I was delighted when it was suggested that I might look into the subject of "some Pittsburgh authors," and I accepted the invitation at once. But I was soon reminded of a story told by Frances Lester Warner, a Pittsburgh author, about a big kettle which had just been emptied of four quarts of clam chowder. A small kitten jumped into the kettle, which still had a few flavorful licks left in it. Then, someone came into the kitchen, saw the kitten in the kettle, and exclaimed, "Oh! this kitten has eaten up four quarts of chowder!" Moral: The fact that one is found running around in a great subject is no sign that one has absorbed it all.

In that one respect, I am like the kitten. Anyone who goes to the Pennsylvania Room at Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, as I did, to enquire about Pittsburgh authors will find it is indeed a great subject. I have merely been running around in it. And I have the disadvantage of not being a Pittsburgher. True, I have lived here for thirty-five years, but that does not make me "a real Pittsburgher," as many in this audience well know. "Old Pittsburgher," says Frances Lester Warner, is "a title that cannot be won in a lifetime, but must come down as an heirloom from one's clan, along with traditions of the days when Alexander Negley had his homestead and pastures at Highland Park, when Panther Hollow was really panther hollow, when Schenley Farms were really farms, and Shady Avenue still was Shady Lane; of days before Stephen Foster wrote 'Suwanee Ribber,' when the Southern planters used to come in their luxurious boats up the Ohio and sit in the windows of the Monongahela House to watch the river-traffic going by. Your family should remember when Langley was over at the observatory, when 'Uncle John Brashear' was grinding his first lens, and when Andrew Carnegie was a Western Union Telegraph messenger-boy."

But, since I am brash enough to speak before an audience, which includes Pittsburgh authors, and listeners, whose friends and relatives are Pittsburgh authors, I owe them an explanation of what I mean when I speak of "Pittsburgh authors" on this occasion. I have limited
my choice to a few authors who have written about Pittsburgh in at least one of their published works, or who have referred to Pittsburgh in letters or interviews, showing that Pittsburgh has significantly influenced their thinking and their living. Even with these limitations, we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses that the list could be developed into a series of talks extending through an entire winter. I thank all those who have helped me, and I ask you to send me additions and corrections based on your own knowledge.

For we should not leave out Nellie Bly, one of America's first and most famous women newspaper reporters; Andrew Carnegie, author of several successful books, including *Triumphant Democracy*, which sold 40,000 copies; John Brashear, whose 1924 autobiography was voted one of the 600 most important books published in the world that year; Stephen Foster, to whose lyrics Gertrude Stein paid tribute, calling them even finer than his music;¹ or Gertrude Stein herself, who recorded in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* that she took great pleasure in watching the struggles of French officials who tried to spell her birthplace — Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Theodore Dreiser was once a reporter on the old *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. In the work of Robinson Jeffers, with its intense opposition to a commercial and mechanical civilization and its extravagant worship of primitive and abnormal types, one sees no trace of staid Ridge Avenue where he was born, of Sewickley, or of Edgeworth where he spent his childhood next door to the family of Ethelbert Nevin, but Jeffers too was one of us.

*Hervey Allen*

I have arranged my authors not by their own chronological order but according to the periods of which they wrote, and I begin with William Hervey Allen, Jr. Hervey Allen gives us a picture of Pittsburgh's earliest days in *The Forest and the Fort*. In this vivid piece of historical fiction Salathiel Albine, captured by Indians as a child and brought up by them, had managed to reach Fort Pitt. Hervey Allen was a great admirer of Colonel Bouquet and of Captain Ecuyer. In a published review of Rose Demorest's history of Pittsburgh, Allen wrote of Bouquet's exploit in relieving the siege of the fort and called Bouquet "much more important in the story of Pittsburgh than Forbes, Washington, or Braddock." In *The Forest and the Fort* the author

¹ Miss Stein's comment was made during an interview with Fletcher Hodges, Jr., curator of the Stephen Collins Foster Collection, in the early 1930s, when the collection was in Indianapolis, Indiana.
pays tribute to both Bouquet and Ecuyer, who "did what they could with the little they had and were always handicapped by the obstruction of the settlers and traders they were trying to protect." Now Salathiel was about to leave the fort with Captain Ecuyer, heading east for a long and painful march to Bedford Village. This is what they saw:

"The gate of the stockade swung wide, giving a broad glimpse of the empty, misty fields before the fort. The chimneys of a few newly built cabins rose above the morning fog here and there, rolling out black coal smoke. Over Grant's Hill the eastern light showed a silver streak through the woods along its crest. The heavily rutted and boggy road twisted away in that direction. . . . They started up the breast of the first steep hill. As they stood on the height, [they] . . . turned to look back at the fort [Ecuyer] had saved for the British crown. . . . At the point where the two rivers met, the star-shaped mass of the fort loomed redly through the thinning mist, the morning light playing along its moats and brick ramparts.

"From the music bastion the sunrise gun dirked a scarlet splash of fire and smoke into the fog and set the echoes rolling. . . . A fanfare of drums and trumpets began to shout the reveille.

"The blood came surging to Ecuyer's face. His mare neighed, pawed the stones and gave [the Captain's] wound a painful wrench.

"'My reward!' he muttered. But there were tears of pride as well as pain in his eyes." 2

Like Captain Ecuyer, Hervey Allen was proud of Pittsburgh. He had been born here in 1889, his father being the inventor of the skip hoist used for loading the charge into blast furnaces. The author attended old Shakespeare School as well as Sterrett and Linden and Shady Side Academy, where he was a classmate of Bill Bickel, Francis Nimick, Tom Wurtz, and Alex Hunter. With others of the same generation he belonged to the Boys' Brigade, Company H, and went to the dancing school presided over by Mrs. Slack Davis. He lived most of his early life at 6215 Fifth Avenue in a house now demolished after a fire. In 1915, he graduated with honors from the University of Pittsburgh's School of Business Administration, where he was remembered as "a lanky, blond prankster of the Pitt campus." Carlton Ketchum was his classmate and close friend. Once, an English professor, late for class, came in and found Allen burlesquing the teach-

er's academic pomposity. On another occasion, when Allen himself was late and found the classroom door locked against him, he stacked tables and chairs against it, leaving the class and the professor to get out as best they might.

Hervey Allen became a teacher himself but never a stuffy one. His students at the Porter Military Academy in Charleston, South Carolina, at Columbia University, and at Vassar College remembered him as a colorful personality, friendly to his classes, and imaginative in his teaching. He married Ann Andrews, one of his Vassar students.

*The Forest and the Fort* was not Hervey Allen's first venture into describing Pittsburgh scenes. When in 1933, *Anthony Adverse* brought him fame, selling 3,000,000 copies, Pittsburghers noted a scene in a small brick house in Diamond Street where Robinsons, Nevilles, Witherows, and Wilsons came calling. And for those who knew the location of Hervey Allen's boyhood home near Shady Avenue, his first poem had had a special interest. I think that it has considerable charm:

**When Shady Avenue Was Shady Lane**

by Hervey Allen

*When Shady avenue was Shady lane,*  
*Before the city fathers changed the name,*  
*And cows stood switching flies beneath the trees,*  
*And old-time gardens hummed with dusty bees,*  
*And white ducks paddled in the summer rain;*  
*Then everybody drove to church,*  
*And Shady avenue was Shady lane.*  
*We lived on Arabella street, that too*  
*Is changed — Kentucky avenue —*  
*And where the tollgate stood beside the spring,*  
*The phlox and hollyhocks*  
*Once flourished by the box*  
*Where the gatekeeper sat with key and ring.*  
*A wiser looking man there never was,*  
*In contemplative mood he smoked and spat,*  
*There by the gate he sat,*  
*In an old dog-eared hat*  
*And listened to the yellow jackets buzz.*
All this is gone—
Gone glistening down the ways
Of old, loved things of our lost yesterdays,
After the little tollgate by the spring,
And the gatekeeper odd
Rests in the quiet sod,
Safe in the arms of God,
Where thrushes sing.
Even the spring has gone, for long ago
They walled that in,
And its dark waters flow
A sunless way along;
And no one stops to wonder where they go,
For no one hears their song.

Only a few old hearts
Of these much changed parts,
Whose time will soon run out on all the clocks,
Catching the scent of clover,
Live all the old days over
When Shady avenue was Shady lane.3

The spring was Howe Spring at the head of Highland Avenue, and the tollgate was one of several which are referred to in Annie Clark Miller's *Early Land Marks and Old Names in Pittsburgh*.

Allen's father brought a copy of the poem to George Seibel, a free-lance journalist, who was later to be director of Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny. It subsequently appeared in the *Boston Transcript* and again in the *Chronicle Telegraph* for August 22, 1919.

Hervey Allen could laugh at his old hometown. Once, lecturing at the Twentieth Century Club in 1926, he said, "When I left Pittsburgh about ten years ago, I recall they were discussing a subway. I see they are still talking it, and are no nearer bringing it about. Good old Pittsburgh! Hasn't changed much." But he always loved Pittsburgh, even when he no longer lived here. He was enthusiastic about the coming of smoke control and the Pennsylvania Turnpike. And Pittsburgh loved Hervey Allen. The University of Pittsburgh gave him an honorary degree as doctor of philosophy in 1934 and in 1950 established the

Hervey Allen Award, given to a student who was judged likely to do something worthwhile in writing. One of the university's treasured possessions is the Hervey Allen Collection, a gift of the Buhl Foundation, valued at $25,700. When Hervey Allen died at Miami in 1949, he was again at work on a book about early days at Fort Pitt.

_Margaret Deland_

I have reluctantly bypassed _The King's Orchard_, a memorable novel "based on a framework of facts enriched by personal history that survives in unpublished family records." The author, Agnes Sligh Turnbull, had used Western Pennsylvania as the setting for earlier work and is still living and writing.

We move on to the mid-1800s, a century after the founding of Pittsburgh. Children, born at that time and living through the Civil War period, never forgot those thrilling and bitter days. One little girl, Margaret Campbell, became the author, Margaret Deland. Still writing in her seventies, she recreated her Pittsburgh childhood in _If This Be I_. At the age of six she had been living at Maple Grove, the family home near Allegheny. "The estate," she said, "was almost a community in itself, for after its first owner, Mr. Benjamin Bakewell, died, his grandchildren built their houses on the green slopes above the river and also provided us with innumerable cousins to play with." It was here that little Maggie first came to grips with such grand and mysterious concepts as patriotism and religion.

"At Maple Grove, below the woods and vineyard and orchard, between us and the Ohio River, was what we children called 'the cutting' — a steep grassy bank, ending at a fence to keep us from the tracks of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Over these tracks used to come sad, slow trains, made up of cattle cars laden with soldiers. Soldiers sitting on the roofs, their legs hanging into space; soldiers leaning against each other, or lying full length, with haversacks for pillows; soldiers with bandaged heads, or arms in slings. Inside the cars were, I suppose, the gravely wounded men.

"Maggie remembers clearly one lovely summer day, when there seems to have been especial excitement over an expected train; everything and everybody was ready for it — baskets of fruit, bunches of flowers, papers, packages of stogies (furnished by Papa), and, waiting on the bank, aunts, cousins, domestics. . . . I suppose the train was bringing wounded men from one of Morgan's sweeping raids in West Virginia or Ohio. But . . . [Maggie] had no handkerchief! . . . To have
thrills running down your backbone, to have your heart pounding up in your throat so that you could hardly say 'H'rah! H'rah!' — and to have no handkerchief to wave to the soldiers! . . . Maggie acted . . . She clambered like a monkey, on hands and knees, up the slope . . . flew towards a low building on the edge of the orchard called the 'apple house'; there, alone, she unbuttoned her little drawers, let them drop down over her ankles, stepped out of them, picked them up, held them tight against her wildly beating heart, then on bare legs went bounding back to the cutting. There, slipping and sliding down the grass, she reached the very front of the cheering, flower-flinging group, and, shaking out the drawers, waved them frantically — waved, and screamed 'H'rah!' Then, suddenly, a maternal whirlwind descended upon her, a hand tore the fluttering drawers from her grasp, horrified laughter sounded in her ears, and even while she turned to clutch her property — her drawers, the most poignant symbol of patriotism she possessed! — the train drew away, through the cutting, down the grade, around the curve, out of sight . . . Everybody was ashamed of her. That word 'shame' must have been confusing to Maggie. Of course she knew she was naughty. It is always naughty to forget your handkerchief . . . But as the pelican, to show its love, plucks feathers from its breast, had not Maggie offered up her drawers on the altar of her Country? So what was there to be ashamed of?

Maggie also struggled with the concept of religion. Her own family were "Pessumteum," which was how "Presbyterian" sounded in her infant ears. Her grandmother was "Pickumpalum" — Episcopal. She attended both churches, depending on where she happened to be, and she gave much thought to some of the thorny problems posed by religion.

"One of these scraps of rationalizing comes with her memory of the Praying Women; it was because of them that she made deductions as to God's untruthfulness. . . . I think she was eight years old. She and Minny were coming down Manchester's one little street, which was only a country road, on their way home from some village errand. It was winter, and there was snow on the ground. As they walked along Maggie saw a group of women standing in front of what [the gardener] was apt to refer to as 'that there damned saloon. Them Crusaders ought to git after Schneider,' he had said. The women were singing. Their thin, quavering voices in the cold dusk, sounded, Maggie thought, sort of scared. 'Give to the winds thy fears / Hope, and be undismayed—'"
"’Why are those ladies singing in the snow?’ said Maggie.

‘They’re down on liquor,’ Minny explained. . . . Schneider, the saloon-keeper, was standing in the doorway of his establishment. Within, their backs to the bar, their elbows on the counter behind them, some men, with dully interested eyes, looked out of the window at the huddling circle of women. Then an elderly woman in a breathless voice, said, ‘Let us pray,’ and they all knelt in the snow. . . . Of course, Maggie cannot remember that prayer, but it must have been the trembling supplication of passionate Faith, ending with the challenging reminder — ‘Thou didst promise to grant our prayer if we asked in Jesus’ name. . . . Oh, God, we do ask in his name! Close this saloon!’

Some of the women were crying softly; Mr. Schneider looked very uncomfortable. The women, rising, shook the snow from their skirts. Mr. Schneider cleared his throat; sighed, and spat. ‘Ladies,’ he said, ‘Honest, it’s gittin’ late. And, well, it’s kinder cold. Don’t you think mebbe you’d better be — well, movin’ on?’

“What Maggie wanted to know was: ‘Will God close Mr. Schneider’s saloon?’ . . . Alas, as she was soon to learn, Schneider’s business continued to prosper! Yet those nice, cold ladies, kneeling down in the snow — they must have got their stockings, above their Congress gaiters, soaking wet! — had asked God in Jesus’ name, to shut up Mr. Schneider’s saloon. . . . After a while an uncomfortable suspicion came into her mind. God hadn’t kept his promise to the ladies! Maggie was shocked and saddened at God’s duplicity.”

In my teen-age years in Indianapolis I first read Margaret Deland’s Old Chester Tales and the sequels to it. But I thought of Old Chester as being near Philadelphia and, being vague about Pennsylvania geography, I never troubled myself with “the Mercer road” which ran north from the little town of Mrs. Deland’s stories. It was only in preparing this paper almost fifty years later that I discovered the true location of Old Chester. It was Old Manchester. I still hope to find copies of The Kays, which follows the thorny path of a conscientious objector in Old Chester during Civil War days, and The Iron Woman, concerning the struggles of a widow left in charge of an iron foundry. The exact place of Margaret Deland’s birth is not quite clear, being given as 178 Third Street, perhaps Pittsburgh, or perhaps Manchester, which was annexed to Allegheny in 1867. One source says that Margaret Deland was born in Allegheny. That source is Notable American Women, 1607-1950. I believe that she is still “notable.”

4 Margaret Deland, If This Be I (N.Y., 1935), 22, 23, 26, 27, 185-87.
Marcia Davenport

Following the Civil War, the growth of the Pittsburgh steel industry is a saga in itself, and again the writer who immortalized the subject was a woman, Marcia Davenport. In The Valley of Decision the scene is laid mostly in a house on Ridge Avenue, Allegheny, owned by four generations of a family in the steel industry. The author may have used the Henry W. Oliver house as a model. We see a small, independent steel mill in its first great days before the owner wills it to his children. Some are not interested, preferring to center their lives around fashionable marriages in Sewickley, New England, or London, but one son, Paul Scott, shares his father's passionate dedication to the mill. The plot concerns Paul's hopeless love for the strong-minded and beautiful, young Irish Catholic girl, Mary Rafferty, who comes to the house as a servant and devotes herself to the family interests. Every detail of living in a prosperous Pittsburgh household of the late nineteenth century is vividly recalled and is seen against the background of the mill, the rivers, and the city. Names like Reymer's and Grogan's bring a nostalgic pang. And, in the perspective of our own slapdash methods of housekeeping, it is awesome to read of, and perhaps remember, the shining perfection achieved in a fine Pittsburgh household of the late nineteenth century, in spite of the smoke that penetrated every room.

But The Valley of Decision is no quiet novel of domestic bliss in a big house on Ridge Avenue. Marcia Davenport understood also the professional problems of labor and capital. She knew how Croats, Poles, Slavs, Irish, and Scottish immigrants talked and thought. And the story includes two murders, a suicide, and the birth of babies delivered at home in two brutally graphic scenes. There are various infidelities, and one love affair is consummated in a shack which is floating down the Ohio river at full flood!

The action is swift and exciting in this novel, but perhaps its greatest achievement is the picture it gives of a steel mill. The river valleys were full of mills in those days, and one of Marcia Davenport's best scenes is one dated April 1880, in which we see a new open-hearth ready for firing.

"New sheds had been built to house the new furnace, the casting department, the soaking-pit, a blooming mill, and a new rolling mill which was to produce the new steel in bars and billets of special dimen-

---

5 In a letter now on file at the HSWP, Elizabeth Mustard has referred to other possible locations for the "Scott" house.
tions that had never been rolled before. Up to now hand-cranes worked by winch-gangs had been used in the mill for moving handles, but in the new mill a steam-crane was installed to lift the ladle from the tapping-level of the open-hearth and carry it overhead to the ingot-platform for pouring. . . .

"The first tapping of the new furnace was to be at night. They would fire her early in the morning and let her cook all day. They could not tell exactly how long the heat would take; they would learn as they went along. Natural gas was the fuel. They fed her at intervals with scrap-iron, nickel, and chromium. They expected her to be ready sometime between dark and midnight, but they would not know the exact hour until time to start testing. All day long Paul and James [Rafferty], who was boss-melter, stood by their beloved furnace as if she were a wife in labor. . . .

"James stood nearest the door, bossing the gang of blackened, sweating men who strode up, one by one, to pitch in heavy shovelfuls of material. The knack of swinging correctly a heavy shovel of dolomite for making back-wall was extremely hard to master. It was not enough to pitch the load anywhere into the roaring hell, it must be placed just so. . . . At the moment when the new furnace was ready for the charge of molten iron, the dinkey pulling the enormous ladle came chuffing down the shed accompanied by the entire gang from the blast furnace. . . . The crane nosed out over their heads and loomed down to grip the knobs of the ladle, and the pot rose slowly, upward and forward, to tilt its contents into the trough. At that a roar of approval went up from Jim's old comrades. . . .

"Late in the evening they began taking samples for tests. Jim . . . thrust the spoon squarely into the heart of the heat, drew it out, barely grimacing at the searing nearness of liquid fire, and dumped the contents into a little mould at his feet. When it had set, they turned it out in water, waited until it had solidified, and then smashed it with a sledgehammer. . . . The steel was not yet ready but the first test augured well, and from now on they gauged the time in minutes instead of hours.

"The fourth sample was perfect, and now they were ready to tap. Paul and his father . . . looked down on Jim and his helpers, running about in the spurting glares like gnomes in some mythical hell. James took up the long rod and rammed it into the tap-hole of the furnace with the tough-muscled ease that it had always been the Old Man's delight to see. At the same time Paul watched the precision of Jim's
feet, quick and light and skillful as those of a boxer. One instant before the spout started to belch Jim sprang aside, withdrawing his rod and his own lithe body with one motion. . . . Almost directly beneath the Scotts the flood of new-made liquid steel gushed into the ladle, spilling off jets of flame and showers of blinding sparks. The pitch-black cavern around them receded by contrast into one illimitable vastness, and nothing could be seen but the blazing triumph of their labor, throwing its furious glare over and around them all. The contents of the slopping ladle quivered and shone with a fierce red light. A second ladle, smaller and empty, was drawn up next to it. After the smooth, blinding stream of scarlet steel had filled the first, the blazing slag began to spill out, a hissing, shooting riot, and overflow into the second ladle."  

That is how it was done in the old days, and as you read Marcia Davenport's description, "you are there." It is all different now. The little mills have been swallowed up by the big mills. Frances Lester Warner tells how all the mill whistles used to blow together in one joyous, raucous, ear-splitting blast at midnight on New Year's Eve, filling the valleys of the two rivers with echoes that could be heard all over Pittsburgh. I telephoned to Jones & Laughlin and to U.S. Steel to ask whether any whistles still blew on New Year's Eve. Courteous public-relations men looked into the matter and telephoned back from both offices to say that the whistles no longer even exist, except for small ones inside the mills. One of the gentlemen gently reminded me that if whistles did blow, there would probably be cries of outrage charging "noise pollution." Alas!

There are many people still living in Pittsburgh who remember Marcia Davenport personally. She was a beauty — very white skin, red cheeks, and black hair — and a vivid personality. Born in New York City, she was the daughter of the famous soprano Alma Gluck and the stepdaughter of Efrem Zimbalist, the equally famous violinist. With such a family, she was surrounded by talented people from her earliest days, and although she was a recalcitrant student, her education at the Friends School in Philadelphia, at Shipley in Bryn Mawr, and at Wellesley College trained her to make the most of her own ability. An early, short-lived, and disastrous marriage brought her to Pittsburgh for eighteen months, during which time her first child was born. Dr. Barone delivered the baby, and the author returned to him

---

and Magee Hospital for the births of her two other children.

The young couple, a very young couple, lived first at Shady Avenue and Howe Street, on the southeast corner where an apartment building now stands. They then moved to Beeler Street, and Marcia became a gourmet cook. When the marriage ended in divorce and she left Pittsburgh, she gave her cooking utensils and other belongings to her close friend, Mildred Hogg, now Mrs. John B. McCormick.

The author later married Russell Wheeler Davenport, editor of *Time, Life, and Fortune*, and continued her writing, often on musical subjects, as music critic for *Stage* magazine, and as commentator for the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. She had long been gone from Pittsburgh when the idea came to her to write a family novel in an industrial setting. So it happened that she returned here off and on over a period of two years to do research for *The Valley of Decision*, preparing 100,000 words of notes and charts for her novel. In 1942, the year of the book's publication, Marcia Davenport's third child was born in Pittsburgh.

The last part of *The Valley of Decision* involves the love and marriage of a granddaughter from the Scott steel dynasty with a Czechoslovak musician. This too has a Pittsburgh connection, for it was here in May 1918 that the historic document known as the Pittsburgh Pact was signed by leading American citizens of Czech, Slovak, and Carpatho-Russian birth and by Professor Tomas Masaryk. The Pittsburgh Pact led to the founding of the Czechoslovak Republic of which Tomas Masaryk was the first president. Masaryk's son Jan was the last love of Marcia Davenport's life.

*Willa Cather*

So far, the authors in our short list have written of early Pittsburgh when the city's life and energy was concentrated in Old Allegheny, in Manchester, and in the action that flowed along the rivers near the Point. Now from one of our most gifted writers comes a picture of Oakland in the first years of the twentieth century. Willa Cather's collection of stories, *Youth and the Bright Medusa* (1920), contains several stories with glimpses of Pittsburgh. One of these is "Paul's Case, A Study in Temperament," first published in *McClure's*, and also in *The Troll Garden* (1905), the last year of Willa Cather's stay in Pittsburgh. The story has since been included in a volume called *The Greatest American Short Stories*. It is a searching and poignant "study" of a teen-age boy living on "Cordelia Street" in a
neighborhood not precisely located. There is no "Cordelia Street" now in Pittsburgh, but Aurelia Street does exist, parallel with Penn Avenue on the edge of East Liberty, and Willa Cather lived in East Liberty at one period of her Pittsburgh sojourn.

Paul is in trouble with the authorities of the "Pittsburgh High School." He looks and behaves as if he took belladonna (the marijuana of his day), but in fact he is not addicted to drugs. Paul is only trying to separate himself, mentally, physically, and spiritually, from the drab background of his middle-class home and the demands of the school routine. He escapes by way of fantasy, and this fantasy is related to his part-time job as an usher at Carnegie Music Hall.

"Just as the musicians came out to take their places, his English teacher arrived with checks for the seats which a prominent manufacturer had taken for the season. She betrayed some embarrassment when she handed Paul the tickets, and a hauteur which subsequently made her feel very foolish. Paul was startled for a moment, and had the feeling of wanting to put her out... she was not appropriately dressed and must be a fool to sit downstairs in such togs... [But] when the soprano soloist came on, Paul forgot even the nastiness of his teacher's being there, and gave himself up to the peculiar intoxication such personages always had for him. The soloist chanced to be a German woman, by no means in her first youth, and the mother of many children; [Mme. Schumann-Heink, beyond a doubt] but she wore a satin gown and a tiara, and she had that indefinable air of achievement, that world-shine upon her, which always blinded Paul to any possible defects...

"During the last number he withdrew and, after hastily changing his clothes in the dressing room, slipped out to the side door where the singer's carriage stood. Here he began pacing rapidly up and down the walk, waiting to see her come out.

"Over yonder the Schenley, in its vacant stretch, loomed big and square through the fine rain, the windows of its twelve stories glowing like those of a lighted card-board house under a Christmas tree. All the actors and singers of any importance stayed there when they were in the city, and a number of the big manufacturers of the place lived there in the winter. Paul had often hung about the hotel, watching the people go in and out, longing to enter, and leave school-masters and dull care behind him for ever.

"At last the singer came out, accompanied by the conductor, who helped her into her carriage and closed the door with a cordial auf
wiedersehen. . . . Paul followed the carriage over to the hotel, walking so rapidly as not to be far from the entrance when the singer alighted and disappeared behind the swinging glass doors which were opened by a negro in a tall hat and a long coat. In the moment that the door was ajar, it seemed to Paul that he, too, entered . . . into the warm, lighted building, into an exotic, a tropical world of shiny, glistening surfaces and basking ease. He reflected upon the mysterious dishes that were brought into the dining-room, the green bottles in buckets of ice, as he had seen them in the supper party pictures of the Sunday supplement. A quick gust of wind brought the rain down with sudden vehemence, and Paul was startled to find that he was still outside in the slush of the gravel driveway; that his boots were letting in the water and his scanty overcoat was clinging wet about him; that the lights in front of the concert hall were out, and that the rain was driving in sheets between him and the orange glow of the windows above him. . . .

"Half an hour later, Paul alighted from the Negley Avenue car and went slowly down one of the side streets off the main thoroughfare. It was a highly respectable street, where all the houses were exactly alike, and where business men of moderate means begot and reared large families of children, all of whom went to Sabbath-school and learned the shorter catechism, and were interested in arithmetic; all of whom were as exactly alike as their homes, and of a piece with the monotony in which they lived. Paul never went up Cordelia Street without a shudder of loathing. . . ." 7

Willa Cather had been born in Virginia but had grown up in south-central Nebraska. There, although "only the dry, windswept land could claim a past," she met varied and colorful people of many national backgrounds. She also absorbed the atmosphere of her own cultivated family, who gave her a love of French literature, music, and the theatre. At the University of Nebraska, when she was a student, Louise Pound was at work as a folklorist and scholar in linguistics; there was Roscoe Pound, future dean of the Harvard Law School; John J. Pershing, instructor in mathematics; and other faculty members and students who were later to be famous. On this hearty intellectual diet Willa Cather's own strong mind fed and grew before she came to Pittsburgh in 1896 at the age of twenty-three. She came as managing editor of a newly reorganized Pittsburgh magazine, the Home Monthly which had its office in the East End. She sometimes

bicycled to work. With her early childhood memories of Virginia, she was glad to see green hills again but had a poor opinion of the kind of writing required by her job — articles on gardening, fashions, and the care of the teeth, for example. When the Home Monthly was sold she went to work for the Pittsburgh Daily Leader, where they called her “Bill.” She wrote an article for the Ladies' Home Journal on Ethelbert Nevin, whom she admired enormously, and wrote a number of articles for a Pittsburgh magazine called The Library. Her niece, Mrs. Philip Southwick, says that Willa Cather rented rooms at several addresses during her first years here. She lived at 6012 Harvard Street in 1900. The street no longer exists since the development of Penn Circle North.

Soon after coming to Pittsburgh, Willa Cather met George Seibel. He and his wife lived at 114 Seventeenth Street on the South Side. His household was steeped in literary interests and pursuits, and there Willa Cather read Daudet, Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac, de Musset, Hugo, Gautier, and Flaubert. Critics have noted the influence of Flaubert in Willa Cather's impeccable style. Dorothy Canfield, later Dorothy Canfield Fisher, another of George Seibel's circle of friends, wrote about a happy Christmas at the Seibels' house when she and Willa Cather helped to trim the tree and sing carols. Mrs. Fisher spoke of the “wonderful, cosmopolitan talk” of that Christmas, the first which Willa Cather spent in Pittsburgh. The Seibels' household was one “where cultivated Germans used their mother tongue freely, as naturally as English,” and Willa found the atmosphere stimulating. She was, incidentally, a good friend of Margaret Deland.

Those who knew her in the Pittsburgh days described her as “an ardent, headstrong, immensely gifted young creature, eager, ambitious, profligate of her energy and talents, constitutionally unable to do things by halves, ready to tackle anything.” She had a “passionate appreciation of every opportunity for enlarging the horizon of her culture,” and Mrs. Fisher told Mildred Bennett, one of Willa Cather's biographers, that Pittsburgh in those days was even “more vital, more creative, more hungry for culture” than New York. She urged that the biography emphasize the importance of the Pittsburgh years in Willa Cather's development. The author later called Pittsburgh “the birthplace of my writing.”

In 1901, she began to teach English and Latin in the Central High School at Bedford Avenue and Crawford Street and later taught English at Allegheny High School.
Another interesting Pittsburgh chapter opened for Willa Cather in 1901. She met Judge McClung’s daughter Isabelle and became her close friend. The McClungs lived at 1180 Murrayhill Avenue in a fine house which still stands. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mertz, the present owners, allowed me to see the room which Willa Cather shared with Isabelle McClung. Elizabeth Moorhead Vermorcken has described it in *These Two Were Here*: “This room was at the back of the house and its wide low window gave on a downward slope across gardens and shaded streets towards the Monongahela river and green hills rising beyond. There were no close neighbors to destroy their sense of privacy. Here the friends spent many happy and fruitful hours. They devoured the novels of Tolstoi, Turgenev, Balzac, and Flaubert. Both read French easily.” Isabelle McClung fitted up “a corner in the attic” where Willa could write undisturbed. There are six rooms in the attic, and I had pleasure in guessing that the largest and lightest may have been the author’s. It looks into the treetops of Woodland Road and the eastern hills. Isabelle entertained with Sunday afternoon teas for a literary and academic group of friends who included the faculty of the drama and music departments at Carnegie Tech, but Willa Cather, whose teaching demanded most of her time and energy on every weekday, often retreated to the attic on these occasions. It was here that she wrote *The Troll Garden* and much of *The Song of the Lark*, which she dedicated to Isabelle McClung. She used weekends, holidays, and school vacations to write, but even with her best efforts she was not satisfied with the results. She did not want the early stories to be republished. “Only the sound apples should be collected,” she said. But a collection has been made, for scholarly reasons, and in them her biographer sees “a full-bloodedness, an abounding vitality and joie de vivre, that is not present in the later, more perfect narratives.” In 1906, Willa Cather left Pittsburgh for New York to work on the staff of *McClure’s* magazine. Her great success lay ahead. But she herself said, “Success is never so interesting as struggle . . . the end is nothing; the road is all.” Willa Cather’s road had led her through Pittsburgh at a time of struggle, and it was one of the most interesting stages of her life.

*Mary Roberts Rinehart*

Mary Roberts Rinehart’s *The Circular Staircase* (1908) was her first book. It was written in Pittsburgh and had a Pittsburgh setting. This gives the story a special interest for us, but it is pleasurable read-
ing for any reader who likes to tear at top speed through every page and who likes short chapters with something in every one of them to titivate the curiosity.

*The Circular Staircase* could probably not be published today; it is too wholesome and naive. Instead of whorehouses, nymphomaniacs, drug addicts, corrupt police, and gang rapes, we have a nice, rich, kind, sensible, and witty elderly aunt, who goes to spend the summer with her niece and nephew in a big country house. To quote: “Here was I, Rachel Innes, a spinster, a granddaughter of old John Innes of Revolutionary days, a D.A.R., a Colonial Dame, mixed up with a vulgar and revolting crime and even attempting to hoodwink the law!” There are strange noises in the night, and a man is found murdered at the foot of “the circular staircase.” What a good title it is! We know from the start that the answer to the mystery must lie at the top of that circular staircase, but in the meantime the author poses some earth-shaking questions. Who left a cuff link in the linen hamper? Who dropped the nephew’s pistol in the tulip bed? Why did one of the maids carry a basket of Coleport china and some of the best silver on a secret errand to the gatehouse? And what caused the niece to return to the billiard room on the night of the murder? Everything points to the guilt of the niece, the nephew, and a nice young man named Jack Bailey. Ominously enough, at the Greenwood Club across the valley, “a good bit more took place than the golf which was its ostensible purpose — a good bit of drinking and gambling.” But we know as sure as death and taxes that all of Miss Innes’s family are innocent, that the niece will marry Jack, that the nephew will marry the heiress who is hiding in the gatehouse, and that in spite of the failure of Jack's bank, there will be plenty of money for all to live happily ever after.

How dated it is! Not only do the lights go out every night when the local power station shuts down, but when the young heroine is sick, the doctor makes a house call and stays “almost all night, giving the medicine himself, and watching her closely.” But what fun — before the mystery is solved, the nice old lady has been firing a revolver from the staircase at intruders, and firing effectively. As she closes in on the last of the clues, she glories in “the lust of the chase, the frenzy of pursuit, the dust of battle,” climbing onto the roof, her nightgown billowing in the wind, her hairpins flying.

*The Circular Staircase* was a “first” for Mary Roberts Rinehart, and it was the first of a new genre. “For the first time,” said the author, “it was shown that mystery, crime, and humor can be combined.”
Fifty books and eight plays were to come from that very active, well-organized, intelligent mind, which owed much to Pittsburgh. Mary Roberts had been born on Arch Street, Allegheny, in 1876, was educated in Pittsburgh elementary schools and at Allegheny High School, and graduated from the Pittsburgh Training School for Nurses. She lived here and in Sewickley for forty years. She was a member of the Equal Franchise Federation, the Juvenile Citizens' Association, the Woman's Club of Sewickley, the Twentieth Century Club, the Woman's Press Club, and the Edgeworth and Allegheny country clubs. In 1920, as if she had nothing else to do, petitions were circulated for her as a candidate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, because of her special knowledge of conservation problems in the American Far West. It was knowledge partly gained during summers at Eton's Ranch, that favorite western resort of Pittsburghers.

Mary Roberts Rinehart did her writing during her later Pittsburgh years in a downtown office building, saying, "I find I can lose myself from the world better here than any place else." She wrote about four thousand words a day "on a good day," a prodigious output, but she had a high standard for her writing and frequently asked Daniel Nevin of the Sewickley Herald to set up manuscript for her so that she could see how it looked on the printed page.

Before she rented the office, she had learned to concentrate at home so that she could write, if need be, in a domestic din. A most conscientious and loving mother, she considered the Sewickley years the happiest she had known. Her husband, a doctor specializing in the treatment of tuberculosis, enjoyed their busy life in the big house which they called The Bluff; he said that was what they were putting up! But their prosperity was no bluff. By 1921, The Circular Staircase had been made into a play, The Bat, and was being played around the world in seven languages. In her long lifetime of eighty-two years, Mary Roberts Rinehart's books sold more than 30 million copies. It is easy to understand why Dorothy Cameron Disney and Milton Mackaye once called her America's Number One Career Woman.

Mrs. Rinehart was seventy-eight years old when Marion Leslie interviewed her in New York City. They talked in the author's beautiful Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park. Mary Roberts Rinehart still seemed young. She was five feet two, very chic, and she could still read a telephone book without glasses. She talked most of all about her wonderful memories of Pittsburgh, of learning to ride horseback, of skating on the pond in a North Side park. She remem-
bered wagons clattering on cobblestone streets; she recalled the high walls of the penitentiary near her home. She spoke of the Johnstown flood causing high water in Allegheny. Her father, wearing a silk hat, had rowed the family past submerged houses to safety. It was Marion Leslie who suggested that the author’s mementoes be given to Pittsburgh. The year after Mrs. Rinehart’s death, her sons, one of whom was senior vice-president and director of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, gave her literary effects to the University of Pittsburgh Library. These included furniture from her study, books, manuscripts, scrapbooks, and unpublished material, trophies, awards, and war mementoes. She had worked valiantly during World War I and had received the Medaille de la Reine Elizabeth in recognition of her efforts on behalf of Belgian war sufferers.

The location of the house with “the circular staircase” is debatable. One clipping in the Pennsylvania Room identifies it as the Singer mansion in Wilkinsburg; another as the old Ross mansion in Aspinwall — perhaps because of the mention of “the local power plant.” Yet another clipping quotes Mrs. Rinehart herself as having sworn that when she wrote the book she had never seen a house with a circular staircase. Frederick Way, Jr., who knew The Bluff well, says that there was no circular staircase in the Rineharts’ own house.

Gladys Schmitt

Gladys Schmitt died in October 1972. Her husband, Simon Goldfield, has helped to fill in some pages in the all-too-brief material that I had gathered on this fine Pittsburgh author. It was Mr. Goldfield who confirmed my guess that Pittsburgh settings, in Oakland, Squirrel Hill, and the East End were the backgrounds for her “modern” novels: The Gates of Aulis, Alexandra, A Small Fire, and The Persistent Image. Mr. Goldfield is now putting on tape his recollections of his wife’s writing in which he played an important part. She dedicated a number of her books to him and said of him, “He helps me plan, he goes over every page, he makes the corrections — well, I just couldn’t do these books without him.”

In the opening pages of The Gates of Aulis the Pittsburgh scenes come thick and fast. Carl Hasselmann arrives by train at night. “The moon disappears and appears again, silver above sumac, ruddy at the side of a burning slag pile. . . . Beyond the steel mills, he caught glimpses of the river.” His sister meets him at the station, and they pass under “the great, murky dome” of the waiting room, take a cab,
and leave downtown by way of "the imperial height and solemn bareness of the boulevard" — Bigelow? the Boulevard of the Allies? "River and mist lay in the valley below them. . . . They were in the opulent residential section now. Broad lawns rolled back toward Victorian houses . . ." Shadyside? The sister, an artist, is to go the next day to the office of a Dr. Gorinoff at "the Museum." "Are you still a great admirer of Gorinoff?" asks Hasselmann, teasing her. "Do you listen to the famous stories about the long, cold nights on the steppes, and how our little Gregory made that wonderful journey and carried his little case of embalmed butterflies through the snow and brought it safely to Kiev . . . only to hear that his brother had gotten himself shot against the wall—" It is easy to recognize Dr. Andrey Avinoff of Carnegie Museum.

Hasselmann is returning to the university as a graduate assistant in sociology. He wonders whether he should have lunch in the "Museum Cafeteria" while having a conference on his new job. Instead, he is invited to the University Club, called here, the Faculty Club. As he walks past the hotel, perhaps the Webster Hall, his thoughts wander to some time he had once spent in "the Library of the State Historical Society. . . . In that gray stone building patrician with ivy and iron grille-work, he had taken notes from Revolutionary military correspondence because Dr. Ebert was planning a paper that would throw new light on the folkways of the local settlers." Now Hasselmann and his new boss "were alone in the large, silent salon of the Club, among oil paintings of Past Presidents, putty-colored broadloom, and fat red leather chairs. . . . They were alone with mirrors, prism chandeliers, and gray-green walls in the dining room. They had a table near a French window overlooking the street." For readers elsewhere it could be any university city, any historical society, any club, but we in Pittsburgh — we know.

And Gladys Schmitt knew. She had been born on Osceola Street on the edge of Shadyside and later lived in a double frame house on Howe Street. She met Simon Goldfield when both were students at Schenley High School in the early 1920s and, in her own words, was "engaged thirteen years." After a year at Pennsylvania College for Women, now Chatham College, she won third prize in the poetry division of Scholastic Literary awards. This brought her a scholarship at the University of Pittsburgh, where she had some fine teachers in the field of her particular interest and talent. For J. Ernest Wright's course in writing she did a brother and sister sketch, later developed
in her novel *Alexandra*. She gave credit to Professor Percival Hunt for paring down what she called her "romantic excesses." And at the YMHA she took a year's course in poetry writing, taught by Haniel Long. Edwin Peterson had not yet developed his writing course from which came so many successful authors, but he taught her in English courses and it was he who brought to the house on Howe Street the editor of *Story*, Whit Burnett. Burnett took away with him the first chapters of *The Gates of Aulis* and was so much impressed that he later said of Gladys Schmitt, "She is second only to Thomas Mann. She is the American Proust."

The university contacts meant much to her. It was that Pitt scholarship, she said, in a later interview, which "brought me into contact with the people of my own city who knew and loved the field of art that I was working in. . . . As a result, I straightened up and wore my work as a more fetching girl might wear a rose in her hair."

Edwin Peterson said, "She was the prize student of all times. Even then, some kind of greatness seemed to hover over her. I have often been credited with having a hand in bringing forth this great talent, but I did nothing. It was there all the time." He compared *The Persistent Image* favorably with Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome* and with Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*.

Gladys Schmitt graduated from Pitt, Phi Beta Kappa, and the university made her an honorary doctor of letters in 1961. In 1942, she had joined the English Department at Carnegie Institute of Technology. She and her husband were living at 5840 Wilkins Avenue and were part of a literary-intellectual-artistic circle of the kind that has apparently long been typical of Pittsburgh. The atmosphere of that circle can be surmised from some trenchant remarks made by the author. She said that she hated novelists who "wallow in their own pathology," and she hated novels dedicated to "the redemptive power of perversion and violence." She specifically attacked Jean Genet as high priest of a mystique where "the only true values are found in acts which are morally and physically disgusting."

Honors came crowding upon her: the Dial Press Award, the Thomas S. Baker Professorship at Carnegie-Mellon University, and that university's Ryan Award for Meritorious Teaching. She had taught there for thirty years at the time of her death.

Austin Wright, head of Carnegie-Mellon's English Department, gave the eulogy at Gladys Schmitt's funeral services. He spoke of her books, "all written in that rich, sinewy, majestic, haunting prose,
bringing an awareness of the beauty of language and of landscape, of the complexity and baseness and nobility of human character, of the mystery and tragedy of life, of its grubbiness and its glory, of the joys and agonies of the body, of the pitiful brevity of happiness, of fear and heroism and spiritual ecstasy and waiting death.” Professor Wright remembered “conversations about the books that she loved and that helped to mold her own style — the Bible above all, which she knew from childhood, and which echoes oftentimes in the cadences of her own sentences; Dickens, her early idol; Shakespeare always; and in maturity, Thomas Mann, Marcel Proust, and Leo Tolstoy. War and Peace, she said, was her favorite novel, though she also admired that great Victorian work by a woman writer whose genius she shared — the Middlemarch of George Eliot.”

**Haniel Long**

In speaking of Haniel Long (1888-1956) I want also to give a fond and respectful salute to Edwin Peterson. Both had long and distinguished careers as teachers of writing in Pittsburgh — Edwin Peterson at the University of Pittsburgh, Haniel Long at Carnegie Institute of Technology. Many tributes have been paid to both men by students whose writing and whose lives were influenced by these generous and approachable teachers. No one has written of Pittsburgh with more love than did Edwin Peterson in *Penn's Woods West*. But I have chosen Haniel Long for my list because of two brief and unique contributions to Pittsburgh literature.

“How Pittsburgh Returned to the Jungle” appeared in *The Nation*, June 1923. I am indebted to the author's son, Anton Long, for the information that the story later was included in *Notes for a New Mythology*, published by the Johnson Reprint Corporation. “How Pittsburgh Returned to the Jungle” is a moral tale in which a millionaire nurseryman and a manufacturer of window boxes attach a rider to a popular bill and get it unnoticed through the legislature. The bill requires every window to have window boxes filled with flowers, and eventually Pittsburgh turns from a city of steel to a flowery mecca for travelers, then disappears in a tangle of green, never to be seen again. The story was evidence of the author’s feeling for Pittsburgh, of love mingled with hate, for the smoke was literally killing him. Haniel Long was forced to leave Pittsburgh for the clear air of the Southwest, and it was in Santa Fe, in 1935, that *Pittsburgh Memoranda* was published by Writers’ Editions, a nonprofit organization founded by the author.
*Pittsburgh Memoranda* is a series of sketches, or mood pieces, part simple prose, part impassioned poetry, recalling events and persons of the city's past: of the struggle between Henry Clay Frick and Andrew Carnegie; of Stephen Foster; of John Brashear; of young Pittsburghers killed in World War I; of Eleonora Duse, who died in Pittsburgh. All of these were part of us; in a spiritual sense, all were our forefathers if we live in Pittsburgh. Haniel Long opened *Pittsburgh Memoranda* with the words: "Our forefathers were pioneers. So are we."

The book was well received, and the reviews made him homesick for the city which lay under its pall of smoke far east from Santa Fe's blue skies. He wrote in a letter to the *Bulletin Index*, "I was struck by what Mr. John Tasker Howard said, 'There is something very moving, emotionally, about Pittsburgh.' This is true and it explains why Pittsburgh is a creative place. It is par excellence the city of effort and suffering and hope." And, writing to his wife in another vein, "It is strange that I should espouse a city that I cannot love; I suppose my love is for the people who have been caught in her meshes, and the people who are trying to make her better."

Born in Burma, the son of a missionary, Haniel Long had been brought here in infancy. His mother's family had owned property at Parker's Landing in Armstrong County, north of Pittsburgh, since the Revolution. His father was the pastor for about two years at a Methodist church on Liberty Street, North Side, and at a city mission. Long recalled that in the year of the Homestead Strike, his father had taken the pews out of his church so that people could sleep there. Mr. H. J. Heinz once visited the Methodist Sunday school and asked all the children who wanted to be Christians to stand. Little Haniel did not stand, because, he said, "I is a Christian!" Long's father later built the Methodist church on Lincoln Avenue, East Liberty, now St. James African Methodist Episcopal Church.

He attended Exeter and Harvard and did some writing for the *New York Globe*, but by 1911 he had returned to Pittsburgh and was an instructor in English at the Carnegie Technical Institute, now Carnegie-Mellon University. The years that followed were great ones for the students of Haniel Long. He wrote verses about some of them; one is recognizable as Charlie Stotz. Long and his Minnesota-born

---

8 A letter from L. Esther Geist, now on file at the HSWP, gives further information about the work of Samuel P. Long (Haniel's father) in the Methodist Episcopal Church.
MARGARET HODGES

wife lived at 5559 Beeler Street, and there they entertained with quiet teas and dinners for friends and students. The Longs created an atmosphere that made it possible to talk out problems and confusions, but Haniel Long did not preach or exhort. He trusted in the power of conversation and of poetry to carry their own messages, and he often quoted the great epitaph of Phoebe and John Brashear: “We have loved the stars too fondly / To be fearful of the night.”

The Stephen Foster sketch holds special interest for me because my husband, Fletcher Hodges, Jr., the author of Swanee River, A Biographical Sketch of Stephen C. Foster, has been the curator of the Foster Hall Collection during all of his Pittsburgh years. Haniel Long spoke of Foster’s lonely death, this musician “being in a certain sense not only Pittsburgh’s greatest but America’s. . . .,” and yet, “—his country’s love of his songs being like a surf that breaks a long distance off.” Haniel Long wove into his own poetry words taken from an old letter of the Foster family:

he pursued his foolish and unaccountable course,
this our beloved, O Pittsburghers,
till he died and went naked into the next world as all men must,
along with Carnegie, Frick, Henry Phipps, Gladstone, Robert A. Pinkerton, and Grover Cleveland—
the next world where, it is said, the soul of a man matters.
This our beloved . . .

the day he died
“. . . horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache.”

Carl Sandburg paid the best of all tributes to Haniel Long’s Pittsburgh Memoranda: “Try it as just reading. . . . It tells several good stories. . . . Black soot smudges some pages and blue mist floats idly on others. . . . A well managed orchestration. . . . The Foster sketch is very moving. . . . I read it aloud to three people today and could hardly manage several lines.”

Seven Authors, Seven Views

Seven authors, seven views of Pittsburgh. As Pittsburgh Memoranda ends, Haniel Long takes a look at his city:

Once I came home to Pittsburgh in September, came from the west and looked across the river at the city in the smoke and nine-month fog. Tops reached up from the heavy sea of vapor, the water-towers like minarets, the stacks with smoke bubbling from them as water bubbles from upright pipes, and steadily floating south. Across that unseen river was my city:

Despite the horrors of my time, I knew (and knew it with the greatest joy life gives), that there were people in that hidden city seeking the laws of life, mingling their knowledge, suffering but finding peace in one another, and learning more and more not to wish power over anyone but themselves.

There is no such thing as leaving Pittsburgh; there is only returning. Edwin Peterson said it for us in *Penn's Woods West*: “I kept looking back at three rivers and the City. I did not want to leave them. In a sense, I think I never shall. Pittsburgh and Pen's Woods West—they are my home, and I want to belong, forever.”

**BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WORKS MENTIONED IN ARTICLE**


10 Ibid., 84.

———. *Notes for a New Mythology* and *Pittsburgh Memoranda.*


**Additional Authors Cited**


Vermorcken, Elizabeth Moorhead. *These Two Were Here: Louise

