hostile response and accomplished little. He reaffirms the old 
American adage: “All politics is local.”

Although this book has many charts and graphs, relies on 
numerous acronyms for the many organizations active during the 
period, and at times reads as dryly as a government document, a 
great narrative story is at its heart. Heineman wisely avoids 
ideological code words and cliches; instead, he describes the real 
people involved and the events, while discussing how specific 
students, administrators and city officials considered, then 
responded to each others’ actions. He moves through each 
growing stage of the peace movement, from its initial days in 
1965-67, through its evolution into a mass movement in 1968 and 
1969. He shows how the Tet Offensive in Vietnam, the assassina-
tions of Dr. Martin Luther King and Sen. Robert Kennedy, and the 
1968 Democratic Party Convention splintered and polarized the 
movement. This led to the founding of the terrorist Weatherman 
Underground, partly by Kent State activists. Finally, he focuses on 
1970 and the impact the Kent State shootings had on all four 
universities and the movement as a whole. The radicals believed it 
was the opening round of a wider revolution, when in fact it 
brought the country back to its senses and channeled the move-
ment’s energy into less confrontational forms and less divisive 
issues.

Among questions answered by the book, for me, was an 
important one that has nagged me for years. I was led to believe 
that the 1960s were chaotic, but here I read that the students’ 
thoughts, plans and organizing were as “sophisticated” as the 
actions of university and city administrators. By beginning his 
story in the early 1950s, one is able to see the larger issues and 
causes of the movement, beyond the Vietnam War. Heineman 
pays great attention to the small events that fed popular percep-
tions. His research and sources are amazing. For instance, he 
found and analyzed dozens of underground newspapers and 
manifestos of the era — and here I had assumed they were left on 
the roadside by bearded or bra-less hitchhikers, or to compost 
when the communes broke up and the idealist came “down from 
the country.”

The book is not intended to be a definitive account, but rather 
a case study at the four universities. So not every question that 
could have been answered was: Were the activists really full-time 
students, who went to class, fulfilled requirements and graduat-
ed? Were they really all under 30 years old? Where did the money 
come from to organize and publicize the movement? How did the 
leaders of the organizations live? Were they paid for their time or 
did they receive donations? And what happened to all these 
people, both hawks and doves, students, faculty, administrators 
and city officials, after 1971?

Maybe expecting such answers is a product of my 1980s 
cynicism. When I went to college in 1982, I half hoped to encoun-
ter a few remaining true believers. Unfortunately, the energy and 
hopefulness was reduced to either a spirit that hovered over the 
campus or to just a twinkle in a few professors’ eyes. Occasionally 
the spirit lighted on students demanding school divestment from 
South Africa, the military out of Central America, or the like. 
Many art and drama majors possessed some of the 1960s spirit, 
but I felt they did so only to meet the requirements. Its most 
frequent manifestation was wanton hedonism. To my peers, the 
1960s were more famous for plentiful sex, drugs and booze than 
serious idealism. Even though I joined the National Guard and 
R.O.T.C., neither the activist, the artist, nor the hedonist distrusted 
me. In fact, I was deeply involved in all three camps, and few 
of my comrades considered the possible contradictions or 
conflicts.

My sister’s book, with all of its strained language, disturbing 
images and serious yet hopeful students, is now nicely translated 
by Kenneth Heineman. His book contains insights for those of us 
too young to know what happened, and, I believe, those who 
lived it — insights that we both can understand.

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Gettysburg: A Meditation on War and Values
by Kent Gramm
sources, index. $24.95

AUTHOR GRAMM pursues not only the meaning 
of the three days of battle in July 1863, but what it 
means to us today, and for all people. He begins by 
examining subtle parts of the battle and battlefield — the sounds, the geography, even the visitors 
through the years. Then we’re off on a chronological tour, 
traversing terrain that’s become familiar, at least in name, to 
many — Little Round Top, the Peach Orchard, Devil’s Den, 
Seminary Ridge. Still, Gramm pauses to examine other elements: “Higher Laws” is one intermediate chapter, “Walking” another. 
Throughout, Gramm relates the battle events to today’s world, 
and he’s not shy in expressing his feelings about either. It’s one of 
the few accounts that pauses to ask not just what happened... but why. — Brian Butko

Led by the River — The Story of My Father’s Towboating Days
by Marjorie Byrnside Burress
Drive, North Bend, OH 45052.

HERE’S AN intimate if overtly nostalgic account of river life 
based on the author’s investigations and also on notes her father 
made about his piloting days in the region, during the mid-
twentieth century, on the Monongahela, West Virginia’s Great 
 Kanawha, and the Ohio. The book’s look is homemade, in the