UPPER OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL REVIEW

Autumn/Winter 1985

Price $1.50
UPPER OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL REVIEW

Editor, Dr. David T. Javersak
West Liberty State College

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD:

Sister Margaret Brennan
Diocese of Wheeling/Charleston

Mrs. Beverly Fluty
West Virginia Independence Hall Foundation

Dr. Edward C. Wolf
West Liberty State College

T. Patrick Brennan
Oglebay Institute — Mansion Museum

Circulation Manager, Dennis Lawther
West Liberty State College

The Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review is published twice a year by the Wheeling Area Historical Society. The Review is printed for the Society by West Liberty State College and is distributed free to Society members. The single issue cost to non-members is $1.50.

The Review publishes articles, documents, book reviews, and notes on the economic, political, social, and cultural history of the Ohio Valley area.

Authors should submit two, double-spaced copies of their manuscripts, prepared according to The Chicago Manual of Style. Footnotes should be placed at the end of the manuscript. Materials should be addressed to Editor, Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review, West Liberty State College, West Liberty, West Virginia 26074. Neither the College nor the Review assumes responsibility for the facts and opinions expressed by contributors.

For information concerning the Wheeling Area Historical Society, contact T. Patrick Brennan, Curator, Oglebay Institute, Oglebay Park, Wheeling, WV 26003.

COVER: Eleanor Steber was a leading diva of the Metropolitan Opera for many seasons. Born in Wheeling, she trained at the New England Conservatory.

UPPER OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL REVIEW

Volume XIV Autumn/Winter 1985 Number One

CONTENTS

The Committee of One Hundred ................... 2
by David W. Rose

Quiet Please! There's A Lady On Stage ............. 12
by Gordon M. Eby

The East Liverpool Museum of Ceramics .......... 28
by William C. Gates, Jr.

BOOK REVIEWS:

The City of Hills and Kilns: Life and Work
in East Liverpool ..................... 31
by William C. Gates, Jr.
Reviewed by David T. Javersak

History of Marshall County, 1984 ............ 34
Reviewed by Richard Lizza

Contributors ................................. 36
THE COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED: A SOCIAL REFORM MOVEMENT IN TURN OF THE CENTURY WHEELING

David W. Rose

Wheeling’s importance as a manufacturing city and a center of the iron and steel industry has been the appropriate subject of several industrial, labor, and local histories. At the turn of the twentieth century, Wheeling was also known locally and regionally as a “wide open town,” an entertainment center whose attractions included saloons, dance halls, gambling dens, policy shops (now called “numbers”), and houses of prostitution. While this wide open reputation has caused controversy and embarrassment, the study of the subterranean economy of vice in late nineteenth-century and Progressive Era urban centers has re-opened a fascinating, hidden, and neglected chapter of American social history, one which has led to new insights into the social and cultural life of working class men and women and into the plight of women in particular in the struggle to survive through the wrenching process of urbanization. Prostitution posed a significant social problem in the Progressive Era (1900-1918). Discursively called “the social evil” it sometimes assumed exaggerated proportions, but was certainly a symbol of the social dysfunctions of the age brought on by rapid urbanization.

The problem of prostitution and vice was by no means unique to Wheeling. In fact every major city in the Ohio Valley from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and Louisville struggled to come to terms with its moral and social dimensions. East Liverpool, Steubenville, and Marietta in Ohio, Sistersville and Parkersburg in West Virginia, and Newport and Covington in Kentucky all harbored segregated red-light districts that featured an open pattern of brothel prostitution, saloons, and gambling houses. Brothels were often clustered along waterfronts or in the flood plain districts that were in the process of deteriorating into slum areas. Flagrant prostitution, street walking, brawling, and public drunkenness occasioned much public scorn by concerned citizens, civic and religious leaders, and social reformers who observed the human calamity of lives wasted in immoral and destructive behavior. However, an array of controlling interests often prevented the success of attempts to reform and rehabilitate: the brewing industry, corrupt landlords, machine politics, and widespread graft all contributed to the institutionalization of a major urban problem. In addition, cultural patterns of drinking and entertainment coupled with the prevailing masculine ethos that condoned (and even promoted) female sexual subservience stood in the way of concerted efforts to transform these various sodoms into heavenly cities.

In Wheeling, two major centers of commercialized sex curiously, but naturally enough, revolved about two centers of local commerce: the upper and lower market houses. By 1900, Alley C (between 10th and 11th Streets one-half block east of the 2nd Ward Market House) was virtually synonymous with prostitution, and many saloons facing the Market House had rear entrances to its row of brothels. Within the decade another growing “segregated district” eclipsed the reputation of Alley C. This area, “over the creek,” adjacent to the Center Wheeling Market House, centered on Water and 23rd Streets, and Main Street between 26th and 27th. This district caused recurrent vice-related problems throughout the first half of the twentieth century. Though urban renewal effectively broke the pattern of brothel prostitution in the mid-1950s, vestiges of its legacy still remain and one address on Water Street can actually claim the dubious distinction of being in continuous operation since 1900.

Many citizens at the turn of the century saw these two areas as twin blots on Wheeling’s moral character (if “moral character” can be attributed to a city). Even worse, they claimed, were the vested interests that attempted to “contain” prostitution in such segregated areas by a tacit system of regulation by police surveillance, unofficial licensing, and court fines. While the history of the political development of regulated prostitution in Wheeling is beyond the scope of this essay, an episode from the year 1900 can provide a glimpse of how reform-conscious citizens grappled with the problem of municipal vice at the onset of the Progressive Era.

In January of 1900, after a series of police raids in 1899 on saloons that harbored slot machines, the Criminal Court Grand Jury of Ohio County began deliberation on the wholesale prosecution of these establishments. Though no indictments were issued, the court’s consideration, under Judge T.J. Hugus, probed the issue of regulating vice. Doubting the efficacy of the city’s ordinances to suppress and punish the offenders in question, Judge Hugus concluded with an observation: 1.2

I can conceive no policy more pernicious to the good of society than the policy that strives merely to regulate rather than suppress and reform the common law nuisances comprehended under the term disorderly houses. It may not be possible to suppress these vices altogether, but with proper and persistent effort they can be diminished in number and effrontery, and compelled to act and exist, if at all, in stealth and retirement, rather than flauntingly and obtrusively, in the very heart of the city, and in its great thoroughfares. 3

Though the issue of the slot machines was the immediate concern, the broader issue of regulating “disorderly houses” surfaced as the underlying concern of the court’s deliberation.

On the evening of January 9, 1900, a delegation of ministers from the Federation of Churches brought a petition before the Wheeling city council demanding the strict enforcement of the city ordinance prohibiting slot machines. The dominant issue, as they saw it, was the “non-
action" of the Police Department in enforcing the laws prohibiting slot machines in saloons and the disregard of council to ensure such enforcement of the relevant ordinances. Having already called upon Mayor Andrew T. Sweeney and Chief of Police William Clemans with a petition to rectify this lapse in their administration, the ministers and forty citizens from the eight wards of the city placed the onus of effective action on the council with a direct challenge: "The conduct of the chief of police is (in) palpable defiance of your law. He effectually vetoes your action."

John Waterhouse, councillor and prominent wholesale grocer, responded to these demands by proposing a resolution to require the chief of police to enforce the ordinances against gambling, "... that he shall not wait until individual citizens make affidavits before performing this duty." Waterhouse further demanded that Clemans appear at the next council session to report on the status of illegal slot machine "owners and lessees." A debate ensued in which Waterhouse was charged with intimidating a public official (Clemans), and the motion was tabled on that evening and again on January 30. 5

The cogency of the two petitions, supported by prominent and outspoken ministers who collected 1,115 signatures, revealed a municipal administration that, in the words of one councillor, "had come to the conclusion that it was the best policy to regulate the vices of gambling, prostitution, etc., for revenue, and that this was really required by the financial customs of the city." As Mayor Sweeney and Police Chief Clemans defended their action, or non-action, by citing the rationality and effectiveness of regulation, this then became the dominant issue, and public and legislative debate broadened into a reform movement which linked the problems of gambling, the Sunday selling of alcoholic beverages, and the saloon used as a front for prostitution. Criticizing the regulationist policy that encouraged prostitution and gambling for revenue and effective control, the ministers of the Church Federation began a campaign to arouse public sentiment against the non-enforcement of laws and to challenge the tacit regulation of vice defended by Sweeney as hallmarks of a "liberal administration." Beyond their roster of anti-vice sermons, letters of formal and continual criticism in the daily newspapers, and their presence at city council meetings, the core of reform-conscious clergymen spawned a reform movement that called for immediate redress of civic permissiveness toward prostitution and gambling that were coming to be seen, they charged, as emblems of Wheeling's social character. 6

In February the ministers of the Church Federation intensified their pressure on Mayor Sweeney by again petitioning for effective law enforcement, this time by citing the universal disregard of saloonkeepers against selling liquor on Sunday. For three consecutive Sundays several of the Federation's ministers visited saloons in the business district and in South Wheeling, finding many in full operation. At a weekly meeting of the Federation on February 19, 1900, a formal public statement was issued and signed by Rev. J. L. Sooy of the Fourth St. Methodist Church, Rev. R. R. Bigger of the Third Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Archibald Moore of the North St. Methodist Church ("the Committee that waited on the Mayor") decrying the abuse of government and calling for a citizen's movement "to wage a continual warfare on lawlessness until the city shall be freed from the curse of no rule, or misrule." They distributed leaflets detailing city council's voting record on the Waterhouse resolution and scored Sweeney's favorable position toward the "open saloon" while dismissing any authority in the matter of law enforcement. Revs. Sooy, Bigger, and Moore concluded: "Now, we submit for public consideration the question, is the office of mayor in Wheeling a mere nonentity, in law, or is the present occupant trying to dodge this important issue?" 7

By April the Church Federation had organized a "Committee of the One Hundred" to agitate for municipal reform. Actually consisting of 130 men, the Committee's membership boasted the unity of prominent citizens and workingmen, all religious creeds, and representation of both political parties in all eight wards. At a meeting on April 6, the Committee organized a platform of principles whose basic tenet was a call for the collective pursuit of "an honest city government for the interest of all the inhabitants ... " A keynote speaker was Alfred Caldwell, later an attorney for Henry Schmubach's City Railway Co., and prominent members attending included Nelson Whitaker, president of the Whittaker Iron Co., John Waterhouse, councilman, Gibson Lamb Cranmer, attorney, and B.F. Jones, principal of Lincoln School. At the meeting Rev. Bigger insisted that theirs was not a prohibition movement but rather a bipartisan reform movement to uphold the integrity of existing laws so flagrantly violated and insufficiently enforced. The immediate target of the Committee of One Hundred was "the machine" as described by Rev. Sooy in a sermon days later, "the liquor interests (who) . . . are organized in Wheeling for political aggrandizement and public plunder. They have bartered votes and never neglected to protect the groggeries and low dens." 8

The Committee of One Hundred, prompted by such leadership, thus rallied behind an ideal of honest government and a sense of injustice that the present configuration of municipal politics conformed and caused conspicuous moral depravity. What remained was the implementation of an effective political strategy to install "good government" and thereby minimize moral deficiencies through law enforcement. The Committee then began to weigh the alternatives of supporting an independent ticket in forth-coming elections or simply insist on wholesome candidates with clean records in a bipartisan push for clean government.

With significant civic representation of church parishes, business establishments, and some council members arrayed as a collective voice of protest against municipal corruption, the leaders of the reform movement again challenged council to honor the letter of Wheeling's ordinances by denying liquor licenses to drinking places that had the reputation of harboring prostitutes. Ignoring for a moment the organized broths of Alley C, and East End, and "south of the creek," the troublesome problem of the "fake hotel" came into the limelight. "Fake hotel" referred to the intrusion of the business of prostitution into otherwise legitimate saloons,
restaurants, and hotels. Many legislators...and ministers considered fake
hotels to be a distinct form of prostitution activity, to be distinguished
from houses of prostitution per se. The inherent danger resided in the
increasing interconnectedness of prostitution and saloon life: Market
Street saloons already acted as passages for men interested in visiting
Alley C, and to an extent functioned as a buffer between the public space
of the market and the clandestine (but, paradoxically, open) vice of the
alley. However, a saloon that allowed (or forced) prostitutes to receive
men on a second floor or in stalls in an adjoining room resulted in mutually
supportive enterprises, becoming so interrelated that the attractiveness
of one, it was feared, would amplify the attractiveness of the other.
The ministers' well-founded concern was that prostitution had become
firmly entrenched in the retail liquor trade and had totally polluted the
social life of the saloon.
Required by law to renew their licenses to sell alcoholic beverages
every year, saloon keepers and hotel owners were accustomed to a rubber-
stamped process and minimal fees each spring. In mid-April council
denied licenses to fourteen applicants, and on April 23, they met with the
Council Committee on Petitions and Remonstrances to plead their cases.
The entire issue of liquor license renewal, thanks to the recent action of
the Committee of One Hundred, turned on the reputation and character
of the saloonists and whether or not their establishments abetted or stimu-
lated the economy of prostitution. Of the fourteen rejected applicants
six were located in the Market House area adjacent to Alley C, and two
were from the East End. The council committee treated each of the
fourteen cases individually on the merits of general reputation and heard
testimony as to whether any had fostered prostitution by allowing women
to solicit on their premises or had even sold beer to known prostitutes.

While some of the saloonkeepers attracted the sympathy of council,
they were all again rejected although the Council Committee on Petitions
and Remonstrances recommended granting licenses on the condition
that each applicant agree to place a bonded security “to keep decent plat-
es.” Rev. Sooy praised the action, and the applicants kept up their appeals;
but the city solicitor, S. O. Boyce, cautioned against the bonded agree-
ment suggested by the council committee. A few of the frustrated saloon-
keepers went further in re-application, and the Wheeling Intelligencer
of May 16, 1900 reported “Bribes Offered and Refused” in the case.
One saloonist offered city solicitor Boyce $500 to reverse his counsel
on the special bond proposition, and councilman R.T. Chew reported an
equivalent offer “in the interests of G.A. Landmesser and Co.” owners
of the White Cloud Hotel on 1040 Market Street. While this disclosure
caused a momentary sensation, the council committee reversed their form-
er decision. Council’s initial scrutiny collapsed with persistent re-application
of the rejected barkeeps. As the issue dragged out through the summer
months the saloonists were individually granted their licenses to operate
until, by autumn, every one of the rejections was reversed.

The interest of the Committee of One Hundred and the key mini-
sters of the Federation of Churches had also flagged; during the summer
months when crowds of Wheeling residents and visitors from the tri-state
area were swarming into Wheeling Park on weekends and evenings to
drink, dance, and relax, the Federation of Churches turned its attention
to the purported immoralities being practiced there. Calling Wheeling Park
“the greatest Sabbath-breaking institution” in the area, Revs. Sooy,
Bigger, and three others drafted a formal letter of protest to the Ohio
County Board of Commissioners, stressing the open and public sale of
alcohol on Sunday, billiard playing, and clandestine prostitution after
dark (the park was open to 11 pm). Making another on-site investigation
on July 15, the ministers were further appalled at the amount of public
drunkenness in the park and at the sale of liquor to men and women
(the bars of the city proper were largely sexually segregated, excepting
of course, where the prostitutes who could and regularly did mingle
with men).

While the Ohio County Grand Jury later indicted the Park for
Sunday selling, the Committee of One Hundred again turned its attention
to saloon influence in local politics by rallying behind the Laughlin Liquor
Bill in January, 1901. Disenchanted with city council’s backsiding on the
fake liquor question, the Federation of Churches and the Committee of
One Hundred urged the endorsement of the legislative bill to place liquor
license renewal in the hands of a circuit court judge, thus pre-empting the
authority (and, presumably, the corruptibility) of city council on the
issue. The bill was prepared by George A. Laughlin, president of the
Wheeling Board of Trade and the Intelligence Publishing Co. and state
legislator. With the aid of women organizers in each ward, the Committee
of One Hundred collected over 5000 signatures in favor of the bill.
Opposition came from Wheeling brewers, wholesale liquor dealers, and
saloonkeepers who, it was reported, started a petition against it in the
saloons, the consideration for signing being a free drink.” Members of the
Committee of One Hundred conducted a canvass of the city with a peti-
tion in German circulated among the German-American population.
John Alexander Williams has written:

As the legislature convened in January, the Committee of One
Hundred was intervening with great effectiveness in the
Wheeling city election, to the dismay of regulars in both
parties, while Laughlin brought along to Charleston two bills
embodying (the Wheeling Board of Trade’s) primary object-
ives—the “Laughlin Bill,” divesting the city council of the
power to issue liquor licenses, and the “Wheeling Electric
Bill,” authorizing the city to acquire ownership of its public
utilities.

The Laughlin bill passed in the house on January 30, 1901, but it was
roundly defeated in the senate a few days afterward.

If the Committee of One Hundred waxed firm in its resolve to rec-
tify abuses of local politics, it was ultimately ineffectual in attaining
its goals. Its most formidable obstacle lay in the entrenched power of the liquor interests, which maintained pressure groups at both state and local levels of government. According to Gibson Lamb Cramer, historian of Wheeling and member of the Committee, the Committee of One Hundred was a “response to corruption” but one which attempted to promulgate its moral reform on a totally bipartisan basis to avoid alienating those saloonists who might easily perceive it as an organized threat to their existence.

The Committee of One Hundred could claim as important achievements its collective action against a complex of vices maintained by municipal oversight and its effective social pressure placed on the city government to secure remedies to these ills, though remedies were slow in coming. Its criticism of the politics of vice brought into sharper focus the relatedness of prostitution to cognate vices: drinking and gambling. Decrying the human tragedy of prostitution practiced freely in Wheeling’s saloons and the officials who spoke favorably of “regulation” did succeed in provoking a response from city council. However, becoming involved in a comparatively minor squabble over license renewal, the city council effectively side-stepped the larger issue of tacit regulation of prostitution on a citywide scale, a semi-official and ongoing policy, by posing as moral arbiters and instruments of regulation (in a much narrower sense) of liquor licenses to fake hotels. The Committee of One Hundred spoke out against municipal corruption but acquiesced to council’s posture because it viewed the council as a public forum where dissenting opinion and moral indignation could be democratically aired.

In sum, the leaders of the Committee of One Hundred seemed satisfied to think that supervision of morality in saloons could be effectively transferred to the public arena of council if police supervision failed. Beyond arousing public opinion they developed no coherent political strategy though they flirted for a moment with a program for an independent ticket. It is interesting to note that the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly explicitly disassociated itself from the reform movement “stating that the latter were interested more in the ‘effects’ of crime and disorder than in the causes to be found in the ‘accursed competitive system which placed boys and girls of tender age in factories.’” Thus, the goals of the Committee of One Hundred were simply too diffuse to change the social embeddedness of prostitution. Its three targets, the fake hotel, the slot machine, and Sunday selling addressed moral problems in the community, but the wider social conditions of prostitution did not figure into its programmatic attack on what were seen to be emblematic of demoralization in the city.

The Committee of One Hundred did make superficial changes however: in the municipal elections of 1901 a new police chief, John Ritz, was voted in largely due to the reformers’ pressure, though the incumbent, and much-criticized mayor, Andrew Sweeney, managed to weather this storm. That George Laughlin’s liquor bill failed insured

2. For Wheeling’s reputation see Earl May Chapin Principio to Wheeling 1715-1945 Harper & Bros 1945, pp. 83, 305, et passim; and R.E. Banta The Ohio Rinehart Co. 1949, p. 535; prostitution was recognized as a problem in Wheeling as early as 1870, see James E. Reeves The Physical and Medical Topography... of Wheeling Daily Register Book and Job Office 1870, p. 44; a good summary of vice in Louisville is “Official Complicity with Vice” Christian Union July 2, 1892, 46(1): 18-19: an account of a vice reform movement in Steubenville is Norman E. Nygaard Twelve Against the Underworld Hobson Book Press 1947; see also Zane L. Miller Boss Cox’s Cincinnati: Urban Politics in the Progressive Era Oxford University Press 1968.

3. Wheeling Intelligencer, January 4, 1900.

4. Ibid, January 10, 1900.

5. Ibid.

6. Ibid, January 18, 1900.

7. Ibid, February 20, 1900.

8. Ibid, April 7, 1900; for a list of members of the Committee of One Hundred see Ibid, April 5, 1900.

9. Wheeling Intelligencer, April 24, 1900.

10. Ibid, May 12, 1900; May 16, 1900.

11. Ibid, June 3 and 23; August 3, 15, 29; September 26, 1900.

12. Ibid, August 7, 1900.

13. Ibid, February 1, 1901.


15. Wheeling Intelligencer, April 7, 1900.

16. Ibid, June 17, 1901; April 29, 1902; April 8, 1903.

17. Report of the Pittsburgh Law and Order League Johnston & Co. 1888; Wheeling Intelligencer, September 1, 1890; October 8, 1901; the Sunday campaign is well documented in the Intelligencer, see December 1911 through May 1912; for the 1913 reform movement see Intelligencer, December 13, 1913 et passim; June 17, 1918.
QUIET, PLEASE! THERE'S A LADY ON STAGE
A Tribute to Wheeling's Eleanor Steber

Gordon M. Eby

NOTE: This article represents a departure in style and content. It is the author's reminiscence of the career of one of this nation's best known classical musical personalities.

Things were different then. The year was 1940. Youth was raging in my life. Music had taken hold and most all of it was new and fascinating. The rigors of early music were past; high school was over; the conservatory in Baltimore was extending and enhancing my piano, organ, and vocal endeavors; my parade amongst professional musicians and important artists had begun. War loomed ahead; major disappointments and postponements were inevitable, but so was my endless enchantment with music — especially opera. 1940 was the year Eleanor Steber made her Metropolitan Opera debut on December 7 as Sophie in Der Rosenkavalier by Richard Strauss. In Boston four years earlier Steber had made her operatic debut as Senta in Wagner's The Flying Dutchman — a rather marked indication of the accomplishments which lay before her, and a harbinger for those to whose ears her voice would mean the finest American soprano in our history. How were things different then? Life was paced less frenetically; art blossomed beautifully, rather than violently; music was not so noisy; elegance thrived; guidelines were maintained; the young were disciplined by choice and by teaching; there were stars in our eyes instead of tears and defiance. Students had little to protest; parents could be proud; God was in His heaven and all seemed right with the world. I do not think youth was wasted in the young as it is now. Then came World War II, which shattered everything, replacing it with a veneered glaze and a hollow victory.

STEBER AT THE MET

Before "my" war was an actuality, one flying trip to New York just for an evening at the Metropolitan Opera would serve to assuage the terror and hopelessness of battles for a time which would seem endless. So I went, not even knowing what opera was playing New York was blacked out; there were more officer uniforms in the audience and service caps on cloakroom hat racks than tuxedos in the audience. The date was December 16, 1942; the opera was Mozart's delightful Le Nozze di Figaro with a cast never equalled again in Met history. Through thirty-five months of African, Sicilian, Italian, and European battles I hugged the memory of that evening close in my thought. John Brownlee was a marvelous Count; Ezio Pinza had a triumph as Figaro; Jarmilla Novotna was a poetic Cherubino; Bidu Sayao (she of the doe eyes, winsome dimples, and daisy-like voice) was a coy Susanna stacking up memories with "Deh: Vieni non tardar" and cascades of American Beauty roses. Never shall I forget the rise of the Act II curtain: After a shimmering introduction, Countess Almaviva, redolent with femininity like sunshine in June, came into her boudoir like the lovely Rosina grown older, wiser, and more regal. Calmly, elegantly she sat in a wing-backed chair, the sapphire blue of her gown with its golden appliques only enhancing the beauty of her powdered wig. She took each listening heart into her confidence as she sighed her soul into "Porgi amor." This was my introduction to Eleanor Steber. Later in the opera came the commanding ardor and dignity of Mozart's melodious monologue, "Dove sono?" with its sustained legato line and climbing intervals. Steber did it all with a reserve and passion unequalled since by anyone else. For me as a twenty-one-year-old student it was a revelation. This was, of course, a new thing to my ears which blessed my eyes and made opera forever a thing to be cherished. In years to come other opera grandeur would enthral my senses — even other moments by Steber, but "first things first." This Marriage of Figaro endeared Mozart and Steber to my mind and heart. It was not until 1962 that I learned the performance I saw was Steber's first as the gorgeous Countess Almaviva. Steber sang the Countess at the Met thirty-five times. Things were different then — I say it again. Saturdays meant a visit to the record shop. In the 1940s there were no long-play records, only 78 rpm. Here in my home city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, you could listen before purchasing. If a record album said "Steb," I bought it and listened at home. Here in my studio are many record albums and many featuring Eleanor Steber. Just now I am listening to the gigantic "Martern aller Arten" from Mozart's Abduction from the Seraglio. Marcia Davenport says there is no more difficult aria in the soprano repertoire. With artistic grace and unbelievable ease Steber glides through this music as though it had been created for her. She actually takes fewer breaths throughout than the legendary Lilli Lehmann. There are no concessions to the artist; Jean Paul Morel keeps a brisk tempo, with Mozartian, pinpointed accuracy. Here Steber shows us what would lie ahead. She was to master in time all the Mozart soprano roles. She would become the "spirit of Mozart" on the Metropolitan Opera stage. Rosa Ponselle once told me, "If you sing Mozart well you can sing anything; if you sing everything else, that does not mean you can sing Mozart." But Ponselle sang only one Mozart role — Donna Anna — at the Met, and that only fourteen times. Steber sang Donna Anna twenty-seven times and before that Donna Elvira thirteen times. Steber's Donna Anna was passionately regal, consumed with fire, fully intent on revenge, and all this throbbed in her voice and showed in her statuesque posture. Her "Vengeance Aria" was like lightning, so electric was her sound as she implored Don Ottavio and heaven for revenge. But her "Non mi dir" was luxuriously calm, placid to the point of hysteria with the music's endless scales and florid passages, all sounding so easily mastered in the voice of a consummate artist. Steber played Elvira dressed in a gown resembling a patchwork quilt of gleaming colors with jewels and
flowing veil. She sang the music with a thrust, conveying inexorably the noble lady of Burgos and her relentless ambience where the lecherous Don Giovanni is concerned. As the lovely Pamina (The Magic Flute) she was both cool and warm, making music and character a princess of charm and glowing health. I have her excerpts of the recorded arias; I never saw her in the role, only others who never equalled Steber. My friend, Jack R. Lewis, saw her as Pamina and always claims this as a favorite opera because of what James Melton, John Brownlee, and Steber did with a score which since then has only been "half-baked" at the Metropolitan. And then came Cosi fan tutte! Here Mozart, the Met, Rudolf Bing, and Alfred Lunt reached a peak of accomplishment those years would not surpass. This would be a "one-time-in-history" Cosi cast. John Brownlee was Don Alfonzo full of rascal and vocal vivacity. Frank Guerrera made a boyish Guglielmo; Richard Tucker brought unusual restraint to Ferrando; Blanche Thebom leant a subtle ardor to Dorabella; Patrice Munsel added a soubrette partner to Despina. But it was Steber who capped the entire ensemble with a spine-tingling perfection. She was so super-dramatic in her "Rock-of-Gibraltar" fortitude ("Come scoglio" in all its vocal gymnastics) that her capitation was merely a relief from the ardor of Mozart's perilous measures. The infinite tenderness of "Per pieta" (her submission) left a listener doubting his ears, so glorious was Steber in this most compelling of Mozart's scores. The Ruth and Thomas Martin translation suited the singers perfectly, and the quartet near the close of Cosi ("May the Glow of Wine's Contentment") added a needed harmonious moment of significant beauty — even as the "Breezes" ensemble had done earlier in the performance, but it was Steber's own triumph! She encompassed every long phrase, high-flying cadenza, and each exciting trill with abundant finesse, poise, and beauty of texture and tone. The entire opera was recorded by Columbia and Steber has recorded both the arias on separate platters, so there is vivid proof of her accomplishment.

She was better than anyone in Mozart, but there are many other categories of vocal success for Eleanor Steber. Verdi and Puccini would be next, and this brings me to opera in Philadelphia. There was a time when the Metropolitan Opera came to Philadelphia on Tuesday evenings; there was a time when Philadelphia had two opera companies; there was a time when you could get a late train out of Philadelphia for Lancaster after the opera was over. Things were different then. In November 1950, November 1951, and March 1953 Steber sang La Traviata in Philadelphia's venerated Academy of Music. Verdi's score has seldom had such a complete realization. Everything was in place — tempo, expression, correct keys (no transposition of "Sempre libera" as Ponselle, Albanese, Tebaldi, and others have done), and Steber was gorgeous in appearance and acting skills. She was the very heart and soul of the doomed Violetta. There is an early LP platter (Music Appreciation Series) on which Steber sings excerpts from La Traviata gloriously. There are similar platters with her in Pagliacci and La Bohème. Steber sang Madama Butterfly in Phil-

adelphia two times that I know. To my ears this was a waste, not that she did not sing it right and well; she did. But how I longed that she might sing Billini's Norma, Elizabeth in Wagner's Tannhäuser, Beethoven's Fidelio, or Leonora in Verdi's Il Trovatore. The Columbia recording of Butterfly (added to my library in 1950) has Richard Tucker as a sedate Pinkerton. Jean Madiera as a cumbrous Suzuki, and Giuseppe Valdengo as an adequate Sharpless; only Steber remains right in the music. Max Rudolf handles the forces well. The "Entrance" (capped with a high D-flat) and the last act "Lullaby" are the best of these to be heard anywhere. Time magazine carried a story when Steber sang Desdemona (with Vinay as Otello) and Fiordiligi at the Met on the same Saturday. There is a recording of Steber and Vinay in the duets, which proves how sweetly innocent, girlish, and pure Steber's Desdemona really was. Here is as good a place as any to relate how dedicated Steber was to her art. She was always carefully prepared, musically perfect, very score conscious, meticulously costumed, and she never sought to dominate any part of the performance but always blended (as Caruso always did) with her colleagues. She was sheer delight. Philadelphia heard her first Tosca in 1954 at the Academy. In a very distinct way Steber was the ideal Tosca — imperious, warm, exciting, always as Tosca must be and seldom is) the great actress, a lamb and a tiger from moment to moment, and always a woman. In 1956 Steber returned to the "City of Brotherly Love" for another performance of Tosca, this one with Eugene Conley and Cesare Bardelli. July 21, 1962, Steber sang a concert version of Tosca at Lewisohn Stadium. Thunder and lightning threatened during the drama of act II as Scarpia (Louis Quillico) and Tosca played at supper and murder. While Barry Morell sang "E lucevan le stelle" there were indeed stars brightly shining. It seems nature might have bowed in awe of the Steber Tosca. I am sure I did. Steber particularly liked Puccini's Minnie in Girl of the Golden West, which she sang in Florence, Italy, and at the Met. Of "Puccini's Brunohnilde" (as Dorothy Kirsten calls Minnie) Steber says, "I almost didn't get a chance to do the Girl at the Met. That was a fluke, but I got in there and did it in two days' notice and it was a great performance... to come out on that stage and be welcomed back like that audience did was just terrific." Steber also tried Puccini's early Manon Lescaut. She had been successful with the Massenet Manon, why not the Italian one? I went flying to New York for the performance, but no one fared very well. The time was too late. Neither Steber nor Tebaldi in 1968 were visibly right for the role. They were too Junoesque and Wagnerian in size for the coquette that is the peevish Puccini Manon. Vocally they had the demanded Puccini surge, but neither was truly convincing.

Steber created four varied roles for Metropolitan Opera history. Wide in their scope, she left indelible memories in each. First was Constanza in Mozart's Abduction from the Seraglio. In the title role of Richard Strauss's Arabella she was again ideal. I can see her still, on the staircase in that stupendous white satin ball gown with its feathery puffs. With it Steber wore long white gloves and long curls. Little nose-
gays of colored flowers interspersed the white puffs. Marie in Berg’s Wozzeck I can easily overlook. She was very fine in it, singing in her bare feet and digressing from everything which had gone before (shades of Mozart, New England Conservatory, and William Whitney), but conquering even that illusive, atonal, and emotionally horrendous music. The Barber-Menotti collaboration of Vanessa was entirely another thing. Steber once called Vanessa “an experiment” when we talked. But it was more than that, if there is a perfect libretto, Vanessa must be it. Too bad Puccini or Verdi never saw it. The inferences lie buried in the text and are in the music, but with subtle shadings. It is a greatly developed story with music to match. Cecil Beaton did the costumes and Steber looked exactly right and absolutely ravishing. But the music and staging excelled even the singing and costuming. The hand-picked cast mixed and matched to perfection included Nicolai Gedda (Anatol), Rosalind Elias (Erika), Regina Rosnik (the old Baroness), Giorgi Tozzi (the Doctor), and Steber in the title role. Vanessa is from the Greek and honors a Greek divinity. The opera teems with allegories. Vanessa represents the ideal (perfection); the Old Baroness is history (the past); Anatol is the present (chance); Erika is the future (hope); the Doctor is knowledge; and the Major Domo is service. There is much more. The final quintet beginning “Let me look around, who knows when I shall see this house again” is poetry in text and music, and it requires limitless blending of voices as was achieved at the premiere January 15, 1958, and on the subsequent Victor Metropolitan Opera recording.

Did you know that in Wagner Steber sang as a Flower Maiden in Parsifal, the Forest Bird in Siegfried and Woglinde in Gotterdammerung and Das Rheingold? These were before she sang Eva in Die Meistersinger or her beatific Elsa in Lohengrin. No other singer in my hearing or memory depicted a visible or vocal Elsa to equal or surpass Steber. Many have labelled Elsa a dumb goose, a neurotic, a misplaced dreamer. They just never saw or heard Steber. Like Gounod’s Faust (and Steber was a beautiful Marguerite), Lohengrin is an opera story of black and white (good and bad forces) with no intermediate shades. It is the ancient basic conflict between right and wrong, innocence and guilt, with right victorious over its adversary. And when (as at Bayreuth) you have Steber as Elsa and Astrid Varnay as the evil, cunning Ottrud, you have what Wagner intended. Steber sang Elsa at the Met eleven times. I heard her in Philadelphia November 24, 1961, with Margaret Harshaw as Ottrud and Richard Cassilly as a variable Lohengrin. Nine years after her 1940 Met debut as the sugary Sophie in Der Rosenkavalier, there was a unique graduation for Steber (as Lotte Lehmann had also done) from Sophie to the royal, worldly wise Marschallin. The event was a Met opening night November 21, 1949, and television cameras ranged throughout the house. Ruse Stevens was the boyish Octavian and Erna Berger (a bit out of her depth) debuted as Sophie; she was no Steber in that lovely role. Steber’s last act costume for the grand entrance of the Marschallin was a hoop-skirted gown of pistachio satin (designed Steber remembers by Paul Engell) with a darker green velvet, mink-trimmed stole with miniature satin bows. She wore an ostrich-plumed tri-con hat. She looked as elegant as the music as she entered.

The 1955-56 Met season closed with Johann Strauss’s frothy operetta Die Fledermaus, which Rudolf Bing had so successfully introduced to Met audiences. The date was April 14, 1956. On stage the hilarity was heightened by real champagne provided by Sir Rudolf. Blanche Thebom was the bored Prince Orlofsky, Patrice Munsel the flirtatious Adele, John Brownlee the Bat, and with Issi Bjoerling, Hilde Gueden, Otto Edelmann, and Cesare Siepi as act II guests at the ball, Eleanor Steber was the Rosa-linda, and she was something else! Her flair for comedy, her timing, her appearance (black sequined satin and tulle for act II with its inimitable “Czardas”), and her singing were a revelation. There was not even a hint of all her tragic, passion-consumed, restless heroines. This was comedy, and once again Steber had triumphed.

STEBER AND TELEVISION

Eleanor Steber may well call the Monday evening half-hour concert series on television, “The Voice of Firestone,” her own show. Here it was we came to know her. Many of her colleagues also were heard. For an anniversary program Firestone lined up Jerome Hines, Thomas L. Thomas, Brian Sullivan, Robert Rouseville, Ruse Stevens, and Eleanor Steber. Each often had sung the signatures of the program, “If I Could Tell You” and “In My Garden,” both by Idabelle Firestone. I distinctly remember Steber singing the “Bird Song” from Leoncavallo’s Pagliacci, Santuzza’s great lament, “Voi lo sapete,” from Mascagni’s heat-ridden Cavalleria Rusticana, “Ernani, involami” from Verdi’s Ernani (about the only thing known from the score in those days due to Rosa Ponselle’s magnificent recording of it), and a plethora of opera arias, songs, hymns, operetta excerpts, and modern pieces. Steber had a way with songs; she made them real, intensely personal, and as the TV cameras dollied in for a close-up of that beautiful face, she was as real as the evening. Neighbors would gather in each others’ homes for the show. Hugh James announced all these with a flair equal to what was demanded of him. Howard Barlow, who also conducted the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, was the “Voice of Firestone” maestro. The orchestra numbered a few more than forty instruments; Oscar Shumsky was the concertmaster. Often authentic opera costumes were used, and scenes would depict many aspects of everyday life. I remember a railroad station with a train ready to pull out and Steber, swathed in mink, rushing with suitcases and a porter in tow as she sang Cole Porter’s “’Evry Time We Say Goodbye.” All America’s best-loved songs were somehow utilized in the telecasts Steber and many other stars sang in those far-gone days. Christopher Lynch was a favorite of my father; my mother preferred Leonard Warren; my choice was Steber. In 1955 I added to my record library a Columbia LP platter titled “Eleanor Steber Sings Songs at Eventide.” It features her with Howard Barlow and the Firestone Orchestra. It is the usual Steber master-
piece, "Songs at Eventide" ... even the title evokes memories and dreams, and these are the content of the recording. Howard Barlow was a fine, meticulous musician with sensitivity and a good reputation. Not becoming overly involved with any personal expression of feeling, he remained remote, letting a soloist have full sway. He was ideal for the Firestone conducting spot in those early days of television. Steber was always at her best before the television camera. She was acutely aware of that little red light on the camera which told her she was "on." Of "Songs at Eventide" one critic wrote, "She makes of each piece a play, and with the strong enchantment of imagination is able to weave costumes and backgrounds out of music and to make her voice weep or laugh like an actor on the stage." It is a relaxing moment to hear these eight songs after a long day. My favorites are "When Day Is Done," one of Steber's most expressively recorded moments; "I'll Be Seeing You," a World War II memory of a north African bivouac; and "Sing Me To Sleep," one of the first recordings I ever heard as a child. (It was in my father's library sung by Alma Gluck with Efrem Zimbalist as violin soloist). The album is by no means routine, but it has an inherent simplicity with nuances of tender expressiveness, especially the high notes, which gleam like velvet. No credit [sadly] is given on the record jacket to any arranger or composer. "Bird Songs at Eventide" was a song I sang when there was still hope in my heart that I might sing. Steber is simply provocatively radiant in these songs. She sang all of them on the Firestone Hour, each dramatized in settings which evoked her hearers' daily lives. How we anticipated those Monday evenings! "The Voice of Firestone" had been a radio program before its television advent, and Steber had been a radio favorite. This platter is a glowing performance. Her interpretation of "You and the Night and Music" is a serenade of love which remains unforgettable.

STEGER'S CONCERTS

Helen Jepson was the first person I ever heard in concert. Sigrid Onegin, Rose Bampton, Bruna Castagna, Helen Olheim, Josephte Antoine, Nino Martini, and Chase Baremore soon followed. In my Lancaster high school we had music five times a week with an incomparable teacher, Dorothy Schack, and we had all aspects of music. This was the only such course in the state for high school pupils; and we attended concerts in a group. In 1941 Steber came to Lancaster, fresh from winning the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air (at which time Kirsten Flagstad said to her accompanist, Edwin MacArthur, as she listened to Steber, "She will win; there cannot be another so good"). There are some Lancastrians who recall that concert, I was to hear her often in concert and recital in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, the Ambler Summer Festival, Elizabethtown College (near Lancaster), at her home Melodie Hill at Port Jefferson, New York, and in York, Pennsylvania. Steber was a sublime concert artist. I heard her first with the Philadelphia Orchestra with Alexander Hillsberg conducting. She sang Beethoven's great concert ari, "Ah! Perfido," "Nun eilt herbei" from Nicolai's opera The Merry Wives of Windsor, and the ecstatic "Leise, leise fromme Weise" from Der Freischutz by Weber. I assure you I can hear that ravishing sound as though it were yesterday. In 1951 Steber was again at Philadelphia's Academy of Music, this time with James Quillian as her accompanist. She sang Mozart arias (the inevitable "Zeffiretti") from Idomeneo and "Mi tradi" from Don Giovanni, Brahms songs, "Befreit" by Richard Strauss, and "Tu che la vanita" from Verdi's elegia: Don Carlos (she had sung the entire role of Elisabeth in this opera as she had that of Ilia in Idomeneo). Debussy's "Depuis le Jour" closed that portion of the program. "Hello, Hello, from Menotti's The Telephone, "The Doves" by Theodore Chanler, and "Walk Slowly, Dear" were in the last part of the program. I remember she came back on stage to offer several settings of the song, "Long, Long Ago," which depicted ways it could be sung — in French as in concert, and as mother might have "finished" it at finishing school — or something like that. Another time she was in concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra and I chaperoned some students from Perkmen School (near Allentown) where I was teaching. I can see her even now — so elegant in black velvet with a bodice heavily sprinkled with black jet. This was one of the popular student concerts. We were on chairs in the improvised orchestra pit (the orchestra was on stage), and Steber sang as only she could the rapturous "Marietta's Lied" from Korngold's Die tote Stadt. Eugene Ormandy enthusiastically applauded at its close and kissed her before they turned to bow. My boys were crazy about her, even as I had been twenty years before — and have always been.

Once a sign in my tailor's window here in Lancaster announced Steber would sing at Convention Hall in Philadelphia on a program with German singing societies of Pennsylvania. Jack Lewis and I decided to go. The singing societies must have numbered at least a thousand voices. Steber sang "Leise, leise" and an aria from The Merry Wives of Windsor. During the program she joined that huge chorus for Schubert's mighty "Omnipotence," and the program closed with the ever rousing "Imflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Verily Steber was a phenomenon. She was also a supreme stylist who knew what all music demanded; and she knew and she did it. I remember now that in 1942 (June, I believe) the New York Times said, "She would have been a national treasure in Vienna."

Luckily Steber has recorded some of her concerts. Just after World War II I heard her in Baltimore at the Lyric Theater. I remember at that concert what was then called "the new look" was in style. The Ames Brothers even made a recording about it ... "Here they have taken off and there they've added ... dowagers claim the trend more spiritual... dressmakers know it's more material" and so on. Anyway, that evening (in fashion as she always was) Steber wore a "new look" creation of royal blue chiffon angularly cut high in the front skirt and trailing at the back. The skirt was lined with a chartreuse color, putting green and blue together. In school we were taught that these colors (like red and pink or brown and black) were kept apart. Steber was always stunning in her unusually (and usual) low-cut necklines. And she did know about colors.
Steber taught for several summers at the Ambler Summer Arts Festival. This was before her tenure in Graz, Austria. She also sang a concert during her time at Ambler. I had heard her master classes at Ambler, interviewed her for my newspaper, and I recall how tenderly she spoke of Paul Althouse, a Met tenor who later taught several Met singers. She also spoke about her mother. Like Geraldine Farrar, both Steber and I had mothers who determined music must be a part of their child’s life, God bless them for their persistence. It was at Ambler that I met Steber’s mother. A concert had been scheduled with Steber and Benny Goodman doing arias (with clarinet accompaniment) from Mozart’s La Clemenza di Tito. Unfortunately a severe thunder and lightning storm came up at concert time and the program was cancelled. Mrs. Steber was in the audience with a broken arm, and I was happy to rescue her and take her to Eleanor because we believed the giant tent would collapse at any moment. Anshel Brusilow was the orchestral conductor for Ambler. He herded everyone to safety, but fortunately the tent did not collapse.

It was at Philadelphia’s University of Pennsylvania Museum that I heard Steber in concert in 1980. Among many other Mozart selections she chose the lilting “Alleluia,” which she has recorded at least three different times. That evening she set her music stand aside with the sly comment, “I really don’t think I need the words for this one; I believe I know them.” And she proceeded to sing that melodic song of praise flawlessly as she has done for years without a shade of difference from the earlier recordings. It brought loud “bravas” from me and my friend, the pianist Francis Welsh. Afterwards we looked at each other realizing that we had been so vociferous in our enthusiasm. Yelling “brava” for Steber is exactly like me: it is not at all like the sober-sided Welsh. The formidable Philadelphia Bulletin critic, Max de Schauensee was in the audience that night. He and I were friends a long time, and two sopranos we held in mutual esteem were Frances Alda and Eleanor Steber. De Schauensee was demanding as a critic. He could trample performers with the weight of a Sherman tank — and he did it. On his studio wall hung a dinner invitation from Steber after a Philadelphia performance with a scribbled note, “Black tie if possible.” Next day Max had some well chosen words on the state of our present-day recitalists and what Steber has done to show us all HOW things should be done and seldom are. He minced no words. But then, he never did. Once, on a rainy Sunday afternoon de Schauensee played Steber’s “Chere nuit” by Bachelet for me. It was glorious. The French was perfect, the tone so serious, so distinctive, so right. One shivered at its soaring grandeur, for it is a song of great and abiding beauties.

In July of 1962, the day after a Lewishohn Stadium Tosca, Steber entertained some friends at her home, Melodie Hill. About twilight we all went into the house (built on eight levels in an old English style), and Steber sang a concert program she was preparing. It was all German Lieder and told a story in song. Edwin Bitcliff was her expert accompanist. Standing before her portrait as the Marschallin and facing the portrait of Vanessa which Erika unveils as act I of the opera closes, and with her “musical” dog Paco lying sprawled at her feet, Steber gave that group the same textual and musical devotion she would display at the concert a few weeks later. She wore a swirling hostess gown of polished cotton in shades of blue with strands of sea shells as a necklace. When I asked about the shells she said that she had picked them up on the shores of oceans she had seen on her world tour sponsored by the United States State Department, I had picked up shells on the shore of the Sea of Galilee in 1945 as a soldier in World War II. I went right home and had them strung for my mother.

All this reads very worshipful, perhaps even too effusively. But I want to make it plain that only Steber and Rosa Ponselle influenced my life and my own music to such a high and wondrous degree. I loved their work long before I knew them. But this does not mean that Steber’s life and career were without controversy. Hardly. It could never have been as easy as she made it all look and sound. There must have been strained relationships — perhaps with a colleague, a conductor, a general manager, an agent, a critic, perhaps even me. Sure there were rumors, but the accomplishments are what matter. They are onstage; rumors are backstage. The fact remains — Steber was showing what bel canto was all about while Callas, Sutherland, and others were learning the meaning of the word, and Geraldine Farrar was lamenting its absence at the Met.

The old Met was at the foot of Broadway at 39th Street and Seventh Avenue. Very few Met stars (Lawrence Tibbett and Ezio Pinza come to mind) have actually been in shows on the “Great White Way.” Steber was. She performed for a while in Where's Charley?, a version of Charley’s Aunt with music, excerpts of which I caught on TV at the time. She also sang the Mother Prioresse in The Sound of Music. “Climb Every Mountain” must have been more than the masterpiece it is when Steber sang it.

Like Gertrude Stein and her rose (“a rose is a rose is a rose”), a music critic is a music critic is a music critic, and I have been one for twenty years. A music critic must know the truth, write the truth, and then stand behind whatever is signed with his name. Always and in all ways his writing must be tempered with mercy. I gladly confess to favorites, but only when and where it is advisable. Steber is a favorite because of her sterling work. I have watched Steber for forty years ... on stage ... off stage ... at home and far away. I have screamed “brava” for her more often than anyone else ... I have taken her violets in winter and cymbidium orchids in summer (for her 1968 July birthday). In twenty-five years I have done over three hundred lectures using recordings, commentary, and a huge collection of memorabilia from sixty different opera singers from Caruso to Beverly Sills, and of all these lectures Steber was on all but three. To me she is one of the world’s dearest and greatest operatic wonders — and there are not so many of these as press-agentry would lead us to believe. I have sat quietly in a concert hall and seen and heard her hold a huge audience in the hollow of her hand. Others may have nominees for “soprano of those decades from 1940-1970.” I nom-
inate Eleanor Steber. Her sound was always easy on the ears. Even her backward fall in *Butterfly* down a small flight of stairs, landing practically on her neck, looked easy. At one point in her career she sang Violetta in *La Traviata*, Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and Minnie in *Girl of the Golden West* in a period of five days. Not one of her peers you can name of her era or today could do the same. Things were different then.

**STEBER’S RECORDINGS**

Now for the spectrum of Steber recordings. She began with RCA Victor and made a series of 78 rpm Red Seal platters. The first I owned was a fabulous “Waltz Aria” from Gounod’s *Romeo and Juliet*. Here was no coloratura chirping away about the delirium of love, but a woman — warm and glowing with radiant sound and finesse. No one else on records ever chose to end this waltz with quick, interpolated high notes as Steber does. Steber recorded six operas commercially, and they range wide, beginning with *Fidelio*, where the role of the young girl Marzelline with Toscanini and Bampton was her first. Never has the “Canon Quartet” had such repose and beauty. Marguerite (Gounod’s *Faust*) found her with Eugene Conley, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guerrera. It is a good *Faust*, and Steber brings to Marguerite a winsome, happy interpretation which grows to the final terror with great and subtle expression. Jack Lewis always claims Steber’s Marguerite was the best he ever heard, of great physical and facial beauty (especially Faust’s early act I vision of her), and of a vocal gentleness which foretold her complete mastery of Mozart. For Columbia Steber sang a *Butterfly* which left her head and shoulders above the others in her cast. The Bayreuth *Lohengrin* is distinctive for the Steber Elsa and the Varnay Ortrud — the first Americans to crash Bayreuth since Lillian Nordica long ago. Steber’s purity of tone, her soaring, and expressive diction make her Elsa a gem for complete admiration. The Columbia *Cosi fan tutte* recording suffers because of the thick German accent of Lorenzo Alvary as Don Alfonso and the pin-prick sound of Roberta Peters as Despina, while the four principals — Steber, Thebom, Tucker, and Guerrera — display mostly impeccable diction, although Steber tends to bite her consonants a bit more. Be that as it may, this recording is magnificent Mozart. Usually his music is ruined by ragged techniques, too much scooping, varying, undulating temps, unwarranted liberties, and either indistinct (usually tenors) or raucous (most sopranos) low notes. None of this was ever Steber. Fritz Stadler keeps a fine Mozart pace and style. Steber also recorded the “Per pieta” (the final act aria for Fiorilligi in *Cosi*) with Bruno Walter (in Italian). “Walter was my musical godfather,” Steber has said. He certainly was the superior Mozart conductor in his era. The platter with Walter also includes “Dove sono” from *Figen*, “Ach ich fühl’’s” from *The Magic Flute*, “Traurigkeit” from *Abduction from the Seraglio*, and from *Don Giovanni* “Mi tradi quel’ alma ingiusta” and “Non mi dir.” Thus we have Elvira and Donna Anna together, and great is the satisfaction thereof.

The original cast of *Vanessa* recorded for RCA just after the world premiere. Steber had learned the title role in less than six weeks when Sena Jurinac cancelled. Jurinac claimed illness (perhaps after seeing the score) and could not come from Europe. Steber (in her dear way) stepped right in; the treacherous score held no fear for her. She was ideal. Consider the big scene of Anatol’s late arrival, the scene where the impostor comes, and the challenging and lengthy monologue, “Do not utter a word, Anatol,” which is wild with huge intervals (a great many upward-sweeping sixths). The sublime closing quintet beginning “Let me look around, who knows when I shall see this house again” is reminiscent of the quintet in *Die Meistersinger* and also the trio in *Der Rosenkavalier*, which Steber had sung so often. In a very special sense the *Vanessa* quintet is more demanding. One thing is certain; the opera was not a success when sung by a soprano other than Steber. Those who tried both at the Met and on television simply did not make of it what she and the original cast had done. The quintet was repeated (with Steber as Vanessa) at the gala which closed the old Met in 1966. Steber sang the role of Vanessa at the Met eight times and also sang the European premiere.

In May 1949 while shopping in Baltimore, my eye fell on a 78 rpm album, “Eleanor Steber Sings Oratorio Arias.” It contained “On Mighty Wings” and “With Verdure clad” from Haydn’s *Creation*, and also “Rejoice Greatly” and “I Know that My Redeemer Liveth” from Handel’s *Messiah*. Never have these florid, melodious arias had better treatment. Charles O’Connell was the conductor. A critic — or how I wish it had been I — said of them, “They display Steber’s indispensable sound of love and love of sound.” Not much more to say.

Stever has two platters of Verdi arias and a 10-inch LP platter of Victor Herbert songs, The first contains a transcendent reading of Desdemona’s final scene from *Otello*, two duets with Ramon Vinay from the same opera, and also “Eurni involami” from *Eurni* which can rival (if not obliterate) Rosa Ponselle’s earlier recording. The Victor Herbert platter features an incomplete “Kiss Me Again,” which should have had the scintillating verse Fritz Scheff claimed no one could sing. Ponselle did sing this on records, and here my own dear Rosa surpasses Steber. “When You’re Away,” “Sweethearts,” “A Kiss in the Dark,” the inevitable “Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life,” and “Thine Alone” all compete for “best of platter,” but it is the vigorous, fast-paced “Italian Street Song” which captures first honors. All arrangements are by Percy Faith with his orchestra and chorus. I never knew Steber to get for breath, cheat in tempo, slur words, or scoops to excess. She never asked concessions and was given none. She gave all music its full measure. She was a stylist, but without mannerisms. Particularly fine are two duets (78 rpm) with Margaret Harshaw (when she was content to be a fine contralto) on RCA Victor Red Seal. They are “Abide with Me” and “Whispering Hope” in the manner of Alma Gluck and Louise Homer, and like Rosa Ponselle and Barbara Maurel. In my house you heard much of Steber a great deal of the time; these duets were my mother’s favorites. These she had sung
and loved. I still treasure the Christmas cards received from Steber over many years, especially the one with a plastic recording of her singing “The Friendly Beasts.”

Who among us has not had sorrow? When life expires, sorrow is what is left, This flight from earthly grief has often been depicted in music, never so rapturously as in A German Requiem by Johannes Brahms. In a melody of almost disembodied joy Brahms gives the soprano soloist in this requiem one of his finest moments, “Ich hab nun Traurigkeit.” Steber has recorded this with Robert Shaw and his chorale. She sings it as no other ever could. It is a thing to treasure.

Steber sang with at least a dozen American opera companies and most of our orchestras. Her large collection of conductors’ batons in a circular coffee table at Melodie Hill are for all to see. She sang at Glyndebourne, Edinburgh, Florence, and Bayreuth. The Greek press claimed she must be seen and heard to be believed.

All this brings us to the least likely place and stage on which Steber would perform — New York’s Continental Baths. She wishes now to forget this incident and that would be easy and right except for the singing she did… and the headlines: “It was an affair to rank with the Death of Garland, the Birth of the Blues, and the Freezing of Spinach.” The gold chignon caftan splattered with diamonds (frequently seen before), Steber with a black towel around her waist, with “reverence the order of the evening” made the event a diversion. The singing (with Edwin Bilcliff at a piano with steamy keys) is what is now memorable. Arias including “Zeffirillio” from Idomeneo, “Come scoglio” from Così, and “Musetta’s Waltz” from La Bohéme were first. The Manon “Gavotte,” “The Merry Widow Waltz,” Tosca’s “Vissi d’arte,” and “Vienna, My City of Dreams” are not available on records anywhere else. For Steber it was a “prima donna’s holiday,” and it kept her before the public for a moment when she needed it. It is fun to hear her introduce her songs. This was over a decade ago in October 1973. The RCA Victor recording has become a collector’s item.

In 1968 a Steber Carnegie Hall concert was recorded by ST/AND records, including the long applause. This concert was one of great undertaking and moment. Excerpts from Die Frau ohne Schatten proved definitive. There was Mozart, including another “Alleluia” and another “Martern aller Arten,” and “Ermanno, involami!” again, but… but the I Puritani aria “Qui la voce” rises to such a height of limbid ease and perfection that it stands as my favorite Steber. Yes, that’s right! Despite her perfect Mozart, her peerless songs, the devout sacred arias, and all else she sang or recorded, this is Eleanor Steber as I love her best. Those glistening scales, the legato of the melody, the flawless finesse, the complete assurance (despite the lack of a supporting orchestral, and the effervescent joy in the Steber sound make this excerpt a criterion by which Steber can be measured and remembered. To this Steber added an encore, a song written for her “by my beloved colleague” Edwin Bilcliff… a luminous, languid setting of “Poems” by Christina Ro-

etti… “When I am dead, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me.” It is a song of beauty, not a sad song. It is full of tender repose, transcendent in its quiet ardor.

In 1956 I added Samuel Barber’s “Knoxville, Summer 1915” to my library. Steber had commissioned this composition and performed it first with the Boston Symphony in 1948, a year after its completion. My record jacket is autographed: “To Gordon with my very best regards,” and the signature is larger than John Hancock’s on our country’s Declaration of Independence. I cherish the recording and the music for the novelty of Barber’s creation. The phrase, “now is the night one blue dew” was penned for Steber, and she exalts in its beauty.

The gigantic Victor album, “Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing” (edited by Irving Kolodin) uses Steber’s 1946 “Summertime” from Gershwin’s Porgy and Bess (which has its Metropolitan premiere during the 1984-85 season). Kolodin claims, “I don’t know of another four minutes I would trade for this wonderfully relaxed, atmospheric and vocally sufficing example of her art at its (1946) primacy.” Kolodin is more prone to pounce than to praise, so his tribute is sincere. My friend, Anna Maria Conti, a Philadelphia soprano who has sung Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, Menotti, Strauss, Barber (yes, Vanessa) and other roles Steber sings reminded me, “But ‘Summertime’ was Steber’s signature; she sang it everywhere.”

Conti and I attended Steber master classes at Ambler and have heard her speak often of her foundation (The Eleanor Steber Music Foundation) which awards large scholarships to worthy young singers to help them get started. This foundation is close to Steber’s heart; she remembers her beginnings.

Two other Mozart recordings are worth a word. Mozart arias with the Symphony of the Air, Robert Lawrence conducting, presents six selections (produced by ST/AND) with Felix Eyle as violin soloist. It includes another “Alleluia,” “L'amo, saro constante” from Il re pastore (which Nellie Melba recorded as did Elizabeth Rethberg), two Mozart concert arias, “Nehm’ meinen Dank,” (K. 383), and Elektra’s raging “O smiana, O furie!” from Idomeneo. Of Steber’s most recent platter, “Strictly Mozart,” recorded in Graz, Austria, in August 1978 when she was 65 years old, I have written, “The gracious Alleluia” is exactly as Steber has sung it on records and in concert for years… Steber seems to show an exultant determination to surpass her own best work… she is telling anyone who will listen, ‘Here I am… as good as ever… and, maybe, a bit better!’ This recording is ‘Strictly Mozart’ and magnificently Steber.” The platter includes her only LP “Porgi amor” and another “Mi tradì” with ten other Mozart songs. Like my score of the opera Vanessa, Steber has autographed the record jacket.

This lengthy tribute is from my heart and memory, but some things took some research and thinking. A critic knows when the music, an opera, a singer, a recording, a concert is bad; then reviewing is easy. When they are magnificent no words can do them justice. So it is with Steber. She has sung fifty-six roles. In twenty-five years at the Metropolitan she
has sung thirty-three roles — four hundred and five performances. Steber
did joint recitals with Blanche Thebom long before Joan Sutherland and
Marilyn Horne (aided by television) convinced us they were first. I heard
Eleanor Steber tell Hugh Downes on television, "I never lived my life
beyond what I could do at the moment." In the twilight zone of her
career, with glory changed into glory, she was wise. But then, I have told
you that she was unique.

In the halls of Mozart’s legendary and noble Sarastro, where only
light and peace abide, none you can name is finer than Eleanor Steber...
The heavenly blue Grecian draperies and hair ribbons of Pamina;
The hoops of Manon, Sophie, Violetta, and Fiordiligi;
The harem trousers and hoops of Constanza;
The flimsy negligee of Desdemona;
The ten-yard azure blue cloak of Elsa;
The forest green and pink of Tosca’s riding habit (she was unfor-
tunately blonde);
The blacks of Donna Anna; the brocades of Donna Elvira;
The scarlet satin and high, lace, Elizabethan collar of Elizzetta
de Valois;
The kimono and obi of Cio-Cio-San;
The peasant dress of Micaela;
The seductive glitter of Giulietta, the simplicity of Antonia;
The aged dress of Mother Wingate;
Her own face, figure, and fabulous voice — all these are Eleanor
Steber;
These... and so much more.

Across my studio as I write these final pages Eleanor Steber once
more elevates the art of singing with Bellini’s long-lined, mellifluous
"Qui la voce" from I Puritani. Through the long piano introduction I
sit and wait... then... that voice which has so blessed the music of
Mozart; which illuminates Verdi, Puccini, Beethoven, and made Wagner
plausible; which created Berg, Barber, Britten, Menotti, and enhanced
Richard Strauss; that voice which dramatized songs which must still
echo in hundreds of hearts and concert halls around the world; that voice
glimmers once more into ageless reality as none other has ever done for
me. Here again are the rippling scales, the perfectly executed trills, the
poignant, seamless legato, and the bouncing, racing, ascending and de-
sending cabaletta in all its intricacies and bravura excitement — it is a
moment to cherish. And, of course, the riotous applause with screaming
and yelling... that is what this tribute is all about. Applause for a great
artist. There she stands midstage — bowing, smiling, maybe weeping.

Quiet, please!
There’s a lady up there on the stage —
Conductor, turn that last page.
When it’s over and done we all can go home —

But she stays up there on that stage —
All alone.
Midstage is where Eleanor Steber belongs.
She’s been there a long time.
She made things different then.
THE EAST LIVERPOOL MUSEUM OF CERAMICS

William C. Gates, Jr., Curator

A number of apppellations including the “Crockery City,” “The Staffordshire of America,” and the “City of Hills and Kilns” have been given to East Liverpool, Ohio throughout its history. All of them hint at the city’s link with the production of pottery, but all of them fail to truly explain the pervasiveness and dominance of the ceramics industry which thrived there during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Ohio Historical Society’s Museum of Ceramics commemorates this distinctive American industry and the community which it shaped.

Opened in 1980, the museum is located in the former city post office and offers visitors two floors of exhibits and a dramatic theatre presentation. The exhibits include an extensive representation of the wares produced by East Liverpool potteries, life-size recreations of pottery interiors depicting several manufacturing processes and working conditions, and artifacts that interpret the social, political, economic, and cultural history of the city.

Locally available natural resources, an advantageous location on the Ohio River, and the dynamic leadership of its pioneers and later entrepreneurs combined to make East Liverpool America’s “Crockery City.” The city’s first successful pottery was established in 1839 by English-born James Bennett. With the help of his brothers and other skilled craftsmen from the Staffordshire district, Bennett made his single-kiln pottery successful. The immigration of hundreds of pottery operatives from the Staffordshire district of England provided the necessary pool of skilled labor, as well as the expertise to open new works. Although Bennett moved his operation to Pittsburgh in 1844, his success was emulated by other East Liverpool entrepreneurs, and during the next fifty years the insignificant river town grew to become a national industrial center.

From the mid-nineteenth century until the 1930s East Liverpool was a single industry city. Potteries pervaded the economic, social, and political life of the city and dominated the geographic landscape. The industry touched nearly every aspect of life in the community. By the 1880s East Liverpool was the largest pottery center in the United States and continued to dominate the industry for decades. Changes in tariff policy which had sheltered domestic producers, increasing obsolescence of production facilities and the depression of the 1930s, to name but a few factors, gradually reduced East Liverpool’s importance as a manufacturing center. The community’s sense of pride in its industrial heritage is evident within the walls of the museum.

The museum’s collection is diverse and comprehensive. More than two hundred firms manufactured ceramic products throughout the industry’s one-hundred and forty-five year history, and most are represented in the collection. They range from utilitarian crocks to sublime examples of bone china. Scattered pieces of redware and stoneware indicate a long tradition of pottery making in the area. Rockingham and yellow wares, the mainstays of production between 1840 and 1875, attest to the type of clay available in the area as well as the strong English influence on style. Plain and decorated ironstone wares, produced in huge quantities between 1872 and around 1900, range from traditional dinnerware to elaborate Victorian-era toilet sets and specialty items. During the mid-

twentieth century, production centered on thousands of dinnerware patterns made by only a handful of firms. Art pottery and the delicately proportioned Lotus Ware are examples of decorative motifs with purely aesthetic appeal. Although not produced in great quantities, other types of ware made in East Liverpool include American Majolica, jet ware, American Parian, and Belleek china.

A few East Liverpool manufacturers produced industrial ceramics—doorknobs, bricks, tile, sewer pipe, electrical procelain and insulators, chemical porcelain, and terra cotta building components. More unusual pieces in the collection include children’s building blocks, clay marbles,
earthenware washboards, and a variety of potter's whimseys.

The Museum of Ceramics, which has been featured in The Magazine Antiques and on a half-hour Public Broadcasting System program, continues to expand its collection and improve its exhibits and programs. Located on Broadway and East Fifth Street in downtown East Liverpool, Ohio, it is open Wednesday through Saturday from 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Sunday from 12:00 noon until 5:00 p.m.; it is closed on Thanksgiving and during the months of December, January, and February.

THE CITY OF HILLS AND KILNS: LIFE AND WORK IN EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

Stimulated by the bicentennial celebration in 1976 and the Roots telecast in 1977, Americans experienced a history renaissance. History lost its stodgy, dusty reputation and became the prime time mini-series with revealing looks at the everyday lives of famous people like George Washington, John Kennedy, Franklin Roosevelt, and, most recently, Christopher Columbus. Best seller lists also included works with historical themes: witness the success of John Jakes' sagas of Americana or James A. Michener's Centennial or Space.

In this third century of independence, Americans' concern for their own 'roots' manifested itself in community history projects. Local historical societies, as evidenced by the Wheeling Area Historical Society or the Hancock County Historical Society, flourish, and groups like the Friend of Wheeling make important contributions to the preservation of historic buildings like West Virginia Independence Hall or of structures like the Suspension Bridge.

Within professional historical circles, scholarly monographs, textbooks, and journals emphasize a new social history of ordinary people and everyday life — what we might call 'nearby' history. In our area, various writers have chronicled the region's history. Doug Fetherling recently published Wheeling: An Illustrated History, the first important effort to re-write the city's history since the 1920s. The Marshall County Historical Society brought out its handsome volume, History of Marshall County West Virginia 1984. Among other recent publications are the Diamond Anniversary History of Folkansbee, West Virginia, and William Gates, Jr., The City of Hills and Kilns: Life and Work in East Liverpool, Ohio.

This later work, commissioned by the East Liverpool Historical Society for the city's sesquicentennial, is the labor of a professional historian. He is also the Curator of the Ohio Historical Society's East Liverpool Museum of Ceramics, The City of Hills and Kilns, the first scholarly study of the community's past, sets a standard unmatched by the other recent histories of the Ohio Valley. Its organization is sound, its writing clear, and its research exemplary. Gates combed local archives for the primary documents upon which good scholarship rests: the depth of this research can best be gauged by the voluminous notes which cover forty-nine pages. Attractively presented, its pages are filled with marvelous photographs, good maps, and insightful tables and graphs. A photo essay appendix captures the essence of the pottery industry as it operated in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Clearly, this is the most important contribution to local historiography in half a century.

Gates studies East Liverpool from its earliest settlement in the first decade of the 1800s, through the years of its development as the pottery
capital of the nation, to its decline as one of the industrial centers of the upper Ohio Valley. The book is more than a detailed account of city growth and industrial expansion; it is the story of East Liverpudlians — how they lived, worked, and played. The author eschews civic-boosterism; instead, he relates the historic evolution of one American city and all that was good or bad along the way.

East Liverpool grew slowly before the Civil War, numbering only 1600 residents in 1860. By 1910, however, the population stood at 20,000. In these fifty years, the city responded to the American industrial revolution which remade the nation after 1865. As the United States became a nation of factories and cities, East Liverpool found its niche as the “Crockery City.”

Gates writes:

The pottery industry became fundamentally important to the city. Virtually the entire economy became dependent on it during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. ... Industrialists, municipal leaders and residents reveled in the excitement of it all and few thought it could ever end. (p. 405)

Against this backdrop of the pottery industry, Gates weaves the story of the city’s residents. He paints a kaleidoscopic picture, examining all facets of community life: sports and recreation, health care, transportation systems, education, crime and vice, law enforcement and fire protection, municipal politics, Ohio River floods, the KKK, and even the capture of “Pretty Boy” Floyd. The story is as comprehensive as it is fascinating.

Gates contributes more than a vivid reconstruction of East Liverpool’s past; his work underscores the economic reality of the upper Ohio Valley — what made the area viable a century ago — industrialism — now contributes to its demise. The perils of one-dimensional economies, whether they be potteries, glassware, or steel, evidence themselves as Gates details the city’s decline, beginning with the Great Depression. This crippling of the city’s economy was followed by a loss of markets to foreign competitors like the Japanese and a loss of industrial base as important elements of the industry, especially the Homer Laughlin works, moved across the river to West Virginia. In the 1980s, East Liverpool’s population is barely above the level of 1900. Few potteries remain in operation, and those that operate do so with reduced work forces.

Efforts to revitalize the city through economic diversification have been underway since the 1950s, but they have met with mixed success. According to Gates, “it is unlikely that East Liverpool can ever be what it once was — a thriving dynamic urban and industrial center....” (p. 406). The same might be said of other communities in the valley. But East Liverpool and the Valley’s other cities will find an equilibrium, having sorted out the complexities of this modern, post-industrial, high-technological age. And when that is reached, cities like East Liverpool, in Gates’ opinion, will “be... attractive, vibrant, and stable....”

communities, albeit smaller and economically different than in earlier years.

This book is must reading for Valley residents. It puts into perspective problems shared by all localities from East Liverpool to New Martinsville. It is a story of growth and decline, a story of change and challenge, and above all a story of people “up close and personal.” Gates has accomplished what few artists can — he has captured the essence of a community.

West Liberty State College

Editor: David T. Javersak
HISTORY OF MARSHALL COUNTY, 1984.

Members of the Marshall County Historical Society organized, supervised, edited, helped to write and otherwise performed many of the tasks necessary for the publication of this wide-ranging history of the County. Its intended audience and principal purchasers would consist primarily of county residents or those interested in local histories prepared by local people. The topics covered begin, appropriately enough, with the most famous landmark in Marshall County, the Grave Creek Mound. Other subjects receiving brief, sometimes perfunctory treatment, include local Indian cultures, early inroads by white settlers, transportation, industry, agriculture, religion, and education. Both incorporated and unincorporated communities have their histories presented, as do the various districts within the county. Family histories predominate, taking up the bulk of the book.

Putting family histories aside for the moment, local direction and authorship represent both the strength and the weakness of a project such as this. Since different writers contributed to the different sections, style and content vary considerably. In their Introduction, the project directors mentioned a desire to retain the special "flavor" provided by using this approach. Unquestionably, however, readability would have benefitted from tighter editorial control. This would have eliminated occasional duplications, improved continuity, and removed some of the more pronounced grammatical errors. Although perhaps it is the publisher who should more properly be taken to task here, a book as handsomely packaged as this, and one put together with such obvious enthusiasm and dedication, should not suffer from such easily correctable faults.

But multiple local authors do add insights and bring to the subject matter a familiarity that an outsider or single writer would have difficulty matching. For example, the chapter on "Business and Industrial Growth" manages to compress manufacturing development from the 1850's to the 1980's into several very informative pages. Perhaps the Fokker Aircraft Corporation receives more space than its contribution to the county's economic growth warrants, but then the enterprise was a fascinating one.

The history of the county districts such as Clay, Franklin, Cameron, and others exemplify the best aspects of local history by amateur historians. These histories concentrate on the communities to the east of the industrialized valley, and examine some of the more fascinating nooks and crannies of the county such as Rosby's Rock, Glen Eaton, and the St. Joseph Settlement. Here is intimate history with reminiscences of settlers, businessmen, miners, and farmers written, in the main, by their descendants. Photographs complement the text, displaying agricultural communities, railroads, small towns, oil and gas wells, and the people whose livelihood(s) depended upon them. Words and pictures blend nicely with the memories of the writers to recreate a bygone way of life.

The family histories perpetuate this mood. The Historical Society invited all county residents to submit a 500 word family history for inclusion in the book. Of course, many chose not to respond and the families included cannot claim to be representative of the many who lived and labored in the county over the decades, particularly those whose stay was short, whose work was unrewarding, and whose chances for mobility were comparatively bleak. Nonetheless, these family contributions offer a rare glimpse into the personal lives of some who made the county's past.

Neither the family section nor the remainder of the book itself tell as much as might be told about Marshall County. None who participated in the project intended this as a definitive history, and it is not. But if anyone attempted such a task and did not consult the History of Marshall County, 1984, the most important reference source now existing would have been omitted, one which preserves memories and material which otherwise might have disappeared.

West Virginia Northern Community College Richard Lizza
CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID W. ROSE was born and grew up in Wheeling and now resides in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. He received his B.A. from Case Western Reserve University and his M.A. from the New School for Social Research and has taught anthropology and sociology at several New York area colleges. He is researching and writing a social history of Wheeling and the upper Ohio Valley, focusing on working class social life, the politics of prostitution, and criminal subcultures in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

GORDON M. EBY, author of the tribute to Wheeling native Eleanor Steber, is a resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania who has written much about Miss Steber in magazines and newspapers, including his 1961 book, From the Beauty of Embers (which was released in paperback in 1981). Early in 1984 Eby wrote fourteen newspaper releases in seven states (including the Wheeling News Register) in observance of the 100th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. He has written and narrated several radio programs concerning Miss Steber. He has been cited for his musical work by President Gerald Ford and President Ronald Reagan.

WILLIAM C. GATES, JR., curator of the Ohio Historical Society’s East Liverpool Museum of Ceramics, earned an M.A. in history at Wright State University. His most recent book is The City of Hills and Kilns: Life And Work In East Liverpool, Ohio.

DAVID T. JAVAISAK is the new editor of the Review. A professor of history and chairman of the history department at West Liberty State College, he earned his Ph.D. at West Virginia University. His articles concerning the history of the Northern Panhandle have appeared in the Upper Ohio Valley Historical Review, The Journal of the West Virginia Historical Association, West Virginia History, and the Wheeling News Register.

RICHARD P. LIZZA, associate professor of history at West Virginia Northern Community College, earned his M.A. at Duquesne University and his Ph.D. at West Virginia University. Recently he has done extensive work on the history of Italian immigrants in the upper Ohio Valley. He teaches at W.V.N.C.C.