the volume is intended for general consumption. Only slightly less troublesome is Professor Havighurst's fondness for alliteration: "pale, precise James Madison. . . . Lean, lined Benjamin Whiteman. . . . Big, bald, and beaming William Oxley Thompson . . . rough, rawboned men" (pp. 12, 16, 168). Alliteration is, of course, a perfectly sound literary tool, but it is also one of those most easily blunted, as Time magazine has proven empirically in the past generation. To find the device overworked in a book such as this is distracting. Stylistic factors notwithstanding, The Miami Years is a case study which should attract readers who have an interest in the Old Northwest's social history in general, and its intellectual history in particular.

Robert Constantine


Hoosiers, more than most Americans, have a nostalgic interest in early automobiles. For if any particular locality can claim to be the birthplace of the automobile, it is Indiana and more particularly Indianapolis. It was there that the Marmon, Stutz, the great "Cole-8," the fabulous Deusenberg, and others first saw the light of day, rose to the heights of acclaim, and then one by one fell under the impact of Detroit's mass-produced Fords, Chevrolets, Chryslers, and the rest.

Booth Tarkington, in The Magnificent Ambersons, tells the story of the early influence of the fledgling automobile industry upon the social and economic life of Indianapolis. But it was on the race courses of the world, as well as in the hill climbs, Glidden Tours, rallies and fairs across the country that the national and international reputations of the great automobiles were established. It is the intimate story of the accomplishments—and failures—of a few of them that John Bentley describes in fascinating detail in Great American Automobiles. Internationally recognized as a leading automobile journalist in the United States, and himself a distinguished driver, Bentley is eminently qualified to tell this story.

Of the cars which figure in his account are found such famous names as Winton Bullet, Peerless Green Dragon, Thomas Flyer, Maxwell (shades of Jack Benny!), Reo, White, Rambler, Marmon Wasp, Apperson, Jordan Playboy, Deusenberg, Stutz Bearcat, Auburn Speedster, Cord, and Stanley Teakettle! The 1903 Gordon Bennett Cup, the 1904 Diamond Cup, the Glidden Tours, the 1904 and 1911 Vanderbilt Cups, the 1909 and 1911 races at Indianapolis, the 1903-1919 and 1929 Ormond-Daytona Beach races, and the 1932 Booneville Flats run are some of the events described. And part and parcel of the story, of course, are personalities—Alexander Winton, Barney Oldfield, Jasper Glidden, Ray Harroun, and many others.

Of special interest to those of a technical turn of mind are the detailed specifications of the cars and split-second competitive results. In addition, the pages of Bentley's book are replete with illustrations, most of them rare originals from private sources. To those who remem-
ber this robust era, and to those of the present generation to whom the names are little more than folklore, the book offers a fascinating excursion into the early history of a vital phase of America's industrial development.

Indiana University J. Edward Hedges


There are many ways to write history. One good way is by the personal narrative of past experience, in which the representative aspects of a place and a time are recorded as one person saw, felt, and lived them. When this way of recreating the past is characterized by judicious organization and sensitive selection, and yet retains the informality and spontaneity of a person-to-person communication, it can be very good indeed.

Such is the achievement of William E. Wilson in On the Sunny Side of a One Way Street. The scene recreated here is that of Evansville, Indiana, the time recaptured that of some fifty years ago, the experience relived that of a boy growing up in a beautifully genuine and representative American family. The tone of the book is nostalgic, but emphatically not sentimental. The events narrated are those related to school, jobs, movies, playmates, family trips to New Harmony, to Kentucky, to Michigan.

The basic virtue of this book is stylistic—a perfect accuracy of word and phase which carries with its precision a warmth of amused perception: "When I returned to school for the afternoon session, there was a strange excitement in the Third Grade. Everyone—even the teacher—treated me with that mixture of curiosity and respect with which pupils were treated the first day in school after an attack of measles or a death in the family" (p. 133). The hack in which the family rode on visits to New Harmony "was a long, tunnel-like affair with benches on each side upholstered in purple plush. As we rolled down Church Street between rows of maples and golden raintrees, the loose windows rattled merrily and the wheels made music on the gravel. The hack smelled of leather, oats, and the sweat of horses. My mother always held her nose, but I thought the mixture was delicious and inhaled deeply" (p. 90).

Fidelity to the boy's point of view is another virtue in this work. Though the added dimension of adult comprehension is always shared by writer and reader, the experience as such is strictly the boy's. When his typewritten neighborhood newspaper announced that "Mrs. Arnold Miller, Sr., was going to Indianapolis on Monday to have her hair dyed," and the incident was followed with a visit by Mr. Miller to his father, the boy was utterly puzzled by what ensued:

I was sure I was going to get a licking. Father had that look in his eye. . . . Instead, he launched into a vague and puzzling lecture on the laws of libel and slander. The sanctity of American womanhood got into it too, somehow. By that