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 cloaking words and cliches; instead, he describes the real people involved and the events, while discussing 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 assassinations 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 follows the history in 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 movement’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 perceptions. 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 graduated? 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 encounter 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

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

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

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worst sense, rendering the many intriguing photographs so fuzzy that everything is sort of a gray jumble. — Paul Roberts

**Icon of Spring**
by Sonya Jason

BILLIED AS a “fond but realistic memoir” of a girl’s life in the Washington County, Pa., “patch” of Jefferson, Jason’s work is sort of the rural equivalent to Annie Dillard’s “in-town,” moneyed perspective on growing up in Western Pennsylvania in this century. Jason’s writing, too, is professionally spare and evocative, often somber — a mood to match a life in the patch draped in Eastern Orthodoxy and infrequent material luxury. Historians likely will fault the book for providing too few of the details they prefer to analyze. But its ethnic flavor, its female perspective, period, setting, and — far exceeding Dillard’s logical audience — the socio-economic circumstance of the story will likely engage a broad cross-section of the region’s reading population. The book was heavily revised from a 1987 edition published by the Ladies Pennsylvania Slovak Catholic Union of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. — Paul Roberts

**After the Fire: The Destruction of the Lancaster County Amish**
by Randy-Michael Testa

READING MORE like a diary, After the Fire gives a personal look at the effect of encroaching urbanization upon the Amish in southeastern Pennsylvania. The author arranges to stay with a family, where he participates in daily chores and meals. Testa does this not out of novelty or to fulfill some deep-seated longing; he is researching his dissertation — one he feels passionately about. However, he soon realizes the somewhat warped view all outsiders have of these people, and he becomes an advocate for the causes which their beliefs prevent them from openly resisting. The constant stream of tourists, East Coast commuters looking for houses, and the misunderstandings of local officials are just a few of the problems. Testa tries to get Amish opinions heard, and even arranges for Gov. Robert Casey to visit the family to hear their concerns. Perhaps the most interesting part regards the plans of a local restaurateur who planned a subdivision and commercial buildings on his farm; the story illustrates the changing views of vocation and “rightful land use.” In one of Pennsylvania’s few areas of substantial population growth (Lancaster County accounted for 58 percent of the state’s growth between 1980 and 1987, Testa tells us on p. 142), these questions are critical. Testa sprinkles his work with Bible quotes, and though his stance is obvious, his treatment is fair. — Brian Butko

**‘Remember Your Friend Until Death’: A Collection of Civil War Letters from the West Overton Archives**
edited by Robert M. Sadow
West Overton, Pa.: West Overton Museums, 1993. Pp.73. Illustrations, bibliography. $11.17 paperback, postpaid from West Overton Museums, West Overton Village, Scocdale, PA 15683.

THE WEST Overton Museums are best known as the location of the former Overholt Distillery and the birthplace of Henry Clay Frick. However, its archives holds a fair amount of correspondence between Civil War soldiers and those at home. We’re not really told why the museums have these letters, but most are from Fayette and Westmoreland counties, and all of the holdings are reproduced in this volume. The first letters are from A.S.R. Overholt, so perhaps this was the beginning of a collecting effort. Nevertheless, each entry begins with an introduction giving a short biographical sketch of the writer and a view of the war at that juncture. Entries are also supplemented by photographs, documents, and other illustrations. This holistic approach does justice to the letters and gives readers a sense of the era and person they are reading about. — Brian Butko

**Stories of Uniontown and Fayette County**
by Walter “Buzz” Storey

CULLED FROM decades’ worth of his newspaper columns, Storey’s book leads the reader on a journey through local history, legend, and nostalgia. There’s a little bit of everything — the Mason-Dixon line, the National Road, politics, wars, coke ovens, Uniontown Speedway, drug stores, rivers. Most of the stories run one to four pages, just enough to learn a bit of local history or folklore. The book does not have footnotes, and much of it is based on oral history, but Storey’s broad knowledge of the area makes it a fine reference book for general readers. Particularly interesting are two lists: one gives the origin of Fayette County town names, the other lists the locations of about 150 coal “patches” (towns) in the county, of which only about half still exist. — Brian Butko