drink clubs, and clubhouses in which the posting of notices and the circulation of subscription papers were not permitted. To then suggest, as Scamehorn does, that the violence of 1913-1914 took place because the company had allowed its betterment program to languish not only ignores the officially-expressed resentment over company stores, company boardinghouses, and company physicians, but trivializes the conflict between capital and labor.

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The reviewing of an anthology is something of a matching of wits between anthologist and reviewer — in a sense, the amateur and bibliophile matching wits with the professional and selective bibliographer. Sins of omission as well as sins of admission are always so easy to point out. Given a theme for an anthology, a dozen more or less literate persons would be likely to come up with a dozen lists which in many instances would not overlap, the delight of each compiler residing in unearthing something all the others have overlooked.

So in approaching Professors Demarest and Spataro’s From These Hills, From These Valleys, subtitled Selected Fiction About Western Pennsylvania, we were at first uncertain as to the criterion for inclusion. Was it simply, as the subtitle indicates, about Western Pennsylvania? Or was it fiction by native-born Western Pennsylvanians? Or by writers who had spent a given amount of time in the area? Or even the cursory view of an observant stranger? Obviously the editor’s determination was not an easy one to make. It is little wonder that in his introduction he writes, “Here an anthologizer simply remains frustrated.”

O. Henry, for instance, is included with one of the very few short stories in the collection. His physical connection with Western Pennsylvania was tenuous, at best consisting, I believe, of a brief job on the old Pittsburgh Dispatch. His justification here is to suggest Pittsburgh’s supposed preoccupation with money-making and quick wealth. The same premise might be made from a passing reference
in Canadian-born Hugh MacLennan's 1945 *Two Solitudes*, a fine book but hardly Pittsburgh. To belabor the point, something might be said of a different Pittsburgh, one of the entertainment world, in Dale Curran's 1940 *Piano in the Band*, which, in tracing the movements of a dance band, has an extensive section titled "The Road — Pittsburgh." Other sections are titled "The Road — Chicago," "Davenport," "St. Louis." These chapter headings might have been shuffled recklessly with no perceptible geographical clues in the text. Neither of these books, of course, would have found a place on my own competitive list, and certainly not on the editor's.

But while we are on omissions, justified and otherwise, I do wish the editor had seen fit to include Gertrude Stein's (born Allegheny 1874) short story, "The Fifteenth of November," published in *The New Criterion* and included in a 1927 Putnam anthology — or the same author's earlier (1909) *Three Lives* with the ethnic quality (in this case, German and black) important to the anthologist's plan. It is true that such may well have violated the editor's stated guideline of "readability." Can we say this discursive writing is about Western Pennsylvania? Who, in reading the experimental prose of Miss Stein, can say that it is not? A point might have been stretched here, if only for the Allegheny connection and for the author's vast literary influence.

These observations are trifling, of course, perhaps even flippant. And they are certainly undeserved. As we read the anthology, a pattern begins to form, and it is on the plus side. The reader can heartily agree with the general plan of the book, its historicity (Hervey Allen, Lucien Hubbard, Charles W. Dahlinger), the nascent industrialism (Garet Garrett, Elizabeth Moorhead), the social aspects of the workers and their ethnicity (Thomas Bell, Michael A. Musmanno), and the resultant labor turmoil (William Attaway, John Dos Passos). These are all well and carefully selected, with a strong local flavor. Undoubtedly much digging has been done in mining the hidden seams of a literary lode.

Our only complaint then — and it is purely personal — is the genre chosen in order to satisfy the book's plan. Granting that the classical short story, with its demands on certain unities, is dead, or at least moribund, and fully aware of the late Martha Foley's implication in her 1974 *Best American Short Stories* that almost anything can qualify as a short story today, we feel it is regrettable that of the twenty-four entries in *From These Hills, From These Valleys*, twenty are excerpts from novels. In spite of the fine historical, bio-
graphical page Demarest has furnished in prefacing each entry, fitting it into a chronological framework, extracts from novels, when divorced from their positions in larger works, are generally unsatisfactory. Furthermore, the short story today is already in too much trouble to be ignored in this fashion.

There is at least one of John Updike's short stories which might have added a contemporary flavor. Among the many short stories of John O'Hara, who served here for a time on the Bulletin Index, there should be something. There is New Directions-publisher Jim Laughlin. And there is Peter Beagle. Most of all, why could not one of Margaret Deland's many Old Chester stories have been included instead of a weak chapter from The Iron Woman? Mrs. Deland deserves more from the city of her birth.

We hope Professor Demarest will find it possible to forgive what appears to be an unfair criticism. We are reminded, again by Martha Foley, in 1976, that the American Short Story Index lists over a hundred thousand "[short] stories printed in books since the republic began," exclusive of those published in magazines. What we are proposing and expecting of an editor is truly a formidable task and probably a pursuit of the impossible.

Thus we are grateful to him for Willa Cather's "Double Birthday," particularly in choosing it over the too-often anthologized "Paul's Case." We are grateful, too, for Haniel Long's "How Pittsburgh Returned to the Jungle," which was also reprinted nineteen years ago in Duquesne University's Pittsburgh Festival, on the occasion of the city's 1958 bicentennial. Although not the most significant of Long's writings, it cannot be too often reprinted as a reminder of this eminent Pittsburgh writer's work.

The book is greatly enhanced by a fine choice of illustrative material, exacting a certain sacrifice in the form of an awkward book structure — we cannot, of course, have the best of both worlds. It is only fair to say, also, that the novel extracts which were deplored may well serve a purpose in leading the reader to a more thorough study of some of the obscure writers the editor has found. Altogether, the collection is valuable for its joining of the facts of history with the spirit of the imagination in the production of literature in its infinite variety. Perhaps Kipling had something like this in mind when he wrote:

The things that truly last when men and time have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning.

Pittsburgh  
Stanley D. Mayer