

moved by the depth of his understanding and by his obvious continual search for clear insight. Naturalistic beauty and individual freedom are once again prevalent values as the search continues.

These speeches are almost overwhelmingly straightforward, clear, and accessible. They are designed not to confound but to create, to teach. They succeed admirably and with distinction. Tanner is a gem of genuine quality in an age of confused compromise. His courage

and consistency admirably document a life devoted to both creativity and preservation.

This handsome volume deserves to be read and reread. It is a sensible approach to life's complexities and opens a window on one of Mormondom's great hearts and minds. We can now look forward to O. C. Tanner's autobiography, *One Man's Journey*, which should be published within the next year.

BRIEF NOTICES

David Matthew Kennedy: Banker, Statesman, Churchman by Martin Berkeley Hichman (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1987), 383 pp. & index, \$15.95.

There may be nothing more difficult than writing a biography with the living subject over your shoulder. Martin Hichman's ten interviews with David Kennedy, conducted over a four-year period, were doubtless illuminating, but a threat of censorship would create problems for any journalist. We are treated here to interesting bits of information about Kennedy's early years: that in 1919 he was the "youngest hotel clerk in the United States" (p. 24); that as a fourteen-year-old he procured a fifty dollar loan to pay back-tithing; that, under his bishop's advice, two months into wedded bliss he left for a mission. But in each instance, the author shies away from interpretation, leaving us too many facts and not enough motives.

Sections on church and home life are similarly sketchy. Reknowned for his oratorical skills while a missionary, Kennedy

once delivered sixty sermons in sixty days, one lasting one and a half hours. Yet we find here no excerpts of his legendary public speeches, even though this ability was a significant factor in his career success. Neither do we learn how he attained his corporate status and wealth.

The mystery of greatness defies chiché. Some say a childhood bent is essential, yet Kennedy, C.E.O. of Chicago's Continental Bank, initially considered tattering only a way to pay for his college education. He graduated sixty-sixth in a class of 117. A fourth son, he was not even the stereotypical over-achieving first-born.

Although he modestly referred to himself as "a boy from a ranch in Randolph, Utah" (p. 208), he mingled with the famous and the notorious: James Talmage, John Glenn, Richard Nixon, Marriner Eccles, John Kennedy, John Daley, Eisaku Sato, the Rockefellers, J. Willard Marriott, King Hassan, and many others. But even these celebrity encounters offer little insight into the charm and intensity of David Kennedy.

One on the Seesaw: The Ups and Downs of a Single Parent Family by Carol Lynn Pearson (New York: Random House, 1988), xv, 205 pp., \$15.95.

Readers from all kinds of families will enjoy this warm, witty, and honest look at a single parent family. As Carol Lynn Pearson says in her introduction, "I don't think of [our family] as broken, and I don't think [the children] do either. The family stretched and cracked and, like the glass I watched take shape in Venice, had to be sent back to the fire and reborn. It's in a different shape now than the one I originally planned. But it's in good shape and it works" (p. xii).

Pearson's lively descriptions of the escapades, experiences, and traumas of one mother and four "average" children convince us that she is right. What she has learned is what we all need to learn: life is a process of adjusting our expectations, learning to accept and love the people

closest to us for what they are, not what we hope they will be. Says Pearson: "I just kept finding it difficult to believe that anyone, especially a child of mine, would not rather read than just about anything else. Though it's hard, I'm trying not to judge that" (p. 15) and "I no longer believe my children have been sent as clay for me to mold. Maybe they have been sent as clay for me to warm so that they can better mold themselves" (pp. 14-15).

Being a single parent brings privacy and freedom, loneliness and embarrassment. Through pinewood derbies, broken teenaged hearts, obscene phone calls, pet boas in the bedroom, and a son accused of vandalism, Pearson hangs on. "You're not the person you want to be when you're alone and going on empty and you know the next shift is never coming in" (p. 105), she says, but "being a parent—especially a single parent—means you *can't* do it all alone. And if you're lucky, you don't have to" (p. 113).