

ation to the Organization of American Historians (including what Professor Paul Gates said about it). Clark also provides a vivid account of how supposedly higher education in the United States made itself actually that, within his own lifetime, although not without trouble from administrators. Even the indomitable Clark could not prevent himself from telling off some of the officials at Kentucky during the course of his residence there, and he remained angry about these episodes to the day he died. "We didn't come in here to listen to you," Clark recalls telling University President Jack Oswald. "We came in here to do the talking and expect you to listen" (p. 122). Oswald went on to greater glory at Pennsylvania State University, but that fact had nothing to do with Clark's animosity.

Clark spent several years at Indiana University in the 1960s and 1970s and I knew him well. I would come into Ballantine Hall at 7:10 each morning, would get off the elevator on the seventh floor, and turn down the corridor to see all office doors shut, save one—Clark's. "What's the

matter with you, Tom," I would ask, "trying to get promoted?" He would laugh and I would sit down for some chatter or other. On Saturdays he and his wife Beth would drive out to the country where I had a square forty on top of a hill. Beth stayed in the house and held the baby; Tom and I went out looking for boundary markers: four small granite posts with "x" marks at the top. When we finally found one, we would square it off, then follow a line of hundred-year-old barbed wire to dig out the next. He was full of stories of finding acreage on Kentucky or South Carolina properties described by the local inhabitants as having fifty-three acres or forty-seven when the plots—lacking the predictable regularity of the Northwest Territory survey—were in fact 372 more. Tom, a land hog, bought them; he owned thousands of acres in both states. A straight arrow if there ever was one, Clark was and is unforgettable. I write close to Bastille Day, 2007.

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Healing the Heart, Healing the 'Hood

By Olgen Williams

(West Lafayette, Ind.: Purdue University Press, 2005. Pp. xiv, 135. \$21.95.)

Healing the Heart, Healing the 'Hood might be categorized as an autobiography: the literary narration of one's own life. Author Olgen Williams, director of Christamore House (an

Indianapolis community center with roots in the settlement house tradition), indicates in the text that the book is the product of a student assignment to write an autobiography

(p. ix). I feel, however, that it would be more accurate to categorize the work as an autobiographical sketch—a good outline, but one that invites more questions than satisfaction.

It must be very difficult to write an autobiography. The narrator is forced to revisit unfortunate experiences and to tear away the psychological scabs that serve to protect and numb. At the same time, he must draw attention to notable acts and accomplishments without appearing arrogant. Williams's success would have been impossible to predict when he was in his early twenties: recently discharged from the Army, working at an Indianapolis post office, abusing a host of illegal drugs, critical of any form of authority, and on his way to federal prison for embezzling from his employer. His life history—of which the book gives only a maddening glimpse—is an example of courage and redemption.

Healing the Heart, Healing the Hood is composed of twelve brief chapters that correspond to significant portions of Williams's life. The only divergent chapter is the eleventh—"My Philosophy of an Urban Church Ministry"—in which Williams provides a treatise on the proper role of the church in the urban community. In his mind, the church is an institution as integral, perhaps more so, than any to the task of inducing a healthy, vibrant community. Williams credits his Christian experience as the source of his rebirth and renewal. It was, he maintains, his faith, and the work of

God in his life that allowed him to overcome his drug habit and gave him the strength to lead a productive life. I believe that Williams would be pleased if his book served the singular purpose of providing a testimonial of Christian discipleship.

Unfortunately, the student of urban history (particularly Indianapolis urban history) will find the book lacking in sufficient detail or analysis. One of the historian's cardinal responsibilities is to be conscious of time and place. Williams undertakes the responsibility sparingly, providing little context for the events he relates. While he has the opportunity to bear personal witness to an under-studied period of Indianapolis history, Williams opts for only a succinct recounting of the activities that made Christamore House, under his leadership, an exemplary community center. The last ten pages of the book list the programs developed by the Westside Cooperative Organization since 1996, but Williams neither discusses his involvement nor provides details about the public-private partnership that made many of these social service programs available. Despite these shortcomings, Williams's tale merits reading by anyone seeking inspiration from an example of a meaningful life.

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