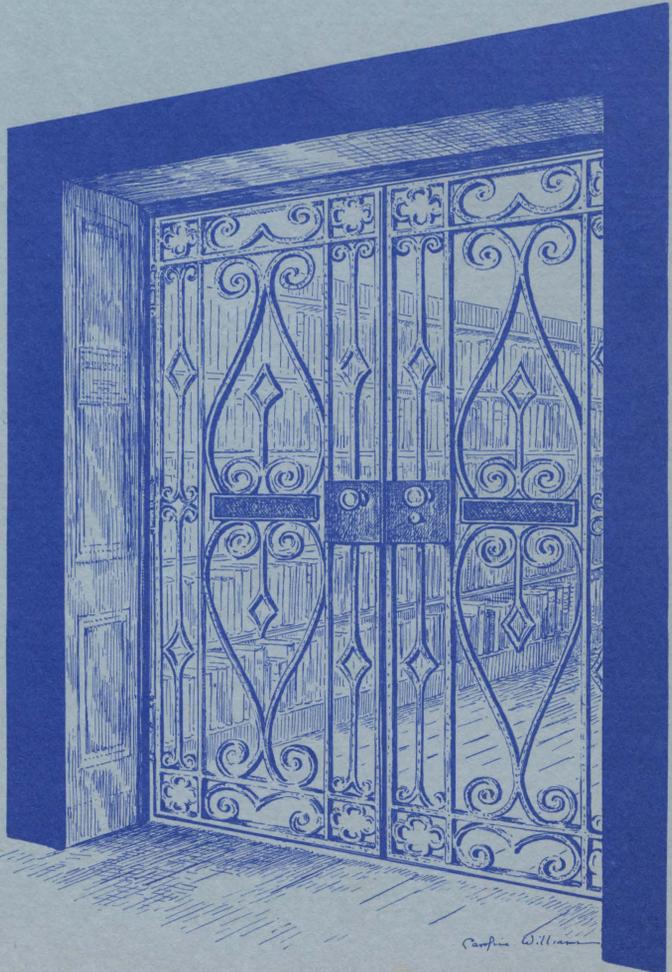


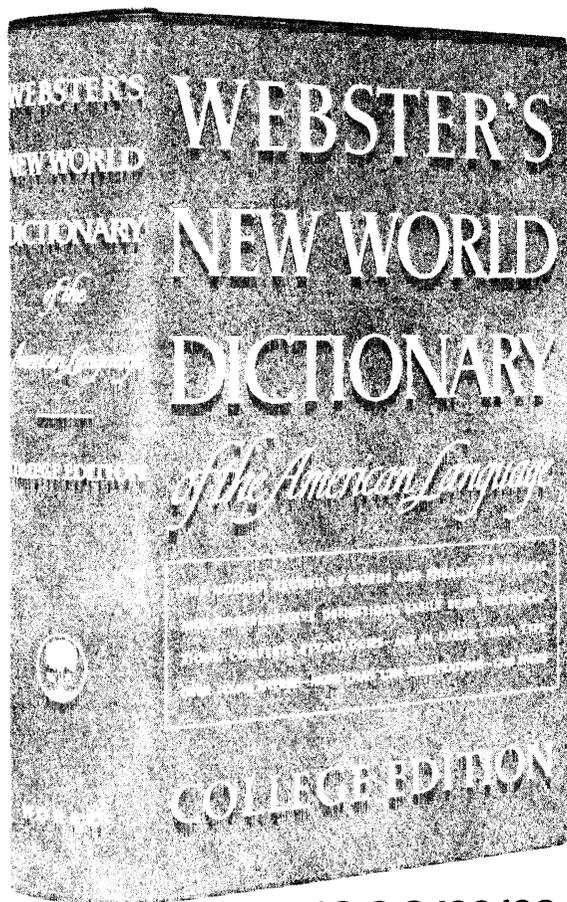


Ohioana Quarterly

Volume IX
Number 4
Winter
1966



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OHIOANA

OF OHIO AND OHIOANS • VOLUME IX • NO. 4 • WINTER, 1966

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OHIOANA QUARTERLY: published by The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Association, 1109 Ohio Departments Building, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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

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Christmas Revisited

By BERNICE WILLIAMS FOLEY

Christmas revisited, like Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead*, is a journey which invites interpretation on a personal basis. Like any exegesis it takes on the climate of a person's past experiences and knowledge of things remembered, for no single Christmas ever stands alone.

To syllogize still further, Christmas 1966 becomes the joyous gateway to a new year, a re-birth of hope and opportunity. Thus like veritable gates of promise, Christmas day opens onto vistas of another year, spanning in its frame of reference both the old and the new.

Likewise the wrought-iron memorial gates depicted on the cover of this quarterly and sketched by the Ohio artist, Caroline Williams, open wide at the entrance to the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library, inviting visits and revisits to the Library itself, and offering promise of fruitful hours with Ohio's literary great.

These artistically wrought gates are a memorial to Frank B. Dyer and were given in loving memory of him by his daughter, Elizabeth Dyer, former Dean of Home Economics College, University of Cincinnati, and former trustee of the Ohioana Library. These gates are symbols of spanned time, and through their open iron lacery one can by moving in one direction revisit the past, or by turning counterwise can step through into the future. "The longer you can look back, the farther you can see forward" becomes an adage which holds true for the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library, as we look back upon 37 years of accomplishments which have become traditional, and as we initiate the new, outlining innovations and enrichment programs for the future.

For this editor, Christmas revisited means that a journey of twelve months has now been completed in a new place of residence and in a new position. She has tried to make this journey constructive and meaningful to every member of the Ohioana Library. And she hopes that all members will make journeys of their own through the Memorial Gates and revisit Ohioana Library, repository of books by Ohio authors and of books on the Ohio Scene.

As Christmas is revisited this year on the Ohio Scene, the staff of Ohioana Library sends to all readers of this dialogue the traditional toast of "WASSAIL", and sincere wishes for a joyous New Year.

Is Poetry Needed in Contemporary Life?

By MINNIE HITE MOODY



Part I of an authoritative disquisition on the very fine art of poetry in which the author describes her early experiences with poetry, as writer, aged 5, and as appreciative student.

MRS. FOLEY gave me the title for this contribution, bidding me quote from my own verse as I go along. That may not be easy to do. For I feel very strongly that poetry should not be dragged forth as an example of anything. I first became aware of this in perhaps the third grade of school, when a poem of Emily Dickinson's turned up in the spelling book—never mind as an example of what, for I have been trying all these years to forget. It was the poem which begins, "I'll tell you how the sun rose,

—*The Newark Advocate*

—A ribbon at a time. The steeples swam in amethyst, The news like squirrels ran." We were expected to learn the poem along with the spelling lesson. I was then at a stage of taking poetry with deadly seriousness, and to me at

AUTHOR: *Minnie Hite Moody*, besides pursuing an active career in writing, generously and graciously devotes time as a member of the Board of Editors for our *Ohioana Quarterly*, and she is a member of the Honorary Council of the *Ohioana Library*. Included among the books which she has authored are the following: *ONCE AGAIN IN CHICAGO. 1933, Fiction*; *DEATH IS A LITTLE MAN. 1936, Fiction*; *TOWERS WITH IVY. 1937, Fiction*; *OLD HOME WEEK. 1938, Fiction*; *LONG MEADOWS. 1941, Fiction*; *BUCKEYE SHADOWS. 1963, Poetry*; *THE OLD INTERURBAN AND OTHER PIECES. 1965*; *INNS AND PERSONALITIES OF GRANVILLE AND OTHER PIECES. 1966.*

A review of her latest book *INNS AND PERSONALITIES OF GRANVILLE* is printed in *BOOK LOOKS* of this issue.

that time a rhyme was a rhyme, and I was aware of an assonance only as I noticed words which "sounded alike." In this particular quatrain, *time* and *ran* offended me greatly, especially as the rhyme ran true throughout the remainder of the poem, and more than that, "The news like squirrels ran," was to me, stated backwards. I questioned adults till I got the information I wanted, and astounded the poor teacher by denouncing that line as an inversion. Then, two lines down, for grammar's sake, I objected to "The bobolinks *begin*." Worst of all, along toward the end of the poem is a line which reads, "Put gently up the evening bars," which not only contains an even more wicked inversion, but when my innocent classmates recited it, they all placed the stress on the first syllable of *evening*, instead of on *bars*, where I was sure it belonged. This torment went on for a week or more, when fortunately I came down with the measles followed by a series of complications which protected me from further acquaintance with either poem or spelling book. I still can recite the poem, but to this day I must force myself to read a line of Miss Dickinson's work.

To me it seems a sin to have children memorize poetry. If they must, why not let each child memorize a different poem—or one of his own choice? Then at least there will be a variety, with its momentary flare of interest. One of my most horrible recollections is of sitting in school, forced to listen while child after child stumbled over the words of a poem I cherished.

It was then, I suppose, that I realized that poetry is not for everyone, and I may as well admit that in certain low moments I have some doubts as to whether it actually is needed in con-

temporary life. Still, poetry is poetry, because of its built-in rhythm and because it is a fanciful way of looking at things. Childhood too has a built-in rhythm; childhood too is a time of fancy. So it would seem wrong indeed not to *expose* children to poetry! And I dare not disregard the advantages of learning a poem by heart, for memory requires training, and beyond doubt a poem which jingles a bit is twice as easy to learn as a passage of prose.

The first poem I ever wrote has no title and never had. It is not a production of which I am proud, and I rather wish that my elders had not made such a point of preserving the copybook in which I inscribed it, but I may as well quote it here, since it never will appear in print elsewhere. I signed it, "Minmin, age 5", and the poem goes:

Roses are blooming in summer and
springtime,
Again and again the roses are bloom-
ing;
It was the violet that said to the others,
Open your eyes, for the warm days are
coming.

By the time I first went to school, I could recite a good many poems, my own, and others. And I shall not soon forget my amazement when children asked me, "Who made you learn that stuff?" Nobody made me learn it, but my classmates could not comprehend that. If I learned poetry without being forced I was obviously a nut. To some extent this realization colored my entire school life. The lengths to which children will go to be recognized as exactly the same as everyone else!

Yet it would seem cruelly unfair not to include poetry in the school curriculum. Rhymes are sung or recited to the tiniest baby. Finger-and-toe rhymes are part of the earliest games children play: "This little pig went to market.

This little pig stayed home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none. . . ."

In the Deep South, it goes, "This little pig had sugar bread," instead of roast beef, and that is the way my own children learned it.

I had grandparents and aunts and a mother and father who quoted, and no doubt my ambition toward memorizing was spurred by adults who could reel off a few pertinent stanzas when occasion offered. Except for such poems as I have already described in connection with the spelling lesson, or that I was required to learn for such purposes as Friday afternoon entertainments at school, I don't believe I ever had to learn a poem in my life. At certain stages of their Atlanta schooling, my children were required to learn a poem a week, and for days our household resounded with "The Inchcape Rock," "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and "Barbara Frietchie." One day my blue-eyed child made a remark of which I have thought many times. "I don't mind learning a poem," she said, "but I hate to hear the teacher explain it." Now there was her teacher, a fine, kind, good, dedicated woman with a master's degree, and yet my ten-year-old child hated to hear her explain poetry! What could be the matter? Without making a point of the situation, I managed to ask my child why she didn't like the teacher's explanation and she replied simply, "I like to explain it to myself." The teacher had destroyed the magic. My brown-eyed child, at another time, when she was somewhat older, on the same subject pronounced, "I don't like anyone to tell me what a poem means. Even if I don't understand the words, I want to enjoy how it *sounds*."

But poetry can be studied, and for the scholar its form and substance can be calculated as precisely as mathe-

matics. Every winter I keep telling the high school juniors and seniors who attend the Ohioana Creative Writing Workshop, that to my mind the sonnet, which now is considered old-fashioned and out of favor, is to be regarded with the utmost respect because its structure is a matter of rule. Free verse has no rules—you know what the late Robert Frost said: "Writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down."

And for the aspiring prose writer, there is no better practice than poetry. Most novelists have written verse at one time or another, and glancing back over the careers of the world's most prominent writers, many will list a book of verse as an earliest published work.

But what applied in my childhood or even in my children's childhood is hardly contemporary. I know teachers who consider the Japanese haiku form useful in giving a child an awareness of making a thought fit a pattern, which may be modern teaching but the haiku is at least five centuries old, so again we are up against the question of what is contemporary and what is not. A friend of mine is, as the saying goes, "in advertising"—big business advertising, with a firm which handles some of the world's largest and most spectacular accounts. One day in my presence a young man college student, admittedly looking for a short cut to fortune if not to fame, asked this man if he could name any single factor which had been of greatest use to him in preparation for his career, which was not a planned career, by the way, but one into which my successful friend had stumbled almost by accident.

"Yes," said my friend, "I trace where I am today straight back to a university course in the appreciation of poetry. It filled a gap in my schedule and I happened to like the professor, but even then I wondered what I was doing in

that particular class. But to make a long story short, what I seem to have done was to learn things which have stayed with me—the importance of the one perfect inevitable word, for example. The precise imagery. The catchy metaphor.”

The late Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University lectured on poetry one evening some years ago in the Georgia Tech gymnasium, and I was surprised to see engineering students paying profound attention, though it was a long lecture and they were sitting (so was I!) on uncomfortable bleacher seats. “Never think,” he said, “that there is no connection between poetry and building a bridge or a road or an airplane or skyscraper, or manufacturing macadam or textiles. Poetry is a living shape, constructed of words, it is true, but you will be happier in your work, whatever it is, if you accept poetry as a reality you can carry with you to fall back on when you need a change of pace, if not outright escape.”

Of course all of us know dozens of people who seem to have no need in their lives for poetry. They neither

write it nor read it. They couldn't name a dozen contemporary poets if they had to—nor even a dozen old-timers, though perhaps they might stumble through a few such names as Kipling or Longfellow or Edgar Allen Poe. This apathy is reflected in the fact that the magazines we find on the newsstands don't pay much attention to poetry either. Though those of us who over the years have contributed considerable verse to the magazines learned somewhat cynically to accept the fact that what we wrote was regarded as filler and that the lines over which we had toiled often late into the night, saw the light of print not because of their poetic value but because they fit so many inches of space.

Which is not to say that poetry editors don't do their best. A poetry editor friend of mine at one of the big magazines told me that she received more than 50,000 poems a year—out of which she could accept only about one hundred! That seems a truly practical reason why so many magazines have done away with their poetry editors! Who can afford to pay someone to read 50,000 poems a year?

(End of Part I)

Arthur Shepherd Composition Contest

FROM FRIEDA K. SCHUMACHER of Cleveland comes this information about the Annual Arthur Shepherd Composition Contest now in its eighth year.

The contest is open to all composers who have been or who are now residents of the State of Ohio.

Senior category—contestant must be 23 years of age or over.

The composition—a work for chorus; mixed, female or male—a capella or with accompaniment of piano or organ or with small combination of instruments. Prize—\$200.00.

Student category—contestant up to 23 years of age.

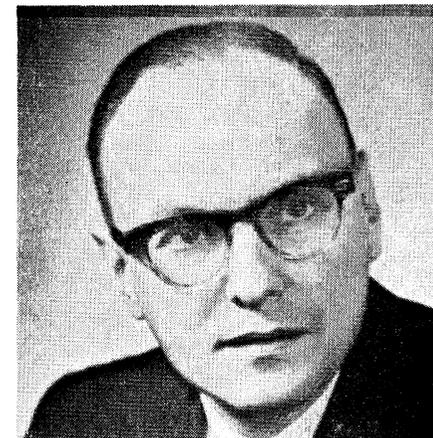
Composition—music for one or two instruments. Prize—\$50.00.

The final date of contest entry is January 1, 1967. Rules for entry may be obtained from Miss Frieda Schumacher, 2717 Euclid Heights Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio 44106.

This annual contest under the auspices of the Cuyahoga Section of the Ohio Music Teachers' Association is in memory of Dr. Arthur Shepherd, eminent composer, conductor, pianist, author, and former chairman of the Music Department of Western Reserve University.

THE REVOLT AGAINST DICK AND JANE

By ARTHUR S. TRACE, JR.



A QUIET REVOLUTION is going on in elementary schools throughout the country, including many schools in Ohio. More and more elementary school teachers, with the blessing of their principals and reading supervisors, have abandoned Dick-and-Jane type reading programs in favor of more efficient reading materials which teach students to read faster and which offer them more challenging reading fare than non-stories about non-heroes like Dick and Jane.

The era of Dick and Jane began some 40 years ago when professional educators abandoned the phonics method of teaching reading (whereby students learned to read words from the sounds of the letters) in favor of the whole word or look-and-say method (whereby students memorized the design the words make on the page without reference to the letters). The look-and-say method, or

look-and-guess method, as it is often called, proved to be so inefficient that the vocabulary of the readers had to be reduced drastically from that of the McGuffey and other such readers of pre-look-and-say days. Furthermore, the words also had to be repeated over and over again until first and second graders had their designs memorized, so that selections were necessarily dull and repetitious. In addition, professional educators fell under the influence of the “life adjustment” philosophy of education which insisted that the minutiae of community living should be taught on school time. Thus the stories in the new readers had to take place right around home and consisted of the non-adventures

AUTHOR: Arther S. Trace, Jr., Associate Professor of English at John Carroll University, has the answer to the charge that “Johnny can't read”. He is the author of *Reading without Dick and Jane* (published by Henry Regnery Co.) and of *What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't*; and is the editor of the *Open Court Basic Readers* for the first, second and third grades, (published by Open Court Publishing Co.).

Reading Without Dick and Jane received a most commendatory review in the *University Bookman*, edited by Russell Kirk, Winter Issue 1966.

of sanitized suburban anti-heroes like Dick and Jane and Alice and Jerry, who lived in an artificial middle-class suburban community in which nothing interesting could possibly happen. For some 40 years virtually all American children were brought up on look-and-guess methods of teaching reading and up on Dick-and-Jane type readers, which contain some of the worst writing ever to appear in print.

As a result, many children, if they were bright at all, learned quickly to dislike their readers and in many instances to dislike all reading. Even worse, many students did not learn to read well at all. Only a few years ago the National Council of Teachers of English estimated that 4 million of our elementary school students are poor readers. To counter these accusations, our professional educators began to produce countless studies which showed that the reason so many children read badly lay not with the look-and-guess method or the Dick-and-Jane type readers but with the children themselves. The difficulty, they insisted, was that poor readers were emotionally disturbed, half-blind, dimwitted, maladjusted, undernourished, glandularly deficient, or ill treated.

Some teachers and school administrators and even some professional educators knew all along, however, that the basic difficulty was not the children but the Dick-and-Jane type reading programs, which by 1950 had become so universal in American schools that reader series which used a basic phonics approach and which offered interesting and challenging reading selections were almost impossible to obtain.

In the last decade, however, a few school authorities who were appalled at the poor reading performance of their students began to experiment once again

with phonics and saw for themselves the vastly superior results that it produced. They saw that when students were taught the sounds of the letters from the very beginning, they could quickly learn to "sound out" the many thousands of words which were already in their speaking vocabulary and they could therefore read highly interesting stories and poems almost from the beginning.

As phonics gradually grew in popularity during the past few years, more and more systematic phonics programs began to appear on the market. Even the Dick-and-Jane type readers had to introduce a little bit of phonics here and there because the look-and-guess method was so obviously a failure, though even to this day there are some 20 Dick-and-Jane type programs on the market which still use predominantly look-and-guess methods, which employ a crippling vocabulary control apparatus, and in which the reading selections are virtually worthless.

Meanwhile, thorough and objective studies have been carried out in recent years which were designed to test the comparative merits of the phonics method and the look-and-say method. The results of these tests are summarized in a careful article published in THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH for May, 1965. This article shows that of the ten most thorough studies comparing the effectiveness of the two methods, none found the look-say method to be superior, two showed no great difference between the two, and eight showed the phonics method to be decidedly superior. These findings have encouraged many elementary schools to switch over to a phonics method using one or another of the new phonics reading programs which have begun to appear on the market. Some of these new

(Concluded on page 103)

Autobiographical memoirs of the first woman to be appointed to the Federal bench in the United States.

Remarkable Career Devoted To The Elevation of Law

TO DO JUSTLY. By Florence Ellinwood Allen. *The Press of Western Reserve University*. ix + 201p. preface, illustrations, appendix. \$6.00.

AUTHOR: The Honorable Florence Ellinwood Allen, recently deceased, was graduated from the College for Women (now Flora Stone Mather College) of Western Reserve University in 1904. She received her Master's degree from Western Reserve, and her Law degree from New York University in 1911. The following year she began the practice of law in her home town of Cleveland.

THE TITLE OF THIS autobiography of Ohio's most eminent woman judge, *To Do Justly*, is aptly chosen, for this is the maxim which guided Judge Florence Allen in her thirty-nine years on the bench. Her judicial career began in the fall of 1920 when she was the first woman to be elected to the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County—a beneficiary, she notes, of the movement for woman suffrage and woman rights which she had done so much to promote. Two years later she was elected a judge of the Ohio Supreme Court—another first for a woman—and served there for twelve years. In 1934 she was appointed to the United States Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit (comprising Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, and Tennessee) where she served until her retirement in 1959 at the age of seventy-

REVIEWER: *Hoyt Landon Warner, professor of History at Kenyon College, is the author of The Life of Mr. Justice Clarke, Western Reserve Univ. Pr. which won the Achievement Award of Ohio Academy of History in 1960.*



FLORENCE ELLINWOOD ALLEN

five. She has the distinction of being the only woman to be appointed to such a high federal judicial post. Twice her name was publicly discussed for an appointment to the United States Supreme Court—Eleanor Roosevelt was her advocate on one occasion—but this final judicial honor was not forthcoming.

Much of the book, as it should be, is devoted to her work as a judge. Lawyers and fellow judges will enjoy her accounts of the inner operations of the courts, her determination to make the courts' work more efficient, her insistence that she be treated exactly the

same in the assignment of cases as her male co-judges, and her detailed observations on a few of the notable cases which she tried: the trial for first-degree murder of a leader of the Black Hand, the Weaver racial discrimination case, and the suit attacking the constitutionality of the TVA, which required seven weeks to hear and decide—seven weeks of bone-weary labor. All of us will applaud her stress on the ethical basis of law and her plea to members of the Bar to protect the ethical system of the law against attempts to subvert it.

But this is more than a judicial autobiography. Judge Allen recreates her early family life which did so much to give direction to her later career. Her father contracted tuberculosis when he was the principal of Western Reserve Academy and had to leave Ohio for a dry western climate. He settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, where Florence Allen was born in 1884. He was a man of many parts: a classical scholar, the first pitcher on a college team in Ohio to throw a curved ball (her father's pitching fame helped her in her campaign for the Ohio Supreme Court in 1922!), an expert in geology, a mine manager, state legislator and congressman, but above all a teacher and a humanitarian. Her mother, the daughter of a schoolman and the first girl to be admitted to Smith College, encouraged Florence's interest in books and music, and, by example, in public affairs. The family maintained its Ohio ties by returning alternate summers for visits to grandparents; Florence and her two older sisters attended Grandfather Jacob Tuckerman's New Lyme Institute in Ashtabula County, Ohio. She did her undergraduate work at Western Reserve College, receiving her degree in 1904. Dramatics, music (mastering the piano literature of the great classical masters), social causes (an attack on sororities as

undemocratic) seemed to interest her more than her academic courses, although she devoted enough time to her studies to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa in her Junior year. She spent the next few years finding herself: two with her family in Berlin, Germany, where she served as a musical reporter, two more as a teacher in Laurel School, Cleveland. Her decision to shift to the law, she tells us, came as a revelation from on high when a professor asked her one day, "Why don't you study law?" She abandoned further thoughts of being a music critic or teacher and immersed herself in legal studies, first at the University of Chicago, then at New York University to which she transferred in order to engage in social work at the Henry Street Settlement. Because of a serious eye ailment and a virtual breakdown her studies were interrupted and she did not receive her law degree until 1911. For the next decade she devoted most of her time to promoting woman suffrage, and it was the speaking and campaigning that she did for this cause that gave her the necessary renown to win her first election to a judgeship in 1920.

Finally, this autobiography gives us many glimpses of the human side of the judge: her delight in music and the classics; her joy in tramping through Utah canyons or along country roads in Ohio and Tennessee with two cocker spaniels as companions; her enthusiasm for the many friends she met in her work and in her travels—friendships which she counts as among her richest rewards in a richly rewarded life. Although this book lacks the cadence and style of her best prose (cf. her speech on the outlawry of war in Appendix A), it is a warm, personal document which evokes a portrait of the woman as well as the judge. It is the story of a life worth commemorating.

Publications of the Ohio Academy Of Science on the Relation of Science to Society

By RALPH W. DEXTER



DR. RALPH W. DEXTER

THE OHIO ACADEMY of Science, founded on the last day of 1891, is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year. Over the past three-quarters of a century the Academy has maintained interest in science and the application of science to human affairs. From the very beginning, publication of original works in the various fields of science has been a major objective. Not only technical papers in science, but also the impact of science on society has received attention. A bibliography of fifty titles concerned with the latter aspect has been compiled and is presented here. These studies have been published in the *Proceedings of the Ohio Academy of Science*, the *Ohio Naturalist*, and its successor, the *Ohio Journal of Science*.

Some of these writings were presented originally as presidential addresses, invitational addresses, or papers given at symposia sponsored by various sectional meetings of the Academy. Approximately half of the authors have served as officers of the Academy in one capacity or another. Eight papers are in the general field of science in its relation to

social problems. Conservation and utilization of natural resources is represented by the largest number, twelve papers, of those concerned with special interest. Social sciences are the basis for ten and medical sciences the basis for nine papers. The physical sciences and technology form the subject matter in seven cases, while the natural sciences and science education are each involved twice.

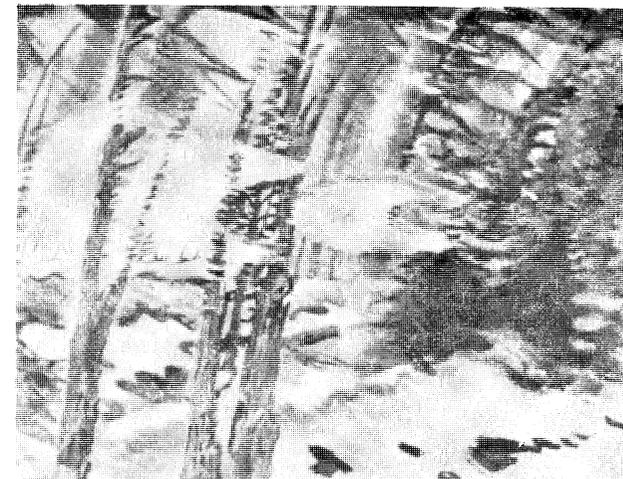
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Dr. Dexter, Academy Historian, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, teaches in the Department of Biological Sciences, and is an active researcher having published more than one hundred papers in ecology, field zoology, and the history of biology.

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Burchfield In Cleveland



Oncoming Spring by Charles Burchfield

Re-entry of life into a winter-bound forest.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD, famous Ohio artist, whom we featured in the Spring issue of this magazine, has been honored by an important exhibit of his paintings sponsored by the Cleveland Institute of Art. This Spring in the Institute's gallery, the exhibit consisted of a selection of over 25 water-colors chosen with the assistance of the artist himself.

This event, marking Burchfield's "golden anniversary" as an artist, was rich in nature scenes portraying sound, wind, rain, and trees in a mystical, brooding and semi-abstract manner.

World famous today, with his paintings hung in every major American mu-

seum and in many of Europe, Burchfield is definitely an Ohio artist with these milestones: born in Ashtabula, schooled in Salem, and studied art at the Cleveland Institute.

Painting almost entirely in water-colors, Burchfield reverts to the rural scenes of his Ohio youth for the mainstream of his work.

Cleveland should be proud that it gave Burchfield the early recognition he deserved. His powers of suggestion and of evoking eerie emotion spring from his pristine sincerity, enabling him to present his impressions with the timeless quality of truth.

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The description of an actual prison camp in 1864 and the attempts of its captive Confederate soldiers to escape become a recountal stranger than fiction.

The Fate Of Confederate Prisoners on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie

REBELS ON LAKE ERIE by Charles E. Frohman. *Ohio Historical Society*. 157p. \$5.50.

AUTHOR: Charles E. Frohman, at present residing in Sandusky, was honored with a 1965 Register Award for his role as the community's historian. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and from Yale School of Law. He is a trustee and past president of the Ohio Historical Society, Columbus.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS were held prisoner on a small island in Lake Erie off Sandusky, Ohio, during most of the Civil War. In fourteen chapters and two appendices, Charles Frohman provides an exhaustive description of the camp, how it came to be established, and the kind of life that the men led there. Discussion of attempts at escape provide a second recurrent theme.

The book, as its author states in a foreword, consists of a series of articles which he prepared for the *Sandusky Register* in 1964-65. They were occasioned by the centennial of an elaborate intrigue, the effort by Confederate plotters to capture two Lake Erie commercial vessels. With these they planned to seize Johnson's Island and free the prisoners. Five chapters recount details of this fruitless exploit and elaborately explain what happened to the men involved in the plan.

REVIEWER: Neil Thorburn, assistant Professor of History at Eastern Illinois University, is an authority on Ohio History who takes special interest in the Civil War period.

By most standards of its day, the prison camp was a tolerable, if primitive, one. It was located far enough from shore to discourage individual escape plans except in the dead of winter. Life was unexciting because work was infrequent, but the prisoners were well treated. Frohman carefully depicts the camp, including illustrations and diagrams, explain how food and clothing were procured and distributed, and even adds a lengthy account of health and sanitary conditions, complete with charts showing the frequency of certain illnesses and which of them caused death.

That piracy in 1864 is the author's favorite subject. He conveys to his readers how the seizure of two vessels, the *Michigan* and the *Philo Queen*, was thought to be the nucleus of a carefully laid plan which would free the Confederate prisoners. The fairest observation seems to be that the perpetrators made up in zeal what they lacked in practicality. Modern readers will conclude that Johnson's Island and its prisoners were quite secure for the Union. But this escape plot does have all the ingredients of a good adventure tale, thereby

illustrating, if nothing else, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

The research for this book has been prodigious. It has been so methodical, in fact, that the author cannot resist the temptation to allow the contemporary Sandusky newspaper accounts, the official military dispatches, and letters from participants, tell much of his story themselves. This is particularly true in the last chapters which explain what happened to the leaders of the conspiracy. The details here would best lend themselves to a colorful secondary account. Instead, passages from letters to relatives and petitions to Confederate and Union officials, including even Presidents Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, are reprinted at length. This device, not always successful, does not enhance our understanding of the final outcome. Suffice it to say, despite all the information we have, the Confederate

agitators were regarded as traitors and subsequently found guilty and hanged.

Opinions always vary about the way to write history. Full research means that the author can speak with unrivaled authority. Frohman does. This leads again to that question, could not all this information have made a lively narrative? What we have is not even well tied together by a central thesis. One wonders if a series of newspaper articles could not become more effectively a historical monograph.

In the vast literature on the Civil War, this book must find a place. There is valuable material here for all who are curious about Sandusky's role in the Civil War, Johnson's Island, and its prisoners. The author may compliment himself on a thorough piece of research. None may say that he has neglected any phase of the topic. He has answered all the questions which he asked himself.

REVOLT AGAINST DICK AND JANE

(Continued from page 96)

reader series, like *The Open Court Basic Readers*, published by the Open Court Publishing Company of LaSalle, Illinois, and the *Lippincott Basic Readers* published by the Lippincott Company of Philadelphia, offer students extremely interesting and challenging selections far beyond what most other students get, and more important, they are learning to read well regardless of their physical ailments or the color of their skin or the kind of home they come from. Such reading programs are opening whole new worlds which remain closed to students who must suffer along with Dick and Jane and Baby Sally and their backyard barbecues and visits to car wash establishments.

This does not mean that all school systems are racing to adopt a basic

phonics program and all the advantages that accompany it. In big cities especially, reading supervisors tend to be dyed-in-the-wool look-and-guess experts who will defend Dick and Jane to the death. Many principals, reading supervisors, and even teachers in many smaller school systems feel equally strongly that the Dick-and-Jane approach to reading is the best.

Nonetheless more and more school authorities are coming to recognize that the Dick-and-Jane type reading program is a space-age horse and buggy and are revolting against it. This fact alone offers serious grounds for optimism that the battle against the semi-literacy of millions of American school children will at last be won.

*A sensitive poet who views life as an ALMANACH DE GOTHA
and as a chronometer measuring out emotions.*

The Human Covenant Described In Terms Of Poetry

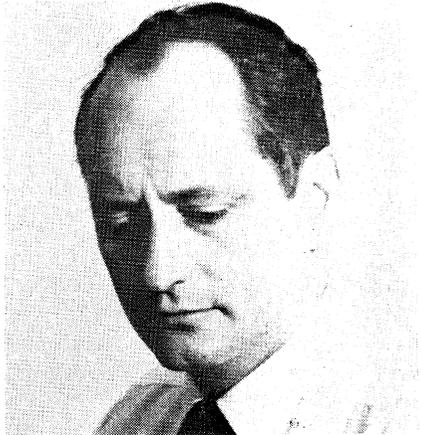
AN ALMANAC FOR TWILIGHT by Jack Matthews, *The University of North Carolina Press*, 1966 41 p. \$3.75.

AUTHOR: Jack Matthews was born in Columbus, holds Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Ohio State University, and is at present a lecturer in the Department of English at Ohio University, Athens.

THE WORD "TWILIGHT" sets the mood for these poems, which are brooding in nature, and reflect moments of quiet introspection. A first collection of Jack Matthews' poetry, this is the tenth volume published in the Contemporary Poetry Series of the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill. Some of the poems appeared originally in such journals as *Poetry*, *The New York Herald Tribune*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Nation*, *Commonweal*, *The New York Times* and *The New Republic*.

What has Jack Matthews to say in these poems? He expresses the thoughts of a sensitive and observant man, sometimes glancing back at childhood, sometimes looking ahead toward old age, seeing clearly its effect on others. In "A Preference in Women," he says:

REVIEWER: *Minnie Hite Moody who is talented equally in poetry and prose, is a daily contributor to the Newark Advocate with her column, "I Remember, I Remember", and has many books to her credit.*



JACK MATTHEWS

Give me, for instance, a woman with shyness
and pain wrinkles webbed about her eyes;
the problem of weight, a certain futility of age invested in her spine,
twisted stockings and the awkward look of love surprised on her face
late in a sleepy evening.

Turning to youth, he writes in "The Cheerleaders":

Six girls in red skirts and red sweaters,
screaming by the field's pool table green
for the ghostly crowds on the grandstand hill
to print on silence their tumultuous will.
Six girls in short skirts and thick sweaters . . .
they are enthusiasms where thrilling dwells;
and in this dwelling, thrills almost love these
bright and sunny storms with hard and shiny knees.
What subsequence could justify such passion?
What happiness remains when the right team wins,
and the locker doors are closed, the boys sleeping,
and six silences lie in the midnight's keeping?

Jack Matthews' first book, a collection of short stories, *Bitter Knowledge* (Scribner's, 1964), received critical praise and demonstrated his gifts and skill in the

field of prose. Now of *An Almanac for Twilight*, Mr. Matthews says it is "a book on various themes and topics, all of which are meant to say something about the human covenant and lead into recognition and discovery."

A poem of rare perception is "The Migrations":

Signs there are of the old habitual change.

Standing in a field this evening, I looked up,
startled by silence; and there I saw a thousand birds quieter than rain,
flying.

Once as a child, I asked my father this:

"How can birds hear the cold nights coming?"

Now, thirty migrations later, I lament the answer that he gave, for I've forgotten.

A simple thing like this, one asked at seven,
answered by my father then and there . . .

still, still the ghostly birds are flying beyond my sight, beyond that child's consent.

CREATIVE WRITING SEMINAR

THE OHIOANA LIBRARY is happy to announce that the Railroad Community Services Committee has again generously offered to co-sponsor the Creative Writing Workshop for talented high school students. Approximate 40 students are expected to attend this panel discussion on creative writing, scheduled for 10 a.m., Saturday, January 28 at the Sheraton-Columbus Motor Hotel, 50 North Third Street, Columbus, with luncheon at noon. The participating

panelists will be MINNIE HITE MOODY for Poetry, MARION RENICK for Juvenile stories, BILL ARTER for Articles, and JACK MATTHEWS for Fiction. These high school students, chaperoned by their English teachers, are a state-wide group, and already have displayed an aptitude in the field of creative writing. Ohioana Library and the Railroad Community Service Committee are happy to encourage this talent.

Speaking As A Political Expert

By FLETCHER KNEBEL



FLETCHER KNEBEL, author of *Zinzin Road*, *Night of Camp David* and co-author of *Seven Days in May* and *Convention*, impersonated a political orator nominating a presidential candidate, when he appeared on the program honoring Ohio authors and composers at Ohioana Library's 37th Annual Meeting, October eighth, Columbus.

Because Mr. Knebel's satire was so trenchant and replete with amusing incongruities, we are printing his address practically intact, so that members who were not present can enjoy the satirical genius of this Ohio author who writes both seriously and with an ear attuned to the foibles of the political scene.

Elections are over—so sit back and enjoy a campaign speech as it might have been delivered in this dizzying world of politics if it were carried to illogical conclusions.

Then a sudden change of pace in Mr. Knebel's speech—and you learn how a gifted and successful writer obtains his ideas and evolves his plots. In his remarks Fletcher Knebel can be inspirational as well as satirical.

THANK YOU, Jim Rodabaugh; Mrs. Newcomb; distinguished guests—I am here as a political expert. In 1940, I picked Wilkie over Roosevelt. In 1948, I picked Dewey over Truman; and in 1956 Huntley over Brinkley. In 1960, I said "Nobody can win"; and in 1964 I went to bed election eve reading that one time best seller, *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

So with that expertise let us pretend this afternoon that we are assembled in a national political convention for the purpose of nominating a candidate for president of the United States, and

since you have graciously accorded me the floor I will make the nominating speech as follows: 'Fellow delegates we are gathered here today to nominate a president of the United States. The question is WHY! Do we really need a new president? Why don't we just keep the one we've got and restrict him to an eight hour day?'

Fellow delegates, as one who observed Dwight Eisenhower for eight years, I say we have less to fear from a part-time president than from an over-time president. But if we must nominate a candidate let us first determine what

manner of man we do *not* want. Do we want a liberal? And with whose money? Do we want a dove, or a hawk, or a baby-breasted warbler? Do we want a man who can conquer outer space or inner tensions? Do we want an optimist who is learning Russian or a pessimist who is learning Chinese? Do we want a man of the people? Let the answer ring over the hills, "No!" The people have been running this country long enough. Let Walter Lippmann try it.

Do we want a man who stands for motherhood? Ah, my friends, before we give a hasty answer to that question, consider the plight of Governor Rockefeller and his baited presidential ambitions. He may be the first politician in all history to make a liability out of motherhood.

My candidate has a solution for every problem . . . a clear improvement on Hubert Humphrey who is a man with more solutions than we ever had problems. My candidate will not tolerate long hair on young men and for good reason. He is a barber. My candidate has never taken marijuana or L. S. D. In fact, the only vision he was ever blessed with was hindsight.

My candidate has the stability of Eisenhower, the simplicity of Harry Truman, the charisma of Jack Kennedy and the prolific acumen of Lyndon Johnson.

Actually, the only trouble is his name—his name is Tom Swift. Now my candidate has never been arrested for speeding, nor has he ever been charged with running traffic lights. Indeed he has never been ticketed for overtime parking; and do you know why? His father is chief of police—that's why. There is no danger of my candidate harming the country. Frankly, he is not interested in holding public office. All

he wants to do is run for it. In this he resembles Richard Nixon, with whom he campaigned as a small boy.

My candidate loves airplanes and he promises a whirlwind campaign that will take him to ten airports a day. All he needs is a ham sandwich and one issue. Frankly, any more than one issue confuses him. On the opening day of the campaign, he will make his labor speech in Deroit, fly to Columbus for his football speech, make his farm speech in DesMoines, fly on to Huston for his oil depletion allowance speech, then on to deliver his timber conservation address that afternoon in Spokane, his water for everybody speech in Arizona in the golden twilight; then fly on to Tokyo for his foreign policy speech, arriving twelve hours before he got up.

My candidate is honed down for the battle. He is trim, wiry and lean. As a matter of fact, there is no substance to him whatsoever. He is all image.

My candidate will not debate his rival on television. It isn't that he is afraid, it's just that he hates television. He has loathed T.V. ever since he applied to the F.C.C. for a second channel in Austin, Texas. He also detests farmers, and his anti-farm leer is worth a hundred thousand votes in Chicago alone. In fact, he is a good friend of Mayor Daly of Chicago, and a hundred thousand vote majority has already been recorded. My candidate heartily endorses the report of a committee of the economists, urging a guaranteed fair income for every American whether he is working or not. His slogan is "Instant Retirement For All."

Now despite what I said earlier, my candidate is a man of vision. Actually his vision is so good he can see in the

dark. Put him in the White House and he'll be our first leader to operate in the dark on purpose.'

And now if I may quick-switch to a more personal and I am sure a more boring theme . . . my own books.

I don't know about my colleagues here, but the most exciting moment for me in the writing business is the moment when the original idea strikes. The sensation is so vivid that afterward one can remember precisely where he was and what he was doing when the idea ignited. In the case of *Seven Days in May* the idea came while walking in front of the White House on a cool spring evening just after the portico lights had come on. The idea for the novel *Convention* came while riding with a friend in a Volkswagen and a chance remark he made sparked the idea.

Night of Camp David was born on a December night, not many weeks after the assassination of President Kennedy. The question of presidential disability and succession was on many minds and as I thought in rather idol manner about the situation, I recalled a recent conversation about Camp David, that remote presidential mountain retreat which Franklin Roosevelt named Shangri-La and Dwight Eisenhower renamed for his grandson David.

What would happen, I wondered, if a young senator, after several eery nighttime sessions at Camp David, became convinced that the President of the United States had become dangerously paranoid? In whom would this young Senator confide, and just how would he seek to protect the nation against the mental ailments that no man had yet glimpsed?

In the case of my new novel, *Zinzin Road*, I can remember the exact spot in West Africa where the idea came and the exact time of day. In fact the scene is the opening one in the book. I had gone to West Africa to do an evaluation chore for the Peace Corps and I was riding in a bouncing jeep-wagon, along a jungle road with a young Peace Corps volunteer. The utter novelty of my experience, a new part of the world, a new culture, and the fresh and exciting environment of the Peace Corps all combined to produce many exhilarating and haunting hours for me. I can never repay the Peace Corps for that experience. Also those weeks with the young Americans in Africa taught me something that I'd like to pass on to any person who, like myself, is mired in the routine of middle-age. To undertake a completely new assignment, one which wrenches old ideas, and one which is totally out of known context, is truly to be reborn mentally. There is of course confusion, frustration, and antipathy for we all resist being tumbled out of our comfortable prejudices and values, but there is also a vibrancy and intense excitement. The world of knowledge and ideas is expanding at phenomenal rate, unlike any previous period in history, and it behooves us all to ditch the old routines, shake up the brain, and open up our hearts and minds to the new. Some of the new ways and concepts may be taudry and worthless, but others may hold the essence of truth. So do not bemoan the long hair on the head of the college boy until you learn what's cooking that is new inside his head. Man's search to understand man is the most ancient and honorable quest in the world, and yet we are all still infants in that search. Therefore the way to stay young for all of us is to rejoin that search and become seekers once more.

An authority on Ohio History delves deeply into the journalistic career of a man of bravado from Defiance, Maumee County, who journeyed to California in order to strike pay dirt as editor, poet and critic.



Through Affinity For Drama Rollin Mallory Daggett Becomes Western Idol

FRANCIS PHELPS WEISENBERGER

IDOL OF THE WEST: THE FABULOUS CAREER OF ROLLIN MALLORY DAGGETT by Francis Phelps Weisenberger. *Syracuse University Press*, 175 p. plus 2 p. of acknowledgments; introduction; 8 p. of illustrations; 35 p. of notes; bibliography; index. \$6.95.

AUTHOR: Francis Phelps Weisenberger, Ph.D., Professor of History at Ohio State University, has to his credit many books on Ohio History, including *The Life of John McCean. 1937*; *Passing of the Frontier. 1941*; *Ordeal of Faith: the Crisis of Church-going America, 1959*; *Triumph of Faith: Contributions of the Church to American Life, 1865-1900. 1962*; *Ohio: A Students' Guide to Localized History. 1965*; with Eugene H. Roseboom: *A History of Ohio. 1934 and 1953*.

He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Ohioana Library and an editor of the Ohioana Year Book for 1967.

ALTHOUGH ROLLIN MALLORY DAGGETT was not one of the nineteenth century's major political and literary figures, he possessed such an affinity for drama as well as the requisite talent to make the most of his opportunities that he has been assured a place in the history of the American West.

Born in Richville in upper New York State in 1831, Daggett was six years old when his family migrated to the

frontier town, Defiance, in the newly opened "Black Swamp" region of the Maumee Valley in Ohio. There he was educated; raised by an older sister, Betsey, after the deaths of both parents; and excited by the politics of expansionism. And there he first entered the world of writing and publishing as a printer's devil for the *Democrat*. In 1850, after a brief stint in Piqua, he struck out for the gold fields of Cali-

REVIEWER: As *President of Miami University, Oxford, Phillip R. Shriver* was kind enough to take time from his many responsibilities and duties to review *Dr. Weisenburger's* latest book, largely we suspect because *President Shriver* himself is an historian of note and thus the subject interested him; and also we surmise because he admires the erudite and excellent literary output of *Dr. Weisenburger*. We are indeed grateful to *President Shriver*.

fornia. The West would claim him for the rest of his life.

As a gold miner, he achieved only a modicum of success. However, he struck "pay dirt" in 1852 in San Francisco as co-founder of the *Golden Era*, termed the "most important journal ever published on the Pacific slope." A literary weekly rather than a newspaper, the *Golden Era* partially filled a cultural void by serving as a vehicle of expression for such western writers as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Josquin Miller, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Orpheus C. Kerr, and Charles Warren Stoddard, as well as Daggett himself, who gained at least regional acclaim as a poet and critic.

After eight years (1852-60) with the *Golden Era*, Daggett turned briefly to the publication of the San Francisco *Daily Evening Mirror*. Caught up in the vicissitudes of partisan journalism in an era of extreme sectional bitterness, he soon found himself "out of business, out of money, out at the elbows." As a consequence, when news reached his ears of the fabulous silver strike at the Comstock lode, he quit San Francisco for the boom town of Virginia City, Nevada, there soon to join the staff of the *Territorial Enterprise*. There he became one of Mark Twain's "staunchest friends." And there he became identified with such men of wealth and power as James G. Flood, John P. Jones, John W. Mackay, William J. O'Brien, William Sharon, and William M. Stewart.

A "Silver" Republican, he soon gravitated to active participation in the political life of the Nevada Territory. In 1867 he became Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts. A decade later, with Nevada enjoying statehood, Daggett sought and won election as Nevada's lone Congressman, serving a single term from 1879 to 1881.

The high point of his political career was reached in 1882 with his appoint-

ment by President Chester Arthur as minister to the Kingdom of Hawaii. In Honolulu he distinguished himself by his promotion of the cause of eventual annexation through such devices as the emphasis of American ceremonial occasions and his personal cultivation of King Kalakaua. He also took delight in his own complete lack of conventionality. Never one to dote on formality or observe the social amenities, Daggett "received distinguished visitors in his shirt sleeves, with his suspenders hanging about his hips, his trousers rolled up to his knees, and his legs bare . . . In his reception room was a round table just about the right size for poker, half a dozen chairs, and a long wooden spigot that passed through the wall into the next room, where it connected with a barrel of whiskey. A tin cup suspended by a chain from the spigot was a constant invitation to imbibe. It is said that the British Commissioner, James H. Wodehouse, was always athirst and that the pledges of friendship and fealty between the representatives of the great English-speaking nations could be heard for great distances, in direct relation to the activity of the tin cup." It is also said that it was Daggett who "initiated King Kalakaua into the refinements of stud poker." It was little wonder that the missionary element, long predominant in the islands among the Americans, rejoiced when President Cleveland replaced Daggett with a new minister in 1885.

The balance of Daggett's life was spent in quiet repose in the Blue Mountains between San Francisco and Sacramento. His death in 1901 brought to an end a life of "enthusiasm, energy, bravado, sagacity, and mental vigor."

Professor Weisenburger has written a colorful biography in which Ohioans will have more than a passing interest because of Daggett's Defiance and Piqua background.

Ohio Poetry Award Winners

ANNETTE PATTON CORNELL, Cincinnati, won the Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library award of \$10 for the best sonnet on any theme at the Ohio Poetry Day Dinner, October 15, at the Southern Hotel, Columbus.

These contests were conducted by the Ohio Poetry Day Association, and the awards were presented at the banquet by MRS. TESSA SWEAZY WEBB, founder.

The winning poem:

THE SHADOW

By ANNETTE PATTON CORNELL

There is a shadow on the minds of men—
a menace they conceived and dare to hold;
an implement of doom beyond their ken—
the scion and sire of chaos . . . As of old
the punctual earth revolves, birds prove the spring . . .
Uneasy men aware there must be food,
still turn the soil, plant seed . . . and harvesting,
still barter death of youth for brotherhood.
With twisted hearts they hear their women weep,
while autumn's conflagration mimes once more,
the flaming sacrifice . . .

Will cold white sleep
yield life—the hawthorn burgeon as before?
Or will God think of violets and sigh
for one star plunging down the infinite sky?

Honorable mention in this contest awarded to: Louis J. Sanker, Cincinnati, for "Alchemy by Moonlight;" Alma L. Gray, Akron, for "Blackberries for a Boy;" and Jessie Farnham, Cincinnati, for "Sonnet Summer."

At this same event the announcement of the winners of the Martha Cooper Judy Awards given in memory of her mother, Martha Kinney Cooper, was made as follows:

1st award, \$25 to Virginia Moran Evans, Dayton, for "Old Maid Teacher."
2nd award, \$15 to Delma Dwyer Fairley, Leesburg, for "Let Go of War."
3rd award, \$10 to Betty Balch Scherrer, Columbus, for "I Count My Laurels."
Honorable mention to: Hallie Cramer, Toledo; Celia Dimmette, Akron; William F. Pilder, Columbus; and Alma L. Gray, Akron.

The theme for these awards was "The High Rewards of Self Sacrifice."

Our congratulations to all these winners.

As the definitive work in its field, this book reflects the accumulated experience of Dr. Keyes D. Metcalf's sixty years as a librarian.

The Foremost Library Building Consultant Analyzes Germane Problems

PLANNING ACADEMIC AND RESEARCH LIBRARY BUILDINGS by Keyes D. Metcalf. McGraw-Hill. 431 p. \$10.

AUTHOR: Keyes D. Metcalf, born in Elyria, Ohio, received both his A.B and his Litt. D. from Oberlin College; L.H.D., Yale; L.L.D., Harvard, Toronto, Marquette University, St. Louis University, Grinnell, Notre Dame; Litt.D., Brandeis University and Bowdoin. He is a consultant on library administration and building in the United States, Ireland and Japan. His home is now in Belmont, Massachusetts.

ORDINARILY, OHIOANA QUARTERLY would not review so technical a book. It is included for two reasons. Keyes Metcalf is an Ohioan, born in Oberlin and who, as a librarian, ranks at the top of his profession, and secondly, Ohioana readers are concerned with books and libraries.

REVIEWER: *Dr. Carl Vitz himself is a noted librarian, now retired, who has held director positions at the Toledo Library, the Minneapolis Library, and who came to Cincinnati as director of the Hamilton County and Cincinnati Library in order to supervise the construction of the new building at 8th and Vine Streets. He is an invaluable member of the Board of Trustees of the Ohioana Library. Although retired, he serves as consultant on building programs for public and college libraries.*

"Knowledge is Power" is an oft quoted saying, but, it is *recorded* knowledge that makes possible rapid and permanent improvement. When handed down from father to son, master to apprentice or teacher to pupil, the chain is often broken and the sum total, which one mind can master in any area of knowledge, is limited.

The advent of the 'book' made possible a build-up of knowledge. We define 'book' as a synonym for 'recorded knowledge'. Inscriptions on stone, clay tablets and manuscripts, laboriously written on papyrus or parchment, were early forms. The books of the Bible and Homer's epics were books long before man's great invention, the *printed* book. Its ability to duplicate quickly and accurately speeded up immensely the preservation, spread and increase of a common store of knowledge and of wisdom. In recent times, the photograph, the slide, the film and the recording significantly supplement the printed book.

To house and care for today's vast amount of recorded knowledge and to make it readily available, the modern library has become a complex workshop for student, scholar, scientist and researcher. We are in an era of building libraries. A recent estimate by the Office of Education is that since 1961 over 500 new library buildings have been built on college and university campuses in this country, a figure which does not include state, Federal, research and large public libraries.

This quarto volume will be of interest to all who use and cherish books. Though designed for use by librarians, library trustees and other governing authorities and by architects, much of it will also interest the intelligent reader. Though your reviewer has long been involved in the planning of library buildings, he will not use this space for critical appraisal. Reviews in the pro-

fessional journals read by librarians and architects are highly favorable and rightly so.

Mr. Metcalf has brought to his task a life-time of experience in the New York Public Library and as Librarian of the Harvard Libraries. This has been supplemented by a rich experience as a library building consultant. To quote from his Preface; "Since my retirement from Harvard, I have served as a building consultant to more than 250 libraries on six continents and have spent some 15 months studying library problems in countries other than the United States." He has wisely drawn into association with himself, authorities in special areas, but the work is his throughout. Clear, comprehensive, honest and modest, this is not a book of ready-made solutions but rather one to help responsible planners of libraries make wise decisions.

EVANS' QUOTABLE QUOTES

Bergen Evans, Professor of English at Northwestern University and already the author of numerous books, is working on another publication which will be a book of quotations to compete with Bartlett.

However, Mr. Evans need look no farther than himself for quotable quotes. In a speech he spels them off spontaneously.

Let us listen in on one of his club talks: "There is no such thing as teaching. There is only learning."

"Nothing can disgrace you so quickly as to make a mistake in spelling. The Dutch change their spelling every 10 years, to keep up with changing pronunciations. But in English we have got so far away from spelling words as they

sound that it has become a very serious block to the adoption of English as a world language."

"I can't just say to my students, 'Be self-reliant', and have them be self-reliant. The really self-reliant are not in class; the semi-self-reliant are talking to girls; the completely docile write down 'self-reliant'."

"The real leader is likely to be obnoxious, especially if he is a young man and arrogant. All screwballs are not potential leaders, but I think I can say that all potential leaders were probably screwballs when they were young."

"No real leader is going in your direction — if he were, he would be a follower."

NEW MEMBERS

The following new members were added to our rolls
in the period August 10, 1966 to October 25, 1966

- | | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Phillip Bake, Cincinnati | Mrs. James DeForest Murch, Cincinnati |
| Mr. & Mrs. Dwight Boyer, Mentor | Miss Alverna E. Nored, Cincinnati |
| Miss Jessie Bridgewater, Akron | Mr. W. H. Oldfield, Columbus |
| Miss Ruth Butt, Grove City | Miss Ruth A. Partridge, Warren |
| Miss Blanch M. Bybee, Columbus | Mrs. Juanita Pierce, Columbus |
| Mrs. Frank G. Davis, Cincinnati | Mr. Robert B. Powers, Delaware |
| Mr. Kenneth E. Durtsche, Urbana | Mrs. Helen F. Quail, Columbus |
| Miss Thelma Eversole, Rockbridge | Mrs. Elizabeth Richards, Patriot |
| Miss Susan Freiberg, Cincinnati | Mrs. Kenneth C. Ray, McConnelsville |
| Mrs. Carolyn S. Frosh, Columbus | Mrs. L. D. Ridenour, McConnelsville |
| Mrs. R. W. Gabriel, Cincinnati | Miss Ann F. Ripley, Gahanna |
| Mrs. Leona Glass, Columbus | Miss Dorothy M. Saltsman, Carrollton |
| Mr. Robert Louis Hadley, Cincinnati | Mr. Louis J. Sanker, Cincinnati |
| Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Hanawalt,
Reynoldsburg | Mr. Eugene Sears, Woodville |
| Mr. Theodore H. Harley, Pittsburgh, Pa. | Mrs. M. M. Sears, McConnelsville |
| Mr. Louis Duane, Hatfield, Dayton | Mr. & Mrs. Darian H. Smith,
North Olmsted |
| Mrs. Martha M. Heintz, Columbus | Mrs. Mildred W. Smith, Columbus |
| Mr. Warren W. Hodgkinson,
Owensboro, Ky. | Mrs. Edward B. Sudhoff, Cincinnati |
| Mr. Kenneth Holland, Toledo | Mrs. Thomas Tarpy, Columbus |
| Mrs. Pat Houck, Gallipolis | Dr. Gene Taylor, Columbus |
| Mrs. Stanley P. Huffman, Stuart, Fla. | Mrs. James Taylor, Columbus |
| Mrs. Pierre J. Jubel, Cincinnati | Mr. C. Edward Venard, Columbus |
| Miss Joan Knies, Columbus | Mr. & Mrs. Thomas C. Vickerman,
Columbus |
| Miss Ruth Lehman, Columbus | Mr. Carl-Alexander VonVolborth,
Cincinnati |
| Mr. & Mrs. Harold McKinley, Cleveland | Mrs. Donald H. Watt, Circleville |
| Mrs. Phillip Magnuson, Columbus | Mrs. Paul M. Weyrick, Ashland |
| Mr. Vernon Marconett, Springfield | Miss Caroline Williams, Burlington, Ky. |
| Miss Mary Irene Miller, Chillicothe | Miss Lois Wyse, Shaker Heights |
| Miss Luly Jane Morrison, Cincinnati | |
| Mrs. Ruby K. Mueller, Cincinnati | |

NEWLY APPOINTED COUNTY CHAIRMAN

LUCAS COUNTY

Mr. T. Hoyt Boden
Oregon, Ohio

To Our Readers: Don't Miss an Issue. Notify us when you change your
address. We have to pay 10¢ apiece for undeliverable magazines.

UNDER THE BUCKEYE TREE



MARGARET MANOR BUTLER, Cleveland author-historian, who has a number of excellent local histories to her credit has now written *Lakewood College Club's Forty Years—1926-1966*. Mrs. Butler has skillfully dramatized the growth and influence of this civic-minded group of women. Chapters cover ten-year periods from the "Turbulent Twenties," when the Club began, to the present "New Era," when it has forty years of educational, social and civic accomplishments to point to with pride. Mrs. Butler has been active in various executive capacities in the Club. Her previous publications, all equally notable for her expertise in research, are *The Lakewood Story*, 1949, *Romance in Lakewood Streets*, 1962, and *A Pictorial History of the Western Reserve—1796-1860*, 1963, for which she won the first Americana award given by the National League of Pen Women of America. Copies of this booklet may be obtained from Mrs. Harry L. Fichter, 1256 Overlook Road, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. *This review is by Donna L. Root, Cleveland Heights.*

THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART is celebrating its fiftieth Anniversary this year in many exciting and artful ways.

One way is its magnificent and newly assembled collection of nearly 160 works of art, chosen from a wide range of cultures and periods, which is on public exhibit now. Included are gold and silver sculpture, rare textiles, paintings, and early Christian marbles.

Another way of commemorating the Museum's Golden Anniversary Year is its publishing of two very fine books. One, entitled *Fifty Years of Modern Art 1916-1966*, is a 220 page volume by Edward B. Henning, containing illustrations of 167 paintings and sculptures. The book, authored by the Cleveland Museum's Curator of Contemporary Art, provides a history of significant developments in twentieth-century art, and is so deserving of accolades that it will receive a full review in a later issue of the *Ohioana Quarterly*.

A second anniversary book is *The First Fifty Years: the Cleveland Museum of Modern Art* by Carl Wittke, published by the John Huntington Art and Polytechnic Trust, and the Cleveland Museum of Art. The book describes the growth of this Museum from a regional as well as from a national and international point of view, and it includes historical, social, legal and economic factors.

Both volumes are excellent, and indeed worthy to commemorate in literary form this outstanding anniversary.

CLYDE, in Sandusky County, celebrated its Sesquicentennial this past summer, taking as its motto *Pride of the Past — Promise for the Future*. Published by the Whirlpool Corporation is a very attractive and interesting commemorative magazine, which will preserve for posterity the account of this celebration. Mrs. Edith Rose, editor of this monthly magazine, *Whirlpool Parade*, deserves credit for the creative literary achievement of this particular issue which delineates the history of Clyde from the era of the Indians to the present.

Ohioana Library is the happy recipient of a copy of this impressive commemorative issue which is now placed upon our book shelves as a valuable source of reference. The generous donor is a new member of our Library, MRS. KENNETH KIRCHNER, Librarian of Clyde Public Library.

A book with a title that nearly tells the whole story, *Tinkerbelle: The Story of the Smallest Boat Ever to Cross the Atlantic Non-Stop*, was written by a Cleveland author and adventurer, ROBERT MANRY, who works on the copy desk of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

All last year, though, he spent away from that newspaper desk when alone he sailed the tiny Tinkerbelle from Falmouth, Massachusetts, to Falmouth, England.

He has been on a country-wide lecture tour. His home in suburban Willowick is filled with mementos of the Tinkerbelle epic, mostly gifts from admiring citizens. These include an oil painting of Tinkerbelle, a larger-than-life bust of himself — and out in the garage a 10-foot dinghy named Tinkerbelle II.

For his next cruise, Robert Manry hopes to obtain a bigger boat which accommodates more people. You see, he has a wife and two children who on this initial voyage were left at home.

MARCH 16, 1967, will mark the centennial of the death of BENJAMIN RUSSELL HANBY, the gifted young composer who wrote such favorite as *Up On the House Top*, and *Darling Nelly Gray* which he wrote when a sophomore at Otterbein College. Born at Rushville in 1833, Hanby graduated with honors from Otterbein and became a young United Brethren preacher who taught the Sunday School children to sing his Christmas Song which ends with a journey down through the chimney with good Saint Nick.

His home in Westerville is now preserved as a museum-shrine and is administered by the Ohio Historical Society.

DONALD QUENTIN ROBERTSON was the recipient of the coveted Literature Prize, one of the Creative Fine Arts Awards which Cleveland bestows each spring to those who have "brought distinction to themselves and renown to the City of Cleveland." Author Robertson was thus honored because he is the author of six successful novels, the latest of which is *The Sum and Total of Now*. His other books include *A Flag Full of Stars*, *By Antietam Creek*, *The Greatest Thing Since Sliced Bread*, *The River and The Wilderness*, and *The Three Days*.

Beginning his writing career as a copy boy with the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and working his way up in the editorial department, Mr. Robertson has now resigned from the newspaper to devote full time to fiction writing.

At this same Creative Fine Arts Awards ceremony in Cleveland, a special citation in Literature was given to MAY HILL (MRS. CHARLES C. ARBUTHNOT) for her publications which are guides to children's books for parents and teachers. Mrs. Arbuthnot is associate professor emeritus of Western Reserve University and now lectures and writes full time.

OHIOANA LIBRARY NEWS

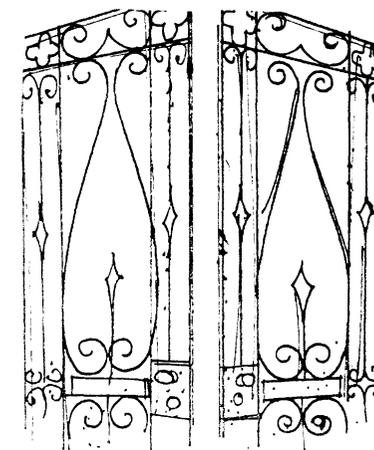
Accolades to:

AILEEN REINER, one of the talented members of the Ohioana Library who authored the Pageant "*Through The Years*," commemorating the Pickerington Sesquicentennial. The years depicted in the pageant spanned from 1815 through 1965. Beginning with an Indian Dance for the opening scene, other epics in history followed in chronological order, concluding with the contemporary scene and an inspiring finale. Narrators were Marie Dovel Wagner and Joy Cunningham. Music was provided by vocalist Jack Good, accompanied by Cleo Mason Richter.

Miss Reiner and her staff are to be commended for a very fine performance. We are happy to have the pageant of Pickerington in manuscript form as a permanent record in our files of Ohioana Material.

MRS. W. A. LEWIS, whose husband was formerly president of Rio Grande College, for her ability and devotion as curator of the Heritage Room of the Rio Grande College Library. The memorabilia, clippings, photographs and other historic items concerning the college become displays of inestimable value and importance as they are presented in excellent and artistic arrangements by Mrs. Lewis. Gallia County is indeed fortunate to have Mrs. Lewis as chairman for the Ohioana Library.

MRS. ROBERT HELMHOLZ, chairman of Hamilton County and to her committee for a most successful and beautifully arranged reception and tea honoring Hamilton County authors for 1965-66, held September 17 at the Taft Museum, Cincinnati.



ENTRANCE GATES

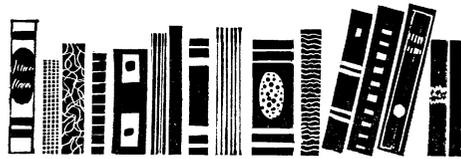
Frances B. Dyer Memorial

Announcement:

WE WISH TO DIRECT the attention of county chairmen especially to this news item. The theme for the 1968 Year Book will be *Ohio Vacationlands*. We request that all members as well as county chairmen give consideration to contributing photographs and articles on this theme — before Christmas if possible. The editors feel that Ohio has great attraction for travelers seeking vacation spots, and that scenic places here in Buckeyeland which have historical backgrounds will provide an interesting diversity of photographs and editorial description. Kindly arrange to send your material to us in the very near future . . . and if you are ultra pronto, you might even postmark it yesterday.

In the December issue of the *WONDERFUL WORLD OF OHIO* magazine edited by MERRILL GILFILLAN, there is an article with color photographs on the books published by Ohio authors in late 1965 and 1966. We are very happy to have this opportunity to circulate this information on the literary achievements of Ohio writers, and for this we wish to express ten thousand thanks to Editor Gilfillan.

Book Looks



INNS AND PERSONALITIES by Minnie Hite Moody. Published by the *Granville Historical Society*. 44p. \$1.00.

"It is not merely the thing that is said but the man who says it that counts, the character which breathes through the sentences," is a Lord Roseberry quote which aptly describes MINNIE HITE MOODY whatever she writes, be it poetry or prose.

Ohioana Library has gratefully received the recent publication authored by Mrs. Moody which is entitled *Inns and Personalities of Granville And Other Pieces*.

In these historical pieces on Granville and environs which combine hard-nosed research with nostalgic youthful reminiscences, Lord Roseberry's words ring true, as Mrs. Moody's truly artistic and creative character breathes through her sentences about such subjects as "Granville has a Birthday," "The Welsh Hills School Reunion," "Bridges & Postmarks," "Where the Postoffices Were," and "Pack-Peddler Season."

Each article is a gem-like portrayal of the past, a fitting recognition of the 160th birthday of the town of Granville.

Mrs. Moody writes a daily column entitled "I Remember, I Remember," for *The Newark Advocate*. From these the articles for this collection have been selected, forming a veritable cavalcade of enchanting reminiscences.

COLUMBUS VIGNETTES by Bill Arter. 97 p. \$5.00.

The mood and flavor of Columbus is captured by Bill Arter, artist and au-

thor, in his handsome new book which is the collection of sketches of places and people, past and present of Ohio's capital city. Bill, a native of the Buckeye state, is a graduate of Ohio State University, and for many years has been visiting interesting houses in order to get their histories. This had led to incidents, both humorous and dangerous.

This gifted man also is a watercolorist. His weekly feature entitled "Columbus Vignettes" in the Sunday *Columbus Dispatch*, is widely read and receives great acclaim.

A valuable index for serious researchers is included in the book.

Congratulations, Bill, for this truly memorable book. And please never decide to be either all artist or all author. Continue combining these two talents of yours just as you have done in "Columbus Vignettes."

THE FELL OF DARK by Judson Jerome. *Houghton Mifflin Co.* 299 p. \$95

Over a period of 10 years in Ohio, England and Spain this first novel was written by a professor at Antioch College, Yellow Springs.

A long hot Kansas summer sets the mood for this story about dissolute heirs of original settlers who see the frontier of their forbears vanishing and deserting them. Especially is the story about widowed Olive Cable and her fiftyish son Harry who is fighting to understand life's purpose and to redeem a love affair with Maggie, his first cousin and ex-wife. Their failure as individuals makes a drama which is compelling and distinctive.

YOSHAR THE SOLDIER by William Harrington. *Dial Press*. 221 p. \$4.50.

A high degree of interlock is accomplished between the characterization of Yoshar, a private fighting an anonymous war in a nameless country, and the brisk narration. The agony and morality of war are dissected by an attorney turned novelist, a graduate of Marietta College, and a resident of Columbus. William Harrington portrays Yoshar changing from a brutalized veteran of a disastrous war to a man loving and thoughtful for his woman. Yoshar's flight from the battlefield is both physical and symbolic, thus merging the bang-bang with the think-think of war. The taut story is challenging.

THE HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF MEDINA compiled by students of the Class of 1966 Medina Senior High School. Eleanor Iler Schapiro, Editor. *Alfred Meyers Lithographers, Inc.* 211 p.

Encomiums to Mrs. Eleanor I. Shapiro and her senior English students at Medina Senior High School! These enterprising and talented young historians have given a professional look to this hard back book, and a masterly tone to its contents. These are divided into twelve principal topics, each one having a student-chairman. They treat the microcosm of Medina History so that the reader can interpret it as symbolic of the magnitude of our national history.

Medina is shown as a small, rural county seat which develops into a progressive industrial center over a period of one hundred and fifty years.

The names of the individual students who wrote these chapters appear with each contribution; and grateful credit is given to those who assisted the student staff.

An excellent foreward by E. I. Shapiro introduces this historical record of which the whole community must be very proud.

THE FARMER by Wheeler McMillen. *Potomac Books, Inc.* 120 p. \$3.00

Ohio-born Wheeler McMillen has been a farmer, a newspaper publisher, and is the author of numerous books on agriculture.

This one, another in the U.S.A. Survey Series, divides the American farmers into geographical sections, showing the indigenous crops and methods of farming, and how in all America there is no farm today which remains untouched by scientific knowledge. Although only 7 per cent of the total population, farmers operate the nation's biggest industry.

The author attributes our farmers' high productivity to freedom and the profit system, which together have resulted in the most advanced scientific technology in the world.

WHITETAIL—STORY OF A WHITE-TAILED DEER by George Laycock. Illustrated with halftone drawings. *W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.* 110 p. \$3.50

A farm near Zanesville first introduced this author to native wildlife. From there he studied wildlife management at Ohio State University. Now a resident of Cincinnati, Mr. Laycock devotes his full time to writing.

The story line of this juvenile book is filled with drama. From the moment of his birth, the Whitetail deer becomes one of the hunted. His enemies are many, including wild dog packs, deep winter snows, food shortage, bobcats, and of course, the man with the gun. How Whitetail learned to glide like a ghost through tangled brush, and to run like the wind from danger are related in vivid prose for a juvenile reader. Full-page halftone drawings add to the interest and appeal of the story.

"OLDEST CHURCH" CLAIM CONTINUED

Anent the "Oldest Church Claim" made in our Spring issue, we have had two very interesting and informative replies which take friendly exception to the various churchly claims and which seek to clarify and particularize such claims as well as their own.

Good articulate historic controversy appeals to everyone. So here goes!

A friendly letter from the Rev. Kenneth E. Durtsche, Minister of the King's Creek Baptist Church states: "Since I am the Minister of the Kings Creek Baptist Church in Champaign County, Ohio, I felt I should write to you relative to a notation concerning the church which reads: THE KINGS CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH IN CHAMPAIGN COUNTY CLAIMS IT IS THE OLDEST EXISTING CHURCH (the congregation, not the building) IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY, WITH A HISTORY BACK TO 1805. CAN ANY OTHER CHURCH CLAIM A LONGER LIFE?"

"The above claim is challenged by a Mr. William J. McIntosh and rightly so on page 4 of your spring 1966 issue.

"The Kings Creek Baptist Church does not claim to be the oldest congregation in the Northwest Territory still in existence. Instead it claims to be the third Baptist congregation established independently of a parent-body in the Northwest Territory and still existing.

"It is commonly reported that the oldest Protestant Church in the Northwest Territory is the current Hyde Park Baptist Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. This church claims to be the original church from the Columbia settlement, and it is said to have been the first Protestant church. I am not setting my approval upon this claim — only passing it on.

"Thank you for your attempts to secure information. I appreciate so much your work, and I hope the above infor-

mation will help to solve the problems involved."

Next into this contested "claim" two charming women stepped — both figuratively and literally—when one early afternoon they visited the Ohioana Library.

Mrs. Lucy McClanahan and her daughter, Mrs. Lucille McClanahan Babcock, are the seventh and eighth generations of McClanahans to take a personal and active interest in the Presbyterian Church of West Union, in Adams County, built on land deeded to the church by their progenitor, Robert McClanahan, from his one hundred acre tract of land in the Northwest Territory.

Built of native Adams County limestone, the church has a cornerstone which bears this inscription:

**First Presbyterian Church
Organized in 1800
Built in 1810**

Thomas Kirker, later second governor of Ohio, was one of the founders in 1800, and Thomas Metcalf, afterwards to become governor of Kentucky, was the contractor for the mason work and received \$250 for the job, half in cash and the other half in trade.

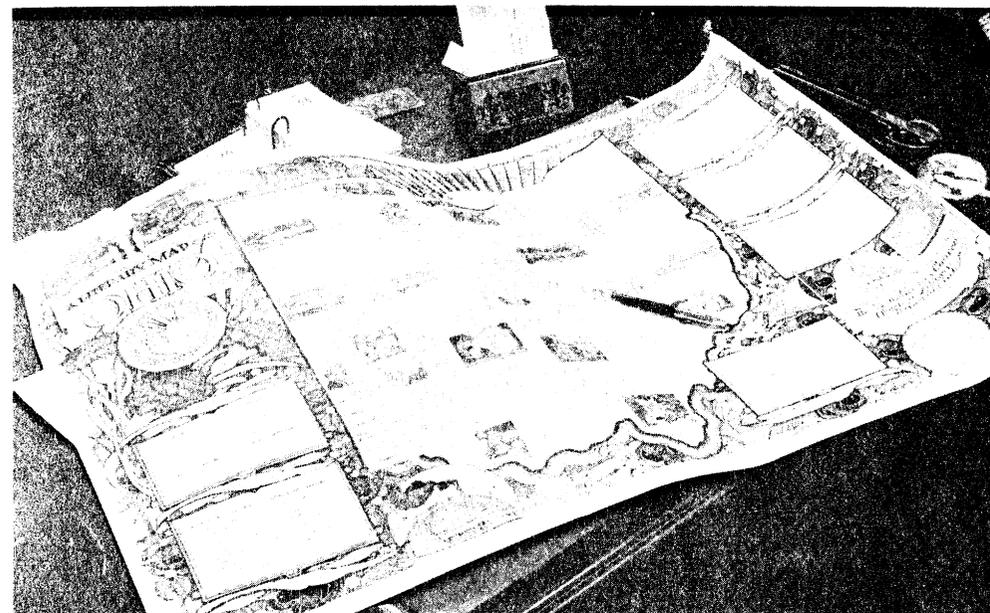
Today the present structure of West Union Church is the same stone "house of the Lord," erected in 1810 by subscriptions consisting of property, cash, labor, stone, wheat, flour, pork, cattle, linen, a hat, a saddle and trade.

The church has a balcony which is completely closed in, except for two large windows which have wooden shutters. According to the pastor, the Rev. Alan Garner, the Negro slaves used to come to this church by means of a tunnel which ran under the road and into the church. They would then go to the closed-in balcony, and the shutters would be opened so that they could 'observe' the service of worship.

Every Ohio Home Should Have One

Names of 174 Ohio authors are given, and all the famous Ohio symbols: the buckeye, the McKinley carnation, the redbird, as well as the State House, the state seal, the state flag, the governor's flag, the first state capitol, a river steamer, a lake steamer.

Also shown are a covered wagon, a canal boat, an Indian portage, a covered bridge, Eliza crossing the ice and many other things and events written about by Ohio authors.



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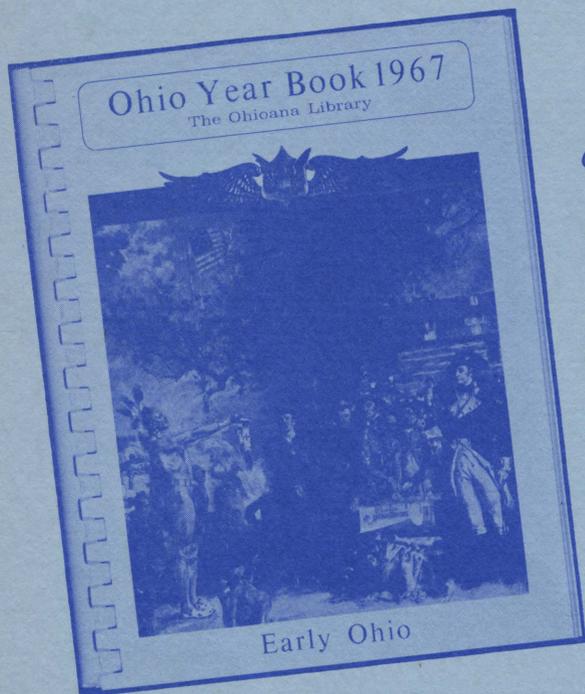
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The 1967 OHIO YEAR BOOK

Edited by the
Martha Kinney Cooper
Ohioana Library Association

A superb engagement calendar presenting the folklore and history of Early Ohio, with 32 full-page illustrations of historic milestones, each with its descriptive article researched and written by an authority.

The cover is the reproduction in color of the magnificent painting, *The Signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville* by Ohioan Howard Chandler Christy.

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