appeared on a newly printed page for the better part of a century. The book supplements, but does not duplicate, the two earlier compilations of oil articles, both by Dr. Paul H. Giddens, *The Beginnings of the Petroleum Industry*, 1941, and *Pennsylvania Petroleum, 1750-1872*, 1947. The Giddens books were also published by the Historical and Museum Commission.

*This Was Early Oil* is important to all oil men because, as Mr. Miller says in his preface: "The first 25 years of growth and development were most important. During those formative years, the industry developed the means, methods and rules, most of which are still in current use."

The book is important to Pennsylvanians if they have any interest at all in the gigantic, world-wide industry that was born in the Keystone State.

The illustrations are excellent and a two-page map at the beginning, "The Region About Oil Creek," is exceedingly helpful. A lot of study by Mr. Miller and an earlier historian, the late Joseph Murray of Titusville, went into that map.

The book is published in a hard cover at $4.50 and in paper at $3, both prices plus state sales tax. It may be obtained from The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, Post Office Box 1026, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17108.

*Titusville, Pennsylvania*  

JAMES B. STEVENSON

*Note*: This review was first published in the Titusville *Herald* by James B. Stevenson, editor of that publication.

---

*Sandusky's Yesterdays*. By CHARLES E. FROHMAN. (Columbus, Ohio: The Ohio Historical Society, 1968. Pp. 177. Illustrations. $5.50.)

What is more enjoyable than a conducted tour to yesterday? Charles E. Frohman, a native and lifelong resident of a medium-sized American city, does this for us in *Sandusky's Yesterdays*. The publisher is the Ohio Historical Society of which Mr. Frohman was recently president.

Pittsburghers will naturally ask: "Of what interest to me will a visit to Sandusky be?" Strange as it may seem today, Fort Sandusky
at its British beginning in 1761 was under the control of Col. Bouquet at Fort Pitt. Let’s make a trip to one of the children of the Gateway to the West.

The book takes us with loving care to a true mirror of our history in a town which has been Indian, French, British and melting-pot American. One phase of the last period deserves mention today when some Negroes reject all whites. Many white Sanduskians in the years 1820 to 1860 worked on the Underground Railroad at great risk to their bodies and purses.

The armchair traveler will see some great changes and other ways that are just the same today. Naturally lawyers and judges haven’t changed at all. A court case starting in 1845 took three trials and four years. Quite the opposite is the American Army, now said to have four hundred generals in South Vietnam. In 1838 General Winfield Scott in person with a few aides rode a buggy around Sandusky vainly trying to catch Canadian Rebel General Donald McLeod. Eight years later Scott was running the Mexican War.

Americans fled the Old World to escape its fetters and to better their lot in the New Land. But writers from Dickens to Frohman have noted the fascination felt by the New Freemen for the old ways. Caviar caught and processed at Sandusky was shipped to Europe, brought back labelled “Russian” and sold to American gourmets at high prices. The same caviar was part of the free lunch in Sandusky saloons, but no smart American hostess would have bought it in Pittsburgh.

Finally there is the “might have been,” as with all cities. For a brief period in the infancy of the airplane, Sandusky was the aviation center of the United States. Now all that remains is the marker commemorating the flight in 1910 by Glenn Curtiss, from Cleveland to Sandusky and return, the first long distance flight over water.

And now the wheel has come full circle. A sixth generation of young Americans is enjoying a new Cedar Point with the same thrill the visitors had at the resort a hundred years ago.

Here is an interesting travel book to yesterday into which has gone an incredible amount of research. Only a lover of his native scene could have given us this trip back to it.

East Liverpool, Ohio

(Also a child of Pittsburgh)