ward, and particularly westward, their descendants later numbering in the millions and wielding a major influence on the character of the rising American empire.

To the valleys of the Susquehanna and Schuylkill and their tributaries, then down the Shenandoah before the Reformation came the great Anabaptist stream; then across the Alleghenies and into the Cumberland, and on into the Ohio Valley and into Canada. Finally the stream penetrated Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, the Dakotas and the northwest.

The naturalization and experiences of these Anabaptist survivors in the new country occupy a goodly section of the book, and their attitudes toward war, capital punishment, treatment of Indians and political affairs are dealt with. Anabaptist hymns and poems are interspersed with other items, as are ships' records and Anabaptist names, together with data concerning the how and when of their adoption into the Mennonite fold.

Finally it must be said that the entire volume of 355 pages of text is written from the angle of chronology rather than subject matter. The research student must needs bear this in mind and should not be daunted by the speed and abruptness with which one hops across continents and dashes from one subject to another, always following exact dates printed in boldface type. With this warning in mind the writer does not hesitate to say that the volume in question is one of the most valuable historic documents available today concerning Anabaptist history, particularly in bridging the gap between their seedbeds in Europe and their extensive migrations in America.

Penn Alps, Inc. Alta E. Schrock
Grantsville, Maryland


In these uncertain and troubled days it is salutary sometimes to take refuge in the minor amenities and pleasures of the past — a walk in a grove, some lines of Vergil, notes of music sung to a flute in an evening hour, a Gothic arch, a bell, an urn . . . In these soft interludes the steel clock of time seems to stop and we are persuaded for a
moment to enter the great calm of the past, where everything is preserved, held, settled. The past has many mysteries, but so — they are mysteries. The past is final because it is the past — we cannot add or subtract, change, amend, play god or demon. The past may edify or instruct (alas, it does not often) or it may give pleasure. In this iron season we rejoice to speak of those small pleasures sanctified by history. These pleasant things are many, but here we shall choose but one.

Sketching nowadays is among those vanished pleasures and particularly the art of rapid drawing once practiced by the architect. Aside from the artistic professions, the ability to sketch was, before the advent of photography, part of the cultural equipment of many educated people, but aside from that it was, in the architectural profession, almost a sine qua non of artistic competence. The architect creates only within the human landscape, and his ability to record not only what he sees about him, but also what he would like to add to the scene, is of the utmost importance — or, perhaps one should say was, because it is no longer a valued accomplishment; the architect now is expected to think in other terms. Form and space are now considered more important than line. Perhaps the old way of seeing will come back again. Who knows? But when we look back to the past, we feel that the architect without a pencil is no architect at all.

So we come to the book under review which is definitely that of an architect with a pencil, and therefore it is a document of the past. Being of the old time, even though rather recent in date, this small square volume (reminiscent in form of Victorian albums) is, for reason of its competence and grace, a pleasure.

Essentially the book is a collection of sketches from the hand of the Pittsburgh architect, Edward Brown Lee (1876-1956), selected and edited by his son, Edward B. Lee, Jr., from a collection of nearly a thousand drawings left by the architect at his death. Although the senior Lee was a well-known and talented local designer, whose chief monument is the Chamber of Commerce Building (1916-1917), and although he practiced here from 1905 to 1946, the drawings were, as his son tells us, not connected with his practice but done during his leisure hours. Executed con amore, the sketches not only kept sharp the architect's powers of observation and perception but also recorded his very real love for the landscape of Western Pennsylvania and particularly the city of Pittsburgh.

At first the title may seem overly whimsical (if you pronounce it
rapidly and slur the consonants, it turns into a pun), but it is in its shorthand way apposite and “catchy.” There is just enough prefatory material, biographical and explanatory, to fetch the attention of the reader but not weary him. The drawings are extraordinarily pleasant, technically competent, and informed with the architect-artist’s very real affection for his subject matter. Most of the presented sketches date from the 1920’s — that last grand decade in which architectural tradition still lingered with us, and the old scenes, many of them familiar to those of the region, “come alive” again. With the dulcet strokes of the pencil, we slide back into the past and the Western Pennsylvania landscape of yesterday is re-created before us.

The book is divided into sections — The City, Around the City, Stories, and Reflections. Here the city of Pittsburgh and its surrounding country, its landscape and topography, buildings and bridges, mills and houses, rivers and railroads are portrayed by the architect as he traveled about the countryside. The elder Lee never possessed a motor car (he regarded them as “instruments of the devil,” which statement has to our ears an ominous prophetic sound) and he did much of his traveling by railroad. It is difficult for us now to believe that many of the towns he pictures were once reached by rail.

This reviewer has favorites among the drawings, particularly those having to do with Pittsburgh, and also those which by means of great economy of line and selection of detail give briefly and incisively the essential character of the landscape — notably Bigelow Boulevard, Junction (now Panther) Hollow (the erstwhile valley of Four Mile Run), Troy Hill, and the Junction (B & O) R. R. tunnel. Like Joseph Pennell, the Philadelphia artist, Lee was also fascinated by modern industrial landscapes and these constitute some of the best sketches. Old houses, wharves, mountains — the sketches continue and they continue to beguile us.

Not all sons hold the work of their fathers in much honor, but this book is evidence of a notable exception. E. B. Lee, Jr., has provided an easy and pleasant commentary to those sketches of his father’s which he has selected with such care. In this continuum of interest, the work of the father and the son together is combined in an uncommonly pleasing document of time past that could also be a light to the future.

University of Pittsburgh

JAMES D. VAN TRUMP