reader is led to understanding, even of such traits as the Torresi resistance to change, which hovers over the town like a permanent plague. "Death and malaria are here to stay," says one townsman. "The rest takes time. No rushing change. We keep things steady here." His brief statement (Miss Cornelisen often allows her people to speak for themselves) is a catalogue of familiar, recognizable human attributes; a sense of fatality, of inescapable dooms; the crushing weight of inertia, understandable to any reader who has ever had to uproot his settled way of life, no matter how unpleasant; the smugness of people absolutely sure their way is right, despite their ignorance about other ways; the grotesque humor of men who persist in acting like mules, stubbornly refusing the advice of their betters. All this is very real and — to use the author's word — fascinating.

It is odd how many times while reading and thinking about this book I was struck by its resemblance to a novel. Perhaps this was simply because, once again, a truism turns out to be really true — namely, that life imitates fiction, not just the other way around. But much of this effect on me is also due to the techniques and peculiar imagination of the author, who swims in the waters of storytelling as naturally as a fish. When she devotes a whole chapter to the life of Chichella, her Torregreca landlady, her style often comes close, quite appropriately, to Italian novelists like Ignacio Silone and Mario Soldati. Another portrait, of Sister Clemente, a shrill, shrewish nun who first meets the author with a jeep upon her arrival at a train station near Torregreca, is as comically authentic as any I have ever read anywhere. And one dramatic episode, when Miss Cornelisen watched twenty-five convent novices take their final vows, is related so vividly that it is hard for a reader not to believe that he was there, in that place, at that moment.

"At the present time she lives in an apartment at the top of an ancient palazzo in Rome, and is at work on a second book." So the jacket copy tells us of the author. This reader, for one, hopes that the work is fiction.

REVIEWER: *Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College, where he has taught for thirteen years. He was new fiction reviewer for the New York Herald Tribune's Book Week for three years: he has written for the New York Times Book Review, and now contributes regularly to Saturday Review. He has traveled extensively in Europe, has lived for a year both in England and in Spain. He wrote this review while living in Mexico, in a town not greatly unlike Torregreca.*

# OHIOANA

## Library News



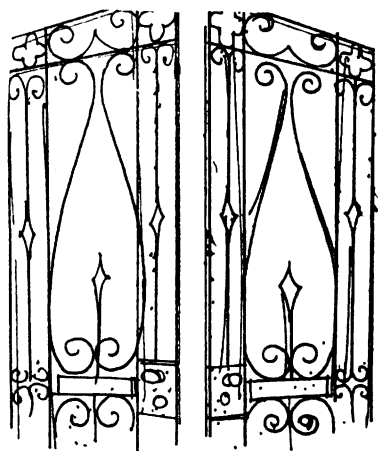
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, sponsored by the Manuscript Club of Akron, holds meetings annually each spring. These are successful, largely because of the efforts of Ellen Margolis, pictured here. Outstanding speakers appear before this active group. The spring 1970 Writers' Conference is scheduled for Saturday, May 16. The chairmen will be Mr. and Mrs. James Phillpott of Cuyahoga Falls.

For further information regarding the conference such as the place and the featured speakers (these to be announced), you are invited to write to Mrs. Ellen Margolis, 651 Treecrest Drive, Akron 44313.

CHARLES F. RUSSELL, Executive Director of the Lecture Fellowship of the Christian Churches in Warren, has been honored by the American Biographical Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina. From this Institute Reverend Russell received the Community Leader of America Award for 1969. The honor is in recognition of Reverend Russell's Christian service to the state and to the nation.

Reverend Russell lives at 710 Hillsdale Drive in Warren. He is also an Ohio author, having written *The Hugh R. Russell Memorial Lectures on the Restoration Movement*, and *The James A. Garfield Memorial Lectures on the Christian Churches*.

He has contributed much to Ohio's heritage, and we are happy that he has gained this signal honor and recognition.



ENTRANCE GATE  
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

AN OHIO AUTHOR, BURTON C. FRYE, has selected and edited articles, poems and stories from the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and has collected them into an anthology, appropriately entitled, *A St. Nicholas Anthology* (published by Meredith Press).

This collection of "bests" from this famous children's magazine includes the works of many renowned authors such as Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, and Stephen Vincent Benet.

Mr. Frye, a native of Ohio who was born in Huron, is now Editor, College Permissions, with Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York City. Of special interest to us is his inclusion of William Dean Howells' *Christmas Every Day*.

Although originally written for children, the selections in this anthology today possess a much wider appeal - - - older readers, even those over thirty, will find delight in Mr. Frye's well-chosen selections.

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THE 1970 OHIOANA PILGRIMAGE will be held Saturday, June 27, in Toledo, Ohio. We will concentrate on the Toledo Museum of Art, one of the outstanding museums in the United States, and will have special guides to enhance our visit. In addition, Ohioana members will have an opportunity to examine the newly opened Gallery, "Glass Through The Ages."

Furthermore, there will be an opportunity to visit the new Crafts Studio Building of the Toledo Museum. A demonstration of the art of glass-blowing is planned.

Attractive box lunches will be available in the Museum Dining Room, and we may enjoy in leisurely fashion the hospitality provided by our hosts, the members of the Toledo Museum of Art and of the Early American Glass Club. We are especially indebted to Mr. Otto Wittmann, Director of the Toledo Museum, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Labino, Mrs. Joan Roadermel, Mrs. Irene McCreery, Mr. John Keith, Mr. Charles Gunther, members of the Early American Glass Club and the staff of the Toledo Museum for their gracious assistance in making this Pilgrimage possible.

Circle the date for the Ohioana Pilgrimage NOW. - - - Saturday, June 27th. Tell your friends and members of your family, "Meet me in Toledo." With that theme, our Pilgrimage for 1970 will be a success.

NANCY LANE  
Chairman of Ohioana Pilgrimage Committee

OHIO ARTISTS were well represented in the 102nd annual exhibition of the American Watercolor Society at the National Academy Galleries in New York City, April 10-17.

From some 1700 entries submitted, 300 paintings were selected for exhibition including the following Ohio artists: Sanford Brooks, Virginia M. Childe, Don W. Dennis (Cincinnati); Borys Buzkij, Alan R. Chiara (Cleveland); Robert Laessig (Richfield); Fred Leach (Avon); David N. Mack (Toledo); Marc Moon (Cuyahoga Falls); Albert Parella (Poland); Douglas A. Pasek (Parma); Viktor Schreckengost (Cleveland Heights); Lowell Ellsworth Smith (Hudson); Richard Treaster (Lakewood); and James Wozniak (Maple Heights).

Ohioans who won prizes were Alan R. Chiara, \$250; Douglas A. Pasek, \$200; Richard Treaster, \$150.

Following the New York showing, two traveling exhibits were arranged, one for matted paintings and the other for framed paintings. One booking will be at Youngstown in the Butler Institute of American Art on February 17 - March 9, 1970. Another was held at Lima Art Association, July 13-17. One showing will be at Canton Art Institute, Nov. 9-30; and another at the University of Dayton on May 7-28, 1970. Ohioans chosen for these traveling displays are Virginia W. Childe, Douglas A. Pasek and Don W. Dennis.

## CONTEST FOR OHIO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The Ohio Music Education Association is sponsoring an original lyric contest for Ohio High School Students, grades 9-12. William Schuman, renowned composer, has been commissioned to write the music for the winning lyric in the form of a new chorus work to be published for Ohio Schools.

Students are invited to submit original texts or lyrics for this new work. Mailing deadline is on or before 10 January, 1970.

The winner will receive shared royalties and many honors.

Rules of the contest may be obtained by sending requests to: Ohio Music Education Association, Selection Committee Chairman, Frederick R. Walker, Oakwood High School, Dayton, Ohio 45419

## OHIOANA LIBRARY WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls

August 15, 1969 to November 15, 1969

Mr. Walter Brock, Cincinnati	Mrs. Mary B. Pugh, Columbus
Mrs. William Carry, Cincinnati	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rengerig,
Mrs. James Cramer, Cincinnati	Cincinnati
Mrs. Alice Crosley, Defiance	Mrs. Robert Richards, Galloway
College Club of Akron, Akron	Mr. Charles Rousculp, Columbus
Mr. Manfull A. Deare, Bucyrus	Miss Melissa Safford, Cincinnati
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Mrs. Pauline Riel, Marengo,  
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### STARK COUNTY

Mrs. Janet Polacheck, Canton,  
Co-Chairman



# Book Looks

ALTERNATIVE TO A DECADENT SOCIETY by James A. Rhodes, Governor of Ohio. *Howard W. Sams & Co.* 108 pp. \$2.95.

"Many of today's social and economic ills result from a lack of employment among the able-bodied. This lack of employment stems directly from inadequate education and training. Certain segments of our education system are antiquated and obsolete and must be up dated if we are to successfully meet our growing domestic crisis," are Governor James A. Rhodes' words which express a sincere and deep belief on his part. He always has been an outstanding exponent of better education, and strongly advocates better vocational and technical education programs. His new book is a clear, concise and logical explanation of his position regarding education. He feels a deep obligation to youth and their practical education.

Alice Widener, whose nationally syndicated column is carried in many newspapers across the country, devotes one whole column to favorable commentary on Governor Rhodes' book and its purpose. In her praise she writes, "If ever there was a sorely needed book without a single word of bunk or double-talk, it is *Alternative to a Decadent Society* by Governor Rhodes of Ohio. Buy it and read it!

"Actually, our system of lower education today is in a plight similar to that of higher education in the middle of the 19th century. Just as Abraham Lincoln reformed higher education in America in 1862 by signing the College Land-

Grant Act and thus widening the scope of that education and making it much more democratic, so Governor Rhodes wants to widen the scope of lower education (elementary and secondary schools) and make it much more democratic.

"Unless we furnish our youth with vocational-technical education, Governor Rhodes says we shall prove to have been blind to the facts of social and economic need. He proposes that we wake up, see the real situation, and correct it. That is his wise alternative to a decadent society."

Because Alice Widener writes far better than this reviewer, we let her quotes review this book for us.

Governor Rhodes is co-author of three historical novels: *Mary Todd Lincoln*, *Johnny Shiloh* and *Court Martial of Commodore Perry*, and he is the author of *Teen Age Hall of Fame*.

THE PUBLIC ECONOMY by William L. Henderson and Helen A. Cameron. *Random House*. Index. 371 pp. \$8.95.

Dr. Helen A. Cameron, co-author of this excellent book on government finance and public economy, is Assistant Professor of Economics at Ohio State University. She is a frequent contributor to scholarly journals. Dr. William L. Henderson, received his PhD in Economics from Ohio State University, and is now Chairman of the Department of Economics at Dennison University. They collaborated on a previous book on economics entitled *Public Finance: Selected Readings*.

Their recent book explains the relationship between the private and public sectors of our functioning economy.

The complexities of government finance are divided in twenty-two chapters

such as: "The Role of Government in the Economy," "Growth of Government Spending," and "Government and National Income." Taxes, in such categories as personal income, corporation, property, estate, inheritance, are analyzed in other chapters. Charts and tabulations further enhance the value of this volume by two authorities who have compiled thoroughly researched material on public finance.

Public sector spending, debt management, and taxing are the principal subjects which they develop. These two Ohio authors deserve high praise for their analytical sections on this complicated subject.

CHALK DUST ON MY SHOULDER by Charles G. Rousculp. *Merrill Publishing Co.* 337 pp. \$6.95.

"... and to the youth of 106, who have further enriched my life — I dedicate this humble volume." Mr. Rousculp means Room 106, Worthington High, where he has touched the lives of hundreds of English students over a twenty year period. He is the first to admit his teaching philosophy did not appear overnight; it took trial and error, experimenting, listening, and just plain hard work to reach the pinnacle of "1968 Ohio Teacher of the Year."

Mr. Rousculp has put together a thoroughly engrossing story of his own life, which provides a springboard for many of his educational practices; and has added a well-chosen collage of remembered students and their varied problems. He takes occasional potshots at community members' failure to understand a student and/or teacher, and those of us in the profession find our-

selves nodding vigorously in agreement. Here is one educator who sees a student beyond 106; he tries to prepare him for a future role as a contributing citizen in this ever-changing society, without stifling his thinking.

This is remarkable human interest reading, as Mr. Rousculp adds "writer" to his list of accomplishments.

*Reviewed by R. G. Ball*

TIME FOR BIOGRAPHY by May Hill Arbuthnot and Dorothy M. Broderick. *Scott, Foresman*. Bibliography. Index. 245 pp. \$9.50.

Two talented Ohio authors have collaborated in editing and compiling this large book which is an invaluable collection of biographical briefs on heroes of American History such as presidents, explorers, and scientists, and heroes of the Old Testament. These sketches are juvenile biographies for younger children, to be read aloud to them, and to acquaint them with the lives of great men and women. These accounts are exciting stories which will intrigue the young listener, too often bored by the insipid creeps, Dick and Jane.

Teachers, parents and children's librarians will value this new anthology.

May Hill Arbuthnot, formerly a teacher at Western Reserve University, was a nationally known lecturer and contributor to educational journals and magazines. Dorothy M. Broderick is associate professor at Case Western Reserve University School of Library Science, and has written several successful children's books.

Our children need more books like this excellent one which contains drama and excitement for young minds to grasp.

**BEASTS:** An Alphabet of Fine Prints. Selected by Catherine Leuthold Fuller. *Little, Brown.* Bibliography. \$4.95.

This picture book for young children is practically an art book, reproducing with excellent effect 26 prints of animals from original engravings, etchings, woodcuts and lithographs, all done by great artists. Dating from the fifteenth century to the present day, these art reproductions are described in an informative introduction about Old Master prints and engravings.

The animals appear on the pages in alphabetical order, as: A for antelope, G for goat, and J for jackdaw.

Mrs. Fuller has a master's degree from Oberlin. Although she has studied prints around the world from Amsterdam, Holland, to Adelaide, Australia, she says that her most intensive and extensive study has been done in the print rooms of the Cleveland Museum (along with those of San Francisco and Melbourne).

Children need to see and read a magnificent book like this one.

**THE BEARS OF SANSUR** by Louise A. Stinetorf. *John Day.* 160 pp. \$3.96.

The author of this interesting juvenile book lives in Celina, on the edge of Grand Lake. Having twice toured Turkey, she is familiar with the high-altitude plateau of the Armenian mountains, the habitat of bears which are famously gentle.

She has plotted a good action story about two young boys who are caught in political strife between Turkey and Russia. With their two trained bears, they join a circus and travel into Russia where they observe an ideology both strange and fearsome, and where they have many adventures.

**IN PURSUIT OF THE MOUS, THE SNAIL, AND THE CLAMM** by Mary Durant. Illustrated by Victoria Chess. *Meredith Press.* 247 pp. \$4.95.

You might be interested to know that the world is supported on the coils of a rainbow-colored snake, and when the snake shifts its coils there is an earthquake. This snake lives on iron bars, and when these bars are gone, the world will tumble into the sea, according to mythology of Dahomey, West Africa.

In Sicily bats are evil; in Ireland they symbolize death; in China they represent long life. The kite is a bird of prey known for its graceful flight, giving its name to paper counterparts.

This unusual book, with its interesting collection of the origins of animal names, appears at first glance to be more for children; however, it is fascinating reading for adults as well. Victoria Chess' illustrations add much to the book's charm.

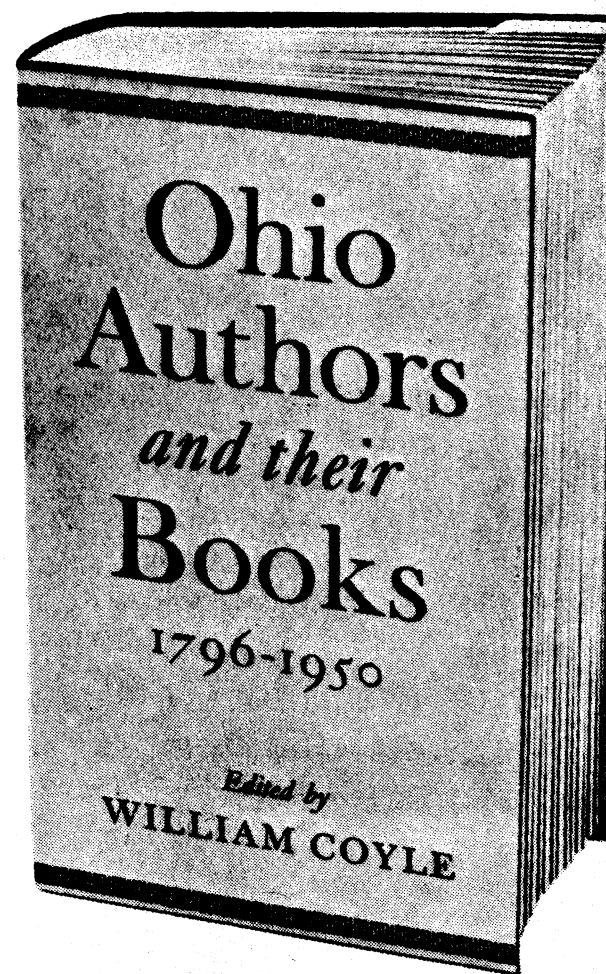
Mrs. Durant, who attended Columbus School for Girls, is now an editor and writer for American Heritage.

*Reviewed by R. G. Ball*

**THE TIME-AGO TALES OF JAHDU** by Virginia Hamilton. *Macmillan.* 63 pp. \$4.50.

The Ohioana Book Award for the juvenile book-of-the-year was awarded last October to Virginia Hamilton for *The House of Dies Drear*, a fine novel for young people about the Underground Railroad in Ohio.

*The Time-Ago Tales of Jahdu*, her new book for children, retells a whole roomful of stories about the lad, Jahdu, and his magic, and all the animals he meets. The stories are filled with haunting fantasy and captivating imagination.



NEW SECOND PRINTING

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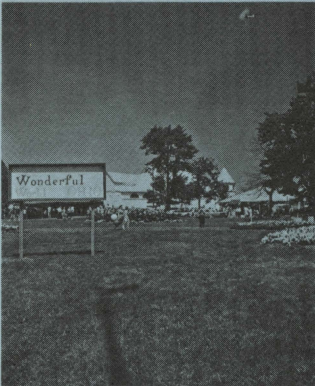
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