Yesteryears

Vol. 3, No. 14 | Tuesday, December 28, 1993 | Section of the Salem News

Songwriter's life ended in tragedy

Brooks Bowman of Salem was on his way to musical stardom

By Dale E. Shaffer

HOW MANY OF YOU OUT there can hum the song "East of the Sun."?

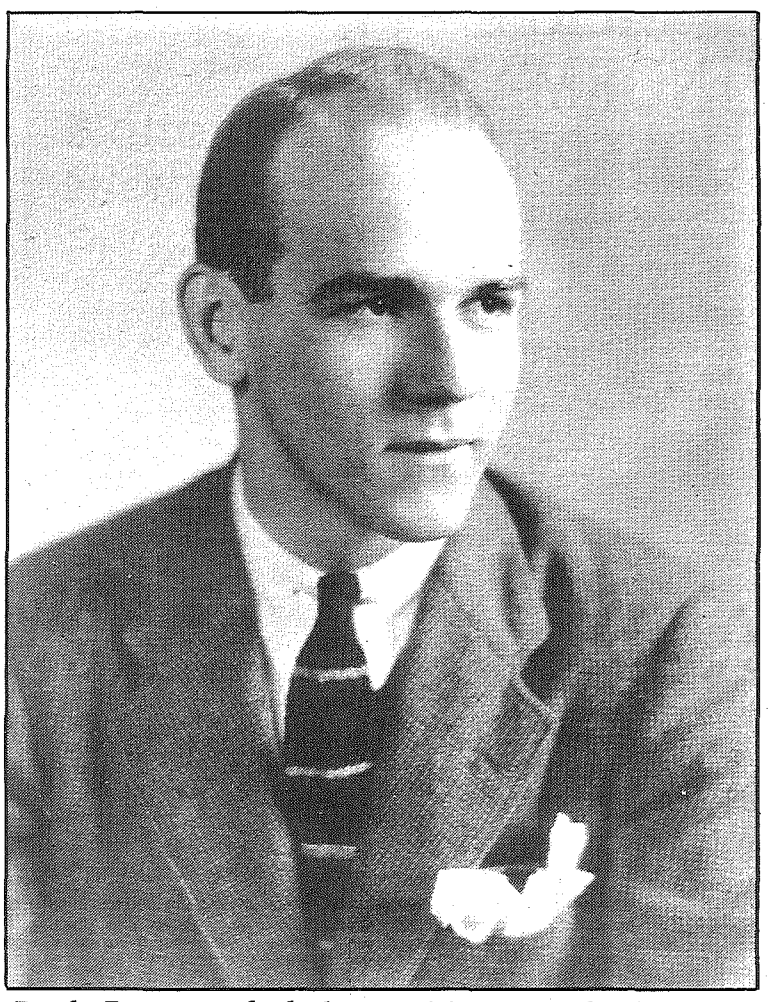
A copy of the sheet music is displayed on the Steinway piano at the Salem Historical Society. The composer of that well-known song was Brooks Bowman, a Salemite.

It was scored in Salem by him and his mother, Mary. She played piano with the talent of a concert pianist. Brooks' success in the music world was sort of a monument of her talent. His first name was his mother's maiden name.

In his early years, Brooks played banjo in various musical groups. He was found to have diabetes at the age of 11, but despite this he remained active in sports. At one time he was the county tennis champion.

Brooks had attended University School in Cleveland, and preparatory school in Asheville, N.C. His family moved to Salem in 1932. He then enrolled at Stanford University, but very soon transferred to Princeton.

At Princeton he was a member of the Triangle Club, an all-male acting troupe. In his junior year, he gained national fame for his two songs, "East of the Sun" and "Love and a Dime." These numbers were written for the Triangle Club's show titled "Stags at Bay", and received popular acclaim on stage and radio programs. The club had "Love and a Dime" published , and the publisher liked it so well that it presented Brooks with a $100 bonus.



Brooks Bowman, who had a promising career ahead of him as a songwriter in Hollywood, was killed five days short of his 24th birthday. His song, "East of the Sun" is considered a pop standard today and is performed by many jazz musicians.

Every December the club would embark on a 5,000 mile U.S. tour. One of the most hilarious parts of the show was when the boys dressed up as chorus girls.

The two songs mentioned above, along with "Love Will Find A Way", were the first Triangle Show songs to be published commercially. "East of the Sun" was later voted America's most popular song by a nationwide radio poll, several weeks in succession.

Hal Kemp recorded it in 1934 on the Brunswick label. Bob Crosby, Chick Bullock and the Casa Loma Orchestra also recorded it. Benny Goodman played it on the radio, and Bob Eberle sang it with the Jimmy Dorsey band.

Salemites listening to Kate Smith's program on the evening of April 1, 1935 heard her sing "Love and a Dime." On the previous week's program the Triangle Club members were guests and sang this song. Radio fans like it so well that they requested Miss Smith to sing it the following week. She announced the writer as Brooks Bowman, and then sang the melody.

Brooks was very popular among Princeton students. They gave him the title, "Princeton's Cole Porter." In his senior year he was vice-president of the Triangle Club, and starred in two of the club's musical comedies which were presented on the stage in large eastern cities. On two occasions he appeared on Fred Allen's radio program over a national network, singing and playing the songs which brought him national recognition.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, a 1917 graduate of Princeton, wrote him a letter congratulating him on his success. He suggested that Brooks turn "East of the Sun" into a song of devotion to their school.

After graduating from Princeton in June of 1936, Brooks worked for a time in New York. In the winter of 1936-37 he left Broadway for Hollywood, and began writing songs for Warner Brothers Motion Picture Corp. He met Cole Porter, and joined with Ted Fio Rio and other well-known musicians in the film capital who recognized his great talent.

COLE PORTER
501 SUNSET BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

May Twenty-fourth,
1 9 3 7

Mr. Dwight Deere Wiman,
157 West 48th Street,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Dwight:

This is to present to you a very talented young man, Brooks Bowman. He wrote the great Princeton Triangle Show two years ago and, not only his lyrics, but his music is very interesting. I know it will be worth your while to listen to him.

Best regards and love from us both to you and Steve.

Yours,

Cole Porter

Cole Porter, writer of numerous hit songs from Broadway shows and movies, wrote Brooks Bowman this letter of introduction to an unidentified man named Dwight Wiman. He may have been a New York music publisher.

He was signed a long-term contract as a composer and lyricist by Selznick International Pictures. His assignment was to compose the tunes for Carol Lombard and Fredric March in their movie, "Nothing Sacred." Next, he was to work on the musical, "Prom Girl."

In the late summer of 1937 he returned east to have several new songs published. But something very tragic would soon happen to put an end to the career of this talented composer. On the Saturday evening of Oct. 16, 1937, about nine o'clock, Brooks Bowman was killed when the car he was riding in crashed into a stone wall near Garrison, N.Y. He was only 24 years old.

Richard R. Pettit, a college roommate of Brooks, was driving. He was not injured. Two passengers, Betty O. Timmerman and Edith Brooks, suffered only minor cuts and bruises. Brooks and Miss Brooks were riding in the back seat when a tire blew out, causing the rear

See Bowman, page 8

Coming back home: everything has shrunk and is much smaller

(Editor's note: We received the following letter from a former Salemite who has fond memories of Salem. Perhaps some of the older Salem residents will remember George Adams.)

Dear Editor,

Dear Sir! A strange request coming from a 77-year-old ex-Salemite! My wife and I came through Salem in 1988 in July on our way up to Detroit for a grandson and a granddaughter's wedding.

I've been retired from General Motors Detroit Diesel since 1973 and we decided to go up the East Coast for a different route to the "Far North."

We arrived in Salem just in time for your 182nd Jubilee celebration. We went to the Chamber of Commerce for information as how to get to Wilson Street, right off Newgarden.

I was born there May 2, 1916 and looked at my old homestead in complete surprise. Your fire hydrants were so small? And the hill I used to belly flop on my "Lightning Glider" sled was so small! It was huge to me, going down to the R.R. tracks.

When we lived on Wilson there was a pottery and china company on the left hand side across the R.R. tracks. My mother got her "Willow" pottery and china from them.

My wish from you is to find my old number of my house. I think it was number 26 at the time of my birth, 1916. Is there any way you could look back in your archives to get that number. On the right hand side of the street going down to the R.R. tracks.

At that time my parents had not yet anglicized our name. My Dad's name Stefan Adami and Mom was Susie.. Her maiden name was Fleisher. My birth was registered in Columbiana Conty as (get this!) Joseph Adami. It was supposed to be George but the midwife present at my birth (so they say) was still so distraught at the loss of her son Joseph that she told the doc my name was Joe. Dad has changed his name to Adams and officially I became George Martin Adams.

If this isn't too complicated for you, I would sure appreciate a map of our fair city.

My Dad and grandfather (Mom's side) both worked at Mullins Mfg. Co. They were both dock workers. I believe Mullins was across the street from the Sachsenheim or German Social Club — whatever street. And I had two uncles (Mom's side) who worked at Demings.

If I can recall correctly, Mr. Mullins and my Dad worked on a piece of statuary that is now atop the county building in Detroit, Mich. I think it consists of some horses and men. Rather large item. My Dad was quite proud of that.

I retired from Detroit Diesel General Motors (electrician) in 1973 and my wife Edith and I have lived here in Pinellas Park, Fla. ever since. We live in a mobile home and love it here. But I sure miss Salem a lot. Heartstrings are still attached. Lots of people ask, "Going back to Detroit?" I always say, "No, it would be Salem for me."

Sincerely,
George M. Adams.

(Mr. Adams was right. The 1917 Salem City Directory reads as follows: "Adams, Steve (Susie) wks Mullins Co., bds. 26 Wilson St." In 1928 the street address number were changed throughout Salem. The address of 26 Wilson is now 264 Wilson.)

This photo of the old Daniel Howell Hise house on Franklin Ave. apparently was taken early in this century. It shows a barn behind the house that historians tell us was used to hide runaway slaves. Hise, a noted Salem abolitionist, kept a diary from 1849 to his death in 1878. Known as "Pap's Diary," it serves as the best source of Salem social history of the 19th century. The middle peak was added and then removed from the house years later. A secret room in the basement of the left section of the house was rediscovered last year. The house is now being restored.

Yesteryears
A historical journal
Published 2nd & 4th Tuesday
by the Salem News
Founded June 8, 1991
161 N. Lincoln Ave.
Salem, Ohio 44460
Phone (216) 332-4601
Thomas E. Spargur
publisher/general manager

Cathie McCullough
managing editor

Lois A. Firestone
editor

Linda Huffer
advertising executive

Statue, officer's reputation falls from 1889 glory

By Strat Douthat
Associated Press

A LARGE, BRONZE STATue of John Mason — the English officer who engineered a bloody massacre that nearly wiped out the Eastern Pequot Indians — has stood on a hill above the historic Mystic, Conn. seaport for more than 100 years.

When the 9-foot statue was dedicated on June 26, 1889, Gov. Morgan G. Bulkley and four companies of the state militia were on hand to mark the occasion. Boston orator Isaac Bromley extolled Mason's heroics.

But times have changed, and John Mason is about to be banished from his granite pedestal on Pequot Hill, where the massacre took place in 1637.

Mason is being exiled after a recent battle — albeit one of words — between descendants of the Pequots and their supporters, and members of the Mystic River Historical Society.

After a yearlong series of meetings, including some that nearly erupted into fistfights, the town's specially appointed John Mason Advisory Committee decided in October that the statue must be moved. The town manager has been instructed to come up with a recommendation for a new site.

The committee's action is a compromise between those who wanted the statue melted down, and those who insisted it be left untouched.

The issue has simmered for years. It arose again last year when Lone Wolf Jackson, a Pequot Indian who lives in nearby North Stonington, launched a petition drive to remove the statue. He got 800 names on his petition and presented it to the town council, which then appointed the special committee.

The townspeople watched the proceedings with varying degrees of amusement, bemusement and ire.

"Half of the people think: 'Give us a break, it's a beautiful statue; the other half says melt it down,'" says Jennifer Carroll, a lifelong resident of Mystic, which is part of the town of [illegible] a local jewelry who operates American Indian craft sells she can sympathize with both sides.

"If it just hadn't been such a horrendous deed, one that involved the killing of women and children, the statue wouldn't be so inflammatory," she says.

The "deed" she referred to involved the burning of the Eastern Pequots' village by a group of Puritan settlers, led by Mason. It is believed to have been the first massacre of Indians by Europeans in this country, and one that set the stage for many more massacres during the next 250 years.

According to historical accounts, Mason's group set fire to the village and then killed about 700 Indians, mostly women and children. The battle occurred during a time when the Pequots and the first European settlers were vying for supremacy in the Mystic area.

Today, the Eastern Pequots and the Eastern Paucatucks — whose combined tribes have fewer than 500 members — share a small reservation in North Stonington. They do not have federal recognition as do their wealthy brethren, the Mashantucket Pequots, who operate the Foxwoods casino in nearby Ledyard. The Mashantuckets' tribal council took no official position on the statue dispute.

But some of the Mashantuckets, speaking only for themselves, said they were offended by the memorial's anti-Indian symbolism.

The statue, which depicts Mason unsheathing his sword, bears a plaque stating: "Erected AD 1889 by the State of Connecticut to commemorate the heroic achievements of Maj. John Mason and his comrades; who near this spot, in 1637, overthrew the Pequot Indians, and preserved the settlements from destruction."

Lon Thompson, chairman of the special committee, says his first thought was to simply remove the plaque and replace it with one containing a more contemporary sentiment.

"But, no, that didn't suit some of the members of the advisory committee," Thompson says. "At first, some of them were demanding that the statue be melted down. Later, they just said they wanted it gone."

Finally, he says, the committee agreed that the statue should be moved — to some appropriate place such as a museum or a library. "We certainly don't want it to be stuck out in the middle of nowhere," [illegible] adds.

Not [illegible] Maronn, a North[illegible]ington resident who says he's a [illegible] generation descendant of John Mason.

Maronn concedes, however, that it's understandable why the statue and its present location are offensive to people such as Raymond Geer, an Indian who tried to have the statue removed in the 1980s.

"I was horrified that people could put up a statue in honor of this guy," Geer, an Eastern Pequot, said in an interview with the New London Day. "History was written by the Europeans and the Europeans have continued their own view of what happened. They convinced the general public that the Indians were bad people and that in order to survive they had to wipe us out."

Alan Brush, a member of the historical society, spoke at some of the meetings for those who take the view that Mason should be recognized for the role he played in settling the area.

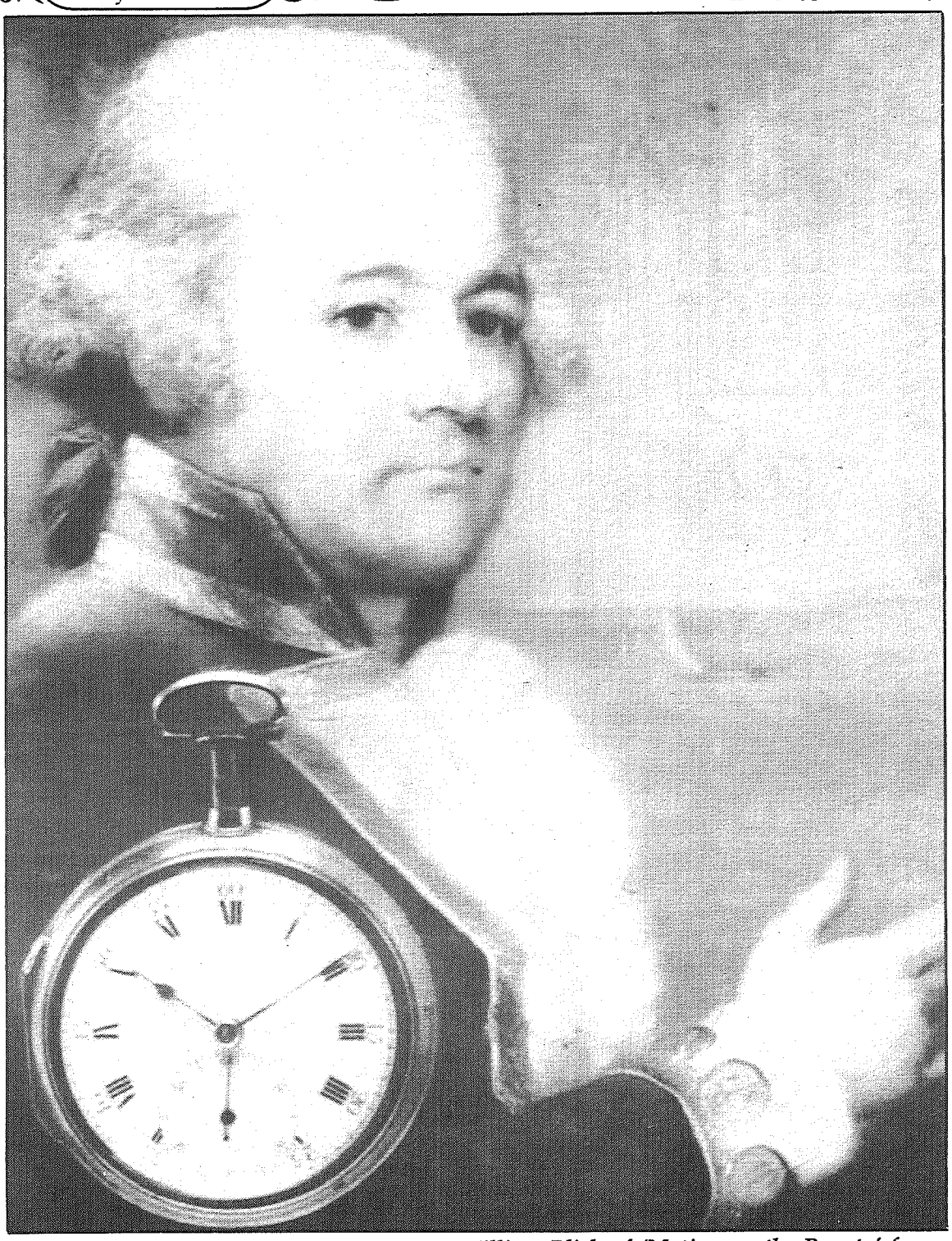
[illegible] after hearing the anguished testimony from the Pequots, Brush says, he has come to see that the statue must go.

Maronn, who also served on the advisory committee, says he too thinks the statue should be moved. But he quickly adds that he is in no way ashamed of his long-dead ancestor.

"In my research, I found John Mason was a Puritan and a professional soldier," he says. "He made an important contribution, in many ways. There's also a statue of him in Norwich."

Maronn says he'll be satisfied if the statue is placed in some appropriate place, one that has some connection with Mason's life, and if a plaque is placed up on Pequot Hill, one that recalls — in more sensitive terms — what happened in 1637.

"I do feel strongly about one thing," he says. "I think that the statue should remain somewhere in this area. It's still an important part of our history and our culture."



A gilt pocket chronometer used by Captain William Bligh of 'Mutiny on the Bounty' fame, during his second voyage to Tahiti and the West Indies in 1791, is expected to fetch between $22,350 $29,000 U.S., at a sale of timepieces and barometers at Sotheby's in London on Dec. 16. Made by celebrated watchmaker Thomas Ernshaw, the watch was lost for 200 years. It ended up in the hands of a collector who didn't know its value.

Looking for musicians

READER LOWELL W. Shallenberg liked the Levi Stamp story (Oct. 13) because his newly-wedded parents, Walter and Grace Shallenberg lilved with Zillah and Ella STamp on South Ellsworth — Lowell was born there on Feb. 4, 1918. His parents bought land at the corner of Depot Road and Pidgeon Road but continued their close friendship with the Stamp girls.

Lowell suggests a story on area musicians and gives as an example John Gunesch and his orchestra. They were featured on WKBN in the 1930s. He also mentions Rachel Cope who sang with Cleveland orchestras. Anyone have any pictures or stories about the musicians? Let us know.

RR towers made life a lot easier

By Dale E. Shaffer

REMEMBER THOSE HIGH watchman towers that once stood at Salem's main Pennsylvania Railroad crossings — South Lincoln Avenue, Depot, Newgarden, Wilson, Pershing and West State streets? The first two were erected at Depot Street (South Ellsworth Ave.) and West Main (State) Street in July of 1916.

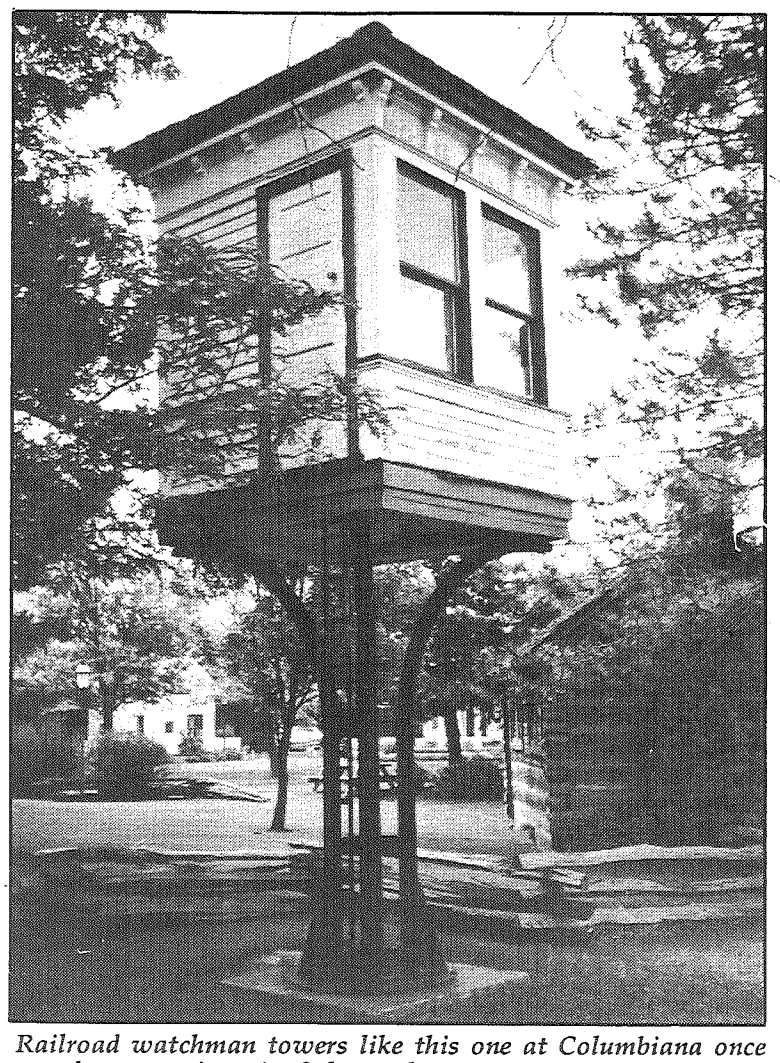
Prior to installation of the towers, watchmen who raised and lowered the gates were handicapped by not being able to get a clear view of the tracks. Consequently, a lot of accidents occurred at the crossings. The towers greatly increased safety for drivers, pedestrians, horses and the watchmen.

The watchman tower on South Ellsworth Avenue caught fire on Feb. 21, 1937, forcing watchman Frank Nelson to hurry down the tower ladder. He escaped unhurt.

It was caused by an overheated coal stove, starting on one side of the building near the stove. At first it was hidden from Nelson's view by a metal plate, but once started, it swept through the building quickly. Firemen were called to extinguish the blaze. For several days thereafter the watchman had to protect the crossing from the ground.

The tower shown in the photo is like those that once stood at crossings in Salem. It was in Columbiana, and is now preserved in the Western Reserve Village at the Canfield Fairgrounds.

Charles Burchfield captured this scene of a railroad tower, possibly in Salem, in a 1920 painting when the artist lived in Salem.



Railroad watchman towers like this one at Columbiana once stood at crossings in Salem. The tower is preserved at the Western Reserve Village on the Canfield Fairgrounds.

Johnny Gruelle's doll, Raggedy Ann, embodied the best of everything

Raggedy comforted his broken heart after he lost his daughter, Marcella,

By Michele Lesie
The Plain Dealer

ON A BORING SUMMER day 99 years ago, 13-year-old Johnny Gruelle and a friend hopped an eastbound freight train on a lark. It landed them in Cleveland.

The boys found work in a tavern frequented by one Officer McGinty. Johnny, already a talented artist, grabbed a piece of police [illegible] drew the portly

According to My[illegible]le's diary, it was her husband who likely found the rag doll and brought it back to Cleveland for their daughter.

"Because his real life daughter was named Marcella, people took the story literally," she said. "I think he purposely created some of these myths to keep Raggedy Ann shrouded in make-believe."

The source of the doll's name is not a myth; it's from two of Gruelle's favorite poems by James Whitcomb Riley, "Raggedy Man" and "Little Orphan Annie." Riley was a friend of Gruelle's parents in Indiana.

It's also true that the original Raggedy Anns had real candy hearts, though the only surviving early dolls have hearts of pressed cardboard.

But Gruelle's son Worth, 81, remembers being sent to the confectioners for sugar hearts when family members began making the dolls at home, Hall said. Gruelle applied for a patent in 1915, three years before publishing the first collection of Raggedy Ann stories.

The premise — dolls speaking and moving when no humans are around — was not new, but Gruelle gave his characters a modern feeling and a timeless integrity, Hall said.

Raggedy Ann embodies the best of everything; assertiveness and humility, playfulness and wisdom, softness and courage, she said. "I think she's a right with [illegible] that should be

Should be, but isn't. [illegible] Ann's main mission, much more harrowing than any of her magical adventures in print, was to comfort her heartbroken creator.

In 1915, after the family had moved to Connecticut, Marcella Gruelle became ill after receiving a contaminated smallpox vaccination at school. To keep her spirits up, Gruelle read to his feverish daughter or invented stories about her dolls and toys. Weeks later, she died.

"I think Marcella was truly his muse," Hall said. "He was devastated after she died."

Although Gruelle used Marcella's name for the doll's owner in the Raggedy Ann tales, he drew her as another child.

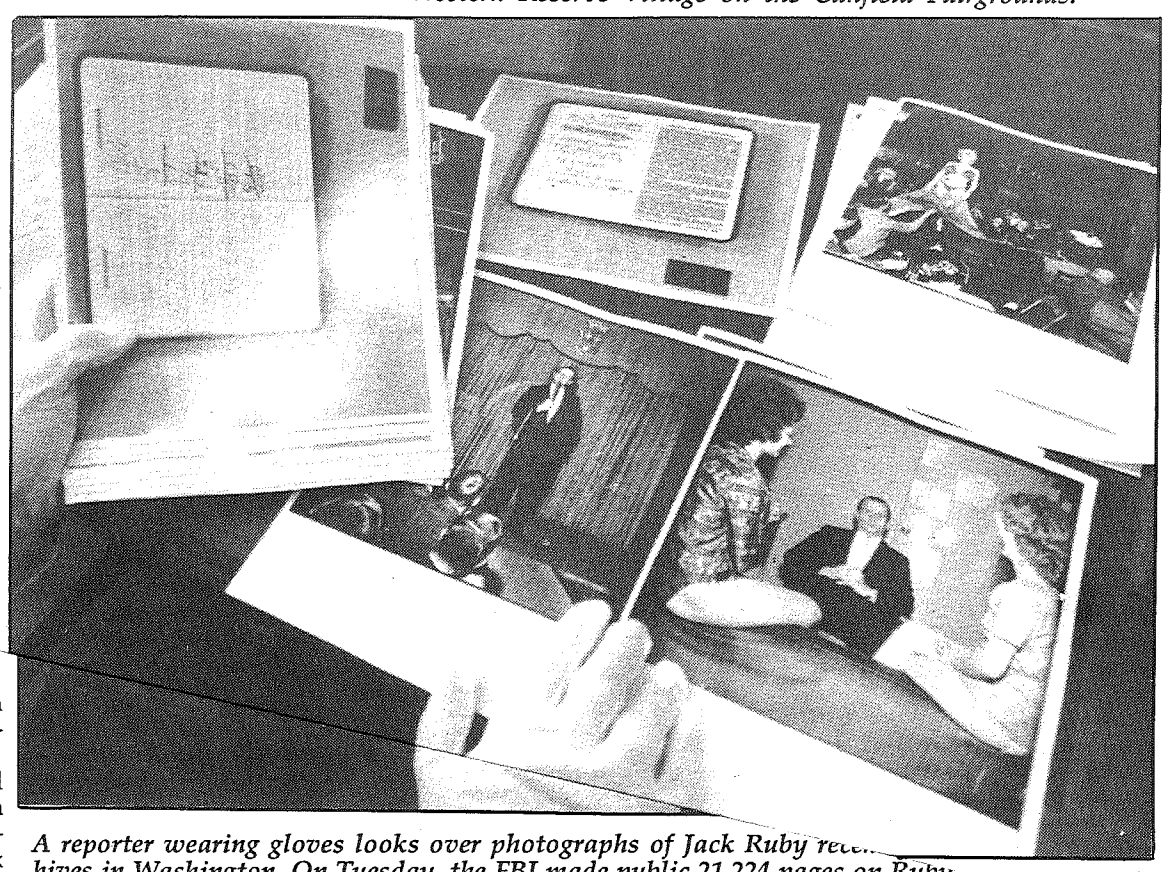
Depicting his daughter as she looked would have been just too close to reality, Hall said.

Gruelle died of a heart attack at age 57 in Florida, three weeks after winning a lawsuit over the rights to the "Raggedy" name. Only authorized manufacturers can produce the books, dolls and other items now but because they are so entrenched in American culture, bogus "Raggedy's" continue to be made and sold, Hall said.

Sue Cloak, proprietor of Wileswood Country Store in Huron, west of Cleveland, carries only the licensed items in her store, marked for 25 years by a large, brightly painted cutout of Raggedy Ann and Andy waving to motorists on U.S. 6.

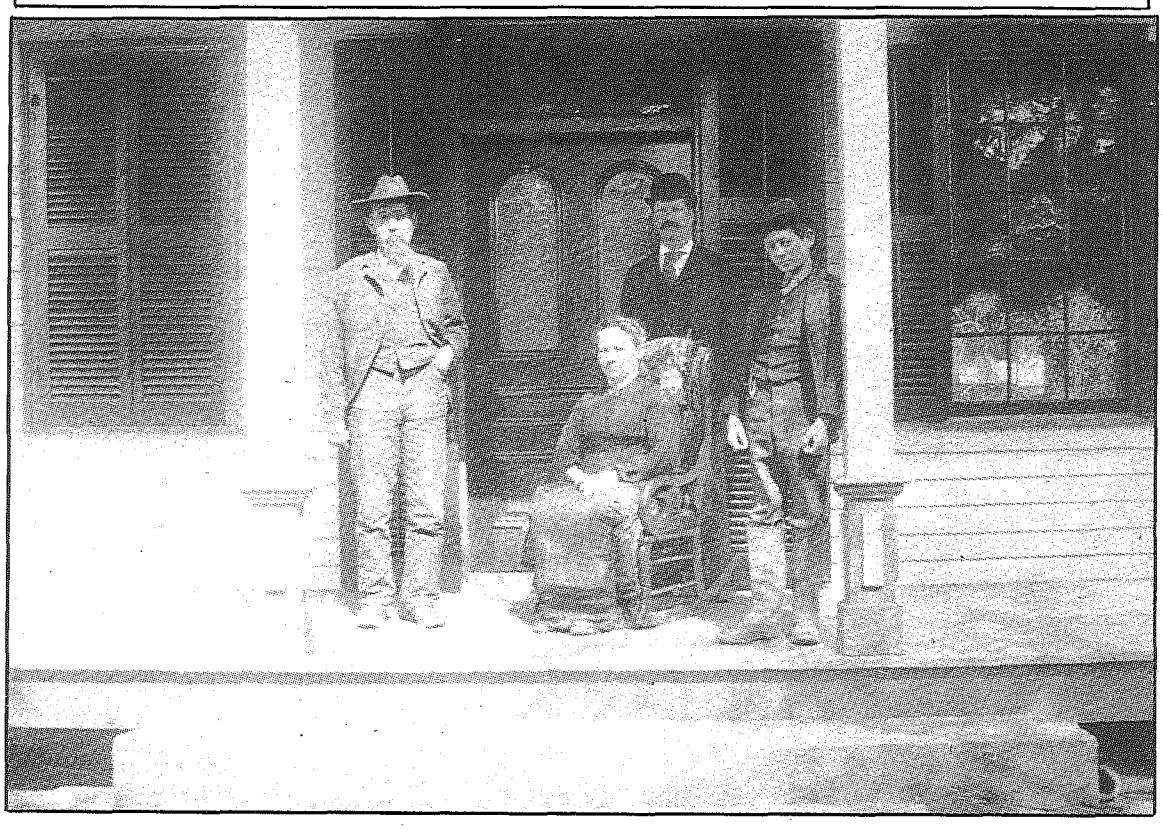
Like Hall, Cloak came upon the Raggedy as a teenager and has been a Gruelle devotee since.

"They help people keep a grasp on the child within them," Cloak said. "No matter how old you are, or how miserable you feel, you cannot look at one of these dolls and not feel a little bit more cheerful."

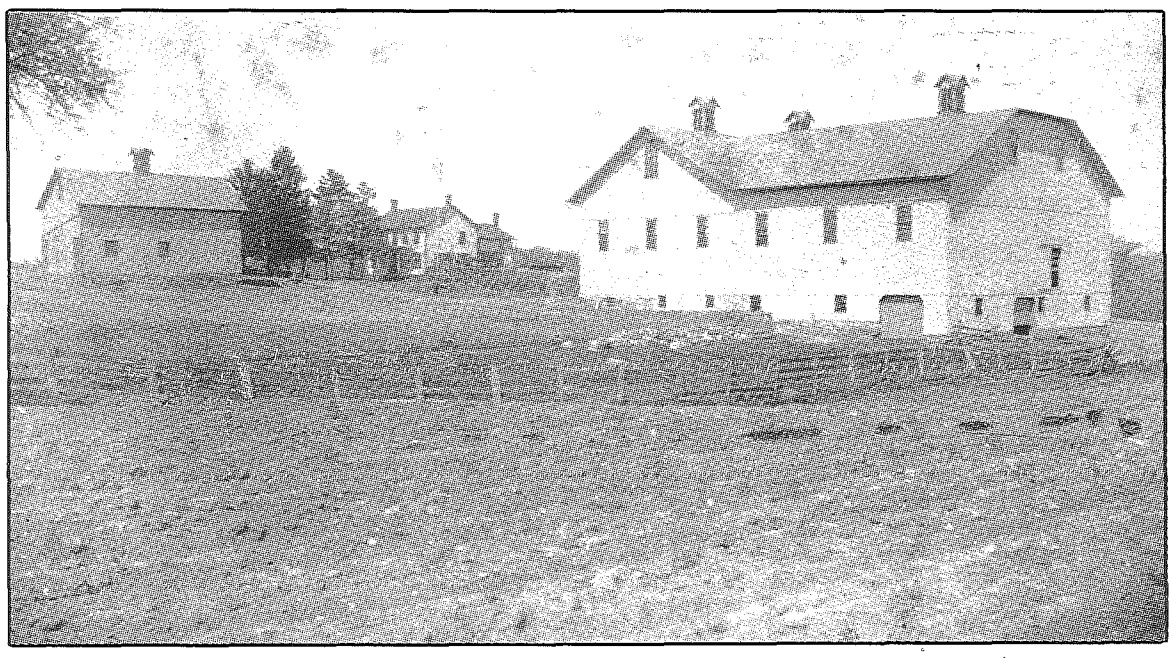


A reporter wearing gloves looks over photographs of Jack Ruby rec[illegible] hives in Washington. On Tuesday, the FBI made public 21,224 pages on Ruby, [illegible]national Arc- club operator who killed Lee Harvey Oswald two days after Oswald killed President [illegible] Kennedy in 1963. Reporters are required to wear gloves when handling the photos.

Kenreigh farm has unique history



N. S. Kenreigh stands on the front porch of the home which lay on Sections 17 and 18 in Green Township. The home was a link on the Underground Railroad during the Civil War when the owner was Quaker Daniel Bonsall



This scene shows the Kenreigh farm with the huge barn in the foreground. The barn burned down on March 25, 1892.

Kenreigh farm dates to 1800s

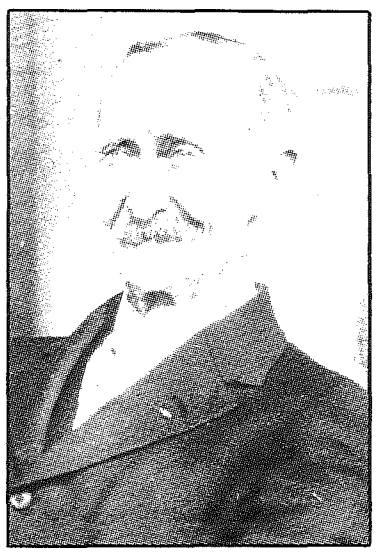
AL KENREIGH JR. OF Salem grew up on what is sometimes referred to as the Bonsall farm which lies along Route 62, about one mile from Route 165 — the farm had quite a history before N. S. Kenreigh bought it in 1880.

The original owner of the land, on Sections 17 and 18 in Green Township, was a Quaker, Daniel Bonsall who was a member of the Underground Railroad during the civil War. Daniel's son, Charles, had the distinction of being Salem's last Civil War veteran when he passed away at 97, on Feb. 25, 1937. Both Daniel and Martha Bonsall were prominent Hicksite Friends and strong abolitionists.

Noah and Martha Ebersole Kenreigh bought the property in 1880 and their two sons, Al Sr. and Elmer were raised there. Al Sr. continued to live on the farm where Al Jr. was born.

Tragedy struck on March 25, 1892 when the barn burned to the ground. The house is still standing today.

For years Albert Sr. operated a farm implement business on the farm, selling threshers and balers made by Aultman-Taylor Co. of Canton.



Charles Bonsall

Drive-in movie isn't a memory in Orefield, Pa.

By Ted Anthony
Associated Press Writer

HE WAS A MOVIE USHER and she was a candy girl. They fell in love and bought a drive-in movie theater.

Shankweilers Drive-In in Orefield, Pa. to be exact, billed as the oldest survivor of a particularly American artform, established in 1934, a living symbol of "Build it and they will come."

They still come, young lovers, old lovers, people who prefer watching romance and adventure from the front seat or the back seat, but together, arms around each other, feeling the sudden tension of a scene, dreaming of what life was meant to be, or could be, or if one dreamt hard enough would be.

But changing social mores have hit the drive-in movie industry hard; new technology has given it a body blow, and the development of shopping complexes threatens to eliminate the drive-ins as time has done to the mom-and-pop store and the five-and-dime.

The scene: A balmy summer night in a pastoral field north of Allentown, Pa. Cars form rows at dusk. Before them a movie screen. Here would-be James Deans watched James Dean, would-be Cary Grants watched Cary Grant and would-be Judy Garlands watched Dorothy and dreamed of somewhere over the rainbow.

"This is a labor of love, believe me. You don't get rich any more," says Susan Geissinger, 39, who with husband Paul, 40, bought the drive-in with its steel, motorcycle-sized projector showing "Hocus Pocus."

It is the early end of a double feature on a recent evening. Fireflies and popcorn aroma hang in the air, and speakers with too much treble ring out. Everyone, it appears, is having a good time.

Mrs. Geissinger scans the 300-car field and realizes she knows few names but most of the faces.

"It's like a big family," she says. "We have families that come out here year after year. I remember when they were little. Now they come out here with kids of their own."

For many youths in the car-crazed 1950s, drive-ins formed the hub of weekend existence, from the postwar land sprawls of New Jersey to the heartlands of Kansas to the booming West Coast.

"Drive-ins coalesced our teenage-dom," says Harley Lond, editor of Box Office Magazine, a trade publication.

"It helped formulate an identity for teen-agers in the '50s and '60s. It fomented a certain amount of freedom from parental control."

Today, many once-bustling sites sit empty, abandoned as vacant lots or used for parking and the occasional flea market.

This summer, the drive-in theater, a uniquely American institution, turns 60 in a world that has largely passed it by.

In 1958, the nation had 4,063 drive-ins operating, according to the National Association of Theater Owners in Hollywood, Calif. Today, only 870 screens remain. Even the industry group, the American Drive-In Operators' Association, is defunct.

Most moviegoers have exchanged alfresco viewing for air-conditioned comfort and Dolby SurroundSound. Across the country, names like the Starlite, the Boulevard and the Super Skyway are gone.

"They're not building them any more, that's for sure," says Richard Wolfe, eastern regional director for the Theater Historical Society of America.

Other drive-ins have been razed in favor of more lucrative endeavors as suburbs creep outward and the cost of land skyrockets.

"Drive-ins used to be in the middle of nowhere on huge parcels of land," says Jim Kozak, a spokesman for the theater owners' group. "Then the suburbs came to them, and the land under them became more valuable than anything happening on it."

But a few endure, and people still come. Not in hot rods and clunky station wagons, but in family vans, subcompacts and sleek sports cars.

"It sounds cliche, but it's true: This is America. When you come here, you feel like you're in the 1950s," says Natalie LaDue, 27, sitting in the back of a pickup truck at Shankweiler's.

She and her husband, Bob, dated at Shankweilers and watched "Footloose" there in the early 1980s.

Today, they bring their 5-year-old son Nicholas and a cooler of sodas supplemented with a giant bucket of popcorn from the old-style snack bar.

The first drive-in theater debuted in Camden, N.J., on June 6, 1933. Its inventor, Richard M. Hollingshead Jr. of Villanova, once said he built it to offer a diversion to drivers filling gas tanks.

The Bowman children gathered around their Mother Augusta Brooks Bowman for this picture taken in Cleveland about 1917. Daughter Mary Augusta Bowman was born Aug. 25, 1910; George Henry Bowman Jr. (standing) was born July 27, 1908 and Brooks Bowman, Oct. 21, 1913. The mother was an accomplished pianist and helped Brooks write out his music. George Bowman Jr. is a prominent Salem attorny. His late sister Mary owned the Fiesta Shop in Salem.

Bowman

Continued from Page 1

end of the car to swerve into a stone wall alongside the highway. Brooks suffered a ruptured heart and died while being taken to a hospital by a passing motorist.

The two couples had just attened the Army-Yale football game at New Haven, Conn., and were enroute to the home of a friend in the Catskill Mountains, near Livingston Manor.

Brooks was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bowman Sr., who resided at 430 Highland Ave. in Salem. He was the brother of George H. Bowman Jr. and Mary Bowman. The funeral service was a private one. He is buried in the Brooks-Pope Mausoleum at Grandview Cemetery.

Dear Mr. Bowman:

As one of those who considers this year's performance the best in ten years and also as one of those who consider your achievement both as actor and composer the brightest spot in it I take the liberty of addressing this suggestion to you. For a long time there has been the lack of any new Princeton songs, either suitable to stadium or to senior singing. Several people have spoken to me about it recently on the basis that I used to write the lyrics and a greater part of the shows back in '15, '16, '17 and was a former officer of the club.

My suggestion is this: that your song "East of the Sun" with a few changes in the lyric could be made a fine piece for senior singing. The general line would be:

"East of the sun, west of the moon
Lies Princeton,
South of the south, north of the north
Lies Princeton,
Here in my heart etc. etc.
Lies Princeton."

The idea being, of course, that Princeton to Princeton men lies outside of time and space. It's an over-sentimental conception but perhaps might mean something to the older alumni. If practical, you might try it out with the Glee Club quartet.

Again congratulations to all of you for a really fine show which indicated that there's life in the old girl yet, as I had begun to doubt.

Yours
F. Scott Fitzgerald
'17

F. Scott Fitzgerald, the famous American literary figure and Princeton graduate, wrote Brooks Bowman on Jan. 16, 1935 urging him to convert "East of the Moon" into a Princeton song. The Fitzgerald and Porter letters were donated to the Princeton University Library.

Dale Shaffer publishes book

A NEW HISTORY BOOK about the Salem area has been published by local author Dale E. Shaffer. Titled "Salem Stories — A Backward Glance," it's his ninth book on the subject.

Dale has been researching and writing Salem history for over a decade. His 1991 book "Salem Remembered...A Picture Scrapbook" and 1992 book "More of the Salem Story...with Photographs" received awards of Achievement from the Ohio Historical Society. Many of his articles appear in our Yesteryears historical paper.

The stories recorded in the new 294-page book are about people, buildings, businesses, events and scenes of Salem. Information is presented about the lives and achievements of many Salemites. Supporting the many articles are over 200 historical photographs and drawings scattered throughout the book. A detailed index at the back makes the text useful for reference purposes.

The historical information and photographs preserved in this book cannot be found in any other reference source. Were it not for this book, much detailed data about Salem would be lost. It is "must" reading for historically-minded residents interested in Salem's past and its development. Stories about people include many important names — Tomlinson, Deming, Silver, Pidgeon, Bowman, Hunt, Mullins, Griselle, Woodruff, Bonsall, Sturgeon, Brainard, Greiner, Juergens, Mellish, Gibson, Allen, Davis, Burchfield, Firestone, Fisher, McCandless and others. The story of Thomas Way, a Salemite, takes the reader through Civil War death camps of the Confederates (including Andersonville Prison) and tells how he managed to survive them.

A number of major tragedies of the past are recorded, such as when downtown Salem burned in 1924; when a watchman gave his life to save his plant; when murder-suicides shocked Salem residents in 1909 and 1913; when a train accident killed four in 1937; when people were being killed by streetcars; and when Leetonia's Presbyterian Church was bombed in 1909. Shaffer records these human tragedies as events affecting not only the families involved but also the community as a whole.

This book is recommended reading for all area residents interested in Salem and its heritage — it's a great Christmas gift for anyone, especially out of town friends — and provides hours of fascinating reading. Priced at $18, it's available at Cheshire Booksellers, Fenske's News Agency, Portage supply Co. or by calling the author at 216-337-3348. Copies can be sent by mail for an added $2 postage charge.