too much self respect among the people of Pittsburgh, to fall down and worship the man who deserted the great Napoleon in the hour of need and who has just pocketed $360,000 of our money in a manner most unprecedented — without any claim on the national treasury, and relying solely on our generosity.” (Brandon) The article was greatly in error about Lafayette’s relationship to Napoleon and the “claim.” It was the most vicious of all the critical articles.

Pittsburgh, however, extended Lafayette a warm welcome. Revolutionary veterans flocked to see him. Clergymen of all denominations called. One of thousands of American babies named for Lafayette was a Pittsburgher, Gilbert Lafayette Beelen Fetterman, and Lafayette was the godfather. Lafayette was given some Bakewell glass. He was banquetted.

To conclude: It is comforting to read about genuine affection extended to a genuine hero and to look back nostalgically on the past in this day of the anti-hero in literature and movies when the Bonnies and Clydes take the public fancy. Mrs. MacIntyre states, “Lafayette was, and still is, the only hero honored continuously by this country, and without reserve, without a murmur of criticism, without the slightest taint of jealousy.”

Florence C. McLaughlin


In the “Author’s Preface to the Second Edition” of Toward the Flame, Hervey Allen wrote that there had been several editions and a number of reprints of the book. Forty-two years later, this recollection of one officer’s experiences in World War I continues to have meaning. The world and its standards have changed a great deal since the first world war. Wars also have changed. The current conflict in the Middle East is a particularly nasty war.

No war of course is entirely pleasant for either combatants or the civilians through whose territory it rages. But what Hervey Allen attempts to convey in Toward the Flame is not the heroism of war nor its brutality, but how the war appeared in his own experience. As he puts it, “how it looked ‘over there’.”

The experience is told simply and undramatically. Allen recounts the nervous strain he and his company felt as they began their march
toward the front. Much later in his narrative he matter-of-factly describes the shelling his company experiences on the road to Fismes. "The enemy started gunning for the woods in dead earnest. A large number of shells passed right over our heads and burst immediately beyond. Everybody at first lay flat."

In the calmer moments Allen writes about the appearance of the countryside they marched through, a landscape which was "a mosaic of grain and garden patches," the look of the towns that have been shelled and are now deserted, and the way that the stars appear to be particularly bright on certain kinds of nights.

In the reprint of *Toward the Flame* the University of Pittsburgh Press has not altered Allen's wording or style. A preface by Richard Francis Allen illuminates the circumstances which led the author to write the war diary. Illustrations by Lyle Justis, another participant in the war, add a flavor to the book that photographs might not have. There is an understated impact to the diary that lingers after the book has been laid aside.

*University of Pittsburgh*  
RUTH SALISBURY

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Although a great many books on the Johnstown flood have been written, it was not until the recent publication of the book by David G. McCullough that many important details of this incredible story came to light.

Johnstown was built on a nearly level flood plain at the confluence of two streams in a deep valley, the Little Conemaugh River and Stony Creek in Cambria County, Pennsylvania. In the valley were nearly thirty thousand people, ten thousand of whom lived in Johnstown itself.

Rain on Memorial (Decoration) Day 1889 was gentle, but by night it had started pouring down. The dam on the South Fork Creek was filling up rapidly to its seventy-two foot height. Crevices were forming in the dirt dam which was situated about a mile above the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. The dam formed Lake Conemaugh and in the spring the lake covered about 450 acres, nearly seventy feet in depth. The top of the dam was about 450 feet above the city at the Stone Bridge, fifteen miles below the dam. The dam, the lake and 160 surrounding acres of land were owned by the