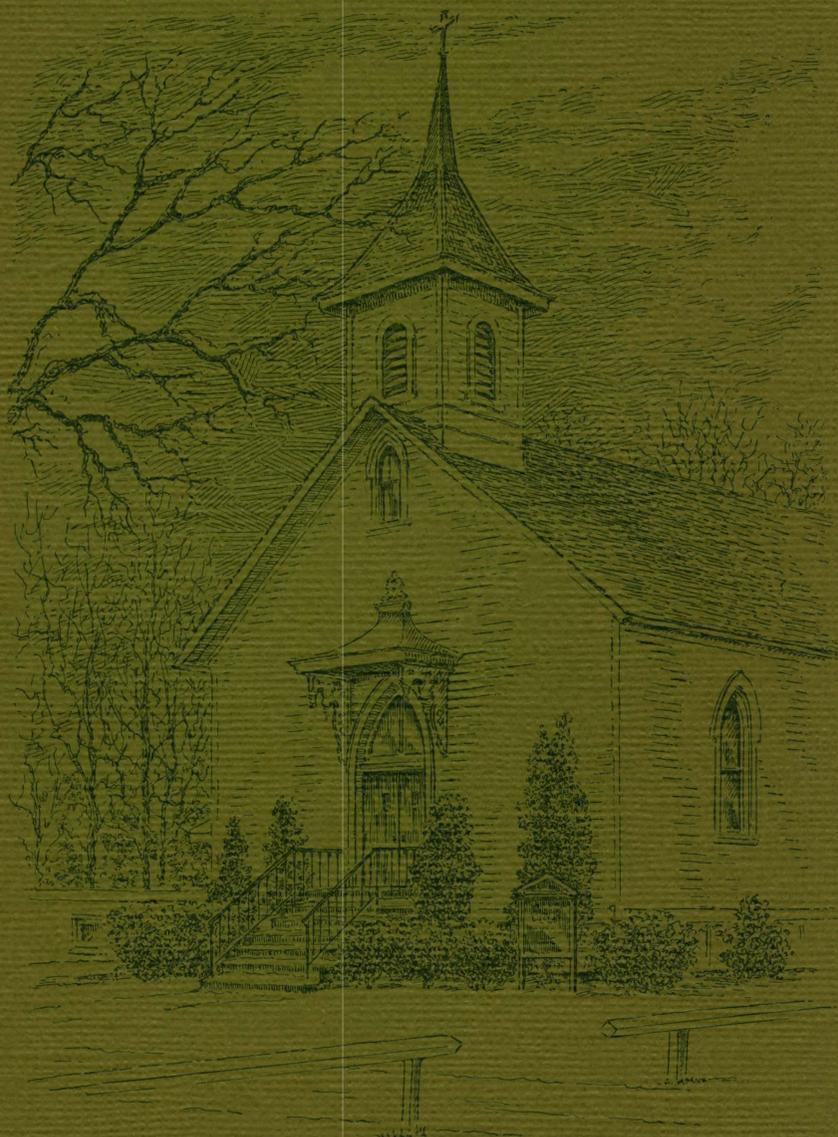


# Ohioana Quarterly

Volume XIV  
Number 4  
Winter  
1971



OAKLAND  
LUTHERAN  
CHURCH

*Caroline Williams*

# OHIOANA QUARTERLY

Volume XIV

• Number 4 •

Winter 1971

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Front Cover: Oakland Lutheran Church,  
Near Mansfield  
Artist—Caroline Williams

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## THE LIFE-PATH OF A DIPLOMAT

by FOY D. KOHLER

I SUPPOSE I CAN LEGITIMATELY be considered an example of authentic Ohioana. While much of my life was spent abroad, my childhood was passed in Paulding, Putnam and Lucas counties and my education was obtained in Toledo and Columbus. Now in my later years, like thousands of my fellow-Ohioans, I have settled under the Florida sun.

I have always been grateful for my grass-roots origins. I felt the Ohio background made it easier for me than for my urbanized Eastern colleagues to understand other societies molded by a predominantly rural environment, such as I found in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. It also gave me a sense of the possibilities and limitations affecting American foreign policy, which in our system cannot be conducted without general public understanding and support. My native state was the yardstick and the test of my conclusions and recommendations during my career.

My late father spent nearly half his allotted span seeking a new life off the family farm. With little formal education but an inventive mind, he tried his hand at professional photography. This pursuit, aided and abetted by my mother, eager to find better educational opportunities for her children, led us from the village of Oakwood (where I was born), to the town of Continental, to a crossroads settlement named Crissey (near Toledo) and finally to Toledo itself, in time for me to attend the eighth grade and then Scott High School in that (to me at the time) vast metropolis.

Somehow, the repeated moving process stirred my curiosity about horizons still beyond. My reading interest turned very early toward geography and history and historical novels. I came increasingly under the spell of the example of that great Ohio political and literary figure, Brand

Whitlock, first from reading about our former Mayor in the *Toledo Blade* — a large stack of which I delivered every day — and then from acquaintance with his own published works. I devoured his novels about the Ohio political scene and his account of his World War I mission as Ambassador to Belgium. Unfortunately I never met my hero, but I did see him when he escorted the King and Queen of Belgium on a visit to the United States. Perched on top of a mailbox, I watched the official ceremonies unroll on the portico of the Toledo Museum of Art. In my mind, the die was cast. I must become a diplomat.

Easier thought than done! After graduating from High School in 1924, I got a job as a bank clerk at something less than \$100 per month and began going to night school. But the young and struggling University of Toledo could not then give me the courses required to prepare for the Foreign Service examinations. In 1925, when it looked as though I could never save, or otherwise lay hands on enough to go to Ohio State, I wrote to the dour old Scotch-American who then represented our district in Congress about the possibilities of getting a clerical job in the Foreign Service. When he inquired on my behalf at the Department of State they noted I had not yet turned 18 and they did not send anyone abroad under 21. But while he performed this service for a prospective constituent, the Congressman was apparently upset by the experience. When he was next in Toledo, he invited me to call and lectured me about the folly of such ideas in the head of an otherwise promising young Ohioan.

The old Congressman was certainly not alone in thinking any young man who wanted to enter the Foreign Service should have his head examined. The whole country was isolation-minded and out here in the Midwest "Big Bill" Thompson was running for Mayor of Chicago on a platform pledging him to keep King George V out of the City. When I persisted and finally took the examinations in 1931, I was one of two successful candidates who claimed Ohio as home and the only one from Ohio State. We brought to 30 the total number of Ohioans in a Foreign Service Officers' corps of about 750 members. (Today Ohio contributes more than 300 members to an expanded corps of about 3,500 officers. The ratio of Ohioans in the Foreign Service has thus more than doubled and Ohio's percentage contribution to the Service now considerably exceeds its percentage of the country's population).

I shall leave the record of the next 36 years to the makers of introductions or eventually the writers of obituaries and histories — or even better, to the readers of my recent book, *Understanding the Russians*, and other works I may get around to producing. Suffice it to say here that the vast

changes which have taken place in the world and in the global role of the United States during this period have made work in the Foreign Service an endless grind of a kind which did not figure significantly in the fancies of the youth perched atop the Toledo postbox. Diplomacy is no longer a matter of dealing with a handful of leaders, of influencing a sovereign. It bears only a remote resemblance to the glamorous picture of personal intrigue emerging from old histories and romantic novels and exciting "who-done-its." Modern diplomacy is rather a continuing and exhaustive study of whole societies and of their interrelationships. Embracing all the academic disciplines, today's diplomacy requires knowledge of the history, the culture, the political, economic, technological and social forces at work in the society in which the diplomat resides. It requires careful evaluation of the direction in which these factors will move within that society and of the effect they will have on relations between that society and other societies — especially his own. The diplomat's daily program is thus roughly a combination of the schedules of an office worker, a theater performer and a doctor. It tends to be exhausting, but there are few dull moments.

As for my new life at the University of Miami, my formerly diplomatic and presently academic colleague, George F. Kennan, once ran onto a dialogue between Confucius and one of his followers which seemed to provide apt justification for our change in course.

Tsekung asked Confucius: "What kind of a person do you think can properly be called a scholar?"

Confucius replied: "A person who shows a sense of honor in his personal conduct and who can be relied upon to carry out a diplomatic mission in a foreign country with competence and dignity can be properly called a scholar."

The transition from Foreign Service Officer to Professor has in fact been a natural and easy one for me. As a diplomat begins to feel he has contributed his full share to the public domain and has helped to train a corps of capable replacements, he also begins to feel the urge to try to pass on to his fellow-citizens — and especially to the younger generation — the experience of observing his fellow-man in all corners of the earth and of participating in the processes of our Government. It's a life I find both pleasant and satisfying — certainly the schedule is much less hectic.

*AUTHOR: Dr. Foy D. Kobler was a member of the United States Diplomatic corps who served in numerous foreign cities before he was appointed United States of America Ambassador to the important post of Moscow. During these years he has been awarded many prestigious honors by the government and by various colleges. On 30 October, 1971, Ohioana Library bestowed upon him its highest award, The Career Medal.*

## THE VIBRANT ERA

### Which Gave Birth To The Ohio State University

by WILLIAM A. KINNISON

THE STORY OF AN INSTITUTION, born of hard work and hammered out amid the conflicting social, economic, and political ambitions of a strong people — and their dreams and hopes as well — ought not to be a mild and unmoving tale. Much institutional history, it seems, turns out that way. I hoped, however, that unlike the usual institutional history — written by a trusted staff member and almost imperceptibly influenced by the carefully evolved self perceptions of past generations — that *Building Sullivant's Pyramid* would be full of the essence of the vibrant era which gave birth to The Ohio State University, and in that, reflective of the continuing vitality and relevance of the institution.

In a sense, *Building Sullivant's Pyramid* was not to be institutional history at all; rather, it was to be a bit of American social and intellectual history told in an institutional milieu like Laurence R. Veysey's excellent, long, fresh look at American institutions of higher education, *The Emergence of the American University*, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1965. All of this, of course, reflects the current notion that the university is not a separate and isolated part of the American scene but is now and most obviously always has been closely related to life around it. For much of institutional history, that requires some different approaches and some careful revision.

In any event, *Building Sullivant's Pyramid* is the story of the beginning of The Ohio State University told by an outsider who sought to look anew at the evidence competently viewed before but needing review, and at the documents carefully read many years ago but needing a fresh reading. To

weigh and evaluate these materials in the light of modern scholarship and in the knowledge that they are not dealing with events in isolation was the task of the writer. In that sense, the book was consciously revisionist. The revision was undertaken not merely to rewrite the story nor to make those who liked the more familiar one uncomfortable. The fundamental objective was to develop a method whereby the Ohio land grant experiment could be accurately compared with similar and contemporary developments in other states, thus opening the way for a general treatment of the land grant movement as broad and as inclusive as Veysey's treatment of the American university at large.

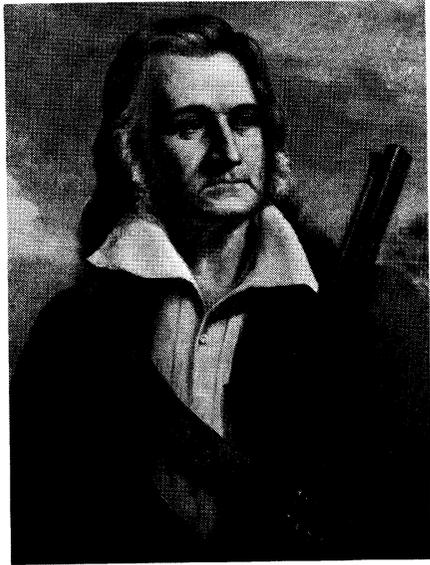
The method that resulted included the following steps: (1) put the Morrill Land Grant Act into perspective politically, socially, and economically for the area in which the particular institution was to be located; (2) analyze the political steps in the process of creating the particular institution and trace the involved social and educational repercussions of them; (3) trace the development of the institution in its unique setting; (4) relate the development of the particular institution under study to the broader sweep of national developments, including those in other higher educational institutions and to evolving educational philosophies, and (5) examine where appropriate specific individuals who make a major contribution to the development of the institution whose careers are of greater than local interest and relate them to broader national and regional trends in intellectual and social thought.

Carrying out this design required that the material be approached from a somewhat different perspective than it would perhaps for a traditional institutional history. Primary in this new perspective is what the late William Best Hesseltine, himself the recipient of an Ohio State doctorate, referred to as the capacity to disbelieve your documents appropriately. When a man writes a letter to resign a position because of long-standing illness, for instance, you are to ask questions such as these: Why now, if the illness has been of such long standing? Why not sooner? What other factors outside of those recited in the letter might be of importance? Another crucial example concerns the analysis of the political events leading to the passage of an act creating an institution. Rather than limiting oneself to the official records, the historian ought also to consult newspapers, private correspondence, and other sources which provide insight into the meaning behind polite, abbreviated, and comfortable reports, acts of the legislature, and statements of policy. The activities of the lobby and the anteroom, while seldom reported in official places, are often much more enlightening than official reports.

Even more subtle in this activity of questioning documents is the need to weigh the difference between what the document was intended to do and what in fact actually resulted. Local efforts at moderating events of greater than local significance require this kind of "higher criticism" in the effort to put them into perspective.

In carrying out the scholarly exercise which *Building Sullivant's Pyramid* was designed to be, however, there were certain concomitant benefits. One was, as one critic has said, that the role of Joseph Sullivant was rescued from obscurity and given the emphasis it deserved. Another was the rediscovery of Rutherford B. Hayes' contributions to the formation of the institution and to the determination of its organization and style of administration. In this role of Hayes, plus the close relationship in Ohio between the land grant movement and other reform impulses of the 19th century, the Ohio land grant story emphasizes new dimensions in the story of land grant development throughout the country which, I think, are worthy of broader analysis. One somewhat humorous by-product was the discovery that the Ohio College Association was really older than it thought it was, a fact which caused that organization to move its planned centennial forward by two years.

*AUTHOR: William A. Kinnison is Vice President for University Affairs at Wittenberg University. A native Springfield resident, he received his A.B. degree from Wittenberg University, a masters in American History at the University of Wisconsin, and his Ph.D. from Ohio State University. His published writings are divided between contemporary problems of higher education and nineteenth century social history. His book, BUILDING SULLIVANT'S PYRAMID, represents a blending of the two interests.*



A RARE  
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL  
JOURNAL

AUDUBON, BY HIMSELF edited by Alice Ford. *Natural History Press*.  
36 Picture Plates. 276 pp. \$8.95.

*AUTHOR: Alice Ford has the reputation of being an outstanding interpreter of Audubon. Her other books on this artist and ornithologist include an authoritative biography, JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, and also BIRD BIOGRAPHIES OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, AUDUBON'S ANIMALS, AUDUBON'S BUTTERFLIES AND OTHER STUDIES and an unabridged edition of his rare 1826 journal.*

“THE LAKES ABOUNDED IN FISH. We would walk on the ice, deal it a blow of our axe and kill a catfish beneath before drawing it out. Other times we cut fishing holes and shot at surfacing fish. The squaws tanned deer hides, stretched those of otter and raccoon, wove cane baskets. Nat and I played the fiddle, and I had a flute. The squaws laughed at the dancers and our

merriment. The Indian hunters sat on the outer ring and smoked their tomahawks with serenity such as no white man ever displayed at a social gathering.”

This account of a winter camp near Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi with Osage and Shawnee Indians in the early 1800s is typical of the way John James Audubon, naturalist, artist and explorer, saw the American frontier.

His great legacy, of course, is his monumental *Birds of America*. But his journals, written haphazardly but with wit and charm, leave us pictures of a wilderness that never will be seen again.

Alice Ford, a noted Audubon biographer, in this book lets him tell the story himself, with just enough smoothing of his erratic English to make easier reading. The result is a fascinating account of early America which any admirer of Audubon and lover of Nature will devour with relish.

Audubon was born in Haiti of French parents in 1785. His mother died and he was taken to France to be raised and educated by foster parents. “. . . one of the curious things which perhaps led me to love birds . . . my foster mother had several beautiful parrots and some monkeys . . . instead of applying closely to my studies I preferred to go with friends in search of birds' nests, or to fish or shoot.”

Having failed the examinations for naval officer training, “at eighteen I was sent to America to make money — for such was my father's wish . . . I landed in New York, caught the yellow fever . . . was packed off to Norristown by the ship captain, and was placed in the care of two Quaker boardinghouse ladies. To their ministrations I owe my life.”

He had started making crude drawings of birds as a small boy. Now in America he kept on tramping the woods, watching and shooting birds and drawing, drawing, drawing. At 18 he could speak and write only beginner's English. But he was a born story teller as well as artist. He turned to the frontier and lived its life to the full, jotting down what he saw and drawing the birds, animals and insects.

Audubon was 46 when failure to obtain an American publisher forced him to become his own publisher—in England. His travels were prodigious, considering the means available. Back and forth across the Atlantic he went, up and down the wilderness valleys of Ohio and Mississippi, south to Florida, north to Canada. His final adventures were in the Yellowstone country in 1843.

He traveled from his home in Henderson, Ky., to Philadelphia and back on horseback. “I returned by way of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Lexington and Louisville.”

He describes the Kentucky earthquake that created Reelfoot Lake: "The earth waved like a field of corn in the breeze, while birds left their perches and flew about they knew not whither."

He recorded a "hurricane" that swept past Henderson: "For a quarter of a mile the devastation resembled the dried bed of the Mississippi. The horrible noise resembled the roar of Niagara."

He sold drawings to make a living. "A clergyman of Louisville had his dead child distinterred that I, the best delineator of heads in that vicinity, might make a facsimile of his face which, by the way, I gave to the parents, to their intense satisfaction."

Audubon, ever the observer, saw the settlers pouring westward even as he studied the beasts and birds. "Thus are the vast frontiers of our country peopled, and cultivation gradually extended over the western wilds. No doubt the time will come when the great valley of the Mississippi, now still covered with primeval forests and dotted with swamps, will smile with cornfields and orchards. Crowded cities will rise along its banks, for all the world to marvel at Providence and its bounty."

The Indians and white hunters were cleaning out the last of the buffalo and elk near the Mississippi. And Audubon wrote of the Lehigh valley: "Game was extremely abundant in that range before it began to be settled. Elk browsed high in the mountains. Bear and the common deer are still hunted there, as well as the fairly abundant wild turkey and grouse. As to trout, the angler should go there; I have been made weary by pulling the sparkling fish, in its zest for the struggling grasshopper on my line, from these rivulets."

In the Florida keys Audubon saw the great white heron and clouds of exotic birds. He collected eggs, shot birds for his drawing and helped gather turtle eggs.

The coast was infested with ship wreckers and lawless adventurers. His account of the death of a pirate, run to ground and mortally wounded by his enemies up a Florida bayou, is a classic tale worthy of Poe.

The wholesale slaughter of the bison had already started when Audubon camped with the Blackfeet Indians in the Dakotas in 1843.

"I was only a spectator at the regular buffalo hunts, because at fifty-eight I would hardly go at full gallop while running and loading a gun." But he tells how the Indians did it: "The Mandans start off together in parties of twenty to fifty braves, each with two horses, one for the chase and the other as a pack horse. They carry quivers of arrows. Until the game is sighted they ride the pack horse, but then they jump off, leap on

the other one, and start at full speed for the very midst of the buffalo herd or its flanks. If his arrow, drawn within yards of the target, causes blood to rush from nose and mouth, the Indian knows his aim was fatal and he shoots no more. If not, he shoots another arrow, and perhaps a third, until he sees the signs."

Audubon foresaw what would happen to the great herds that "trample paths that become like wagon tracks as they cross the prairie. But this cannot last. Even now the herds are smaller. Before many years the buffalo, like the great auk, will have disappeared."

The name of Audubon today is a symbol of conservation and love of nature, and very appropriately. Audubon's journals reveal that he knew full well he was witnessing the early chapters of evolutionary change that transformed America from wilderness to a vast urban and industrial country. Audubon enjoyed it as it was and regretted what his senses told him it would become. He killed much wild life himself — game and fish for food, and birds as models for his drawings.

He left us a great heritage of art and description, so that we who know the frontier only from history can share vicariously in its romance, beauty and adventure.

REVIEWER: *Don E. Weaver is the retired Editor of the Columbus Citizen Journal and Past President of The Ohio Historical Society.*

## PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR:

### The Sentimental Realist of the Miami Valley

by DAVID D. ANDERSON

IN 1896, when William Dean Howells wrote an introduction to a volume of verse by an obscure Ohio poet, the event was notable for two reasons. First, Howells, by that time the dean of American letters, was not accustomed to providing such introductions, even for fellow Ohioans, and secondly, it marked the first national appearance of the writer who was to become at once one of the most popular American poets of his day and the first black American to achieve distinction as a poet, short story writer, and novelist.

The writer was Paul Laurence Dunbar of Dayton, Ohio, and the volume of poetry was *Lyrics of Lowly Life*. Then twenty-four years old and already the author of two brief books of poetry, *Oak and Ivy* (1893) and *Majors and Minors* (1895), both privately printed, Dunbar was to write three more collections of verse, four novels, and four collections of short stories in the ten years that remained of his life. Combined, they provide a remarkable contribution to American literature, but unfortunately greatness eluded Dunbar, and more recent critical re-assessment is ambiguous at best.

Dunbar was born in Dayton on June 27, 1872, to Joshua and Matilda Dunbar, both former slaves and both apparently of pure African descent. Paul was educated in Dayton's public schools, graduating from Steele High School in 1891. At the commencement exercises he delivered the class poem, of his own composition, and shortly after graduation he became an elevator operator in the Callahan Building on Dayton's Main Street. Whether this lowly job was the result of his degree of "blackness", as some literary historians assert, or whether he saw it as an opportunity to pursue his literary interests is debatable; two years later, his first volume of verse, *Oak and Ivy*, a collection of 56 verses, was published by the United Brethren Publishing House of Dayton. The volume is virtually impossible to obtain today.

The book, financed by a group of white friends, marked the beginning of Dunbar's rapid rise. He became an associate and protege of the Western Association of Writers, among whom were James Whitcomb Riley, evidently a major influence on Dunbar's verse, William H. Venable, John C. Ridpath, and James N. Mathews, all possessed of substantial reputations for the time and place. He also became popular for his poetic recitals in the area, and he was appointed page in the Dayton Court of Common Pleas, the point of departure for many political and legal careers in the late nineteenth century. However, his major interest continued to be writing poetry, and the new job gave him more opportunity to pursue it.

However, later that year he left Dayton to accept a position obtained through the influence of Frederick Douglass as clerk in the Haitian Building at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Part of the continued exodus of aspiring writers from all over the Middle West to the metropolis of Chicago in the last years of the nineteenth century, he remained there in the office of the Clerk of Litigation after the Fair closed. In 1895 his second volume of verse, *Majors and Minors* was published in Toledo, to gain Dunbar a measure of fame and a sympathetic, appreciative audience.

Conservative reviewers in the leading magazines, including William Dean Howells in *Harper's*, gave the book favorable reviews, and in 1896, Dunbar went East to New York. With him he took the manuscript of *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, a collection drawn from the two other volumes and augmented by new poems. It was published by the Century Company, his first major publisher; it received the acclaim of Howells, who had read it in manuscript and provided the introduction to the volume, as well as other major critics, and it provided the basis of his sudden international reputation.

In January of 1897 he toured England, reciting his verse and gaining a good deal of enthusiastic comment. After his return he received, at the instigation of Robert G. Ingersoll, an appointment as assistant in the reading room of the Library of Congress. The job was a sinecure which gave him leisure for writing, and he held it from October 1, 1897, to December 31, 1898. At that time he became entirely professional as a writer, reciter, and lecturer.

Meanwhile, Dunbar had married on March 6, 1898. His bride, herself a poet of some note, was Miss Alice Ruth Moore, a graduate of Straight University, New Orleans, one of those colleges founded after the Civil War for the education of young blacks. In quick succession he published three more volumes of verse, *Lyrics of the Hearthside* (1899), *Lyrics of Love and Laughter* (1903), and *Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadows* (1905); four

volumes of short stories, *Folks from Dixie* (1898), *The Strength of Gideon and Other Stories* (1900), *In Old Plantation Days* (1902), and *The Heart of Happy Hollow* (1904); and four novels, the best of which was *The Sport of the Gods* (1904). It was a prodigious output of creative work, interspersed with public lectures and recitals, but in compensation Dunbar received continued acclaim, a great deal of popularity, and substantial financial return. Apparently he had achieved the success for which he was destined and to which talent and hard work had brought him.

In his introduction to *Lyrics of Lowly Life* Howells had defined the nature of Dunbar's apparent success:

. . . there is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose, and that this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English. We call such pieces dialect pieces for want of some closer phrase, but they are really not dialect so much as delightful personal attempts and failures for the written and spoken language. In nothing is his essentially refined and delicate art so well shown as in these pieces . . . He reveals in these a finely ironical perception of the negro's limitations, with a tenderness for them which I think so very rare as to be almost quite new, I should say, perhaps, that it was this humorous quality which Mr. Dunbar had added to our literature, and it would be this which would most distinguish him, now and hereafter . . . in more than one piece he has produced a work of art.

As Howells noted, Dunbar's popularity was based upon his humorous recreation of the lowly but never low life of the American blacks, and he did so with sympathy and a light touch that is often delightful. But Dunbar was not satisfied to be a mere dialect poet; he aspired to be a greater poet than the limitations of dialect would permit. Yet, as he once complained to James Welden Johnson, it was only in dialect that white people would listen to him. Thus, he found that such poems as "The Party," based upon stereotypes, were popular for obvious reasons:

Dey had a gread big pahty down to Tom's de othah night;  
Was I dah? You bet! I nevah in my life see sich a sight;  
All de folks f'om fou' plantations was invited, an' dey come,  
Dey come troopin' thick ez chillun when dey hyeahs a fife an' drum,  
Evahbody dressed deir fines' — Heish yo' mouf an' git away,  
Ain't seen sich fancy dressin sence las' quah'tly meetin' day; . . .

In reality, however, he knew that the truth was somewhere beyond:

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes, —  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be overwise,  
In counting all our tears and sighs?  
Nay, let them only see us, while  
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries  
To Thee from tortured souls arise.  
We sing, but oh, the clay is vile  
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;  
We wear the mask.

It was, Dunbar felt, this necessity to wear a mask that prevented recognition of his true art. But his non-dialect verse is generally much less satisfactory than that which had made him popular. His ear for dialect and for the rhythms of language is keen, and his mastery of the techniques of appropriate forms is equally evident. Conversely, in those poems that are conventionally phrased and expressed, there is little to distinguish Dunbar from a dozen other minor poets:

Ah, love, my love is like a cry in the night,  
A long, loud cry to the empty sky,  
The cry of a man alone in the desert,  
With hands uplifted, with parching lips . . .

Just as, for whatever reasons, Dunbar was destined not to become a major poet, his fiction was never strong enough to make him a first-rate novelist or short story writer. At their best, his short stories are very much like the stereotyped incidents and portrayals of his dialect verse; most of them, and three of his four novels, are sentimental, contrived, and derivative. Only in *Sport of the Gods* does he attempt to come to grips with the social problems of the negro in the rural South, and his solution is vaguely reminiscent of the solution advocated by Booker T. Washington. All of his fiction is inferior to his verse.

In spite of his success, Dunbar was plagued not only by doubts and fears as well as a sense of frustration but by failing health and an increasingly unhappy marriage as well. He began to drink and, in 1905, it was evident that he was seriously ill with tuberculosis. He returned to Dayton,

and on February 10, 1906, he died at the age of thirty-four. On a bronze plaque mounted on a huge boulder over his grave are these lines:

Lay me down beneaf de willers in de grass,  
Whan de branch'll go a-singin' as it pass.  
An' u'en I's a'layin' low,  
I kin hyeah it as it go  
Singin', "Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'."

In spite of the long-overdue reawakening of interest in black writers, Dunbar's critical reputation has remained low. Seen by many critics as a poet who deplored his blackness and caricatured his people in his search for white approval, Dunbar will in all likelihood remain a minor, relatively neglected figure. But such treatment is unjust, because it denies both a true if minor poetic ear and talent at the same time that it ignores what William Dean Howells saw more than three-quarters of a century ago as "evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all."

**AUTHOR:** *David D. Anderson, Ph. D., Department of American Thought and Language, Michigan State University, is an authority on poets of Ohio. This is another article in a series of projected essays on Ohio literature and poets.*

*Dr. Anderson is the author of 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. His numerous awards included an appointment as Fulbright Lecturer in Pakistan. Lorain County is his birthplace.*

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BRAND WHITLOCK (1869-1934)

**FORTY YEARS OF IT** by Brand Whitlock. With an Introduction by Louis Filler. *Press of Case Western Reserve University.* 374 pp. \$9.95.

**AUTHOR OF INTRODUCTION:** *Louis Filler, professor of American Civilization at Antioch College, has written extensively in the field of American History. Among his books are THE UNKNOWN EDWIN MARKHAM and A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SOCIAL REFORM.*

**A**FTER WAITING MANY YEARS for a new edition of this fascinating autobiography of the novelist who served four terms as reform mayor of Toledo, we now have two. In 1968 the Greenwood Press brought out the book with the preface William Allen White contributed a half century ago to the second printing. Now the Press of Case Western Reserve University offers it with the original introduction by Albert Jay Nock and a new one by Louis Filler. As both editions have been reproduced by photo-offset from the original, the texts are identical. Both are cleanly done; however, those who are bothered by small print will prefer this edition with its somewhat larger type.

*Forty Years of It* may not be the key "document" of the Progressive period nor its most "significant" work (whatever that means) but it is surely one of the most illuminating and literate and just as surely the most charming. As the title suggests, it deals with the earlier decades of Whitlock's life (he was forty-five when it was published in 1914). His years as minister to Belgium, his two-volume work on the German invasion, and his part in the organization of Belgian relief were still in the future. Yet those who relish

contact with a unique personality will find the early years as interesting as any, while for those who value an extraordinary (though "unstructured") account of the Progressive movement, it will be of even greater interest than the author's later career. For these are the years of his friendship and political association with his predecessor Samuel M. ("Golden Rule") Jones as well as of his own mayoralty, years of striving for municipal purification against the rule of the city bosses, which he recounts with a serenity, a compassion, and above all a gentle humor that keeps a balance between the kindlier qualities of the time and its callousness and corruption.

The familiar Progressive issues are here — home rule to free the cities from the dead hand of the legislature, abolition of franchise politics and its replacement by municipal ownership of utilities, transfer of political power from the city machines to the people, and above it all a longing for a happier, nobler, more generous civic life. Other writers have told us of these struggles, although perhaps none has done it so well, but Whitlock is unique among the Progressives because the civic side of his nature is constantly at odds with the yearning of the artist — for he was always and essentially that — to get free of public concerns and back to his true work. The feeling that he had strayed out of his proper path colors his civic enthusiasms with a melancholy in striking contrast to the muscular optimism of most Progressive writing. He tells us ruefully that the mayor of Toledo is addressed in a "babel . . . of tongues, all counseling him to his duty"; at the end of a weary day he recalls the remark of his mentor Jones: "I could wash my hands every day in women's tears". Nor is he ever forgetful that his understanding of reform differs sharply from that of many of the "good people" of the community. We should perhaps call it a "gap" of some kind; he summed it up with the unhappy letter of a woman trying to free her husband from prison who noted as a bad sign that the new governor was a good churchgoer.

To Albert Jay Nock the "most admirable and impressive picture" in the book is "that which the author has all unconsciously drawn of himself." Others may prefer the account, far and away the best we have, of Jones, "a man whose determination to accept literally and try to practice the fundamental philosophy of Christianity had so confounded Christians everywhere . . ." Readers, however, are under no obligation to choose between them nor among the many other recollections to which the author has given lasting shape. All of it is captivating. I have read parts of it to the most improbable collections of undergraduates, and always with success. The humor does not wither nor, even in this disenchanting age, does the vision of a "social harmony always prefigured in human thought as the city", which "has

been the goal of civilization down to this hour of the night" and which "some day, somewhere, to the sons of men . . . will come true."

Louis Filler's introduction is thoughtful, informative, and heartwarming in its loyalty to those who, beset like ourselves by a variety of social evils, nonetheless courageously persevered in their quest for a better community. He is, moreover, on solid ground when he credits Whitlock with catching better than anyone else "the spirit of their odyssey" and in recognizing as one of the chief merits of the book that "it utilizes a narrative gift which brings the tone and temper of Progressivism immediately before us".

These virtues acknowledged, I must own to some dissatisfaction with Filler's contribution. He is too much concerned to answer the critics and belittlers of the Progressives. He is even a bit defensive about it, as if he feared the movement was on the brink of oblivion because we no longer care about it. The appearance of two new editions of *Forty Years of It* suggests that at least two publishers think we are still interested. There are also new editions of Frederic C. Howe's *The Confessions of a Reformer* and *The City: The Hope of Democracy*, a reprint of Tom Johnson's *My Story*, biographies of Pingree, Baker, and two of Whitlock himself — and one of Jones projected —, a number of studies of Progressivism, including Landon Warner's fine work on the movement in Ohio, and at least one recent anthology of Progressive writing. The period does not appear to be as desperately in need of salvage as Professor Filler would have us believe.

REVIEWER: *James B. Gidney is Associate Professor of History at Kent State University. He is the author of A MANDATE FOR ARMENIA and teaches a course in the History of Ohio. He is particularly interested in the Progressive period.*



## FAIRY TALES FOR ADULTS

THE ART OF JAMES THURBER by Richard C. Tobias. *Ohio University Press* 1969. List of Works Consulted. Index. 196 pp. \$7.50.

AUTHOR: *Richard C. Tobias is Professor of English Literature at the University of Pittsburgh and Associate Editor of Victorian Poetry. Comedy he judges as an art form. He is a member of the Bibliography Committee of the Modern Language Association.*

HUMOR, SOMEONE ONCE SAID, is no laughing matter—a statement amply borne out by this grimly serious analysis of James Thurber's writing. Thurber buffs may be reminded of pieces they would enjoy rereading, but it seems unlikely that their appreciation of Thurber will be enhanced.

Professor Tobias's purpose in his analysis of Thurber is to discover "the grammar of his comic vision," and he pursues this will-of-the-wisp with heavy-footed relentlessness. Though he apologizes to "Thurber's shade" for doing so, he describes him as "a twentieth-century comic Coleridge with a strong sense of design."

Far-fetched allusions and distant parallels are characteristic of such a scholarly (or pedantic) approach. In the same paragraph Harold Ross is compared to Shakespeare's Prince Hal and to Odysseus. Alexander Woollcott is both Hotspur and Falstaff. In *Thurber Album* after Grandfather Fisher steered his car into a ditch, "it took a garage man an hour to get us loose and on the road again. Grandpa paid him and said, in his bluffest manner, 'Drop in at the store and I'll give you a watermelon.' He was forever trying to cover up embarrassing situations by offering people watermelons." To Professor Tobias this incident "recalls the food offering to propitiate the gods in Greek comedy."

Generalizations abound. For example, "Every comedy, when stripped down to its basic essentials, involves only two characters; on one side a young hero (a New King) representing life and freedom and on the other an old man (the Old King) who threatens the hero." A few benighted readers in the back country have probably enjoyed *The Catbird Seat* or *The Male Animal* without realizing that they are reenactments of ancient fertility rites.

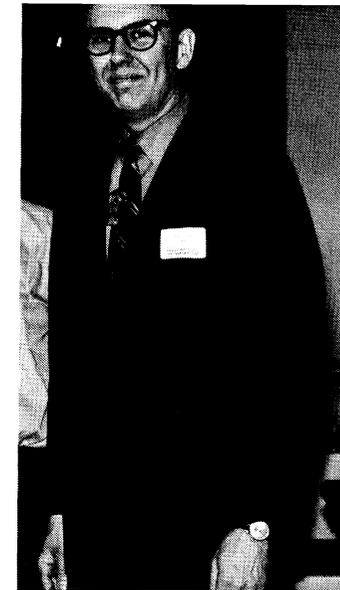
The book divides Thurber's career into three stages that conveniently correspond to decades. In the 1930s he developed "a comic Prufrock," a harried little man like Walter Mitty who is intimidated by a machine culture. In the 1940s he produced mainly fables and fairy tales. In an oddly reversed statement, Dr. Tobias says that "to know Thurber is to know these books." In the 1950s books like *Thurber Country* and *The Years with Ross* relate the past to the present and portray characters who find a mode of survival. These categories seem valid enough, but equating them with Dante's *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso* seems unnecessary.

One of Thurber's favorite targets for his satire was scientism, over-reliance on system and over-devotion to jargon. One wavers between regret that he cannot review this book and gratitude that he has been spared reading it.

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



*Left to Right—Mr. George Tressel, Mr. Dick Perry, Mrs. Merrill R. Patterson, Dr. Merrill R. Patterson, Dr. William Hall, Mrs. Marion Renick, Mr. Lester Hinshaw of Battelle.*



*Mr. Duane Yothers of Battelle.*

## THE OHIOANA LIBRARY/BATTELLE CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

Talented Ohio High School students and their chaperon-teachers were the guests of Battelle Memorial Institute, Columbus, and Ohioana Library for a program on creative writing, held April third at Battelle.

Four panelists, each an outstanding authority in his field of writing, spoke at the morning session. These included Marion Renick, author of thirty juvenile fiction books, and of *Ohio* her most recent work; Dr. William E. Hall, Director, School of Journalism, Ohio State University and a member of the American Council on Education for Journalism, and of the Association for Education in Journalism Publications; George Tressel, Director of Technical Development for the Information Systems Section of Battelle, author of technical articles and producer of documentary films; and Dick Perry, author of two novels, a book on Cincinnati, *Vas You Ever in Zinzinnati*, a book on Ohio (1969), *Ohio: A Personal Portrait of the 17th State*, and *Reflections of Jesse Stuart*.

After the luncheon held in Battelle Cafeteria, Dr. Merrill R. Patterson, President of the Board of Trustees of Ohioana Library and Director, Academic Advising, Marietta College, addressed the large attentive assemblage. This was followed by the students collecting into four informal discussion groups for question and answer periods conducted by each panelist.

Ohioana Library wishes to express its appreciation to Battelle Memorial Institute for sponsoring this outreach program which encourages talented youth to seek careers in creative writing, and which has gained recognition among educators of Ohio high schools.



*Left to Right—Mrs. Harry G. Craig, Jennifer Thompson, Betsy Gebhart (all of Miami Trace High School, Washington Court House), Dr. William Hall, Mr. Dick Perry.*

## SOMETHING TO SAY

by EVELYN HAWES



WE WERE SITTING ON THE PORCH STEPS, my neighbor and I. Down the street some boys were playing football, and their voices — mocking, cheering — drifted back to us.

“Tell me how you happened to start writing.”

I sighed. “Always read a great deal; thought I’d try it.” Words: insubstantial as the gathering dusk.

The answer to her question is buried in every writer’s heart: we write because we have something to say. It doesn’t matter that our song has been sung before, and better — filtered by the mind of genius lost in the mist of the past — the Greeks, Biblical prophets, Asiatic philosophers; swept by the current of thought through Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare and countless others, to us. A poem, a play, a novel, a short story; these are a response to living felt by an author, in his own way.

When I say “in his own way” I am referring to *style*, which is a reflection of mind and personality. There may be relatively few basic plots, but the style is the x-factor that makes two stories with similar plots as different from one another as are the writers themselves. Style is the outpouring of an individual mind (no two quite alike), and it is also the result of hard and unremitting labor.

When I begin a story I have found I must ask, “What am I trying to say?” and from that moment my thoughts must be disciplined so the main issue will not be confused. The answer itself is never easy, white shades through gray to black; and as a man is the sum total of his experience, good and bad, so is a story the result of decisions long since made, attitudes declared — on the part of the author, and by the characters who live on the pages.

“What am I trying to say?” The question embodies the conception of the story. For example, a manuscript that sold to the *Saturday Evening Post* came about because I was doing volunteer work at a veteran’s hospital. One of the patients was in love; the other men in the ward knew it and were continually suggesting that he marry the girl.

“There are some things I have to think through first,” he said, one day.

“Watcha got to lose?” another patient asked, urgently, as if his own future depended upon the answer.

The first man turned away. I do not know what his solution was; he was sent to another hospital, and I never saw him again. But I thought about him a great deal. “There is hope,” I told myself. “There is some way out for him.”

*There is hope.* This, then, was a basic conception for a story about a man in this situation. I knew the hope of a cure was remote; his disease was one that would grow progressively worse and no cure was, or is, known. What was the answer? Certainly not sweetness and light and a pat on the head; “Don’t worry; everything will be all right.” Everything would *not* be all right.

*There is hope.* Hope for what? My *answer* was — hope that there could be a measure of contentment, of happiness and acceptance in the time that remained to such a man. I could not lengthen the days, the months he might have left to live, but I could establish a philosophy and perhaps even action that would enable him to live them well. I must avoid the maudlin, the over-optimistic, yet if my man were real, if his character developed properly, I need not have worries on this score. He would be neither self-pitying nor unrealistic. I knew the background well after my work at the hospital; I knew of the pain, the long hours of the night, of the bitterness that in itself destroys.

In the above manner the story, titled by the *Post*, *Man Without A Future*, was initially conceived. Much hard work was before me, but I had a broad conception and an answer that suited me.

Right here I should make it plain that for all the lonely work in writing, I never really write alone. I often consult an old friend when the manuscript

nears completion, and my husband frequently points out a time discrepancy or objects to off-hand reasoning. Then there is editorial opinion, which is exact and to the point. I owe the editors a great deal; they have invariably been kind. Even when a manuscript must be rejected for reasons which they explain (and sometimes regret) they are encouraging: "Send us your next." I needed encouragement when I started writing, and I still need it.

When the *Post* story was completed, the beginning was not clear and the editors pointed this out, asking for a revision. I re-read the manuscript ("What am I trying to say?"), bypassed a little purple prose, made my basic premise stand out at the very beginning. I must say that a man is in the hospital; he cannot get well; he is in love, and while his case seems hopeless, he himself is not. I must tell this and more; my man must seem alive. The revision was not easy, but the path became less difficult when the editors insisted on clarification.

I have been told that a writer is confident. I am not. That the writer must feel the world is waiting for his message. I do not. I know I like a manuscript, but I do not necessarily expect anyone else to like it. My second story sold only because an editor, when rejecting it, told me to send it elsewhere without fail. I am not sure how to sell, but I am sure of this: there is something I must say — about people, about the gallantry and wonder that go to make up mankind; of the pity and terror and courage in those who fail and try and fail once more.

Once I asked, "What am I trying to say?" about a soldier I met on a train; just eighteen, longing for home and the life he had known (and would never quite find again). A decent young man, torn by pride and loneliness, too shy to speak to others in the car. I asked, "What am I trying to say?" about a woman, past middle age with a lined face, emptied by grief. They met, the soldier and the woman, in a story called *Cross Country* that sold to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In the manuscript my concept was that our loneliness may bring compassion for the loneliness of others, because our understanding has deepened; my answer, in the story, was that such compassion will inspire a reaction — a reflection, if you will — in others beyond the sphere of the original action.

Again, in this story an editor came to my rescue with sensitive and delicate cutting that reduced the length of the manuscript without weakening the theme. I don't write alone; I don't believe anyone does, although the initial effort and the answer stem from me alone.

In times past I have written with the idea of a "sale" in mind. Now I do not think so much of selling as I do of writing in the way I wish, and about the subjects that interest me deeply. I would be glad enough to write

a boy-meets-girl-kiss-quarrel-kiss type of story. Most people like to read them; they fall in the age group editors desire, and they sell more easily. So I am told. The only difficulty is that when I try to write such a story I am bored, and this shows in the manuscript. No sale. My first attempt along these lines brought this letter from an editor: "For you, this is pretty unoriginal. The heroine is a dud and the hero never gets born." How true, alas, how true. The manuscript had been as good as I could make it; actually, I had thought the hero a witty person, in a superficial way. (Unfortunately, what I thought was very plain.) Time and again a writer is told to write what he believes, and still he will stray from the path on occasion — at any rate, I do.

My experience has been that an editor does not mind confusion if it can be eliminated. I don't believe an editor objects to a writer who tries to say something and falls short; but it is worth noting that the only caustic comment I ever received from an editor was when I tried to write something I didn't believe.

Every author marches to his own drummer. For me, there must be hope. The short stories I have written are serious; even so, while the people who populate them may know discouragement, sorrow, or illness — they do not despair. My novels are generally light-hearted. The characters live (certainly they do for me) and they are aware of the depressing aspects of life. Although their days may begin with a morning song and move on to twilight requiem, in the interim they seek the release of laughter. Why not? A smile is often a sign of maturity. There is positive pleasure in the sunlit shafts that pierce the clouds on a stormy day. There is joy in simply being alive. I believe this. I cannot sustain a mood of pessimism throughout a novel any more than I myself can be eternally burdened by somber thoughts and depression. We all know we are only a heartbeat away from disaster or death. It was always so. We should be able to live with that knowledge, and accept it with grace.

What am I trying to say? About the woman who stood weeping on the street corner, glimpsed briefly from a bus . . . about the lovely looking girl renting a U-Drive car with desperate anxiety . . . about the Army Sergeant with furious, disillusioned eyes?

I have something I must say about each one. I don't always have an answer — that comes with the hard work that solidifies the impression. Sometimes, of course, the answer doesn't come at all.

But there is always something I *must* say.

AUTHOR: *Evelyn Hawes is well attuned to the youth about whom she writes. Mrs. Hawes calls her novels "fun" books, intershot with rays of hope.*

*The author is a former Cincinnati where she both taught and studied at the University of Cincinnati. She now lives in Buffalo, N.Y. where her husband is an executive with Penny's. Yes—Penny's is obviously the setting for her latest novel, SIX NIGHTS A WEEK. Her other books are PROUD VISION, THE HAPPY LAND, and A MADRAS-TYPE JACKET.*

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### OHIO POETRY DAY AWARD WINNERS

Two contests conducted by the Ohio Poetry Day Association last October are of special interest to Ohioana Library members. The awards were presented by *Tessa Sweazy Webb*, founder, and *Dr. Kurt J. Fickert*, President.

The winners of the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library contest for sonnets, any theme, are as follows: 1st award—Marilyn Eynon Scott, Dayton, for "There is A Mood of Music"; 1st H.M.—Marie Daerr, Shaker Heights, for "Intruder"; 2nd H.M.—Charlotte Louise Groom, Cincinnati, for "Grow Not Barren"; 3rd H.M.—Daisy Lee Donaldson, Canal Winchester, for "Not for Clarity"; 4th H.M.—Keidi Knecht, Toledo, for "Jim's Return".

The Martha Cooper Judy Awards, presented in memory of Mrs. Judy's mother, Martha Kinney Cooper, for a patriotic theme with originality of thought and expression, any form, any length, were made to the following poets: 1st award—\$25 to Hallie Cramer, Toledo, for "Choose Carefully Our Heroes"; 2nd award—\$15 to Theodore L. Yewey, Trotwood, for "Died in Vain"; 3rd award—\$10 to Ione U. Marthey, Orrville, for "The Bugle Call of Peace"; 1st H.M.—Delma Dwyer Fairley, Leesburg, for "America's Strength"; 2nd H.M.—Everett Milstead, Dayton, for "Be Responsive"; 3rd H.M.—Virginia N. Nelson, Springfield, for "Light of Liberty"; 4th H.M.—Gloria D. Herres, Dayton, for "Patriotism Is".

Our congratulations to all these talented poets.

### OHIOANA LIBRARY WELCOMES TO NEW MEMBERSHIP

The Following Whose Names Were Added to Our Rolls

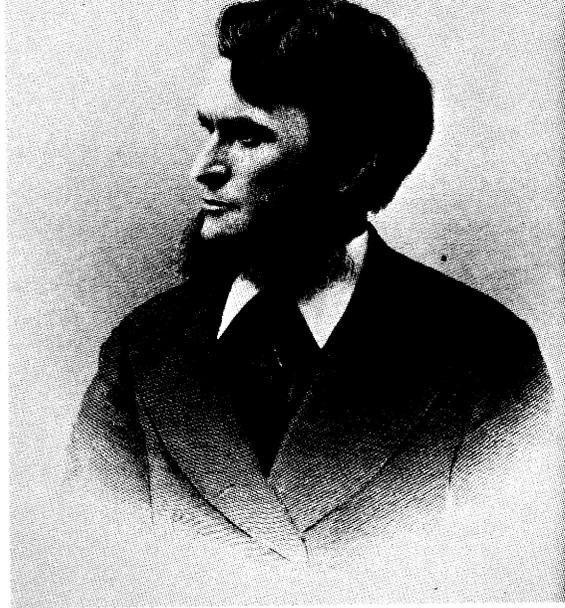
August 1, 1971 to November 30, 1971

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| Ms. M. Hortense Beardsley<br>Ravenna    | Mr. John P. Jones<br>Cincinnati             |
| Mr. Ronald Beathard<br>Harrison         | Mrs. Cynthia Kovach<br>Columbus             |
| Bedford Historical Society<br>Bedford   | Mr. and Mrs. Fred Milligan, Sr.<br>Columbus |
| Rabbi Stanley R. Brav<br>Cincinnati     | Mrs. Karl Niehoff<br>Cincinnati             |
| Mr. and Mrs. Audley Brown<br>Cincinnati | Miss Myriam Page<br>Dayton                  |
| Mrs. Thomas Brown<br>Columbus           | Dr. and Mrs. Ellis Rivkin<br>Cincinnati     |
| Mrs. Lillian De Sha<br>Cincinnati       | Mrs. William Schneider<br>Cincinnati        |
| Mrs. Jean Droesch<br>Maria Stein        | Mr. Ronald L. Shuster<br>Wapakoneta         |
| Mr. John D. Engle, Jr.<br>West Liberty  | Mrs. Mildred Smith<br>Cincinnati            |
| Mrs. Mabel Eversole<br>Columbus         | Mrs. Walter Stai<br>Canal Winchester        |
| Mr. Robert Frumkin<br>Chardon           | Rev. and Mrs. Newton Weber<br>West Liberty  |
| Mr. Gordon Gray<br>Painesville          | Mrs. Richard Wills<br>Columbus              |

### NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMAN

We are happy to include the following in our Ohioana Family

ROSS COUNTY  
Mrs. James A. Eldridge  
Chillicothe



## THE FAMOUS HYMN WRITER WHO LIVED AND IS BURIED IN CLEVELAND

by EARL R. HOOVER

THE SMALL BROWN BOOK I bought at a second hand sale, *History of Hymns and Authors* by L. F. Mellen, revealed the surprising information that the writer of the words of the world-famous hymn, *God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again*, once lived in Cleveland and is buried in Cleveland's Lakeview Cemetery.

Here Rev. Jeremiah Eames Rankin lies buried in a grave with a humble marker, which reads: "Jeremiah E. Rankin 1828-1904."

This renowned minister is buried in the cemetery plot of Harvey D. Goulder, wealthy Clevelander who was the outstanding admiralty lawyer of the Great Lakes.

Mr. Goulder's sumptuous home, 1561 Euclid Avenue, became Rankin's Cleveland address. The story explaining how Rankin happened to write his famous hymn, and to take up residence in Goulder's home, and later to be buried in his cemetery lot, is a fascinating one.

Three New England states figured prominently in Rankin's early life. He was born at Thornton, New Hampshire, January 2, 1828, in a Congregational minister's home. In 1848, at the age of twenty, he graduated from Middlebury College, Vermont. Later Middlebury bestowed a D.D. and a L.L.D. on him. He received his theological training at Andover's Seminary, Massachusetts, class of 1854.

In 1869, Washington, D. C. became Rankin's home. Here he became a national and international figure as "a preacher, author, college president, the personal friend of four presidents" (Ulyses S. Grant, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt), chaplain of the House of Representatives and "probably the best known minister of the Congregational faith".

He held a pastorate in the Capital's First Congregational Church. Here the handsome, dynamic Rankin preached for about fifteen years, attracting a large congregation and important public officials.

Sunday nights Rankin held gospel meetings, and for these there was need for a benediction hymn—a song to conclude Christian gatherings. For this purpose he wrote his now-famous hymn, *God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again*. It was first sung at one of these Sunday evening services, and published 1880, in a song book, *Golden Bells*, which he edited.

People were certain that some emotional or romantic seizure inspired Rankin to write this hymn. He rejected that, saying it "was the product of cool purpose." It has been called "the hymn that was taken from the dictionary," and one based on "etymology."

Since a benediction involves a parting—a "good-bye"—Rankin referred to the dictionary for the meaning of "good-bye". He was surprised at the original definition from which it had changed into a perfunctory phrase. "Good-bye" is a contraction of "God be With Ye." In his hymn, Rankin has restored "good-bye" to its religious meaning.

He wrote the one stanza. Then the 52 year old clergyman searched for someone to write a tune for it. He sent the stanza to two composers. One, C. C. Converse, was already famous for his song *What A Friend We Have In Jesus*. The other composer, unknown, was William G. Tomer, then in charge of music at the Capital's Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. Rankin chose the melody of the unknown composer, because it was so perfectly wedded to his words. After his blind church organist, J. W. Bischoff, had made some minor changes, Rankin then wrote the other seven stanzas.

What was responsible for Rankin's hymn becoming known throughout the world? Not his own church! He said that except for the Sunday night service, it was almost never sung there, but that the Methodists at the Ocean Grove, N. J. camp, began to glorify it. Next it was adopted by the Christian Endeavor movement and became a favorite of young people. Dr. F. E. Clark, founder of Christian Endeavor, said that it followed him as a benediction hymn around the world.

The hymn was published in that celebrated English hymnal *Sacred*

*Songs and Solos*, edited by Ira D. Sankey, the American evangelical singer of the world-renowned American evangelist, Dwight L. Moody. While in Seoul, in 1970, I found Rankin's hymn translated into the Korean language.

It would be impossible here to recount the countless dramatic situations in which Rankin's hymn has been used—as in Memphis, when 3,000 people, bidding good-by to President Theodore Roosevelt, spontaneously burst into the song; or during the Boer War, when the British soldiers used number "494" as a password, which was the hymn's number in Sankey's famous hymnal.

In 1889 Rankin became president of Howard University. Frederick Douglass, eloquent Negro leader, said, "He has done more to secure the rights of my race than all the legislation of Congress."

In 1902, because of failing health, Dr. Rankin resigned Howard University's presidency and moved to Cleveland to live with his daughter, Mary Rankin Goulder, who in Washington had married Cleveland's Harvey D. Goulder, in 1878.

It was on beautiful Euclid Avenue in the palatial Goulder home that Rankin spent his last days.

The Goulder mansion no longer stands. Today the premises are occupied by an automobile dealer.

Rankin died of pneumonia on his 50th wedding anniversary, November 28, 1904, at the age of 76. At his funeral in Cleveland two days later, a quartette sang *God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again*. He was buried in the lot of his distinguished son-in-law, Harvey D. Goulder.

Dr. Richard Storrs of Brooklyn, N. Y., acclaimed the "model preacher of America," wrote: "The greatest privilege which God ever gives to His children upon earth, and which He gives to comparatively few is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the churches, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts in different lands, and in different tongues."

Dr. Rankin had been given this "greatest privilege."

CONTRIBUTOR: *Earl R. Hoover of Cleveland, Ohio, is Senior Vice President of the Shaker Savings Association and former Judge of Cuyaboga County Common Pleas Court. He is a graduate of Otterbeim College and Harvard Law School.*

## REALISM IS IN

FILMS ON THE CAMPUS by Thomas Fensch. *Barnes* 1970. 534 pp. \$15.

AUTHOR: *Thomas Fensch* --- author, photographer, and traveler --- was born in Ashland, Ohio in 1943, but has lived in Mansfield for years. He holds an M. A. in magazine journalism and has two years toward an English doctorate, University of Iowa. Earlier books: *THE LIONS AND THE LAMBS* and *ALICE IN ACIDLAND*.

FILM, MOVIES, CINEMA, FLICKS, motion pictures, the silver screen --- these are some of the terms used for more or less accurate descriptions of animated, projected images in color or black-and-white, with or without music or other sound effects.

With this general (and we hope rather comprehensive) definition in mind, it is known that the worldwide cinema industry is in the hands of professionals operating hopefully for profit.

But here, as his title indicates, Mr. Fensch confines himself to "Cinema Production in Colleges and Universities" in the U. S. A. He describes facilities and activities on more than a dozen campuses between the Atlantic and the Pacific, including two in Ohio.

Mr. Fensch worked from a base at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, where Richard Gehman, in his Foreword, mentions the noted Paul Engle who ". . . established a climate for all the outcasts (writers) to work in."

West Coast schools covered are The University of Southern California, The University of California at Los Angeles, Stanford University, and San Francisco State College.

In Middle America we see The University of Texas, The University of Iowa, The University of Michigan, Northwestern University, Ohio University, The Ohio State University, and West Virginia University.

The East Coast schools described or mentioned are Columbia University, New York University, Harvard University, Boston University, Brandeis University, Syracuse University, Temple University, and The University of Rochester.

Most interesting to Ohioans should be the work at Ohio U. and Ohio State.

On the Athens campus the film program is very small and selective compared with some of the others. There were only six graduate students and twelve undergraduate film majors in the school year 1968-1969. There should be expansion and improvement in the next few years.

In his chapter about Ohio State, Mr. Fensch devotes several pages to young Mike Clark, who was born in Ashland, but moved with his parents to Upper Arlington. At age ten, while in the fifth grade, Mike was accepted as a contestant on the TV show, "The \$64,000 Question." In the winter of 1958-1959 he won \$16,000, the net of which he saved for his later tuition at Ohio State. All this was the result of his early interest in movies, which he had seen from age six and from which he had remembered an amazing wealth of facts.

In his Ohio State chapter, Mr. Fensch quotes extensively from a 1967 article by Don Staples, then a faculty member. In four pages, Mr. Staples gives a comprehensive overview of Ohio State's program with details that would seem to be typical of those found on other campuses. One gets some idea of the excitement and challenge involved in looking forward to new frontiers and pioneering achievements.

The Ohio State faculty, Mr. Fensch says, is "anti-film-festival", as one student puts it. "They take the peculiar attitude that a-film-is-a film-is-a-film, that a good film is a good film whether or not it was student-produced."

Consequently there's a kind of tension, because the students are enthusiastic about festivals.

"But unfortunately the film program at Ohio State is sadly behind the times. Students soon discover that if they'd like to major in film, they have a better chance at Ohio U. (Athens) which has a progressive view of film. Most students . . . at Ohio State are disappointed with the shallowness of the program and the limited opportunities it presents."

Imaginative scripts and descriptions of locations are interesting features of the book. They reflect the workings of young minds not yet inhibited by inevitable age and experience, whether good or bad. Many faculty members apparently are little older than the students.

The 1969-1970 catalogue at the University of Southern California lists over sixty courses in film and related subjects. Covered are Fundamentals of Film, Visual Communication: Language of Film, Filmwriting, Image of the Film, and others about subjects such as editing, sound recording, directing, budgeting, and multi-media presentations.

The book is profusely illustrated. To a layman the pictures show meticulous detail and creative imagination. But all of the photographs, including the one on the jacket, are in black-and-white. Knowing that the modern cinema, on and off campus, involves so much color work, one may wonder why at least some of the illustrations here should not be in color. Perhaps the cost of printing would have been prohibitive.

Many pictures show the kind of equipment used on campus. To a layman, again, it seems adequate for the purpose, though perhaps not as elaborate as that used in professional, commercial work.

In addition to a comprehensive index, Mr. Fensch gives a lexicon of film terms. He says it's abridged, but the half-dozen pages should prove quite informative for the general reader.

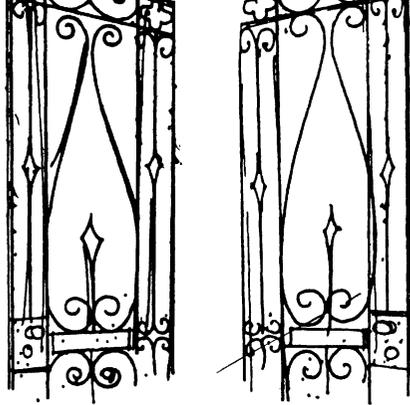
Originality and daring imagination seem to be the salient features of the cinema scene on campus. If some scenes and language seem rather "earthy" the campus answer is that they "are telling it like it is." "Realism" is king on campus, we may believe. Reactions in general should vary with the age of readers.

Of course not all students of the film will become pros. But it's a good bet that many of them will, enough of them to exert a profound effect upon the cinema of the future. Knowing that film is here to stay, whatever its influence may be, readers should find here a wealth of ideas that may live or die, but will reveal some connection between present and future. This is the lesson of this book.

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.*

# OHIOANA

## *Library News*



ENTRANCE GATE  
Frank B. Dyer Memorial

THE SUPREME COURT OF OHIO held a Memorial Session in the Supreme Court Chambers in honor of Howard L. Bevis, former state supreme court judge who later served as president of Ohio State University.

The presentation of the Memorial Resolution was made by former Senator John W. Bricker. Attorney James W. Schocknessy, President of the Board of Trustees of The Ohio State University, made the presentation of the portrait of former Judge Bevis.

Special guests at this impressive ceremony were Mrs. Howard L. Bevis, widow, and Mr. David Philip Wilson of Worthington, Ohio, who had painted this portrait which will now hang in the Ohio Supreme Court Chambers.

Supreme Court Chief Justice C. William O'Neill, a former Ohio Governor, concluded the ceremony with his own remarks on the outstanding career of Judge Bevis who had contributed so much to the culture and progress of Ohio.

In turn, each man who spoke, besides recalling details of Howard L. Bevis' notable career, called him "friend." High praise indeed!

JOSEPH DONALD POLLITT, Ohioana Library's Ashland County Co-Chairman, has been appointed by Governor John J. Gilligan as a member of the Ohio delegation to the President's Conference on Aging, held in Washington, November 28 through December 2.

Mr. Pollitt is also Chairman of the Ashland County Senior Citizens Committee and its successor, The Ashland County Committee on Aging, recognized by the Division of Administration on Aging in Ohio. He received an award from Governor James A. Rhodes as a Distinguished Citizen.

Mr. Pollitt is now Professor of English at Ashland College, and also National President of the Affiliated McGuffey Clubs.

WE WERE GREATLY PLEASED when Mr. Ed Mason, Director of Public Relations and Promotion, of The Columbus Dispatch, made the offer that the Library and Dispatch together could send complimentary copies of the attractive Columbus Dispatch Centennial Book to circa 175 public and college libraries in Franklin and neighboring counties.

These were mailed out in November, with a letter from Mr. Preston Wolfe, President of The Columbus Dispatch, in which he "acknowledged the important educational and recreational contributions of Ohio's outstanding libraries," and with a cover letter from Ohioana addressed to the Directors of these libraries.

Since then Ohioana Library has been receiving letters of thanks and appreciation from library directors for this handsome Centennial Book which has become historically important as a source and reference publication, and which provides a visual survey of the trend of newspaper reportage over a span of one hundred years.

The Dispatch offices in Columbus, where the Centennial Book was available for purchase, has announced that the issue has been sold out. Thus, as of now, this Centennial Book becomes "a collector's item."

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THROUGH THE COURTESY of WOSU-AM radio station, Ohioana Library is sponsoring a weekly series of half-hour AM radio programs, featuring Ohio authors and their books.

This program is heard each Saturday morning at 11:30 a.m. at 820 on the radio dial.

Those Ohio authors who have already appeared in this interview program are HOLLIS SUMMERS (poet); MARION RENICK (juvenile books); JERRY MOCK (first woman to fly around the world); JAMES BARRY (authority on the Great Lakes); DICK PERRY (novelist and biographer); and KIRK POLKING (editor of *Writer's Digest*).

Others scheduled to give programs are SISTER MARYANNA CHILDS (poet); ALBERTA HANNUM (writer of fiction and nonfiction); DR. JOHN UNTERECKER (poet and biographer); JACK MATTHEWS (poet and novelist); WILLIAM HARRINGTON (novelist); and MINNIE HITE MOODY (poet, novelist, columnist).

Ohioana Library is very happy and proud to have this showcase in which to present these and other notable Ohio authors. The series will run 39 weeks.

OHIOANA LIBRARY is the fortunate recipient of The Traveling Library of the Ohio Federation of Music Clubs. Harriett Bolz (Mrs. Harold A.) personally conveyed this collection of music by Ohio composers to Ohioana Library, where the music will always be available to members of the Ohio Federation, and to researchers in Ohio music.

This collection is invaluable. It consists of 375 items, and was gathered for the purpose of fostering the performance of music by Ohio composers on the programs of member clubs of the Ohio Federation of Music Clubs.

We are happy to have this fine collection transferred to Ohioana Library where it will always be permanently housed, and always be available to the public.

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TO THE PROGRAM CHAIRMEN of Literary Clubs and Book Study Groups:

We suggest "OHIO AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS" as the subject for your next year's program. Let us help you outline such a program. Ohio is outstanding as the native state of famous writers. Your members will be delighted with a program on Ohio's fame-names in the literary world.

We invite you to write or phone us here at Ohioana Library for further particulars. Phone (614) 469-3831  
Address The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association, 1109 Ohio Departments Building  
Columbus, Ohio 43215

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MR. JAMES A. ELDRIDGE, journalist and lecturer, has been asked to give a second series of book reviews at Ohio University-Chillicothe, during the Winter Quarter, beginning Wednesday afternoon, January 5, 1972.

His first series of book reviews proved to be one of the most popular courses offered in the Department of Continuing Education at the University. This Department may be contacted for information about registration for Mr. Eldridge's course.

Mr. Eldridge has had a 25-year career in journalism, politics, public affairs, public relations and education administration. He has lectured extensively in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

THE GREEN HELL TREASURE by Robert L. Fish. *Putnam*. 185 pp. \$4.95.

*The Green Hell Treasure* is hailed as "another mystery in which Captain José DaSilva proves himself the master detective." Although DaSilva is good, if any character in the story gets a gold star, it would be another detective named Wilson. Wilson is a very nondescript colorless man who uses his looks, or lack of looks, to his advantage. The Captain's flamboyance; coupled with Wilson's uniformity, gets the job done.

Along with the two detectives is another agent, a beautiful woman who goes wrong and in the end tries to kill her two companions. But of course "all's well that ends well", and our two friends finish the fast tale with the omnipresent bottle of booze.

The story takes place on an island situated off the coast of South America and is brimming with the dialect of that area. It is a quick, easy-to-read story that a fourteen year old as well as an adult can enjoy.

*Reviewed by Annette Hauer*

LINES FOR EVERYDAY LIVING by Chet Long. *Essandess Special Edition*. Index. 60 pp. \$2.50.

Chet Long is a fame-name in Columbus and environs, as the news voice and news personality of WBNS-TV. His programs have a top listening and viewing audience.

Chet's father was a minister, and the reader of his book of poetry senses a rewarding and spiritual philosophy in the metered lines.

The themes of these poems include faith, patriotism, friendship, peace of mind, and the importance of thinking. The poems themselves become a treasury of rewarding thoughts.

JUST WAIT TILL YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN by Erma Bombeck and Bil Keane. *Doubleday*. 176 pp. \$5.95.

Erma Bombeck, Ohio (Dayton-grown) author, has deserted Ohio for arid Arizona. Her new book, *Just Wait Till You Have Children of Your Own*, resembles her nationally syndicated newspaper column, *At Wit's End*.

When Ohioana Library phoned Mrs. Bombeck's publishers in New York to ask her new Arizona address, the replies from Manhattan Isle ensued approximately as follows: "You say Mrs. Bombeck has moved to Arizona? . . . and that she is an *Ohioan*? . . . That couldn't be! She's a New Yorker because, you see, she has a widely syndicated column carried in all the newspapers."

Ah, me—the syndrome of the Eastern intellect.

But fortunately Mrs. Bombeck has no such syndrome of intellectual superiority. She writes wittingly about her family, of husband, two daughters (18 and 16) and a son (13). Her book is amusing, entertaining and filled with satire which is warm and never cruel.

When asked if her own children were funny. Mrs. Bombeck replied, "Of course. But they don't mind me writing about them, though, because they think I'm talking about somebody else."

In her new book, Mrs. Bombeck even finds *herself* funny, which, when it comes to having a sense of humor, is the ultimate.

Mrs. Bombeck writes, "I was foolish not to limit my family to a parakeet with his tongue clipped."

But the reader is happy that this author went ahead and "had children of her own."

SHE'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND by Robert J. Serling. *Double-day*. 340 pp. \$6.95.

The Wild Blue Yonder is the scene for this engaging novel about the first aviatrix hired by commercial airlines in the U. S. A. Dudley A. Devlin is the girl who qualifies as First Officer and Co-pilot for Trans-Coastal Airlines.

And then complications—because Dudley is an attractive female and falls in love.

The author of this edge-of-the-seat suspense story also wrote the best-seller, "The President's Plane is Missing." He gets all his technical stuff correct when writing about planes and flying. Moreover, Robert Serling makes his romantic stuff a life-and-death issue. His writing has humor, fast pace, and—at the finale when things get hairy, tragic drama.

This Ohio author has received many awards for his aviation reporting. His novel, with its superplot, is compelling and charged with the emotion of both triumph and tragedy.

THE I: A CHRISTIAN CONCEPT OF MAN by Jung Young Lee, Th.D. *Philosophical Library, New York*. 146 pp. \$5.95.

A brilliant young man born in North Korea has become "an Ohioan" by virtue of residence here and of his position as Assistant Professor of Religion and Philosophy at Otterbein College. He escaped from the communists when they took over the North Korean Government.

Dr. Jung Young Lee has written a new and daring approach to the Christian concept of Man from the oriental way of thinking which encompasses interpretations of Christ, faith, creation, sin, and youth's shallow, self-centered search for

identity. He has combined the traditional with contemporary theology. The concept of dualism, asserted by Irenaeus in early Christian Church history, is evaluated. Atonement is defined.

Dr. Jung has made a valuable contribution to the history of Christian thought by expressing his philosophy regarding the oriental *yin-yang* principle of complementary opposites, which form a symbolic circle of the whole in which *yang*, or the positive, active force, has priority over *yin*, the receptive or passive force. He uses this symbol of ultimate reality to interpret Christian Truth.

CITY POEMS by Lois Lenski. *Henry Z. Walck*. Index. 112 pp. \$4.75.

Springfield and Columbus—these are the two Ohio cities which represent to Lois Lenski warm home-comings.

In the article which she wrote exclusively for the Spring 1970 issue of *Ohioana Quarterly*, she described her "Ohio Beginnings."

She has a nice *écriture*; and her many juvenile books attest to her creative gifts as author.

In her newest book, she changes from prose stories to poems for children. Moreover, she is the artist, illustrating her 368 rhymed selections with amusing pen and ink drawings of city children.

"Street Closed" is a gay and happy poem. "Windows with Faces" is a colorful montage of city dwellers, wittily illustrated. The rough side of city life is also described in such poems as "Riot", "Accident", and "Never a Tree."

Miss Lenski has accomplished the difficult; she has captured in these poems the essence of urban life, and has translated it into rhymes which children will understand and appreciate.

SMALL WINDOWS ON A BIG WORLD by J. Gordon Howard. *Abingdon Press*. 112 pp. \$2.95.

Through this book the reader is encouraged to meditate upon a great variety of things to which he can relate. The author, former President of Otterbein College, is now Bishop of the United Methodist Church in the Philadelphia area. He holds many earned and honorary degrees.

Through these meditations upon such everyday things as "the committee," problems, and frustrations, and upon such religious matters as "God's-eye view", and "the presence of Christ," the reader gains repose and a new insight into his own religion.

Bishop Howard has written an inspirational and helpful book.

WATERWHEELS AND MILLSTONES by D. W. Garber. *Ohio Historical Society*. Illustrated. Glossary. 139 pp. \$4.80.

The development of the gristmill and milling in Ohio as it is recounted in this book makes fascinating reading. The author, formerly of Perrysville, Ohio, is an authority on this subject.

Of special interest are the histories of twenty-five old Ohio mills, some still standing. One of these, Indian Mill State Memorial near Upper Sandusky, was restored in 1968 by The Ohio Historical Society, and became the nation's first educational museum of milling in an original mill structure. Mr. Garber has included 45 illustrations, many of his own collection dating back to his boyhood interest in milling documents and records.

Mr. Garber has turned the theme, "down by the old millstream", into pleasurable reading which has the side effect of being educational as well.

BIG RED HEN by Mary O'Neill. *Doubleday*. \$3.95.

Big Red Hen is as domestic as the cliché says. Tired of having her eggs poached for "devil's food or angel cake," she rebels in her own liberated female way, and stalks out of farmer's henhouse one day to become a mother. She produces ten lovely chicks in hiding and has a confrontation with farmer before deciding where she will take her new family to live.

Once again, Mary O'Neill chooses to entertain pre-schoolers with the most basic, yet the freshest of ideas. The story is told in lively verse. She has also chosen an excellent illustrator, Judy Puissi Campbell, who presents Big Red Hen and her world in a delightful splash of colors.

*Reviewed by Shelley Hoben*

ONCE UPON A TIME IS ENOUGH by Will Stanton. *Lippincott*. 48 pp. \$2.95.

Instant detente with satire describes this juvenile book written expressly for adults.

"No-no-don't touch, Kiddies. This slim book about fairy tales is strictly for papa and mama."

Will Stanton will blow your sweet mind with his ironic interpretation of such fairy tales as *Rumpelstiltskin*, *Snow White*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Bluebeard*. His withdrawal from reality is done with a yank as strong as an atomic blast-off; his security symbols are furiously fractured; his distortion of priorities is simply catatonic. It's enough to make Brothers Jakob and Wilhelm grim.

All this adds up to hilarity and a mad, kinky phantasmagoria which will make any hard-nosed reviewer laugh aloud, even an ill-tempered one with dyspepsia.

And you can credit all this to Cleveland, Will Stanton's birth town.

RUSSIAN AUTHORS by Elsa Z. Posell. *Houghton Mifflin* 253 pp. Index. \$4.95.

Now that all America is reading Vladimir Nabokov and understanding so little of his subtle symbolism and reference to other Russian writers in his own works (*Mary, Lolita, Despair etc.*) it is fitting and beneficial to read these biographies of eleven outstanding Russian authors, dating from the late 1700s to contemporary times. The lives of such giant names as Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov and Pasternak are included.

Those who attempt to write independently under the Red regime have experienced horrifying terms in prison and insane asylums (the newest form of Russian torture for the intellectuals).

The author, born in Russia, now lives in Cleveland Heights where she has written two books on composers (American and Russian) and where she has worked as librarian in the public schools.

Her new book on Russian authors also presents a panoramic view of Russian history, its social and political atmosphere which influenced each writer. Mrs. Posell writes entertainingly about these talented writers.

A GUIDE TO OHIO OUTDOOR EDUCATION AREAS by Ruth W. Melvin. 136 pp. Index.

The State of Ohio Department of Natural Resources and The Ohio Academy of Science have published a magnificent book on Ohio's park lands, nature centers, trails, caves, camps, and other outdoor and panoramic spots which beckon the Buckeye traveler to "see Ohio first."

The pictures of these scenic spots are in color; and the places are arranged

geographically by counties. Each reader will wish to check first his own county, then the others will intrigue him into reading the whole volume.

Besides this guide by counties, there are helpful maps, showing the Ohio glacial deposits, the original vegetation, and the physiographic sections of Ohio.

Well indexed, this attractive volume will be treasured by all Americans who wish to vacation in Ohio, whether for a fun week-end or for a more leisurely tour of Ohio's outdoor attractions.

CHANGING ADOLESCENT ATTITUDES TOWARD POLICE by Robert Portune, Ed.D. *Anderson*. 273 pp. Index; Appendix. \$9.00.

The Advisory Board for this excellent book consists of David A. McCandless, Stanley R. Schrotel, Claude R. Sowle, and John C. Klotter.

Robert Portune, Ed. D. Coordinator of Academic Programs, College of Education, University of Cincinnati, is much concerned with youth's attitude toward the police. He considers youth's alienation from law and order a grave threat to our country. Therefore he has written this book to present a program to build a favorable police image.

This area of attitudes towards authority needs to be examined. Professor Portune explains how attitudes are formed, how they are measured; and he gives a design of curriculum units to improve the students' concept of law and law enforcement.

This book should mitigate to some degree the law enforcement officer's difficulties in maintaining the law of the land. It should also improve police and student relations.

A BRIDE GOES NORTH by Marie A. Comfort. *Carlton Press*. 154 pp. \$3.50.

Marie A. Comfort, a retired high school teacher in Dayton, has written the unique and true story of her own mother and father.

As a bride and groom, Margaret and Merritt Comfort traveled as home missionaries to Parry Sound in northern Canada, to preach to the impoverished pioneer families of English immigrants settled there.

Wrapped foot stones for warmth, a log house as their home, the patched trousers worn by Merritt, and an unkind eviction are a few of the details of this story which is a vitally-alive narrative about real people.

WINNING THE MOON by William Roy Shelton. *Little Brown*. Index. 230 pp. \$5.95.

Because Ohio claims as native sons two famous astronauts, John Glenn and Neil Armstrong, books about the Moon become "Ohio Scene."

William Shelton is a reporter who has vast knowledge of space and technology. The first sentence in his new book contains the name, Neil Armstrong. Shelton has written the account of Neil, a ghostly figure in pictures, stepping down upon the Moon and saying, "That's a small step for man, but a giant leap for mankind."

Shelton relates his interviews with Neil and the other astronauts, and then goes back to moon legends and includes a chapter on them. In all, he has locked in a good story for young students and also provided a helpful index.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY FOR POLICE AND FIREMEN by Sam J. Sansone. *W. H. Anderson Company*. Appendix. Index. 450 pp. \$17.50.

Sam J. Sansone, Instructor and Lecturer of Police Photography, Lorain County Community College and Western Reserve University, Detective Sergeant, Police Photography (Retired) Shaker Heights Police Department, has written a fine text book on the photographic processes and their uses in the police and fire services. His explanations are lucid and informative.

Competence in photography is stressed because it is used in important documentation. Therefore the generalist in the police and fire services must be skilled in taking pictures.

Well documented, this is a book which has been written by an experienced identification expert who has instructed in this field for many years. His work is a fine addition to the "Science in Law Enforcement Series."

HUNTERS OF THE BLACK SWAMP by Lloyd C. Harnishfeger. *Lerner Publications*. 93 pp. \$3.95.

Set in prehistoric North America, this story for children is built around the experiences of "Boy" as he hunts with his father in the Black Swamp. "Boy" lacks judgment, and his recklessness causes his father to be wounded. He is saved by a tribe of mastodon hunters.

Highly imaginative, the plot is nevertheless based on scientific studies which the author, an educator who lives in Pandora, Ohio, has made over the years. Mr. Harnishfeger has a large personal collection of Indian relics. His interest in pre-historic times is successfully reflected in this interesting story.

ALASKA, THE EMBATTLED FRONTIER by George Laycock. *Houghton Mifflin*. Black and White Photographs. Index. 194 pp. \$6.95.

George Laycock, naturalist and ecologist, is a Cincinnati who goes into the field for far-ranging experience and scientific study before he writes about a country or a continent.

He traveled to Alaska for the purpose of inspecting the area himself, and in order to judge the upcoming crisis. Mr. Laycock subtitles his book, *The Embattled Frontier*. Alaska is America's last frontier, a rich and fragile land now subject to man's commercial exploitation.

Its size and distance will not save it from man's threat to its natural resources in vegetation, magnificent wildlife, and minerals—formerly gold, now oil.

The wealth of marine life in Alaskan waters is also being threatened with depletion—even extinction.

Pulp mills pour pollution into the air; oil spills flow into the sea; the Department of Defense is doing atomic testing on the island of Amchitka.

This Cincinnati writer and world authority on wildlife and natural history is a field editor for *Audubon Magazine*. *Alaska* is the first volume in The Audubon Library. Ohioana Library has quite a collection of Mr. Laycock's previous works, each book of which is eminently readable and a distinguished contribution on natural history and wildlife. *Alaska* likewise is informative in the field of ecology, natural history, and wildlife.

This Ohio author has received the highest awards for his articles and books, to which he brings notable credentials as a writer and environmentalist.

THE GIANT LEAP by Tom D. Crouch. *The Ohio Historical Society*. Bibliography. Illustrated. 70 pp. \$1.70.

Subtitled "A Chronology of Ohio Aerospace Events and Personalities 1815-1969," this book, with a cover of space-blue, is a comprehensive survey of aeronautics in Ohio.

As Tom D. Crouch, Supervisor of Education, The Ohio Historical Society, points out: Ohio is "the birthplace of flight and a center of early developments in the field."

Mr. Crouch arranges his subject in the form of an interesting chronology of events in Ohio, beginning with July 4, 1815 when a large hot air balloon ascended above Cincinnati, accompanied by a wild display of fireworks. Next—in 1834—Mr. A. Mason constructed an "aerial steamboat" in Cincinnati.

There followed other Ohio aeronauts. Then during the first years of 1900 the Ohio born Wright Brothers made flight history.

Ohio has furnished many notable astronauts—Neil Armstrong, John Glenn, James A. Lovell, Jr., Donn F. Eisele.

The U. S. Army Air Force has received brave and brilliant officers from Ohio—General Curtis E. LeMay and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker. Moreover Women's Lib is well represented by Mrs. Geraldine Mock of Columbus, the first woman to fly solo around the world.

A Preface by Neil A. Armstrong is an added feature of interest.

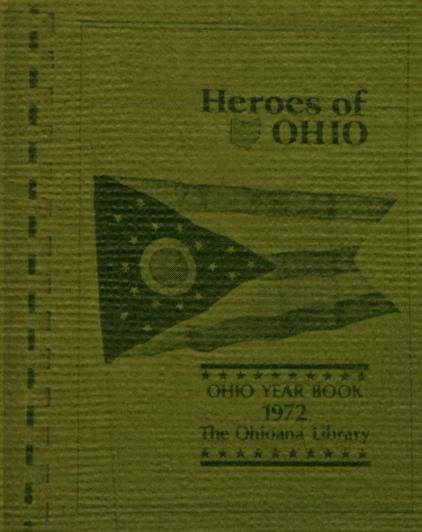
Mr. Crouch is a fine writer and a careful historian. His descriptions of flights and fliers make this a notable and important book.

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*Now Ready*

# OHIO YEARBOOK 1972

Edited by the  
Martha Kinney Cooper  
Ohioana Library Association



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Ohio has many native sons who have become heroes in various phases of history and art. The 1972 Ohio Year Book contains full page illustrations and descriptive editorials by authoritative writers of 38 of Ohio's outstanding heroes.

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