

of the last century gave impetus to a rash of county histories.

The Regional Publishing Company is to be congratulated for re-issuing *Western Maryland* on good quality paper and in a serviceable binding. This is just one of a series of reprints of valuable reference books on local history and genealogy that the publishers have issued in recent years.

*Historical Society of  
Western Pennsylvania*

JOHN W. HARPSTER

*History of the Galley Family* (1908). Revised and enlarged by NANCY WARE GALLEY, *et al.*, 1968. (Privately printed for the family association by Charles Henry Printing Company, Greensburg, Pa. Pp. 500. \$25.00.)

Most family histories (aside from containing much folklore) hold little interest for researchers, except for kin, genealogists, and the rare historian whose work raises some question involved with the clan's history.

*History of the Galley Family* is of great value for some 250 pages of historical and sociological material written for the original work by its principal author, Dr. J. O. Arnold, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Arnold, a Galley descendant, wrote in 1887 concerning Fayette County as he knew it in his youth (he was born in 1820) and as he remembered hearing about it from his family, who had been in the area for two decades before his birth. He was still alive and alert and took a principal hand in the first publication of the *History* when he was nearly a century old.

This valuable material, somewhat paralleling Doddridge's celebrated "Notes," has apparently escaped scholarly notice up to this time because of the small number and limited circulation of the former printing.

*Pittsburgh*

GEORGE F. SWETNAM

*If He Can Make Her So.* By RON CAPLAN. (Pittsburgh: Frontier Press, 1969. Pp. 85. Bibliography. \$6.00.)

One afternoon in 1968, while I was engrossed in research of early Pittsburgh history, I suddenly heard a young man ask the librarian of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania for material on

Haniel Long, or a copy of *Pittsburgh Memoranda*.

"How wonderful," I said, "that someone young is interested in Haniel Long. He was the best teacher that I ever had."

The young man was Ron Caplan, who within the year had two articles about Haniel Long printed in the Sunday Supplement of the *Pittsburgh Press*, and who was editing a book of selections from Long's work. I promised to review the book when it was published.

Now, *If He Can Make Her So* is a reality. The title comes from Haniel Long's *The Grist Mill*:

*I think that he, that future man, will see  
That earth is truly part of his own being  
If he can make her so, as his thoughts are,  
And instincts too, if he can make them so.*

The book, designed by Ron, is a joy to the eye and the touch. The clear-cut type, the unhurried, uncluttered arrangement of the selections, the texture of the paper, the pale green used for titles, the rough linen feel of the cover, the perfect proofreading in a day when the best of books is dotted with careless errors, all make it one to treasure. Perfect, too, is the inclusion of a color reproduction of John Kane's "Sunset, Coleman Hollow," from the collection of James L. Winokur, and the inclusion of a photograph of Long on the book jacket. Also on the jacket is a biographical sketch by his son, Anton: "A child in Pittsburgh: he saw the Homestead strikers and their families housed and fed in his father's church, saw victims of panic and hard times fed and sheltered there in the middle 1890's, saw his father called by the men of the 18th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, to be their chaplain in 1898. A teacher in Pittsburgh: he sought ways to awaken students to beauty, to each other. A writer in Santa Fe: a legacy of slender volumes, the essence of a lifetime of concern for others."

This review is my way of thanking Haniel Long, my teacher in two English classes at Margaret Morrison Carnegie College between 1925 and 1928, for his patient guidance and understanding. He hated sham in anything, but especially in writing. What we wrote had to be *ours*. We soon found ourselves trying to look at the world and its people and books with a child's sense of wonder, and trying to express our feelings in the very best words (to Haniel Long, the simplest ones), in the very best sentences. It was not easy! Haniel Long suggested enough books for a lifetime's reading; took us to the Carnegie International and talked about the pictures; carefully read

and commented on each paper that we wrote; read us poems in manuscript from his friends. We were invited to his home on Beeler Street, made especially a home by lovely, calm Alice Long. There was an old Spanish chest in the living room, and a painting of "Paolo and Francesca," and there were students sitting all over the place, and wonderful talk.

I remember Haniel Long's constant struggle with the Pittsburgh climate, his heavy rubbers, thick scarf and overcoat. One winter, he carried huge cough lozenges, so horrible of taste that finally just wryly looking at one stopped the cough. In 1929, the Longs moved to New Mexico for his health's sake. He wrote of Pittsburgh: "It is strange that I should espouse a city which 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."

After graduation, I found Haniel Long's name occasionally in magazine articles about American poetry. That was all until two years after his death, when in 1958 Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote a warmly appreciative introduction to his novel, *Spring Returns* . . . . Then Ron's book, *If He Can Make Her So* . . . .

In his introduction to the book, Ron explained his method of selection: "He [Long] wanted to know how men survived, how they managed — he tried to talk to, and thru, some such survivors, turning to Whitman, Nunez, St. Augustine, Malinche, the people of Pittsburgh and of the Southwest, trying to discover and renew whatever power they found in themselves of courage and possibility they tapped in order to ignite life in those who moved about them."

Ron's excellent sampling of Long's work shows the King James simplicity of his language. For example, the "Prologue" to *Pittsburgh Memoranda*:

*Our forefathers went shadowlike  
into beautiful dangerous new valleys.  
We are their children; we too explore and hope,  
making the filaments of a new compass  
out of our need to come to terms with ourselves,  
with the others who live life with us,  
and the life that lives all.*

"Homestead 1892" evokes Haniel Long's childhood memories; and "Henry George" is a tribute to a man who meant a great deal to him.

There is a beautiful page of description of Haniel Long's reading

"Henry George" in a "small park hard to reach, used for botanical experiment, a long climb up to it and you overlook a bluff and see mills and the Ohio river between the hills below you . . . Henry George . . . There above the stacks and lying on artemisia and on arenaria, I believe I had my first revelation of you."

From *Notes for a New Mythology* is his story, "How Pittsburgh Returned to the Jungle," written in the days when the sun was often concealed all day by smog, and the Point was mainly a rabbit warren of old warehouses where now are parks, fountains, and tall buildings. It is the story of a nurseryman who attached a rider to a bill in legislature "making it compulsory for every Pittsburgher who owned or rented a window to have a window box, to have a window box indeed for every window . . . The perfume of flowers flowed to New Orleans." It is an amusing fable which, after a fashion, has come true through the Pittsburgh Renaissance.

"A Pittsburgher En Route" describes the impact on Long, fresh from Pittsburgh, of New Mexico's Indians, the magical colors, sun, and ancient civilization.

The story of Malinche, interpreter for Cortes, contains much to ponder over: "The Good God came to our ancestors full grown, like you . . . His words stay in my heart, for my father told me them: 'Offer only lovely things on my altars,' he said; 'the bread of life, and jewels and feathers, and flowers. Let the stream of life flow in peace. Turn from violence. Learn to think for a long time how to change this world, how to make it better to live in . . .'"

Many times, after an author's death, his books temporarily disappear into a kind of literary limbo, his admirers stopping to read his biography, but hurrying on to new authors. Sometimes an author remains in limbo for a long time: Herman Melville, Emily Dickinson, and Walt Whitman found their big audience in the '30's. But Willa Cather and Elinor Wylie, so widely read in the 1920's and '30's, are about due for revival, and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edna St. Vincent Millay now have brand-new, young admirers. So it will be, I hope, with Long, Pittsburgh poet and teacher at Carnegie Institute of Technology, now Carnegie-Mellon.

The reader will find Ron's bibliography helpful in finding which of Haniel Long's books have been reprinted, and which must be obtained from second-hand bookshops or libraries. The latter type is hard to find. A long overdue recognition of a Pittsburgh poet will be in the making, thanks to Ron Caplan's meticulous pains as editor.