

Ohioana Quarterly

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EDEN PARK TOWER
CINCINNATI

Caroline Williams

OHIOANA QUARTERLY

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Artist—Caroline Williams

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TIME TO READ

Bernice Williams Foley

Take time to read; it is the fountain of wisdom. With books available, one need never feel loneliness.

Through its book reviews and articles by Ohio authors, the Ohioana Quarterly offers you a splendid guideline for your reading.

Notable Ohio authors have been most generous in writing exclusively for us articles about themselves and their philosophy of creativity. No other publication—to our knowledge—has the honor and privilege of publishing these personal autobiographical, self-explanatory essays by these fame-names of Ohio men and women.

Our full length reviews of current books not only give you fine critical summaries, but if you will note at the conclusion of each review there is a paragraph in italic print about the reviewer. Our reviewers, who so generously donate their efforts, are the finest authorities in their respective fields. Frequently they are authors in their own right; or you recognize their names as reviewers for *The Saturday Review*; or they are recognized as great specialists in the academe.

When we analyze the circulation of this special-purpose Quarterly, we note that our reading audience is national in scope. Our tin (and noisy) addressograph plates include individual subscribers in New York, California, Texas and Florida, and many, many libraries, public ones of both large cities and small towns, and those of prestigious Eastern Universities.

Our Quarterly Magazine has the distinction of being surveyed for articles and reviews to be abstracted by the Modern Humanities Research Association's *International Bibliography of English Language and Literature*. Thus our reviews are read not only on a local and regional basis, but those selected will be recycled on a national scope as well.

In this editorial we wish to thank the kind and generous book publishers who send us review copies of Ohioana books. They are cognizant of our purpose to encourage and promote Ohio authors, and they have shown us every cooperation.

This Ohioana Quarterly strives to present the personality of Ohioana Library. We are indebted to all our contributors for their assistance in helping us reach this goal.

Moreover, as 1970 comes to a close, we wish to thank our county chairman and co-chairman for sending us clippings of literary interest, and for supplying us with the items included in the department, *Ohioana Library News*.

And finally we wish to thank our loyal membership which now spreads all over the United States (although we surmise that each came originally from beautiful Ohio) for their support of Ohioana Library. They are the important backbone of our readership. They are the ones whom this Quarterly wishes to serve . . . and to entertain with worth while reading material. We have a high regard for their educated taste in literature and for their appreciation of quality.

And now—as the welkin rings out the Old and rings in the New—we of the editorial staff wish for you new happiness of the spirit and joy of the mind for 1971 . . . and bonne courage to all!

(We apologize for the length of this editorial. We wonder which paragraphs you would have penciled out.

But be of good cheer—our New Year's resolution is that never again shall we subject you to a long, long editorial. And who reads editorials anyway?)



EDWARD G. MEAD

Composer and Organist
of International Renown

On July 15 Edward G. Mead played his sixth organ recital in London, England. His first program was presented in the Church of St. Michael in the Cornhill area of London. In 1966 Mr. Mead was invited to play an organ recital in London in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on Holbein Viaduct. The invitation has been reissued four times and each year he has presented an organ recital in the month of July.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is an ancient edifice dating back to the 11th century. Captain John Smith who was baptized in this church is buried in the Chancel. A beautiful stained glass window honors his memory. The church preserves an organist guest book. After each recital Mr. Mead has added his name to the distinguished list of recitalists.

Mr. Mead always includes some of his own published organ pieces on each of the programs he has played in London. He has many from which to choose for he now has over one hundred publications including choral numbers and piano pieces.

Mr. Mead holds an A. B. degree from Harvard, a Mus. B. from the Yale School of Music and certificates for organ teaching and playing from the Fontainebleau (France) School of Music. He has studied composition privately with Mll. Nadia Boulanger. Mr. Mead is a Fellow of the American Guild of Organists, a past Dean of Cincinnati Chapter and a past Vice President of the MacDowell Society of Cincinnati. He is also a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers and a National Patron of Delta Omicron, International Music Fraternity. Currently he is a member of the Board of Management of the Cincinnati Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, a member of the American Legion and organist of Faith Lutheran Church in Cincinnati.

INTERVIEWING OURSELVES

An Autobiographical Dialogue

by Margaret
and
John Travers Moore



TO THE HILL-BORN, there's something in hills that calls and keeps you. You try to leave but the echo comes "Please stay." Of if you go, "Come back soon: We shall be waiting, we of the long grass and woodland scenes, the billowing sights and splendid windy ones."

HILLS

My hills are the small hills,
The high ones hide the view:
I love the rolling countryside
That's made for tramping through;
I love the gentle ups-and-downs
That lead you on and on,
The little nestled country towns
You find at dusk or dawn;
I love the road and the wide sweep
Of orchards one can see,
And the long grass, the blown grass
For miles ahead of me.

—John Travers Moore
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Certainly there are more than hills in Ohio: There are magnificent areas of lesser and greater heights, but our hills seem truly to be the small ones, and whoever has lived in them knows what we are talking about. We have traveled widely only to return and say, looking out over the clean woodlands and grassy sweep, "Where is anything better?" Probably that is what has kept us hill-bound for almost a lifetime, or at least in proximity of the undulating Ohio hills.

We (Margaret and John Travers Moore) authors of this biographical data decided to interview ourselves to provide some insight into our thinking, and perhaps you can hear us "speak" as we discuss our background, our views, and aims.

I (John Travers Moore) was born in the heart of the hills, Wellston, Ohio, in a large house which my father, a newspaper owner and lawyer, called with Victorian flair *Wyndcrest*. It stood, the typical House on the Hill, large maple trees about where the song of the wind came, and the whisper of the snow, as the elements can offer only in country seasons.

I (Margaret Rumberger Moore), too, am of the hills. I was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, and my ancestors, who came to America in pre-Revolutionary War days, later founded the city of DuBois, Pennsylvania, which previously bore the name of my people.

John Travers Moore: Yes, we have much in common heritage-wise besides a love of the hills. My people also were early American, my great-grandfather George Moore and his wife Ann Pratt having been born in Virginia in the middle 1700s. With due respect to newcomers to this country, there is a feeling bred of American heritage which is instilled in the blood—the desire for freedom, the proud (and humble) view, the wish for self-determination and insistence on independence. Those, while of other lands too, are particularly of the American pioneer's descendants who are of the buffalo and the fading passenger train and also of the jet and super-jet and the same looking-ahead of forebears, but they will settle for it only on terms of human dignity. Perhaps their lives are bent on serving. Ours certainly are. We chose the grail of art, the art of writing—and the road was long.

Margaret: But satisfying. We lived constructively and created constructively, or so we are told.

John: Some artists may disagree with the value of that, but not I—I am referring of course to the wish to create the constructive rather than the destructive or the static. I feel that a creative worker in any of the arts should not be straight-jacketed by rules or else (save as his artistry directs),

nor should he be hampered by subject matter, yet if he creates nightmares he must sleep with them. I do not wish to do so. I prefer more pleasant sleep.

Margaret: And good food, too.

John: Yes, in recent years I have enjoyed cooking gourmet meals.

Margaret: And I have enjoyed eating them.

John: You are as good a cook as I am. Why don't you say we create good things together?

Margaret: I like to think that applies particularly to books.

John: We do our best, and when one does that how can he go better head-up to the angels—provided that is the direction he takes.

Margaret: We mentioned our birthplaces, then we were sidetracked a little from our biographical data.

John: What better sidetrack than considering a creative art? Or is it such? If so we've followed the byroad all our lives, but I'm inclined to think it's a highway, at least for us.

Margaret: In that straight road ahead, then, may there not be an intermingling of personal progress and art in some people?

John: I think so. Perhaps not with everyone, but I am concerned with my case only.

Margaret: Isn't that a little selfish?

John: Quite, one way you look at it. In another way it is simplification born of some wisdom and probably motivated by the most selfless venture in the world, for a creative worker gives much and gets little—that is, in a worldly way. But oh, the hang of the stars to a poet is not the fixed positions of atomic stockpiles; he is concerned with the joy of looking at the heavens and seeing silver light. The poet is of the earth: You saw what was on the moon . . . I don't want it. It made me hear more keenly the streams run, and the air stir, and see the sun glint off the smallest reflective bit of gossamer (Rather like a poem itself?) i.e. A poem is the glint of sunlight on gossamer.

Margaret: How about continuing our autobiographical sketch?

John: I was graduated from the University of Dayton (College of Law) in 1933—the height of the depression—and became a lawyer, like my father and his father. But I was not suited to the law. I turned to editing youth periodicals and then during World War II I was managing editor of *Plane Facts*, official Air Service Command publication (Imagine a poet talking in terms of solenoids and computers and B-29s and electronics). Recently I asked the Air Force Museum if they wanted on my death my

bound set of the publication, which carried considerable information on World War II aircraft and component parts, and they asked me not to wait till my death because they had need of such information, and so now they have them. The Smithsonian Institution archives also hold some of my space poetry and views on flight in the preface to a recorded documentary of the first moon landing. Though a poet I was rather close to aviation all my life. I met Orville Wright, co-inventor of the airplane, saw Lincoln Beachey (the first man to do an inside loop) fly, and flew myself in those little post World War I jennys. But being strictly a land-man, I never followed it further. After editing I became poetry critic for a brief period and following that I devoted full time to writing, mostly poetry.

Margaret: How simple it all sounds—a lifetime in a paragraph.

John: I imagine we'll use a few more paragraphs before we have finished this sketch. I'll try not to extend it. Margaret, will you continue?

Margaret: After a happy growing-up time in Pennsylvania I attended Syracuse University where I received the degree of Bachelor of Science in Library Science, became Children's Librarian in Dayton, Ohio, and later Assistant Library Director at Xavier University in Cincinnati. John and I both felt a longing to be in a rural area; however financial circumstances kept us in the city. Still, we could reach out through some of our books into childhood—writers sometimes do—and find something to bring us closer to the earth so that we can see the stars.

John: *The Three Tripps* and *On Cherry Tree Hill** more or less attest to that, as well as do some of our other books. The feeling is poetic, I think, but to attempt to transmit it may be difficult, for poetic tastes are not always the same. There seems to be a lack of understanding as to the true values of poetry; for example, its gradation, you might say, as to quality. I have seen more than one professor or reviewer become confused; it's all so subjective unless you rely on many years of dedicated living-with-it. Moreover, another difficulty stems from political views (more important to some than artistic ones), and creative frustrations, perhaps the entrapment in a contemporary fashion or school, not to mention the roadblocks to good inspired creativity set up by pedantic thinking which stifles the song of the subconscious. That takes me back to an observation of Galsworthy, who knew the problem. He said—and I'm not going to try to quote—something to the effect that if you use the "front" portion of the brain (or whatever area controls the contrived course inserting "rules" etc.) you will seldom come up with anything as artistic as is brought from the deep

springs of the subconscious, the joyous flow of creativity which is born of enthusiasm and often emits very nearly perfect bits of artistry. But then—who am I to make any rules for art? Each man must seek his own grail and have his own work methods. I mentioned the Galsworthy observation because I subscribe to it and learned it is true through experience, trial and error and all the rest that goes with a dedicated life to an art in literature. I have written mediocre books and good ones, as did Whitman and many others, but always I am reaching to progress. The goal of a creative worker is ahead—till he grows old. I've been slowing up a little lately.

Margaret: I think a writer's goal remains always beyond the horizon. And—you never gave up your art.

John: No, we didn't.

Margaret: Thus, there is progress.

John: Progress can be regarded subjectively, even as poetry.

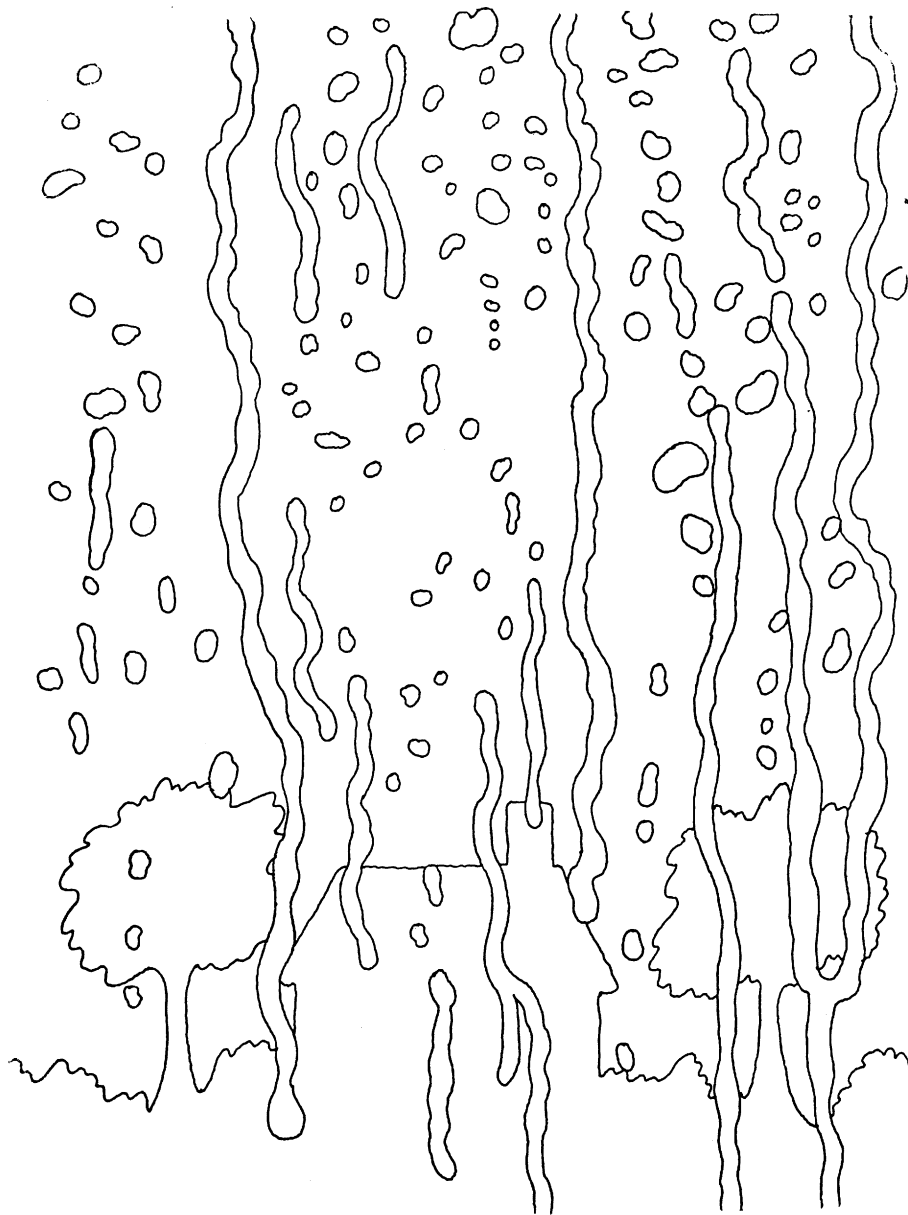
Margaret: Can there be any question regarding your 1970 book of poems *There's Motion Everywhere** which offers some innovative dimensions to poetry by repeatedly capturing motion on the printed page, whether in the course of a raindrop, a stampede, the flight of a jet, or a snake rippling in water?

John: I must admit I hope it holds a little more than "shape" in poetry.

Margaret: *There's Motion Everywhere* indicates that there are new areas in poetry for exploration, though the classic is always a thing of joy. In it you are competing with work of the ages.

John: There are other doors, too, in the classic. Perhaps somewhat mystic doors in any-age literature.

* Children's novels depicting Southern Ohio family life at the turn of the century.



* A pre-publication copy of a drawing by Simms Taback from the book *There's Motion Everywhere* by John Travers Moore. Used by permission of the Houghton Mifflin Company and Simms Taback. Copyright 1970 by Simms Taback.

Raindrop

A drop
of water

hit my window,

Felt the pull

to downward places—

Joined another drop—

another,

Still one more

and more

until

it

zig-zagged

rapidly

into a stream

of crystal

and ran

to the

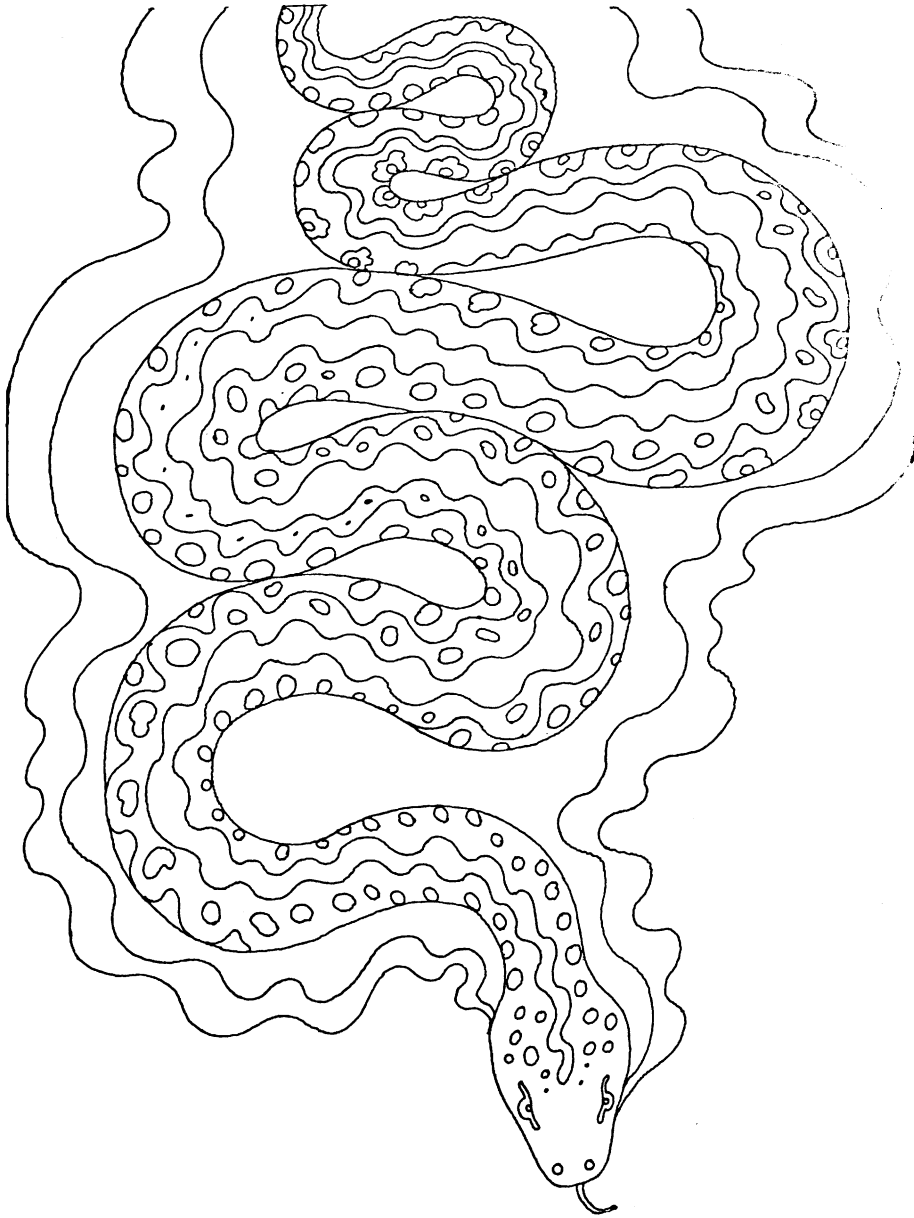
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the

pane.

From *There's Motion Everywhere* published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Copyright 1970 by John Travers Moore.



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The Snake

They do not like me, who crawls belly-down
on the earth

This way

That way

Back again

Wiggle soft

onward

This way

and back

Then left

and right.

"Hiss," say I—

No one is watching.

My little tongue shoots out,

Forked and swift.

Go on, I, down to the

pool,

so delicately into the water,

so delicately into the water,

so delicately into the water,

The moon quivers gold.

Copyright 1970 by John Travers Moore. From *There's Motion Everywhere* published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.



—Illustration by Lois Allen, from *Town and Countryside Poems* published by A. Whitman and Co. and copyright 1968 by John Travers Moore.

Margaret: And so we go on with our search and reaching. We are no longer young but we have learned to love life more as we grow older. We have been asked with regard to our children's work, how we can do it when we have no children. We answer that Brahms, a cigar-smoking old bachelor, wrote what is probably the world's greatest cradle song. I think the link to the child's understanding and enjoyment is the ability to recall and re-create one's own childhood.

As to poetry? . . . Well, poetry is poetry, intangible as art itself of which it is a part. For some writers it is the *raison d'être*. Though you may

not own a mansion and sit amid silver and mahogany, you may build a poem and have a Left-Bank celebration. When we sell a book we celebrate by having a spaghetti dinner with Italian bread, wine; special sauce of long-simmered ground beef, stuffed olives, ripe tomatoes, mango, garlic, basil, salt and pepper, which all go well with tossed salad and crackers and cheese. Such is glory after the storming of the ramparts and victory won.

John: You are making me hungry.

Margaret: We'll have a celebration soon. You phoned New York last week.

John: What shall we toast this time?

Margaret: A new poem.

AUTHORS: *John Travers Moore and his wife Margaret are authors of a number of books in the fields of children's literature and poetry. Several of their books were book club selections, including THE THREE TRIPPS (whose sequel is ON CHERRY TREE HILL) published by The Bobbs Merrill Company, a Parents' Magazine Book Club selection, and THE LITTLE BAND AND THE INAUGURAL PARADE (Albert Whitman & Company, an Ohio Reading Circle and Junior Literary Guild selection which brought a commendation from Mrs. Richard Nixon). Their newest books are a picture book, PEPITO'S SPEECH, A United Nations Story published by Carolrhoda Books Inc. in cooperation with the United Nations, and CERTAINLY, CARRIE, CUT THE CAKE, Poems A to Z (Bobbs-Merrill, Spring 1971). Mr. Moore is one of the few Cincinnati poets whose poetry is repeatedly sought and published by major book publishers, in fact one of the few in the State, though Ohio is rich in literature. He is author of a number of books of verse, recent children's volumes being THERE'S MOTION EVERYWHERE (Houghton Mifflin 1970, British reprint rights arranged, also this book was selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the best designed books of the year), TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE POEMS, A. Whitman & Co., (from which a dozen poems already have been requested for anthology use), and CINNAMON SEED, published by Houghton Mifflin. His seasonal, THE STORY OF SILENT NIGHT, a prose story has become something of a Christmas standard, the book's yearly sales steadily increasing since publication in 1965. Other volumes of poetry and an autobiography are scheduled.*

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THE BODY AS A MACHINE



THE BODY HAS A HEAD, by Gustav Eckstein. Harper & Row. 799 pp. \$12.50.

AUTHOR: Dr. Gustav Eckstein, retired professor of the Medical College, University of Cincinnati, and beloved by his former students, is the author of nine previous books, including *Noguchi* and *Canary*.

I AM NOT AT ALL SURE that I should be reviewing *The Body Has a Head*, but I am not sure who should if not I. "The intent of this book," says Gustav Eckstein in his introduction, "is to make the human body more familiar to anyone who owns one." I own one, so that fits his intent. I can also testify without hesitation that my knowledge of how all my body-head parts fit together and function was increased enormously, joyously by this fascinating work.

However, if book reviewing involves detailed professional judgment of content (as I think it generally should), then perhaps my job should be in the hands of an expert, or, better for this case, in the hands of a team of experts — a physiologist, a scientific historian, an array of physicians in almost every specialized field of medicine and surgery, a clinical psychologist, a psychiatrist, a chemist, a physicist, a biologist, a medical philosopher (if such an expert exists), and maybe a dozen or so others. No single specialist, I suspect, could evaluate every field in this book without rashness. Moreover, probably few professionals could deal with, much less appreciate its non-technical approach. All of which leads me to a strange conclusion for a reviewer: namely, that the sole person capable of judging *The Body Has a Head* might be the author himself. Only in his absence do I presume.

Three things about this book make judgments difficult: its size, its scope, and its style. No description of contents in these 800 pages can catch either the mode of organization or the exhaustive range of subjects. Ostensibly, nineteen chapter headings provide structure and guidelines for a reader. The first, "History," focuses on sixteen men from Homer to Descartes who in some startling way (for they include people like Plato and Luke) helped us to understand the body. The second, "Life," explores the forces that resist death as viewed by the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, and the cytologist. Chapters follow on "Growth" and bodily "Environment," and then others on separate body parts and operations: muscle, heart, blood, lung, digestive system, metabolism, kidney, endocrine, nerve, brain, sensory organs. The last third of the book, "The Head," is a kind of culminating chapter, the end of the journey, that for which the rest exists, a panorama of man's attempt to find his way through the labyrinths of mind.

Having said so much, I must add that such a dry-as-dust listing of chapters misses utterly the tone and quality of Dr. Eckstein's work, which is as lively as life itself, as surprising in its twists and turns as a roller coaster, as humane and lucidly down to earth as a book can be that packs in so much factual matter and erudition. Though I generally knew where I was in this geography of body and head, I constantly turned the next page (or moved to the next paragraph) with an air of expectation about what fabulous new territory the author would deal with next, and how.

Thus, by page 244 I was not too taken back to find a section on the human liver beginning with an extended metaphor comparing that organ with the Proctor and Gamble plant in Cincinnati. By page 343, in a

chapter on bodily defenses, I was about ready for Dr. Eckstein's extensive essay on the physician, and even for its conceptual power and moving language. By the time I had reached the last section, it seemed to me totally fitting that it should be on "The Word," man's highest achievement. Through all these pages information mixes easily with theory, history with the author's personal experiences and thoughts, homey anecdotes with the clearest of technical explanations, biography with what I can only call a kind of scientific poetry, detailed medical case studies with stories about scientific discoveries, literary allusions with topical references. Savoring *The Body Has a Head* is like savoring a rich stew, which can be taken as one complete course or can be tasted and then stored away, to be gone back to repeatedly with, if anything, an increase in flavor.

But it is Dr. Eckstein's style of writing that largely makes his book so appealing, and to demonstrate that best I can only provide examples. Section headings within chapters, for instance, indicate something of his flair: "Bowel: Twilight of a Morsel"; "X Ray: A Man Will Photograph Anything"; "Carbohydrate: Coal in the Bucket"; "Fat: Coal in the Bin." Sometimes, as in the last two illustrations, successive headings will be subtitled with one continuous theme; thus, the chapter on "Sense: Message from the World" is broken into smaller parts each of which refers somehow to the operation of a newspaper. The "Brain" chapter has sections subtitled entirely with quotations from Shakespeare: "Skull: 'Alas Poor Yorick'"; "Spinal Cord: 'Pillar of the World'"; "Cerebellum: 'It is Too Little'"; and so on.

If these techniques seem too flamboyant, perhaps too breezy for so serious a subject, I can testify that they are not. Somehow they fit Dr. Eckstein's total vision, which at times can also begin with the simplest kind of statement and move to intellectual and stylistic fireworks. "In 1952," he begins one subject, "a young scientist observed that the eyeballs of sleeping infants moved under their eyelids," and with that he is off on a voyage from seemingly inconsequential observation to momentous scientific discovery.

But perhaps an anthology of passages will communicate his style best:

Some psychobiologists choose to regard the fetus, any fetus, as foreign. It is a three-pound resented foreigner. Eventually he is rejected. That is to say, born. It gives to all of us the tone of Greek tragedy. We are all resented and rejected. The interpretation is bizarre if nothing else. It makes us think thoughts larger than one catastrophic birth

Of Laënnec it is told that he wore a tall hat and that another consumptive, not meaning to, spit on the hat out a hospital window. Laënnec looked critically at the spit, commented that the poor fellow had not long to live. Laënnec was possessed of extraordinary bearing. With unaided ears, and standing well away from the sickbed, it is reported that he could hear the tones of the patient's heart, as a rare ear (of the blind sometimes) hears falling snow. Napoleon meanwhile was thundering across Europe, earlessly.

The cystoscope is one of those tools evolved by man to quench his need to know what is going on in the back yards behind the trellises of himself. Plenty is.

This way, I see, lies madness for a reviewer. There is no limit to the passages I want to quote. Enough, however, if these selections say that Dr. Eckstein considers not simply what we know and think about body and head, but also what we feel about them—about cancer, for example, or midgets, sounds, missing limbs, epilepsy, dreams, cures.

"Mammoth detail [is] everywhere packed into us," and "order, strict order is beneath the surface of the living person, who in his mind sometimes seems in such disorder." These two quotations, separated by fifty pages, seem to me best to characterize both Dr. Eckstein's view of a human being and the book he has written. A teacher for more than a generation in a medical school, the author of nine previous books (including odd non-medical ones like *Noguchi* and *In Peace Japan Breeds War*), he began *The Body Has a Head* with what seemed like a simple idea—to find in history where the concept of the body as a machine began. But having begun his investigations, he could not stop. We are lucky that he couldn't. Lucky too that as he wrote he found a literary tone falling over the writing, because, as he says, "the wonder of the body, met at every turning, inspires moods of wonder, of philosophy, of far distances, thoughts of universe or universes, of the majestic vague, frequently of our smallness in immensity, but also the reverse, of our private immensity in the presence of those particles of which there are always more and more." These words, his own, may after all supply the best, the most accurate summary review of his own book.

REVIEWER: *Dr. Robert Maurer often has his byline in the Saturday Review as book reviewer. He is head of the Department of Literature at Antioch College, Yellow Springs.*

SEMI-FICTIONAL MEMOIR

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S *TAR*: A MIDWEST CHILDHOOD, edited by Ray Lewis White. *The Press of Case Western Reserve University*. (1969) *Appendixes. Bibliography. Index.* 257 pp. \$7.50.

EDITOR: *Ray Lewis White teaches American Literature at Illinois State University. He is the author of Gore Vidal and he has edited The Achievement of Sherwood Anderson, Return to Winesburg, and A Story Teller's Story.*

NINE YEARS AGO I re-read Sherwood Anderson's *Tar* for the first time in a decade, and the remarkable qualities of the book led me to write an essay on it published in *Ohioana* in the summer of 1961 and ultimately to write a book on Anderson published six years later. But time passed, other books appeared to be read or demanded to be written, and other literary encounters occurred. *Tar*, like so many other books gradually took its faded place in the back of my mind, to be recalled at odd moments, usually for no reason at all.

Were *Tar* the cool product of Marshall McLuhan's age of electronic immediacy, ultimately — or perhaps immediately — it would fade to nothing, destroyed by countless other impressions without substance. But *Tar* is not such a product, and because it is not, it continues to defy both the standardization of an age of technological entertainment and the transience of the electronic image as it waits in one's mind or on the library shelves for rediscovery.

Nevertheless, *Tar* might have remained in the back of my mind for longer than I care to admit had it not been brought to my attention once more in the new scholarly edition ably edited by Ray Lewis White. In first-rate scholarly fashion Mr. White provides an insightful introduction and apparatus that illuminate Anderson's writing of the book. Included, too, are useful bibliographies, an index, and appendixes. Of considerable scholarly value are two documents published for the first time, William A. Sutton's essay on "The Diaries of Sherwood Anderson's Parents," and William V. Miller's edited version of "The Death in the Forest," an early draft of Anderson's short story "Death in the Woods." Both documents parallel in time and illuminate the period of Anderson's childhood included in *Tar*. The edition is first-rate.

But the real star of the volume is the story of *Tar* itself, once more in print for the first time since 1931, a longer period of time than most Americans have lived. But in that time and in the nine years since I last read it, the book has increased in stature and in relevance as the two stories it tells take on mythic dimensions for an age that has belatedly attempted to find values more substantial than technology, electronics, and planned obsolescence provide. As I read it again in the context of today, these new dimensions became evident.

In it, I see now, Anderson is clearly revealed as a romantic in an age that denied romanticism just as today's world denies the romanticism of what is at once our most technologically pampered and emotionally neglected generation, and the book tells part of the story of the perennial romantic search for a meaning to life not apparent in the values of one's time.

It is in this search that Anderson is most meaningful for this new romantic age and his definitions most relevant for those who seek, perhaps without knowing it, values in life that are human rather than material but who remain confused by insistent demands of technology and chemically induced attempts at escape.

In re-creating *Tar*'s Midwestern childhood Anderson re-creates at the same time an era close to nature and characterized by the innocence of childhood and of a youthful nation. In so doing, he defines the values of both the child and the time. The personal, individual values are a reverence for life in all its myriad forms, a recognition and acceptance of the mystic wholeness of life and death, and an acknowledgment that only through nature and empathy for others can man find peace and truth.

Out of these grew the values of the time, an era before man had lost himself in the mass: an acceptance of others as human beings and of their value as personal rather than social; a closeness and kindness as people seek each other out and as they befriend a likeable child; a willingness to share and to help, particularly in moments of crisis.

Anderson's world, the world of *Tar*, is almost a century past, and it was not a perfect world, as he makes clear. But its brutalities were those of innocence rather than maliciousness or lack of concern. A world he had re-created in memory, it was one that he knew could not be re-created in fact.

However, he wrote, the book was not an attempt to re-create a factual world but a world of the fancy, a world as he would like it to be. And the humanness and the celebration of technology, are those that he would like to see become real. They are the values, too, of many of those today who seek something more than the transience of things and of electronic shadow and sound. But the two, Anderson the romantic, alone in his age, and the romantics of today, unidentified by the age that they confusedly accept even while they deny it, have had too few opportunities to meet.

Hopefully, however, the minor Sherwood Anderson revival, of which this new edition of *Tar* is a part, will become a major re-discovery, the new romantics will understand him, and his values will become theirs. If this does happen, and I think that it may, not only will a major voice speak again with the clarity of which it is capable and the timeliness of its suggestions become evident, but at the same time the values of man will again refute those of the machine. Eloquent evidence of the durability of Anderson's work and his celebration of tradition is readily available in this new edition of *Tar*.

REVIEWER: *David D. Anderson, Ph. D. Department of American Thought and Language, Michigan State University, has published seven books and more than seventy articles and works of fiction. Two additional books are now in press; and five others are in progress under contract. He was born in Lorain County.*

Meticulous Attention Given to Grant Papers

GRANT — A MAN SPARE WITH WORDS

THE PAPERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. Vol. II: April - September 1861. Edited by John Y. Simon. *Southern Illinois University Press*, 1969. pp. XXXiii—399. Index. \$15.

EDITOR OF THE GRANT PAPERS: *Dr. John Y. Simon formerly was on the faculty of Ohio State University before going to Southern Illinois University where he is Associate Professor of History and executive director of the Ulysses S. Grant Association.*

A recent development in historical investigation is the intensive effort involved in the compilation and publication of the papers of key American political figures, particularly the presidents. The volumes already published of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* under the editorship of Dumas Malone or the projected forty volume edition of *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson* edited by Arthur S. Link are two outstanding examples. Now the Southern Illinois University Press with the Ulysses S. Grant Association have begun publication of the Grant Papers. No serious historian would put Grant in a class with either Jefferson or Wilson as a presidential leader, but neither would he deny that in Grant the United States had one of the most forceful and competent military strategists in the nation's history. Because of his greatness as a soldier and because he as much as any one man was responsible for the Union victory in the Civil War, Grant remains a subject of considerable interest for amateur and professional historians alike. They, at the same time, have not always fully understood him. And, as Bruce Catton pointed out in his admirable short biography, it is not entirely fair to denigrate Grant the president while praising Grant the soldier, since he approached the White House with the same dogged determination to make the most of a situation, obstacles notwithstanding, that had characterized his military leadership.

Whatever may be Grant's contemporary reputation, it will be enhanced by this carefully conceived and handsomely executed project. Editor John Y. Simon and his staff have drawn together all the extant Grant materials

including a number of previously unavailable letters written to Julia Dent Grant by her husband. With meticulous attention to the preservation of every editorial detail (i.e. Grant was not either a very good or a very consistent speller), *The Papers*, of which Volume II will be a representative example, reproduce all the personal letters, plus a generous selection of general and special military orders.

These are all accompanied, where necessary, by thorough explanatory footnotes. Documents that are considered by the editorial staff to be less essential to the historical record are either mentioned or summarized briefly in the notes or in a calendar for the period. The index to this volume appears to be comprehensive. The opening description of the editorial procedures followed by the staff and the chronology for the months covered in the volume are useful indeed.

At the beginning of the Civil War in April 1861 Grant was working in a Galena, Illinois, leather business operated by his father. Despite West Point training his early military career disappointed him and he resigned himself to civilian life. Patriotism more than ambition appears to have impelled him to offer his services in the war. Starting as a military aide to Illinois Governor Richard Yates, Grant received a commission as colonel of an Illinois volunteer regiment. By August 1861 he had been promoted to brigadier general, with responsibility for the District of Southeast Missouri, "quite an extensive and important command . . .," he recorded, "third in importance in the country."

Most of his assignments involved the recruiting and training of troops and the searching out of a properly positioned base in this crucial area where the Ohio River flows into the Mississippi. We can see signs here of the skillful leadership that made possible the Forts Henry and Donelson campaigns along the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, culminating at Shiloh, that led onward to Vicksburg and glory.

Things can already be noted like his consistent refusal to demand more than what he thought reasonable from his superiors, a quality that would endear him to President Abraham Lincoln. Evident is his contempt for political preferment as a reason for promotion, (although he himself owed his position to the influence of men like Illinois Republican Congressman Elihu B. Washburne) and his methodical attention to detail. Much written work had to be done in his own hand since he was without the aid of an adequate staff in this early phase of the war. His military instructions are precise, his reports to superiors so succinct that they no doubt gave rise to Grant's reputation as a man spare with words. What he had

was a businesslike style of communication which matched his ability to use available manpower to carry out orders.

Grant's letters to his family show a man busy and preoccupied with his military responsibilities. He remarks often of the lateness of the hour and the frequency with which he is interrupted. Those to his wife are the most interesting in this volume. In them emerges his fondness for his children and his solicitous concern for their well-being. He shows his sadness at the death of his younger brother Simps (Samuel Simpson Grant).

Only his frequent references to discharging some outstanding debts are indications of an unfortunate Grant legacy, his naivete in financial matters. But he knew his family's needs and endeavored not to be extravagant himself. Or, as he put it in a letter to Julia on September 29, 1861, "my board, horsefeed, servant hire & wash bill amounts to about \$55.00 a month; \$5.00 for tobacco and other expenses is about what it costs me to live. This is pretty cheap for a Brigadier."

If the subsequent volumes in this series adhere to the standards set by this one, the decision to compile Grant's papers should prove to be a most fortunate one. Grant may appear to be a more thoughtful and articulate man than historians have heretofore realized. The collection of his papers into one readily available source is an asset to research in the Civil War era, now becoming an awesome task because of the amount of diversified and not always reliable material available. To the reputation of Grant simultaneously the great soldier and the poor president, these collected documents will probably only add, but now, perhaps, we will more clearly understand what motivated him to get into politics and why this later phase of his life was less successful than his military career.

Careful readers of the memoirs he wrote shortly before he died have long suspected that there was more of substance to Grant than his reticence allowed us to see. As the pages of these volumes unfold, some of the gaps in our understanding are certain to be filled.

REVIEWER: *Neil Thorburn, Assistant Professor of History, Russell Sage College, New York, is an authority on the Civil War period.*

INTENSITY OF EXPERIENCE

GROWING UP IN AMERICA. Edited by Robert A. Rosenbaum. *Double-day*. 380 pp. \$5.95.

EDITOR: *Robert A. Rosenbaum attended the University of Cincinnati and Columbia University and is now an editor for a large publishing company in New York City. This is his fourth book.*

WHAT ARE TODAY'S American young people really like? We hear psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, ministers, and parents discuss the generation gap and we can drive through any university campus and see uncurled, long-haired, mini- and maxi-skirted young ladies and bearded, bell-bottomed, suede-vested young men. But when a mirror is held in front of the students, how do they see themselves?

Robert A. Rosenbaum decided to collect autobiographical materials written by the kids in English and creative writing classes. And true to the American tradition of loving to tell about ourselves, 200 contributions had been received by April, 1968. From these Mr. Rosenbaum selected 23 (16 boys and 7 girls) for his anthology.

Probably the most surprising thing is that there are few cries of alienation. In fact, the themes automatically fell into 11 different categories: childhood, education, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, native ground, leaving home, moving, love, death, black and white, and the scene. The "new scene" pieces have been wisely placed in the back so that the reader has a chance to meet the young people who share the older generation's warm, yet realistic, feelings about growing up in America. Most of them realize that they are growing up in a nation that is changing, but then America has always been changing and yet staying constant.

(Maybe that's why the play *Our Town* can still be seen on the stages of contemporary colleges and enjoyed and understood by all the ages who watch it.)

In the introduction to this book, Harvey Swados refers to these pieces as "artless autobiography" (in the sense that these young authors have not yet spent long years in learning to polish their prose). He recognizes that these students are asking: "How do you make sense out of the society in which you are coming of age?" and "What can you say about your own brief life that will help you to define yourself and so arrive at a sense of your own identity?"

Through these pieces the youth do define themselves extremely well. From E. Joseph Hammond's *Blizzard* we learn that he is a sensitive young man who remembers helping his father with the stock during a blizzard and the joys of coming back to a warm Iowa farmhouse and listening to his mother read *Robinson Crusoe*. In *A Day and a Night*, Phillip T. Gay recalls his experiences during the Hough riots of 1966 and concludes that he'll really be better prepared for the cops the next time. He adds: "If I die, I die; just as long as I take a few of them with me, I'll be happy."

Between warmth and hate lie many different feelings which are all covered in these stories. It is not possible to describe every self-portrait, but among the most expressive are:

FEAR: In *Carnival* Joe Kane from Queens College writes in vivid descriptive passages of the nightmare experiences of going to a carnival at age five where he was terrified at the black and swooping Octopus and the quickening ghetto of winking pinwheel colors, and grotesque darting shadows.

DOUBT: Becoming a priest was important to 13-year old Joseph Hoffman of Florida until he discovered that in St. Stephen's School the heaven he had hoped to find had been destroyed by man's interpretation of God's demands. Questioning is a part of maturing.

INDIVIDUALITY: When Adam David was condemned as a counselor of a Maine summer camp for not accepting the dictatorial attitude of the owners, he defends his right to allow the children to be creative. He believes that the owners' understanding of children stopped when the ink was dry on their beautifully printed brochures entitled, *Where Love Comes First*.

DISAPPOINTMENT: Fathers are not always perfect examples to model one's life after as Jerry Smith, of Pennsylvania, and Fred Chase, of Michigan, reveal in their writings. Jerry's father turns the game of cowboy

into a frightening episode during a drunken spell. Fred discovers his father enjoys the kill of a hunting trip rather than the beauty of nature.

SYMPATHY: A native of Cleveland, Nicole Puleo tells of coming home from college, the joys of being with her mother, and then leaving knowing that when she goes her mother will have no one to make living real.

UNDERSTANDING: "No one is given a guarantee for happiness. Just a will to live." This is Floridan Ellen Shea's conclusion as she nurses her mother through two divorces and a nervous breakdown.

BITTERNESS: Born the son of Puerto Rican, now New York, parents, Edward Rivera feels pushed by his sense of loyalty to parents and religion until "copping out" becomes the only answer.

FAITH: When Michael Medved and his classmate hitchhiked from Yale to California, they met a sporty character who took their money in exchange for a ride and friendship. The classmate's undying faith in humanity's inborn honesty pays off.

LOVE: A retarded brother could have brought embarrassment — but not to Kristine Meerdink who expresses her deep love and understanding of little Chug in *The Butterflies*. After all "butterflies are hatched from these little round eggs and are green things that grow gorgeous wings someday."

DEATH: "Death has made me conscious of the meaning and purpose of life; death makes me very humble and very aware how frail life is," is Leslie Merchant's summation of her *Experience of Reality*.

"A time of revolution is an uneasy time to live in," wrote Frederick Lewis Allen in his book about the 1920s. And this first generation of TV children who write herein seem to be living during an uneasy time. In the end, however, they confirm Samuel Johnson's statement of many years ago: "We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire and seduced by pleasure."

REVIEWER: *Jeanne Cecil Bonham is a free-lance editor and writer who lives in Worthington, Ohio. She is an editorial consultant for the American Ceramic Society and Battelle Memorial Institute and acts as an organization consultant for various associations. Mrs. Bonham gives oral reviews and has been a regular book reviewer, along with her husband, Roger, for the Columbus Sunday Dispatch for 18 years.*

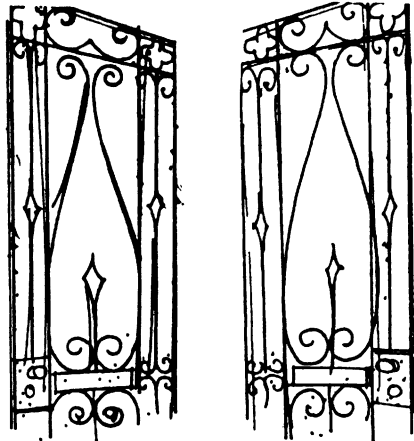
OHIOANA WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls
August 30, 1970 to November 15, 1970.

Miss Ruth Adameit, Columbus	Mrs. O. Garfield Jones, Columbus
Miss Thelma Ashton, Reynoldsburg	Mr. James H. Lawyer, Cincinnati
Miss Emma Leah Bahmann, Cincinnati	Mrs. Oliver Mahn, New Knoxville
Miss Laura Belle Bahmann, Cincinnati	Miss G. Ellen Mann, Columbus
Miss Wilma Bennett, Tiffin	Miss Rosemary Martin, Cincinnati
Mrs. Iva L. Boyer, W. Lafayette	Mrs. J. Howard Neal, Gallipolis
Mrs. James Collier, Ironton	Miss Ruth A. Osborne, Columbus
Mr. Richard Darrow, New York	Miss Nellie Partello, Columbus
Mr. Jack Delany, Cincinnati	Mrs. Joseph Sagmaster Cincinnati
Mrs. Clifton Hall, Oxford	Miss Velma Stephenson, Columbus
Mr. & Mrs. Walter B. Heischman, Columbus	Miss Ophelia P. Titus, Cincinnati
	Mrs. John Wallace, Dayton

OHIOANA

Library News



ENTRANCE GATE
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

ONE OF THE HIGHEST HONORS and awards in the academe is to be named to the Wisdom Hall of Fame.

DR. MERRILL R. PATTERSON, president of Ohioana Library, and dean emeritus and director of academic advising at Marietta College, has received this prestigious honor in education.

Dr. Patterson received the 1970 Wisdom Award of Honor from Leon Gutterman, president and publisher of the Wisdom Society for the Advancement of Knowledge, Learning and Research in Education.

Dr. Patterson was nominated for the award by the Society's Board of Editors.

The Wisdom Hall of Fame include many noted men, living and dead, from various walks of life such as Dean Acheson, Winston Churchill, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Ernest Hemingway, John F. Kennedy, Jawaharlal Nehru, Richard M. Nixon, Leopold Stokowski and Dr. Paul Dudley White.

Because of his outstanding achievements in education, Dr. Patterson deserves this signal honor and recognition. We congratulate him on this award of such high esteem.

JOYCE ATTEE, well-known artist of Cincinnati, gave a special showing of her works at The Bissinger Gallery, Cincinnati, October 26 - November 14.

Her exhibit specialized in horticultural subjects, done in a variety of techniques which included water colors, lithographs, dry point etchings and prints.

Mrs. Attee's talent was effectively demonstrated by these artistic works.

CARL VITZ, who as a beloved and invaluable trustee of Ohioana Library, has contributed so much to the growth of our own Library, received on October sixteenth at the Ohio Library Association Banquet at the Neil House, Columbus, a signal honor in recognition of his fine services to the libraries of Ohio.

On this auspicious occasion Dr. Robert F. Cayton, president of Ohio Library Association, announced that Mr. Vitz had been elected to the Ohio Library Association Hall of Fame, the first librarian to be so honored.

Carl Vitz who lives in Wyoming, Ohio, is librarian emeritus of the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County. He also for many years was Librarian of the Toledo Library, which likewise honored him last June at a ceremony held at the Toledo Library.

Mr. Vitz holds honorary degrees from Western Reserve University and Marietta College.

In replying to Dr. Cayton and in receiving his Hall of Fame honor the night of the banquet, Mr. Vitz injected a bit of his subtle wit when he said it was difficult to encompass a career of 75 years in library work into an acceptance speech limited to two minutes.

He said he realized his career as librarian had been varied, and he hoped it had been useful.

Much applause.

WHEN WE LISTED Clara Lee Brown's new novel, *One for the Road*, in our Fall Quarterly under *Latest Books by Ohio Authors*, we mistakenly described her former book, entitled *Beating Around the Bush*.

We regret our error, and we wish to make this correction. *One for the Road* is a serious novel which has both Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, and Ireland as its locale. David Blake is the hero who has his destiny influenced by a lovely Irish girl and by a tragedy which befalls him. The story has warmth and appeal. (*Christopher Publishing House. 193 pp. \$4.95.*)

DR. VIRGINIA E. LELAND, Associate Professor of English at Bowling Green University, several times has graciously acted as a judge for our annual Book Award for the best juvenile book of the year by an Ohio author.

Now she writes us an interesting letter saying that in her English class 342, Children's Literature, at Bowling Green, she refers to our Ohioana Quarterly and to the enchanting article which Jan Wahl (Columbus-born) wrote about the strong influence which Ohio exerts in the writing of his numerous and successful juvenile books.

Dr. Leland says his article is the basis and inspiration for fine class discussion.



FRANCES POGUE NELSON (Mrs. Robert W.) pictured here with her granddaughter, Laura Sullivan of Boston, exhibited her paintings at the Town Club, Cincinnati, November 4-25.

It was a collection of oils, water colors and acrylics which received much acclaim.

Mrs. Nelson, a native Cincinnati, has been painting all her life. Her first "one man" show was in 1940 at the Loring Andrews Galleries. She has also shown her paintings at the Cincinnati Art

Museum, the Dayton Art Institute, the Butler Institute of Youngstown, and in Naples, Florida.

She has also exhibited in Cincinnati for The Woman's Art Club (of which she is past president), The Professional Artists of Cincinnati (past president), and the Cincinnati MacDowell Society. She studied with Reginald Grooms, Carl Zimmerman, Arthur Helwig and Meyer Able, all well-known Cincinnati artists.

MRS. W. I. PARMELEE, Chairman of Portage County, and the members of the Junior Tuesday Club, graciously planned their program on October 20th, in honor of Portage County authors and Ohioana Library. This delightful tea was held at Ravenna in their own historic club house, The Haymaker House, which contains many beautiful and treasured antiques.

Mrs. Orin Dreisback, Jr., a Trustee of Ohioana Library from Cincinnati, drove up to represent the Library and also her mother, Mrs. Mills Judy, who was detained in Europe, much to her regret.

Mrs. Parmelee and Mrs. John Morrison, Portage County co-chairman for Ohioana Library, poured at the attractive tea table, around which authors, guests and club members assembled.

It was a gala event, and Ohioana Library wishes to thank Mrs. Parmelee for the pleasurable day which she and The Junior Tuesday Club members arranged.

MISS HELEN KROUT, chairman of Champaign County, arranged a delightful tea honoring the poet Mr. John Robert Price, of Westville, and Ohioana Library, on November seventh at the Episcopal Church parish house in Mechanicsburg.

In Mr. Price's absence, his son read from his father's book of poetry, entitled *Heartbeats Among Ohio's Hills*.

Another attractive feature of the afternoon's program was the beautiful singing by the Smucker Sisters, of West Liberty. They and their mother are a most interesting family who have a farm home and who card, spin, dye and weave their own wool.

Mrs. Jan Wasson, Ohioana Librarian, spoke about the collection of books by Ohio authors at Ohioana Library, and invited everyone to visit our Library.

Mrs. B. L. Adair, Ohioana Chairman for Madison County, was asked to pour at the attractively decorated tea table.

Miss Krout, a gracious hostess, had arranged a most delightful occasion.

OHIO POETRY DAY

MRS. TESSA SWEAZY WEBB, founder of Ohio Poetry Day, had a two-fold purpose in mind when in 1937 she asked the 92nd General assembly to set aside the third Friday in October of each year as Ohio Poetry Day. The purpose is as follows: To honor and give special recognition to the poets of Ohio; and to attempt to stimulate a deeper love for poetry among the boys and girls in our schools.

This year the contest winners were presented at a luncheon at the Southern Hotel, Columbus, on October seventeenth. Mrs. Webb received many accolades from the poetry group for her notable contribution to poetry over the years.

The poet who won the Ohioana Library award of \$10 was Marie Daerr, Shaker Heights, for "To a Friend, Dying." Four other poets won honorable mention in this order:

1st H.M.—E. Cole Ingle, Mansfield, for "Her Room."

2nd H.M.—Irene MacDonald, Akron, for "Letter to a Friend."

3rd H.M.—Virginia M. Fleming, San Antonio, Texas, (native Ohioan) for "Another Gretel."

4th H.M.—Cherry Van Deusen Pratt, Fort Recovery, for "The Silken Strand."

Congratulations to these poets for their excellent sonnets.

Book Looks

HOW WE PROSPER UNDER FREEDOM by Warren T. Hackett. *The Citizens Evaluation Institute*. Appendix. Selected bibliography. 92 pp. \$2.25.

This book is a splendid example, as well as a comparison, of the efficiency of economic freedom and teamwork. It spells out the moral law called the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Reviewed by Ethel G. Swanbeck

State Representative, House District #14
Addendum by Editor: Mr. Hackett, a resident of Columbus, is an authority on economics and finance. His work in estate planning and investment trusts has led him to study the American system of economics from numerous angles, including that of free-enterprise, the roles of government, and the causes and cures of inflation and depression. He is Vice President and Senior Trust Officer of the Huntington National Bank, Columbus, a position he has held since 1948.

The author writes that America's "free choice system" grew out of a strong faith in God, whereas socialism takes the atheistic view of the universe. He shows how a nation enslaved by Socialism-Marxism is ruled by force and tyranny.

Mr. Hackett debunks John Maynard Keynes and his false theory of "new economics" that debt is good and that the government through taxation must take away what the people produce. Socialism-Communism always results in impoverishing the individual and lowering his standard of living.

The book is easy to understand and is one which needs to be read as this country veers towards confiscatory taxes and powerful, unlimited bureaucracy.

THE PRINCE WHO WAS A FISH by Jan Wahl. *Simon and Schuster*. 62 pp. \$4.95.

Jan Wahl is a favorite storyteller with children. They adored his *The Furious Flycycle*, *The Norman Rockwell Storybook* and *Rickety Rackety Rooster*.

They will like equally well his newest which is about a spoiled Prince who learned a valuable lesson when he became a fish and when a flounder became Prince of the Land.

Jan writes his story in a witty, economical style. He has the type of imagination which delights children. The book's pictures, in gay colors, are perfect partners for Jan's enchanting story.

Jan Wahl received the 1970 Ohioana Book Award for his juvenile books. His Ohio background is: "born in Columbus," "schooled in Toledo". And then he left for college.

We often ask ourselves — "Where IS Jan's home?", as we get cards and letters from him from Mexico, Denmark, Sweden, Seattle, New York, et cetera. But whatever the postmark on his mail, we know he is writing and having 5 or 6 of his delightful and surrealistic books published each year.

VISITORS FROM OUTER SPACE by Lowell B. Keefer. *Carlton Press*. 149 pp. \$3.50.

An Ohioan born in Dunkirk, shows vivid imagination in his story about flying saucers and a young man who disappears for six mysterious years into Outer Space and then returns to his home on a Western ranch. A thug warfare develops, and this young man becomes the hero.

This adventure novel is slanted for teenage readers and provides suspense and fantasy.

STAR STORIES by Bernice W. Foley. *McCall Publishing Co.* 46 pp. \$4.95.

Mrs. Bernice Williams Foley, the director of the Ohioana Library Association, has combined her love and knowledge of astronomy with her skill as a creative writer in an imaginative book that is sure to spark an interest in star-gazing in young readers.



The hero of *Star Stories* is frolicking Little Bear, or Ursa Minor. His daytime capers through Star Kingdom and his encounters with constellation friends (and enemies!) are the basis of the story. All night Little Bear, who keeps the North Star in the tip of his tail, shines brightly and unmoving for the Earth People. But in the daytime he and his friends gambol freely over the Star Kingdom.

Little Bear's friends come to his rescue in a series of daytime escapades, some of which nearly (but not quite) prevent him from taking up his faithful position in the night sky. The fiery breath of Draco, the Star Dragon, dries out his wet tail when he falls into the river Po. Aquila, the sharp-eyed Eagle, supplies a shooting star when the North Star in Little Bear's tail is smashed when he tumbles off Pegasus, the winged horse.

There's even an exciting "space flight" when Bootes, the Bear Driver, rides Pegasus to the moon to bring back a honey cone to satisfy Little Bear's hunger for sweets. Little Bear manages to keep his tail with its shining North Star in steadfast position for the Earth People all night even while enjoying an occasional lick on the honey cone.

Handsome illustrations in blue, turquoise and black of the constellations and star animals by Abe Gurvin, a student of astrology, complement the text. Mrs. Foley dedicated this, her first children's book, to her grandchildren whom she calls her "Five Member Advisory Committee."

Reviewed by

Claudine M. Smith

Editor, State Library of Ohio.

TREASURY OF COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE by Norman Vincent Peale. *Doubleday*. Index. 304 pp. \$5.95.

This volume contains the author's personal selection of prose, poetry and quotations, which he has found inspirational in his long service as minister and advisor to millions of Americans.

Dr. Peale was born in Bowersville, Ohio (Green County). His column on the *Power of Positive Thinking* is carried

in many newspapers, and his numerous books are widely read for their stimulation and encouragement to mind and soul.

This newly published anthology is arranged in twelve (12) sections, such as "power of prayer," "art of thankfulness," "how to achieve goals," and "how to find happiness."

In these parlous times, this collection of quotations from the Bible, from philosophers of old and from famous writers is needed. Dr. Peale's choice is based on his vast experience in encouraging disheartened people and in giving them guidance to faith and courage. The book, *Treasury of Courage and Confidence*, is one of his finest contributions to relieve troubled persons.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN by David D. Anderson. *Twayne Publishers*. Bibliography. Index. 205 pp. \$4.50.

David D. Anderson, born in Lorain, Ohio, has made a fine contribution to Lincolniana in his new book which is a study of Lincoln and his place in American literary history. Dr. Anderson has analyzed Lincoln's individual writings and has defined the nature of the man's literary development, its richness and its depth. Dr. Anderson's critical approaches are based on his own years of study and research.

This volume gives the reader a new understanding of Lincoln's great statements and of his compassion. It is rewarding to read about Lincoln as a man of letters. Such terms as "Let us have faith", "Let us dare to do our duty", "A new birth of freedom", and "The Almighty has His own purposes" take on new and more significant meaning. Lincoln's deep faith in God is an inspiration for all of us today.

SPIES INC. by Jack D. Hunter. *Dutton*. 250 pp. \$5.50.

Jack D. Hunter is an editor and author who was trained in counter intelligence, and served as an undercover agent in Germany during World War II. His popular novel, *Blue Max*, was based on his war experiences.

Likewise *Spies, Inc.* is based on the author's own knowledge of espionage. But the setting is the United States industrial world — not Germany.

In this intrigue story, Paul Dexter, ex-spy, is given the assignment to discover who is stealing his company's secret processes.

Jack Hunter, now with a large industry, DuPont, has inside knowledge of an industrial complex, as he writes at his crisply descriptive best. He inserts some sensational measures into this swiftly paced story. Excellent characterization and dramatic suspense turn this book into an exceptional novel.

This success book is by a recognized writer in the East who was born way west of the Appalachian chain — in Hamilton, Ohio.

YOUNG JESUS ASKS QUESTIONS by Florence Mary Fitch. *Lothrop, Lee & Shepard*. 64pp. \$3.75.

Children eight and up will find many questions on religion asked in this book as they read about the twelve year old Jesus, his trip with his parents to the Temple in Jerusalem and his visit with the rabbis. The story is imaginative, almost fictional, yet based on the Bible.

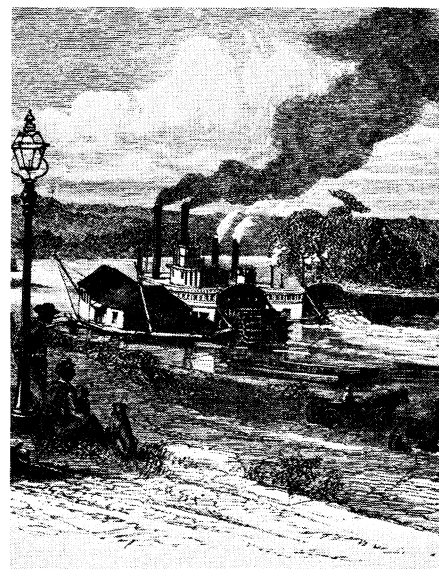
Miss Fitch, now deceased, grew up in Cincinnati and graduated from Oberlin College. Other books by her on religion include *One God* and *The Child Jesus*.

OHIO by Marion Renick. *Coward-McCann*. Index. 114 pp. \$4.29.

Marion Renick of Columbus is the author of thirty best-selling books for young readers. She has been awarded the Ohioana Library Medal for "distinguished contribution to children's literature."

Her newest book is the *Ohio* volume in Coward McCann's *States of the Nation* series. The purpose is to provide young readers with a historical background of a particular state and with a contemporary survey of its natural resources, geographical characteristics, economic status and its people.

Mrs. Renick writes about Ohio in a narrative style and includes a great variety of interesting facts. Chapter 1 not only describes Ohio as inhabited by pre-historic Indians, but also Ohio as the bottom of an expansive sea. Chapter 2 continues with the importance of the rivers and



Riverboats on the Ohio River around 1890

lakes in connection with Ohio's development.

Chapter 8, entitled *Land of Learning*, is especially interesting to Ohioana Library since it mentions us, the early and famous Coonskin Library, the State Library of Ohio and important libraries of universities and large cities.

Mrs. Renick's informative book provides, on the student level, a good concept of the life-style of Ohio.

Maps and many photographs provide visual aid; and various lists and an index become helpful tools to the young student.

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE by Bentz Plagemann. *Morrow*. 219 pp. \$4.95.

Bentz Plagemann (born in Springfield) is a kindly humanist and an author who can distill into a book the humor of everyday situations.

His novel, *A World of Difference*, continues with the saga of the Wallaces, Bill and Kate, who first appeared in *This is Goggle*, then in *Father to the Man*.

Now the Wallaces, in their middle years, are alone, with their son married and gone. Their lives should have been relaxed and without worry.

But no! Bill writes a Broadway play. Then he goes to Hollywood to write for TV. All this is quite a period of adjustment for him and Kate.

Mr. Plagemann's story about a middle-class paterfamilias displays strength in its very simplicity. It is recounted with high good humor and a sincere warmth and sympathy.

This Ohio author was awarded the Ohioana Library Book Award in 1968 for fiction, *The Heart of Silence*. Mr. Plagemann's acceptance speech held the large audience enthralled.

BARBED WIRE by Robert Canzoneri. *Dial Press*. 182 pp. \$4.95.

Fourteen short stories are included in this collection by a professor of English at Ohio State University.

Each story is unique. Grandmothers are debunked in *Freddy Bear* as a small boy sees his grandma as a sort of minacious minotaur.

The title story, *Barbed Wire*, explores the relationship between a college lad and his father who was killed fourteen years before. It dramatizes the boy's insights through his experience with his uncle.

Professor Canzoneri's stories excel in re-creating meanings in human experience for the characters with their varied backgrounds. The versatile treatment of these brilliant stories add to their interest and value.

The author has written three previous books: *I Do So politely; Watch Us Pass* (poetry); and *Men with Little Hammers* (fiction).

LOVE UNFOLDING. Poems by Natty G. Barranda. *Exposition Press Inc.* 149 pp. \$5.00.

Dr. Barranda is presently with the department of Philosophy and Religion of Wilberforce University. Born in the Philippines, Dr. Barranda earned her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from De Pauw and Claremont Universities.

Her book of poetry examines love both in its simple and complex forms. A deep religious feeling underlies her poetic lines. In her various poems she pays beautiful attention to all three Greek interpretations of the English word "love" — erotic, filial and agape. The world she describes is reality transformed by imagination.

HAMILTON COUNTY by MacKinlay Kantor & Tim Kantor. *The Macmillian Company*. \$9.95.

Unique in concept and fascinating in format is this volume by noted father and son about every Hamilton County, in America.

Did you know there are 10 counties named Hamilton which enrich the map of the United States?

This volume is pure documentary in prose and photographs, not about, but revealing these counties.

The reader sees these counties studded by towns, in places crammed with factories, and again extending to the very horizon with wheat and corn fields.

These photographs taken in Ohio, New York, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Florida and Tennessee meld into a far-flung unity of our great American civilization.

MacKinlay Kantor is a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist, and his son a professional photographer. Their combined efforts produce a book attuned to these locales.

ADAM'S FRACTURED RIB by Margaret Sittler Ermarth. *Fortress Press*. 153 pp. Paperback \$3.25.

The status of women in the Churches of the world is analyzed in this book on women's liberation. The author, Professor of History at Wittenberg University, Springfield, maintains that the Church is behind secular society in its recognition of women.

In erudite prose she cites chapter and verse to prove her point regarding the role of women in the churches of England, Scandinavia, Germany and North America.

Professor Ermarth graduated from Wittenberg, earned her M.A. at Ohio State University, and has studied further in Berlin, Munich, and Hamburg, Germany.

She explains the "Eve Syndrome", then continues to contemporary times in which society is working out new roles for women. The contents of this book are thought provoking.

TOLEDO: SIGNIFICANT ARCHITECTURE FOR THE FUTURE by Gill Wright Bentley. *The Maumee Valley Historical Society*.

The author of this supplement to the Northwest Ohio Quarterly c 1969, has written a very interesting booklet on the architecture of Toledo, both the old landmarks and the planned buildings of the future.

Expressways, parking lots and urban renewals in the old Port Lawrence section of Toledo are taking their toll in lovely old buildings being bulldozed. These historic buildings have architectural merit, some being palatial Italian Renaissance, others Victorian or French Empire.

Charles L. Stark III is the artist who has provided exquisitely detailed pen and ink drawings of these historic buildings.

The Maumee Valley Historical Society is cooperating with Toledo's General Neighborhood Renewal Plan with the hopes of preserving the beauty of the city's architectural past.

This is a valuable publication.

HISTORY OF THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES by George

Schoyer. *Office of Educational Services, The Ohio State University Libraries*. Notes. Bibliography. 28 pp.

In commemorating the Ohio State University Centennial, this booklet has been published. It covers the years 1870-1970.

Several donations of books formed the nucleus of the Ohio State University Libraries. These were housed in a first floor room of University Hall, the only building on campus at that time.

From then on the growth of the Libraries are described under each Librarian . . . Miss Olive Branch Jones, Mr. Earl Manchester, and the present Librarian, Dr. Lewis C. Branscomb.

This account becomes interesting history which encompasses the biography of the people who directed the O.S.U. Libraries and turned them into the greatest research institutions which they are today.

VITAL PARTS by Thomas Berger. *Richard W. Baron*. 432 pp. \$6.95.

The trilogy, composed of the novels *Crazy in Berlin* and *Reinhart in Love*, is now completed by this third story about Carlo Reinhart. He is now fat and 44 year old, still a liberal, and disdained by his wife. His long-haired son despises him; his overweight teen-age daughter loves him.

When Reinhart, now down and more or less out, meets Sweet, an old schoolmate with money, he becomes involved in strange events, such as cryogenics, the science which can freeze a person at point of death, and which can then revive him when the cure for his near-fatal illness is discovered.

The story is contemporary and goes in for new morality and class confrontation.

TRADITIONAL ARCHITECTURE OF WARREN COUNTY, OHIO by Hazel Spencer Phillips. *The Civic Trust of Lebanon*. 129 pp.

The early architecture of town houses, Shaker buildings, churches, schools, mills and barns in Warren County is the subject of this excellent and valuable book which combines 150 fine photographs with the author's superb descriptions.

When these early settlers came to Warren County they saw that the Miami Indians did not have a single settlement within these borders.

The first chapters begin with the log cabins, barns and block houses. Drawings by Henry Howe are included. The early colleges and academies are of great historic interest.

Ohioana Library is proud and happy that Mrs. Phillips, who lives in Lebanon, is our Chairman for Warren County. She is the author of numerous books and pamphlets on Ohio history. She also serves as Director of the Warren County Historical Society Museum, and as Curator for Glendower.

Mrs. Phillips is widely recognized as an authority in these related fields. This, her most recent book, adds to her reputation as an author of national importance.

BOOK OF MUSICAL AMERICANA by Deac (C. T.) Martin. *Prentice-Hall*. Index. 243 pp. \$12.95.

The author of this anthology of America's folk music and popular tunes of yesterday is the founder (in 1940) of the Cleveland Chapter of the Society for the

Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. He has written numerous articles about music for various magazines, is the author of a column, *Way I See It*, and of the books *Handbook for Adeline Addicts*, *Keep America Singing*, and *From School to Institute*.

His new book is a collection of his interesting memories, as well as a description of the various phases of popular music such as farm songs, Negro songs, and barbershop quartet singing.

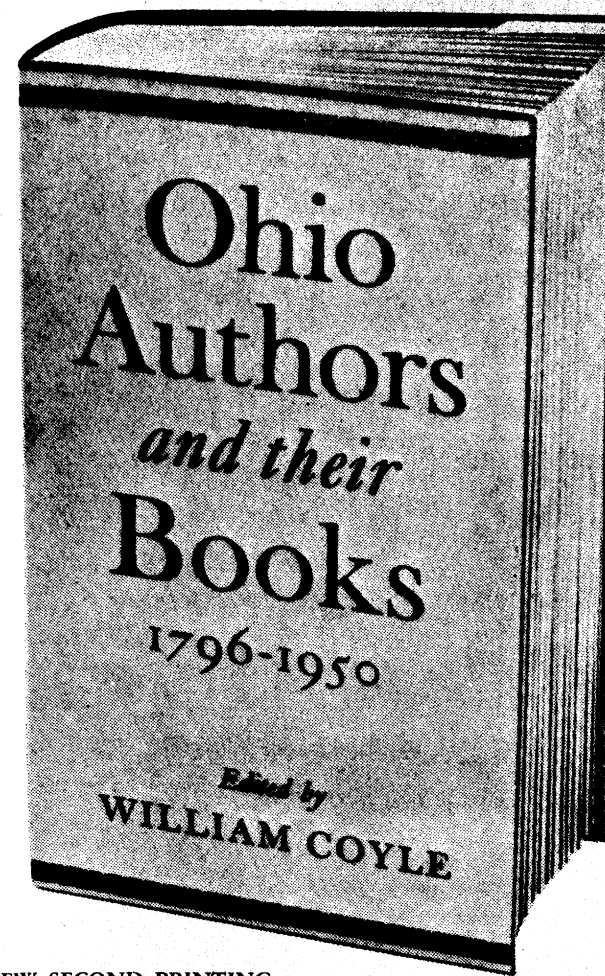
Illustrated in both color and black and white, this book is handsome in format and a veritable memory lane of old songs.

A REPRODUCTION OF A SCRAP-BOOK FROM NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ON LOCAL AND REGIONAL HISTORY by Leonard U. Hill. *Leonard U. Hill*. Index. 156 pp.

Leonard U. Hill of Piqua is an authority on the history of Miami County and environs during pioneer and Civil War days. His tangible interest takes the form of this spiral-backed "Scrapbook".

The large pages are covered with reproductions of newspaper columns written by Mr. Hill. They are a treasure trove of information about the area and the period.

Mr. Hill is a prominent Miami County historian and past president of the Miami County Historical Society. His columns are valuable for their historical content and deserve to be preserved in this "Scrapbook."



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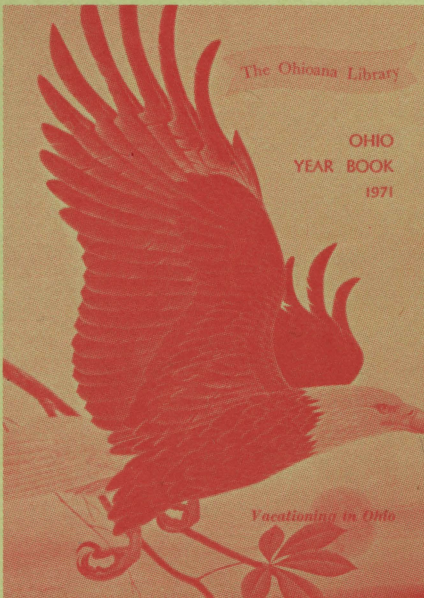
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