of a daughter of well-to-do parents of that period. It is pleasantly nostalgic to re-live the days of donkey carts, grape arbors, playhouses, pranks, and games of all kinds. Mrs. Baker is not an inexperienced writer. In her easy style, her ability to paint a picture in words makes most interesting reading.

The calamity and tragedy of Dohrman Sinclair's death, as portrayed by the author, may well bring a tear to the eye of the reader, not only on account of the grief to his family, who worshipped him, but the sincere sympathy evidenced by the citizens at large who turned out by the thousands on the day of the funeral to pay tribute and respect to the builder of their community.

Dohrman Sinclair was a forceful influence in the political and economic development of the Ohio Valley and was of the caliber of the dynamic leaders in our country who made America great.

Pittsburgh

C. A. McClintock


Early American Wooden Ware by Mary Earle Gould is a revised, enlarged edition of the earlier published book (1942) long out of print. Now acclaimed once again by collectors and dealers, librarians, historians, and friends of Americana, the book promises to increase in popularity.

The gradual acquisition of wooden ware started as a hobby with the author, but gradually grew into a vocation: her small personal collection has assumed the proud proportions of a museum, with well over 1200 pieces on display. Her collection very naturally inspired the writing of her book on wooden ware, and it also led her on to other related subjects: tin and tole ware, metal and iron objects. She has several books to her credit, as well as articles in magazines, and a regular newspaper column. That she is an authority on early life in America is understandable.

Her writing discloses an insatiable curiosity and an inquiring mind. It also reveals a devotion to research, coupled with remarkable insight and vivid imagination, so that, in addition to presenting an
excellent review of a subject so little known — or overlooked — she turns her facts into fascinating reading. Absorbed in her wares, she carries us along with her in her enthusiasm. She explains the need for and purpose of each object; she points out the fundamentals of good design; she dwells on the tactile qualities of wood: the color, texture, strength, and kinds of woods, the tools for carving, the simple unskilled workmanship, the precision and delicate tracery with the knife; and finally, the patina that comes with use, or from the hand that shapes and polishes each article.

Wooden ware was known in past centuries as "Treen" (literally "made from tree") and comprised small useful objects of wood. It was not until the 19th century that the word fell into disuse. It had a quaint sound of the talk of backwoodsmen, or mountaineers. The alliterative "wooden ware" seems more forthright, and obviously more descriptive, and Miss Gould sensibly clings to it.

Although this book is true to its title, and is primarily concerned with wooden ware, the reader soon becomes aware of a stir of life and activity which is anything but mute and wooden. Behind each object stands a man, a woman, a child. In a curious subtle way they come from the shadows for a moment, into light and life. "It was at this point," Miss Gould says, "that the hand gripped the rim when the sieve was rapped on the barn floor . . ." Speaking of drying apples, she says, "one way was to quarter them, remove the core and then string them on a heavy thread two yards long with a big needle . . ." Looking at a bowl, she tells us, "the lines of a drawknife show that it was made by hand." We, too, see and appreciate the telltale marks of knife on wood, the pressure of a powerful thumb, and the ingenious craftsmanship of the early labor-saving devices created through honest need. The strangest thought that comes to the reader is that so many of these wooden objects have been tested over the centuries and, without change, serve us today. This book, this discriminating study of early life and times, with a photograph, a drawing, or a description in a few words, may bring you right out of your chair in sudden realization. Those old cheese boxes — haven't you used one every year for a batch of Christmas cookies? And "Scotch hands" — those old butter paddles for making butter rolls — for special parties, or special guests. That chopper for coleslaw — how old can it be? The potato masher . . . The slaw cutter . . . The butter mold with its tulip design . . . Could they really be part of
a "Collection" — worth so little, yet worth so much? Think well of them, for behind every bowl or box, pie crimpler, dipper, or scoop, still stands the American man or woman or child, your ancestor or mine, who made them.

It is not only Miss Gould's enthusiasm for wooden ware and her conscientious search for "the small useful objects" that preserves them for us in this book, but she has in her own way, miraculously brought to life the wonderful, enterprising, busy and ingenious "pioneers," and their way of life.

Fine Arts Library
University of Pittsburgh

An Army Doctor's Wife on the Frontier. Edited by Dr. Abe Laufe. (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1962. 352 pp. $6.00.)

The letters of Emily McCorkle Fitzgerald written between 1874 and 1878, edited by Dr. Abe Laufe and published under the title of An Army Doctor's Wife on the Frontier, do for us what no proper historian, no matter how erudite, could ever accomplish. Sitka, Alaska, the Forts in Idaho, the Nez Percé Wars and the Bannock Wars come alive. Vicariously we experience the blood, sweat and tears of the valiant men and women who tamed our frontiers.

The ties between Emily and her family in Columbia, Pennsylvania, were strong. The letters home began shortly after she and the Doctor, with 15-months-old Bess, embarked from New York to his new assignment in Portland, Oregon. They traveled by water to Panama, crossed the Isthmus by rail, and continued by water to Oregon. A change of orders sent them by boat through the Inland Passage to Sitka, Alaska, capital of the newly acquired territory. After 18 months, the Doctor was ordered to Fort Lapwai as Post Surgeon, and then to Fort Boise, Idaho. The editor has aptly entitled the Alaska period "Isolation" and the service in Idaho "The Wild West."

Emily wrote frequently. There was nothing remarkable about her style unless the complete freedom from self-consciousness can be so considered. She was not a wit. She was not a trained observer. She was, however, capable of striking sparks. The charm of the cor-