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### The Little Balkans Review, Winter 1981-82

Gene DeGruson

Shelby Horn

Steve Robbins

Ted Watts

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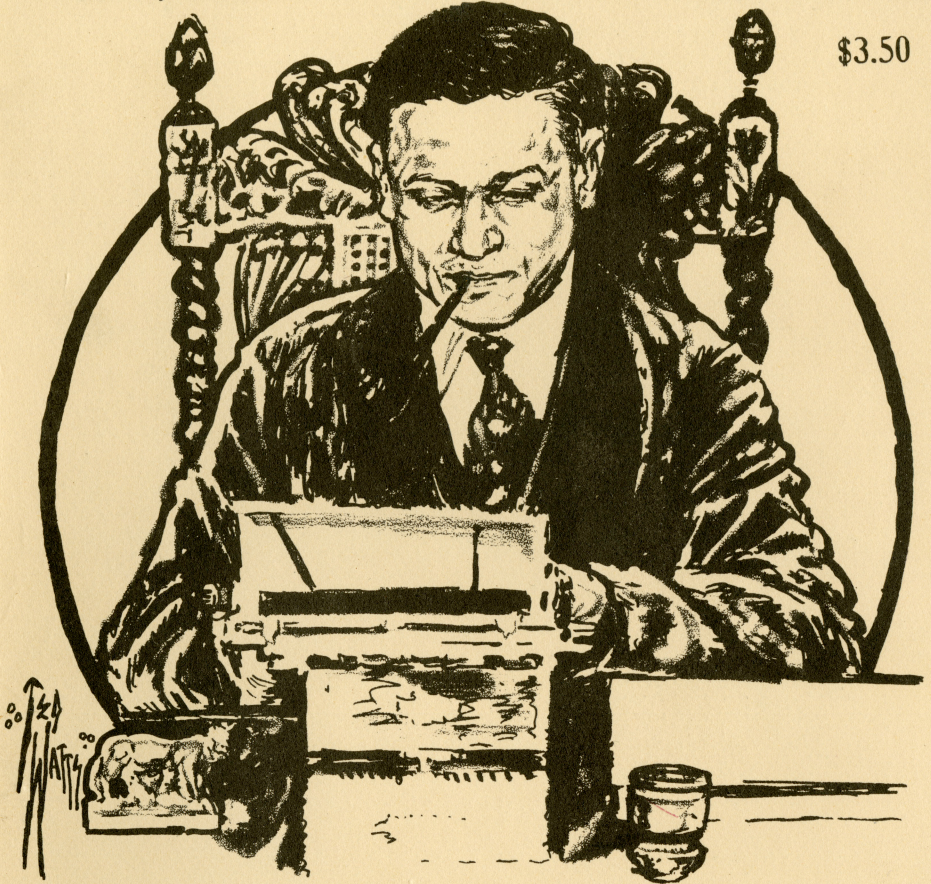
The  
**Little Balkans Review**

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 2

Winter 1981-82

\$3.50



E. Haldeman-Julius

Publisher

Girard, Kansas





## Christmas Eve

Sacajawea boards the bus  
in her long black hair  
and Goodwill coat.  
Her face is a marble mountain:  
her eyes are unnamed lakes.

She carries her soon to be baby  
like an unexplored continent,  
her ocean sheltering it  
from the jangling bells  
and blaring carols  
of that other child.

E.J. Christensen



# The Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 2



Gene DeGruson, Poetry Editor  
Shelby Horn, Nonfiction Editor  
Steve Robbins, Fiction Editor  
Ted Watts, Art and Graphics Editor

All glory comes from daring to begin.--Eugene F. Ware

The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

601 Grandview Heights Terrace

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Winter 1981-82





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The 1925 photograph of Nelson Antrim Crawford is used courtesy of The National Archives, Washington, D.C.

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# The Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 2

Winter 1981-82

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## Preface

In the memorial issue of Haldeman-Julius' monthly newspaper, the **American Freeman** (November 1951), Albert Mordell wrote, "The first impression to correct in appraising the multifarious activities and many-sided career of Haldeman-Julius is to dispose of the view prevalent, and upon which there have already been editorials, that he was merely a publisher who reprinted classics cheaply which he made accessible to the public. As a matter of fact, this is the least important phase of his genius. Other publishers had done so before....His real service as a publisher was not in reprinting expensive and unobtainable classics, but chiefly in enlisting writers depicting life on the American scene, advancing the best views on literature, and freeing the public from shackles of superstition. He issued mind-liberating books. His books were not reviewed because they were pamphlets. It is now well-known that he was responsible for Will Durant's **The Story of Philosophy**. This work had appeared in part in his magazines and was originally a series of Little Blue Books. They attracted no more attention than other Little Blue Books. They were obtainable cheaply, five cents for each of the nine essays, and have always remained on Haldeman-Julius' list. By an arrangement with Simon and Schuster, they were issued in one volume and became a best seller, laying the seeds of Durant's fame and fortune. Similarly other Little Blue Books could have been reissued in bound volumes, and some no doubt will be."

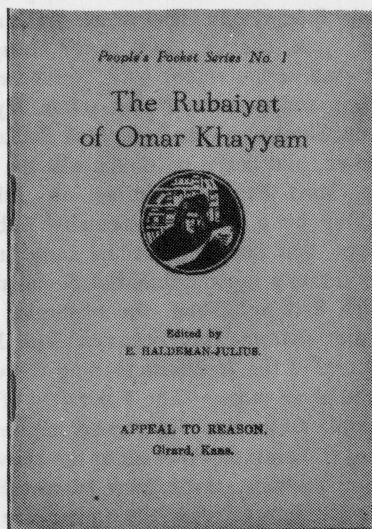
Haldeman-Julius was born Emanuel Julius on July 30, 1889, in Philadelphia. After working for a variety of Socialist publications in New York, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Los Angeles he came in 1915 to Girard, Kansas, to work on the nation's most influential Socialist newspaper, the **Appeal to Reason** (which had published, for example, Upton Sinclair's now-famous expose of the meat packing industry, **The Jungle**). H-J was welcomed to Kansas by one of the **Appeal's** leading writers, John Walker Gunn, whose unpublished short story, "The Tolerance of Elmer Wilkey," has been revised and completed for this issue by his nephew, science fiction scholar and author, James E. Gunn, a professor at the University of Kansas.

Borrowing \$25,000 from his wife, the former Marcet Haldeman (whose name he prefixed to his six months after their marriage in June 1916 to formalize the nom de plume they used in publishing fiction: Haldeman-Julius), H-J placed a down payment on the **Appeal** printing plant and began the project that made his reputation, the three-and-one-half by five inch booklets eventually known as the Little Blue Books. In 1925 he expanded his publishing venture by establishing the Big Blue Books series. (Subscribers receive with this issue a 1945 title, **The Story of the Shakers**, written by Vance Randolph under the pseudonym of Louis K. Henderson.)

Marcet Haldeman-Julius died in 1941. A year later Haldeman-Julius married Sue Haney, who writes the lead article for this issue, detailing events in the life of the publisher which you cannot find elsewhere. Haldeman-Julius drowned in his private swimming pool on July 31, 1951, the day after his sixty-second birthday. Each year since his death has seen more and more research on his work, and he is emerging as one of the most significant and influential publishers of the first half of this century.

Our big regret about this issue is that we could not print all the H-J articles we received. They were all good, and some will appear in later issues. Our next number will feature Osa and Martin Johnson of Chanute and Independence. Kenny Simons is writing an essay on Merle Evans, the circus bandmaster from Columbus for the summer, Charles Cagle is working on a story about Louise Brooks, the Cherryvale actress, and Betty Sybrant is researching Nila Mack, the "Let's Pretend Lady" of Arkansas City. Let them know if you have materials, letters, or memories of these personalities.

## The Editors





# An Intimate Look at Haldeman-Julius

By Sue Haldeman-Julius



Because I shared both his business and personal worlds over many years at the office and at home I came to know Haldeman-Julius quite well—as well as one could. For he was a man who kept most problems to himself, gave the appearance that all was well, and confided in no one unless absolutely necessary. Only in print would he express himself freely. That policy made living with him relaxing and pleasant, but never dull. His zest for living reflected warmly on those around him and was expressed in whatever he did. Whether mixing a drink, making a fire, or hosting a dinner, he added a sparkling little something to the occasion that made one feel privileged to be there sharing it.

In the early years of his book publishing career that began in 1919, he kept himself isolated from the mainstream of society as much as possible, emerging when necessary or desirable, then slipping back into limbo between his public and private worlds. Cherishing aloneness where his mind might soar unrestrained like an eagle, he found intimacy difficult even with his family, beyond what was reasonable or expected of him. Dedicated to the fulfillment of his life ambition, his career was of prime importance, and if, in the process of attainment, there was anything left of himself or his time, he shared with those who could bring some measure of warmth, pleasure, amusement, or stimulation to his existence.

Young, vibrant, and in his early thirties at the time, he could hardly be called handsome in the way of the matinee idol of that day, but he exuded a vitality, a magnetism, and a sexiness that far exceeded mere handsomeness. Women were instantly attracted to him. Jet-black hair, a natural tan complexion, and steel grey eyes that scintillated like stars in a winter sky were his most attractive features. His mouth, thin and shapely, turned up



**Marcet and E. Haldeman-Julius, 1925.**

whimsically at the ends, as though some secret amusement was going on inside him. Another nice thing about him was his soft, baritone voice, resonant, firmly modulated, and never loud. Shouting horrified him.

Persons meeting him for the first time may have been a little surprised by his stature. Becoming a giant in the book industry may have given cause to think of him in extraordinary proportions; though not diminutive, being five feet seven or slightly more, he radiated a charisma which allowed one easily to overlook the fact that he was not six feet tall.

Around his plant, he purposely kept that charisma under his hat. Known to be a stern disciplinarian, he tolerated no nonsense, and scuttlebutt was that

he would fire you at the drop of a hat. With the stealth of a cat, he moved quietly about his plant, bounding up the front or the back stairs three steps at a time, always in a hurry or possibly hoping to catch a loafer off guard. Leaning against the stair post, cigar in mouth, he would stand there, immobile, his piercing eyes sweeping over the entire floor, causing every girl to freeze in her tracks. One somehow got the gut feeling she had just been run through with a saber.

His attitude in those early days was one of impatience and intolerance, and perhaps with good reason. He had borrowed all the money to start his book business and could not afford waste. No doubt, he saw nothing unreasonable in expecting a full day's work for a full day's pay.

Each morning, after thumbing through the bundles of mail orders awaiting him on the big office desk, and after having littered the floor with scraps of paper, envelopes, cigar ashes, burnt matches, and—sometimes—peanut hulls, he would hurry into his office, slam the door, and sprawl out on his couch to devour the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times*.

Not one for mixing spit-and-polish with business, the plain offices were devoid of then-popular status symbols—brass spittons and rails, black and gilt lettering. Production, not plush pretense, was his objective. Time was of the essence, apparent in a certain frenzy about the workers trying to achieve all that was possible because they knew it was expected of them. Yet they respected him for his toughness. A man like that, they reasoned, could and would succeed. And that meant their bread and butter.

Two things he admired were industry and accuracy. Reasonable allowance was made for human error, but that must never be taken as a tolerant attitude toward carelessness or inefficiency. He had no patience for speed without accuracy and he inclined to place little value upon the accuracy of the plodding. Assistant editors soon learned two things—never to argue with him and never to excuse a mistake. To explain why a mistake was made would not rectify it; however, the assurance that it would never happen again—and meaning it—would somewhat soften his hard-boiled attitude.

Fortunately for all concerned, as time went on and success relieved him of financial pressure, he became more relaxed and compassionate toward his employees. Consequently, a mutual respect born of the trials and tribulations of his novel adventure gradually grew into a feeling of deep affection between himself and his old employees, many of whom were with him in the beginning and stayed on to the very end of his career.

With the first flush of success when everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, H-J behaved much like other celebrities who have found themselves suddenly catapulted to fame, sought after, feted, and becoming rich. Fully aware of the power of publicity, he found it advantageous to court the limelight, reveling in the exhilarating newness of his increasing fame, and pleased with the furor he was creating in Eastern publishing circles. In his coast-to-coast full-page flamboyant ads, he strove for eye-catching sensationalism, appealing to persons from all walks of life with his books on

poetry, the classics, sex education, and self-teaching "how to" books, while earning for himself the unique titles of Book Baron, the Ford of Literature, Barnum of Books, and other flattering distinctions.

Smitten with self-importance brought about by nationwide recognition, and not without vanity, he seemingly developed an imperious air. That did not sit well with the humble folk of Girard, who stood in schoolboy awe of him, yet disliked him for no valid reason except that he was an upstart from back East who had married the richest girl in town. The fact that his thriving mail-order business had turned Girard's third-class post office into a first-class one, with door-to-door mail delivery, was unappreciatively taken for granted and soon forgotten. Unmindful of their narrow attitude, H-J proceeded to build the most imposing house in the area, an eleven-room structure at the edge of town on 160 acres, and settled down. He had never liked Girard, but it was ideally situated for his mail-order business in the center of the United States, and that was his major reason, if not his only reason, for being there.



The large white house with its green shutters was spacious and comfortable, and he loved it. There was no pomp or ceremony within, his country style of living being one of tasteful simplicity. Meals were seldom lavish, but served with a touch of class by a colored houseboy in white, starched jacket. One sensed affluency in the many fine items and books and art about the house, but that affluency was never expressed in the affectations associated with the *nouveau riche*. Haldeman-Julius fit into his position of wealth as though born to it.

His office was a noisy, busy place; at home he was lavish with the peace and quiet denied him during the day. A good provider and father to his family, he was not a family man to the extent that he wanted to share his evenings with them. Understanding his artistic temperament and penchant for privacy, a certain amount of discipline was required among the family



members for there was no doubt about who dominated the household. It was—unmistakably—Daddy. When Daddy drove into the driveway shortly after five o'clock, all noise—like the children's phonograph—must cease and little playmates must scatter for home. While he did not wield a demanding power over his household, his very presence, dignified, authoritative, yet warm and friendly, was quite enough to accomplish that effect for him.

During those busy, fruitful years of the 1920s, he usually ate lunch alone in his library. Dinner was downstairs with the family gathered around the dining table that Aunt Jane Addams had given them as a wedding present. If anything amusing had happened at the plant that day, H-J was sure to relate it with imitative verve and gestures as he remembered his father having done when he was a boy in Philadelphia. Only twice a year did he carve at the table—Thanksgiving and Christmas—accomplishing that feat with grace and skill, while announcing proudly to his guests that the handsome turkey and mounds of homemade butter had been produced right there on the farm.

As a host, he was charming and entertaining, yet he had his independent egoism—he would not allow a guest to monopolize his time or energy. Often, when Marcet was entertaining, he would tear himself loose from his library just long enough to come down and politely greet her guests and then magically disappear.

Off limits to the rest of the family who could intrude only on invitation, the library was his sanctuary. They seemed not to mind and were quite willing to acquiesce to his odd demands. Involved with their own friends and social affairs, each was free to pursue his or her own interests, resulting in a pattern of living quite compatible and desired by all.

Usually arising around seven thirty in the morning on weekdays, he would immediately turn on his record player to alert the downstairs cook to start preparing his breakfast. Then he might shave to Chopin or shower to Beethoven. Or Caruso—a favorite since boyhood—might fill the big house with his golden song.

One might wonder what an introvert like Haldeman-Julius did for recreation. Not much. He enjoyed a challenging game of chess or, if in the mood, he would play a game of Parcheesi with Alice or inspect Henry's latest boyish invention. Lively conversation for a while was highly desirable, but after a few hours of discussion or light chatter, he would flop into bed completely exhausted. He was a thinker, not a talker. People were necessary accoutrements about him, but he enjoyed no one's company more than his own.

The thing he found most relaxing was the long rides he took in his car, usually alone, sometimes with Marcet, or a guest he had found to be interesting. At one time he enjoyed horseback riding over the country roads, but that pleasure was abandoned when his horse fell upon his leg and broke it.

Many times he was invited to hunt or fish, but not being in the least sports-minded, those activities, along with baseball and football, held no appeal. Because of his inherent love for animals, he strongly opposed

hunting and trapping, and once refused a suggested manuscript on the latter subject because he did not wish to further the use of steel traps in capturing defenseless animals.

Having no hobbies other than reading and writing, he considered those sufficient, and while his mail-order business brought in many rare coins and stamps, he would have been the last person on earth to take more than a monetary interest in them. As far back as he could remember, he had been a sort of loner, first through circumstance, later by necessity, and finally by choice. As he once wrote of himself, "I am a little world all to myself"—and he was.

Weekends rarely found him in town. After packing a small bag, he would jump into his custom-built Lincoln coupe—black with orange disc wheels—and breeze off for Kansas City, Tulsa, the Ozark Mountains, or elsewhere in his quest for diversion, usually the theater, fine cuisine, and good company (more often than not a favorite feminine companion). Known around the area for being a playboy, his extramarital affairs sparked gossip over many a backyard fence. Discreet as he tried to be, his wife knew of his love affairs, but she also knew that usually they were of short duration and therefore no threat to her marriage. Townsfolk got the idea he relished sex about the way they relished a cup of coffee. Reaction was a mixture of criticism, indifference, amusement, and envy, but it is likely that the town derived some measure of excitement which his naughty escapades brought to their otherwise banal existence.

Never one to be denied anything he really wanted, H-J demanded his absolute freedom at any cost as he went along his merry way. Those around him learned never to say "don't." A self-reliance and independence built into his character while he was growing up in Philadelphia would not allow him to be dominated or dictated to by another, even those he loved. Furthermore, he considered his private life his own business; he was beholden to no one, and he would live as he damned well pleased.

We are mainly what our childhood makes us, we are told, and that may explain, in part, his obsession with freedom and his need to be alone—not alone per se—but left alone, for he needed to feel the presence of others about him without having to become involved. As a child growing up in Philadelphia, extremely curious and intelligent, he was alone much of the time to wander about the city, observing, learning, and experiencing the lessons of the street, entertained by some, revolted by many, and profiting from all in the liberal education he was extracting for himself. "My emotions were intense," he has written. "I felt life. I could not understand those around me (his family) and they knew nothing of what was transpiring in my high-tensioned, sensitive mind. My surroundings were of the most sordid imaginable—poverty was everywhere, and as I lived, I felt things were not as they should be."

His parents were respectable people, each having been the offspring of a rabbi back in Russia. Before Emanuel was born, they had relinquished a more abundant life to come to America, where they could live free of Russian

oppression. For convenient reasons, it had been necessary to change their proud name (Zolajefsky) for a simpler one (Julius), and their orthodox ways were shed when they settled in the Philadelphia ghetto. His father, an excellent bookbinder of fine books, worked long, hard hours for thirteen dollars a week. Young Emanuel often carried lunch to his father, and he would linger around the shop to fondle and admire his work, meanwhile developing an appreciation for fine books and beautiful bindings.

Along with five other children, Emanuel managed to get fed only by the sheer magic of his frugal little mother, who ate the chicken head as her share, leaving the better pieces for those bringing in the most money.

He loved solitary walks about town, especially after a big snowstorm which brought out the picturesque horse-drawn sleighs. With their sleighbells merrily jingling, horses trotted briskly down Broad Street, their fur-covered passengers calling back and forth to each other across the snow. Many times Emanuel did not return home until well after dark, though no one seemed to miss him, scold him or worry about him.

Being an avid reader with limited means, he often patronized a secondhand bookshop where, for a few pennies, he could buy worn copies of good books, familiarizing himself with Emerson, Ingersoll, and Thomas Paine, among others. "I cut my eyeteeth," he said, "on Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*."

Near the bookshop was a large, beautiful park where he liked to sit quietly and read. In fact, he was sitting on a park bench one cold winter day when he conceived the idea for the future famous Little Blue Books. After reading a worn-out copy of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, declaring it the most beautiful thing he ever read, the thought occurred to him that there must be many others like himself, thirsting for knowledge they could not afford. One day, he told himself, he would publish cheap copies of good books everyone could afford.

With that thought firmly implanted in his mind, he set about improving himself in every possible way, determined to pursue his idea into reality. Many years later, when that opportunity had finally presented itself, he took from his desk a copy of the *Rubaiyat* and marked it for the linotype. It remained No. 1 on a list that would grow to over fifteen hundred titles.

At thirteen, he left school feeling it had taught him all it could; he was anxious to get along with education in other areas. While attending night school, he held various jobs, including box boy in a department store and theater usher. But newspaper work was what he really wanted. Turned down as a cub reporter, he eventually landed a job as copyholder on the *Philadelphia Press*. From the first night, he noticed his vocabulary improving and expanding, the most impressive word being "excruciating." It was while working at the *Press* that he got his first glimpse of the famous H.L. Mencken of Baltimore.

As time passed, his family constantly improved their living conditions. The eldest son had secured a position in accounting; the eldest daughter taught music—allowing the family to leave the ghetto and invest in their own home.

For whatever reasons he may have had, Emanuel, at the age of seventeen, a mere stripling of a youth, struck out on his own for New York.

So little feeling did he apparently have for his family at that time that all communication ceased for over ten years. In 1925, when making a trip from New York to Kansas, he stopped off to visit for a few hours with his parents. It would be the last time he would see them.

Yet long years later, after both parents were gone, he wrote with great warmth and feeling about them. His mother he pictured as short, round, and frugal, a practical, no-nonsense type who drove a hard bargain. His father, he said, was a proud and humorous man, always with a joke to tell, one who schemed and hunted for ways to give his children a little pleasure without having to spend any money. Characteristics of both parents were evident in their son.

As often happens when looking back, H-J seemed to discover that all he had found miserable in his childhood had, in retrospect, magically turned into pleasant nostalgia, as, more and more, one found his articles beginning with "When I was a kid in Philadelphia...." And I feel reasonably sure that on those sentimental journeys into the past, he reproached himself many times for his thoughtlessness, his indifference, and his negligence.

Standing out as one of the more colorful and memorable decades of this century was the 1920s, known as the "hot jazz age," as the "roaring twenties." Something of a moral revolt was taking place among the younger generation hell-bent on liberating themselves from stifling convention and lukewarm Victorian morals. Thumbing their noses at the moralists, women were drinking highballs and smoking cigarettes openly, bobbing their tresses, and running around in outlandish clothes with skirts above the knee, dancing the Charleston. Society called them "flappers" and "it" girls—"it" meaning sex-appeal, coined by the then-famous author Elinor Glyn, whose shocking book, *Three Weeks*, was a current best seller. "Free love" was coined and put into practice, the speakeasy was born, and life as it had been known would never be the same again.

It was during that fabulous decade (and in keeping with the "anything goes" tempo) that the most sensational incident of H-J's entire career was spawned: his foster daughter married a local swain in what was termed a "companionate marriage." That spectacular event landed the entire Haldeman-Julius family on the front page of every metropolitan newspaper from coast to coast, threatening to outblitz Colonel Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic that previous May.

Haldeman-Julius had not coined that label. It had been introduced by Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, Colorado, but that's another chapter. Stories, some with two-inch headlines, together with pictures of the handsome couple and the H-J family stared out at the nation sitting down to its breakfast table. Many concluded immediately that it was a publicity stunt, and it may well have been. One thing is certain: if it was, it was a masterpiece.





**The Companionate Couple: Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Roselle.**

Day after day it went on, bringing comments from the famous, the high, and the mighty. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, whose reputed hobby was collecting millionaires, screamed, "No! Thank you! It's not for me!" She went on to say she preferred the old-fashioned way because companionate marriage made divorce too easy—after having sampled marital bliss with four husbands. Elinor Glyn, declared it a step forward. Fannie Hurst, noted author, had nothing but praise for the young couple in a full-page spread with pictures with the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*. Moralists were having a heyday as their last sacred stronghold, marriage, was being attacked—they thought. Preachers, judges, educators, all voiced their opinions. The marriage became collegiate discussion topics; songs such as "My Pal Companionate" were written. All these various commentaries served to prove just one thing—no one seemed to have the slightest idea of what companionate marriage was all about.

The real culprit was the word "companionate." The public assumed it meant marriage without benefit of clergy. Not true. It was a legal, bona fide marriage binding as any other, the only difference being that the couple had, in advance, agreed not to have children until they could financially support them. Of course, this meant practicing birth control, another hot potato of that time. Another stipulation was that each would work, the groom would finish college, and, if needed, both sets of parents would lend financial aid. Today many young marriages could be labeled "companionate."

Clarence Darrow, pictured with Haldeman-Julius at lunch in Chicago, defended the marriage by saying it was legal in every respect. He further shocked the moralists by adding that one day marriage, as we know it, would be completely abolished.

Girard, situated in the southeast corner of Kansas and not far from the Bible Belt, is a town of fewer than three thousand inhabitants hogtied to tradition and pious to the tune of seven churches. Girard was plainly perturbed. A few of the more intelligent citizens understood the marriage, but for the most part, they didn't; they thought it sounded "immoral." Apprehensively, they shook their heads as the daring young couple started out on their unique sea of matrimony, and they watched with the same misgivings they had when young Lindbergh headed his *Spirit of St. Louis* out across the sea.

To make matters worse, rumor started that the bride was the "love child" of H-J and Marcet, born out of wedlock when they were both struggling with their careers in Greenwich Village in New York. Caught off guard by local inquiring reporters, Haldeman-Julius, infuriated by the absurd question, replied vehemently "Yes, damn it!" without thinking of the consequences. (I was later to learn that when put under sudden stress or intense pressure, he seemed to panic and grab at straws for hasty solution. In other words, he lost his cool.)

Inevitably his statement kindled the fire. The family was embarrassed, harassed, and suffered some loss of prestige in the community. Marcet, pictured with her husband, upheld his statement. When one stops to consider the staid background of Kansas, whose legislature at that time had only recently legalized cigarettes, one can appreciate just how daring the Kansas publisher and his individualistic wife really were.

Having always lived in metropolitan areas where people are uncaring and indifferent about what goes on about them, H-J was not yet acclimated to the togetherness or the narrowness and provincialism of a small town. Insults lay embedded in him like buckshot. Infuriated and indignant, in retaliation he threatened to move his plant to a nearby city that had been courting him—and might have, had not a group of influential Girard citizens visited him, apologized for the town, and begged him to remain.

Finally the whole truth came out about the bride. She had been born not more than five miles from Girard, and, because of difficult circumstances in her family, had been taken in by Marcet to be reared and educated. Most of Girard had known that all along. What they were hostile about were the aspersions his remark had cast upon their native daughter, Marcet.

When the whole fracas died down and the Haldeman-Julius family could resume a normal life, the sting lessened as citizens gradually began to speak to him again and to extend a hand in friendship. Whether a publicity stunt or not, he sold a record number of books that year. But it was the kind of publicity that was to leave a dark brown taste in his mouth for the rest of his life. Never one to forgive, from then on he avoided the press and shied away from all unnecessary publicity, hoping never to hear of "companionate marriage" again.

During those golden years between 1920 and 1930, he made an annual trip back East, usually in beautiful October, specifically for rest and entertainment. By then all fall advertising copy had been placed with his St. Louis agency, it was the lull before the heavy winter season, and his body and mind were sorely in need of change. Only one particular place would accomplish that for him—New York City.

Leaving his plant in the hands of his capable editorial assistant, he would take off for his favorite city, the one he knew and loved, where his career had begun, first as reporter and culminating as Sunday editor of the *New York Call*. New York with its life-giving stimulation was dessert after a long, heavy meal. It filled an essential need in his existence that was impossible to relinquish. In Kansas, he felt like an alien. Necessity and convenience had placed him there, and, like a real pioneer, he had carved out his own oasis on the prairie. Yet he was determined never to melt into the prairie soil, and as long as he could escape to New York and replenish himself, Kansas could never completely absorb him, could never claim him. That realization was his stabilizer and his salvation.

On those trips East by train, he usually stopped off at Hull House in Chicago for a brief visit with Aunt Jane Addams and with his good friend, Clarence Darrow. At the "monkey trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925, he had met Darrow, defense attorney for John Scopes, who was being tried for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution in his classroom. The two men had become friends and the Darrows visited at the H-J farm in Girard.

From Chicago, he went on to New York for a couple of weeks, checking in at the Algonquin, where he joined the famous Round Table luncheon club founded by Alexander Woollcott. The club was a select clique of sophisticates and intelligentsia, whose members included the very famous, among them George S. Kaufman, Robert Benchley, Clifton Fadiman, Moss Hart, Dorothy Parker—wife of Sinclair Lewis, the Marx brothers, and Harold Ross—owner and publisher of the *New Yorker* magazine. Woollcott once described his friend Ross as looking like a dishonest Abe Lincoln. Ross had married a former Girard girl, Jane Grant, whose father owned a grocery store on the town square when I was a kid. She and Ross started the *New Yorker* and in the June 20, 1925, issue, Woollcott did a profile of E. Haldeman-Julius.

Broadway shows, operas, museums, the stock market, fine cuisine, stimulating companions, and beautiful women rejuvenated Haldeman-Julius. For if there was one thing he relished more than strawberries and cream it was a beautiful woman. Famous, and in his late thirties, he was reaching the peak of his career and his masculinity, and was much sought after by intellectuals and other celebrities. His fame was unique, in that he was one of the first to attempt the publishing of pocket-sized paperbacks of substantial content. Acceptance was like a heady wine. It fed his ego, kept his head above the herd. It was the yardstick by which he measured his success.

He was in New York, on the floor of the Stock Exchange, that black day in late October 1929 when the market crashed. A few days prior he had wired

home about making \$200,000 in the market, a sizable fortune in those days. Suddenly, along with thousands of others, he was wiped out. All he had was his plant, his home and acreage, and a few thousand in a bank that would soon close. Immediately he left for home, little realizing he would never see his beloved New York City again. He seemed destined to spend his life on the Kansas prairie.

Effects of the crash were not immediate, but by Spring the winds of change were felt. Any hope he may have had about the economic situation being transitory vanished. Economies had to be made in layoffs, but so sure was he of making a comeback that he kept his key employees by giving them two or three days (or however long he could afford) at lesser pay cleaning and painting around the plant, paying them a few dollars at a time and going home with his own pockets empty. Most had spent their adult lives there and he felt responsible for them. People were begging for work at a dollar a day.

Economizing reached over into his personal life. His beautiful Lincoln coupe—his status symbol—was relegated to the warehouse. This was perhaps his biggest personal sacrifice, and Girard knew the Depression had found its most prominent citizen. Replaced by a modest black and tan Ford, the sleek, black car stood like a discarded love amid the scrap paper, empty boxes, and dust for over fifteen years, never to be driven again. Finally, some time in the mid-forties, he picked up enough courage to sell it for scrap, but he could not bear to witness that symbol of a vanished time being hauled away.

In the good years, he had smoked good cigars—*Antonio and Cleopatras*—and rarely was seen without one protruding from his mouth. After the Crash, and before President Hoover declared the country “fundamentally sound,” he switched to a ten-center. When Hoover next announced that “prosperity is just around the corner” (and it wasn’t), he discarded the ten-center along with his optimism and stooped to the lowly five-cent cigar. Cigarettes were out of the question, he said; “They burn too damn close to my nose.”

To be slapped down suddenly in the midst of plenty was a devastating experience, but if he ever felt sorry for himself, you never knew it. Not one to wallow in self-pity, he plugged along cautiously and quietly, never once uttering or giving any sign of defeat. As we got deeper into the Depression, there were days when it seemed almost futile to stay open; yet his bulldog tenacity would not allow him to throw in the sponge. Many days he and I and one male employee were the only ones at the plant. For encouragement, he kept a typed sign standing on his desk, before him at all times, that read, “This, too, shall pass away.” Abraham Lincoln, one of his lifetime ideals, had uttered those same poetic words during the darkest days of the Civil War, he told me. But it was to be a ten-year-long wait filled with desperation, hope, and courage. Adding to his woes had been serious domestic problems—mainly over money he could not readily produce.

After Roosevelt became President in 1932, the pendulum started swinging the other way, and by 1938 he was climbing out of his dark hole. A new



generation of readers had sprung up meanwhile, national advertising was paying off again (although not as dramatically as before), he was paying off his debts, repairing his home and farm, and he was back in business full-swing with all the old crew on board. Then, after a lengthy illness, Marcet succumbed in February 1941.

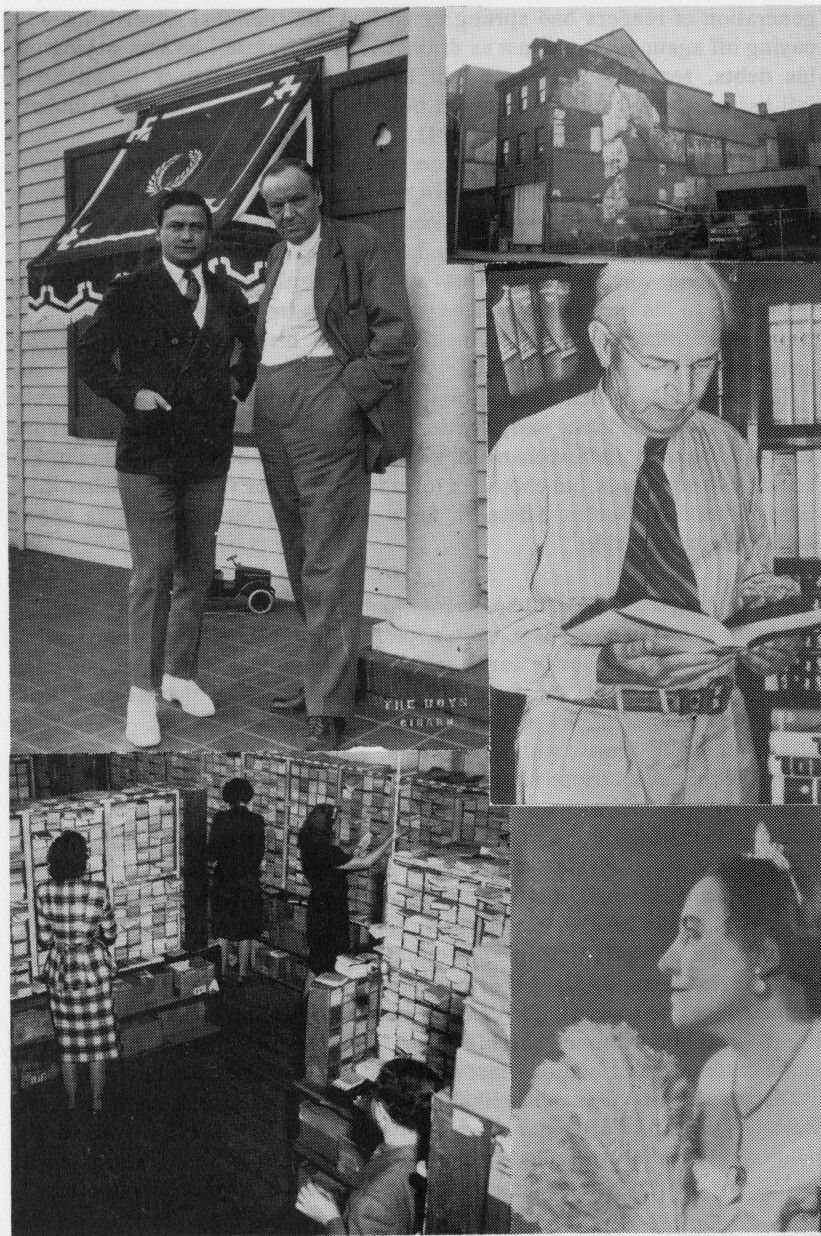
Wasted years lay behind him like empty husks. Some things had been lost, some things had been gained. Within him a metamorphosis had been taking place, and out of that calamitous decade strode an entirely different man: tempered, tested, and strengthened. The Depression had been a great leveler. Gone was the imperious attitude, replaced with humility and tolerance. In his new lifestyle there was no room for egotism, and glamour was out of place. Looking more kindly upon his surroundings now, he accepted them, almost gratefully.

Time and change had weaned him from New York, too. The Round Table had ceased to exist in the early thirties, its members had scattered, New York City had changed, he had changed, neither could ever be the same again. He could have gone back, but chose not to; in fact, he never ventured farther than the fifty miles to Joplin, Missouri, for a good steak, an entertaining show, and the pleasant ride.

Bachelorhood proved a bit hectic for him because of the uninvited attention of some area females, who beat a path to his office. They came with everything from Christmas cards to fluorescent lights, hoping to get past me—his secretary—in the front office. Little chance of that since I was designated keeper of his money, his morals, and his privacy.

One ingenious female with short, black, curly hair, a baby lisp, and a long record of conquests tripped lightly up to the office window and asked to see him. Tactfully—and with some pleasure—I got rid of her (I thought). But the clever wench came up with another idea that excluded the possibility of running into me. Armed with her fluorescent light and a big wad of determination, she took him by surprise one evening while he sat alone in his big house. When he answered the doorbell and saw her standing there with her light, he promptly let it be known that he had not the slightest interest in her fixtures. Instantly the persistent female boldly shoved her foot into the opened door and was going to come in anyway. Reacting quickly, H-J kicked it out again and slammed the big door shut. Next morning he sent out for chain fasteners and had one installed on every outside door in the house.

Distance was no deterrent either. Down in New Orleans a portly woman started a romantic courtship of sorts by sending him a large framed oil painting of a bowl of peonies she had done especially for him. It was signed: *The Tenth Muse*. "When I get my check," she wrote, "I'll do you another." And she did; in fact, two more. A card arrived, saying: "In transit, via Railway Express, magnolia watercolor painting, to H-J, the humorist, sage, word painter, wit, mollified Boccaccio, gentleman, 'the well amid the waste!' A tribute to his inspiring books, a tribute to a prismatic personality. Thinking that my paintings hang where he works shall make me glad! *The Tenth Muse*."



Clockwise from upper left: H-J and Clarence Darrow, 1925; H-J's birthplace, 237 Race St., Philadelphia, 1968; Upton Sinclair; The Tenth Muse; Pulling Little Blue Books at the H-J Plant, 1945.

Apparently believing in the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, her next objective was his appetite. Soon we were eating luscious strawberries in winter, succulent mushrooms and other Southern delicacies, interspersed with warm interjections of passionate poetry. It was getting to the point where we could hardly wait for the next mail. Meanwhile, we had wed.

Books followed, with words and phrases of endearment underlined to form the component of a love letter. In Southern belle fashion, she mailed a pink pressed camellia she had worn to the opera and a tinted miniature of herself in tiara with pink ostrich fan. Matronly, aristocratic, intellectual, she was obviously a lady of many summers. When a photo of her in a large picture hat arrived, we were disillusioned. The hat was not all that was large: her shoulders were reminiscent of a Green Bay Packer.

All we learned about her through her letters and photos was that she had been educated in a convent, wrote poetry, had a huge bust, and a terrific yen to take H-J to Europe. Through her unique handwriting, I was able to trace her name to a mail order. All that I now recall is that her first name was Frances and her last name was of Scottish origin.

We continued to enjoy her generosity for some time, and all might have gone on endlessly had H-J not foolishly mentioned in the columns of his monthly newspaper, the *American Freeman*, that he had taken a wife. Immediately all communication between New Orleans and Girard came to an abrupt halt. So did the strawberries, mushrooms, shrimp, paintings, poetry, books, love letters, and propositions to take him away from it all. Obviously disenchanted, the Tenth Muse had folded her easel and silently crept away.

Sunday was H-J's favorite day for several reasons. Ignoring the clock in his room that routed him out of bed every weekday morning at 7:30, we indulged him by serving his breakfast in bed, after which he rested, read, wrote, listened to his radio and all the delightful noises coming from the barnyard. From his bedroom window, he could look out into the lovely garden with all its colorful flowers, a birdhouse, and small goldfish pond decorated with water lilies. Farther on to the north lay forty acres of waving wheat ripening in the sun. Lover of nature and home that he was, it is no wonder that many of his most earthy and poetic articles originated from the comfort of his bed.

Sunday was open house at the farm, too, and nothing pleased him more than to open the front door and find the youth of America standing on his doorstep in crewcut, Argyles, and exposed shirttail. Effervescing with life, their faces fresh as the morning dew, perhaps he saw in their wide, eager eyes some of the same zest and stardust that had filled his own at that youthful age. With the famous Haldeman-Julius charisma, he instantly made them feel welcome by exclaiming jovially, "How very nice of you to come!" This was usually followed by "Please excuse me for not wearing my shoes." (He liked sitting around in his stockinged feet.)

"When I entertain," said H-J, "I like characters, as I'm always looking for personalities to supply me with good copy" (forgetting to add that when he got bored he simply ran up to his bed for a nap).



As for the ladies, they needed only to be cute or pretty. Although he greatly admired superior women like Eleanor Roosevelt, for whom he named his pet "plant pooch," when it came right down to a choice he preferred his women well formed rather than well informed. Fat women repulsed him. So did prim, prissy ones. Let them merely be charming, feminine, and fun to be with.



**Sue, H-J, and Abraham Walkowitz, 1945.**

Having whittled his vices down to food and drink—after marrying me—and no longer frequenting metropolitan areas where those vices might be indulged, he found a prolonged diet of Midwestern fare to be regrettably filling, fattening, and repetitious. Connoisseur that he was, he searched endlessly through every available source for delicacies to appease his gourmet appetite. As a result, the local expressman was constantly knocking on the back door, bringing Rocky Mountain trout from the cold streams of Colorado, fresh oysters packed in ice, homemade bread from the handmills of a unique concern in New Jersey, smoked salmon and young turkeys smoked in applewood, fruits from the orchards of the West, green turtle soup, to mention a few. But when he became a devotee of the live Maine lobster, I decided it was time we came to an understanding: I would boil the water, but he must come home and perform the execution. Lobster and scrambled eggs are the only two items I ever saw him prepare. Although he immensely enjoyed every bit of the fuss that went into the creation of a meal—the preparing, the savory aroma, and the peeking into pots—he was absolutely helpless in kitchens, and he liked it that way.

A beautiful vegetable garden might send him into a literary monologue, yet when encountered on the dining table, confined in a dish, he would eye it dispassionately and sadly, as though remembering a once lovely paramour. Rarely would he eat cole slaw, a dish always close to my Dutch heart. He would rake it around on his plate and poke it with his fork like it was a bale of



hay, and although I reminded him that cabbage was a good source of nerve vitamin, he preferred to keep his frazzled nerves. Kraut he would eat if it were raw, cold, and kosher.

Mainly carnivorous, he did like some things in the vegetable kingdom—fresh corn on the cob and asparagus dripping with homemade butter, sliced cucumbers in sour cream, young Spring onions, and tomatoes with salt only. “Women take the simplest foods and ruin them,” he said. So in preparing his food, we kept it nearly as God created it. “I’m easy to please,” he stated, “nothing fancy, just something simple.” The simplest thing, I thought, would be to turn him loose in a garden with a salt shaker and a carton of sour cream.

Except for ice cream and my cottage cheese pie, he was not much of a dessert man, preferring fresh fruit, evident in the apples and oranges scattered about the house at strategic places, and the bing cherry seeds I encountered in the dark with my bare feet.

One edible little item usually found at home, at the office, and in his car was the peanut—he loved them. For many years there existed in Joplin a small stand that sold only hot roasted peanuts. H-J rarely visited that city without patronizing the little vendor, buying not one but many sacksful. He ate peanuts all the way home, where he then divided the sacks between his office, his home, and his car. Wherever he was, he had them at his fingertips, not seeming to mind sitting ankle deep in hulls while driving or having them stick in his ribs while stretched out on his couch reading. When finally the last one had been safely deposited in his mouth, the janitor was summoned to give everything a thorough cleaning.

Each evening at five minutes past five, he came bouncing through the big front door, his arms loaded precariously high with the loot of the day, headed for the kitchen table where he flopped it down with a splash. All the items his fans had sent him, together with what he had bought by mail, made it seem like Christmas every day. There would be books, magazines, perhaps a box of assorted cheeses, some crocheted pot holders for me sent by a lady from Washington state, a hand-whittled pipe holder and some corncob pipes from a reader in Missouri, a box of dates, a personal pen with his name inscribed from the manufacturer, and, always without fail, several packages of liver and kidney scraps for his numerous cats—all named. He had a daily standing order with the local butcher. Large, heavy items, such as a bushel of grapefruit sent by a Texas grower and a ton-and-a-half bell, were brought out in the plant truck.

In a clever way, he took advantage of his readers’ generosity. If there was an item he wanted and couldn’t locate, all he need do was mention it in the columns of his monthly newspaper and wait. Some generous, devoted reader out there was bound to come up with it.

H-J belonged to the Book-of-the-Month, the Jam-of-the-Month, and the Cheese-of-the-Month Clubs, besides being on the mailing list of many a gimmick maker, fish peddler, and others. Mail-order man himself and loyal to his profession, he delighted in junk mail. Knowing how costly and

uncertain that business can be (and the skill and guts it took to survive), he felt great compassion and a warm kinship toward his compatriots. Reluctant to shop locally, he bought everything possible by mail—from socks to milking machine. Another reason was to use a part of the large number of uncanceled stamps received daily with the mail orders. Montgomery Ward being his favorite mail-order house, from them he purchased socks, shorts, hankies by the dozen, as well as shirts that needed the sleeves altered to the length of his short arms.

For the house he bought towels, sheets, pillow cases, hampers, dishes, cutlery, silverware, down-filled comforters, even a deep freeze. Our cows provided all the cream we could use, prompting him to send for a large wooden churn to replace an old one never used. Because it was unsanitary, we could never hope to accumulate enough cream to fill it, so it was eventually replaced by a glass Daisy churn that held all the sweet butter we could use, and provided fun for our house guests bent on churning butter.

His fascination for gimmicks and his devotion to his profession threatened to turn the house into a combination gift shop and hardware store. Fortunately, there was a huge attic covering the entire house, completely floored, and lighted (and the one place he rarely entered). That attic was all mine, so to speak, and the place where many of his “mistakes” were relegated. Reminders of the past were stored up there, too—discarded toys, ice skates, broken household items, books, old magazines, polo sticks—leftovers of his glamorous salad days—and a small overcoat with a velvet collar, so slim and tailored it might have fit Sammy Davis, Jr. That overcoat had been worn on his first trip to Girard that frosty October night in 1915 when he arrived on the Frisco to take a position on the *Appeal to Reason*. Looking at that tiny coat, I found it hard to believe that it had once fit my stocky man.

Of all his purchases, I believe the ones he enjoyed the most were an electric incubator for hatching chicks and an electric brooder to raise them in. After placing the incubator in a small room between his office and the front office, we then scoured the countryside for fresh setting eggs to fill it. That accomplished, we turned it on, marked the prospective hatching date on a calendar hanging above it, and settled down to wait for the incubation period to pass. Excitedly, we had visions of going into the chicken business as a hobby, knowing nothing at that time of the pitfalls and work involved in that messy chore.

Eventually, the red-letter day arrived for the chicks to start hatching. Excited as an expectant father, H-J spent most of his day in the hatching room waiting for the first yellow head to emerge limply from its shell. I had to reproach him for opening the incubator so much and allowing the eggs to chill. When at last he did find the first fluffy yellow chick standing bewildered in the tray, he stood there in total wonder as though a great miracle had taken place right before his eyes. Gathering the tiny thing gently into his cupped hands, like a happy child he proudly carried it around the plant for all his employees to see.



**E. Haldeman-Julius, 1947.**

Ten o'clock usually found him in bed, either listening to the radio news (Alex Drier being his favorite commentator) or reading until he fell asleep. Many times I slipped into his room to find the radio still on, a light over his head, and a cigar stump sticking out of his mouth. H-J loved his home and the quiet freedom he found there among beloved and familiar things, the only place in the whole world where he could truly be himself.

Positively refusing to budge out of Kansas after 1929, he still maintained some contact with old friends scattered about. This never ceased to be a source of amazement to the many suave urbanites who visited him. After taking a curious look around without finding the answer, often they frankly asked him, hoping to discover some halfway logical reason why a man of literary stature should choose to bury himself so far from the centers of culture and stimulation. Equally baffling was his reply. Grinning like a mischievous cherub, he told them, "I am content. If the world wishes to see me, let it come here."

A priest who was his friend once asked him in all-sincerity what he got out of life. His reply was one of poetic beauty. "I find life worthwhile because I enjoy good music, great books, beautiful thoughts of truth and freedom, pleasant home life, exchange of ideas, black bread smeared with homemade butter, letters dictated by my grandchild, friendly neighbors, newborn calves, freshly plowed fields, burning logs that make the house smell sweet, my wife's lovely garden, the fields mantled in snow, soft-voiced old people, laughing children, the long yawn that says it's time to turn in." Finally—and perhaps against his will—he had found peace of mind and contentment on the flat, prairie soil of Kansas.

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# Three Poems by David Ray

## Garage Sale

You chose a belt, thin and red  
and hard to find, for a dime.  
The woman watched as we fished:  
and the kid, with one quarter  
from you and one from me,  
bought a View-Master.  
Have you been all those places,  
the Grand Tetons  
the Garden of the Gods  
Cheyenne in the Roundup Days?  
Some of them, she said,  
Hold it up to the light!  
So we all go on trying  
to master the view.  
And we bought it, and saw  
the lady's tumor  
bulging on her arm.  
No, she hadn't lost her husband,  
he was inside, reading.  
She was just selling out  
because . . . because . . . no need to say  
because she had lost herself  
or was losing herself  
and like the good woman she'd always been  
was tidying up after herself already  
and we could buy the dustpan if we liked





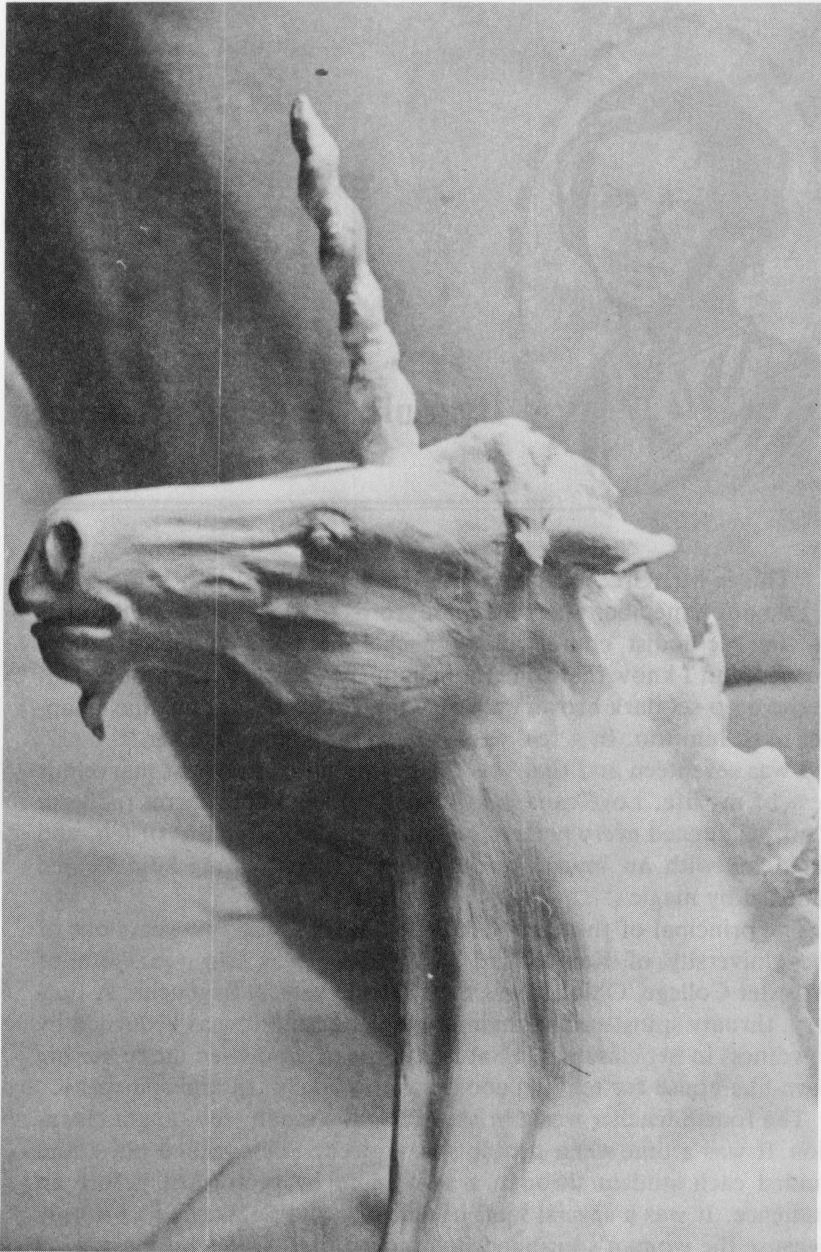
## Bike Shop

Playground down below, frozen ground,  
hope of being chosen for the game  
after crossing ditch on plank  
looking down on ice. Hunger always,  
and after school, terribly old man's  
shaking fingers by a bike spoke  
and greasy sprocket, his fouled jacket,  
his devoted, freckled-skinny wife,  
counting coins and watching, a spider  
at his work, his trembling whiskers,  
his handlebar mustache which you thought  
he'd grown because he was a troll  
or elf of bikes, with stained yellow  
hair. And while he tightened  
with his wrench your silver spokes  
and grunted wisdom you couldn't use  
you got a glimpse into a back room  
full of shadows, boxes, tipped-over  
cardboard actors, dusty advertising  
signs for things he never sold,  
ancient cola, a brake shoe, a spark  
plug. Counter high and further in  
than you'd been on the sidewalk  
peering in his window, bikes and  
clocks and those two faces, you still  
could never figure out standing on  
that oil-soaked floor how they all  
got there or how you do now, your  
eyes looking out just as big  
as theirs were in flesh-losing faces  
at upward staring children who want  
you to do no more than smile and say  
nothing ominous awaits you—Just push  
the bike out—into the sun—ride it—  
try it—with no hands—remember us.

## Farmers' Market

Old woman, in from the farm,  
standing between your pickup  
truck and homely table  
covered with oil cloth,  
decorated with your plants  
for sale, and fresh-picked  
spinach, you knew  
I was proud of you  
and loved you well  
when I bought your home-  
made soap, cooked up from a few  
ashes and waste grease—  
soaps both round and square.  
I bought one of each, saying  
“Do you make it in a great  
big kettle?” “No,” you said,  
“I have an enamel pan.”  
No matter, you’d made good  
soap, and knew I was proud,  
handing my quarters over.  
I was more proud of you  
even than of that black lady  
down the line who’d walked  
ten miles for that tiny  
batch of morels, or of  
the man who’d gathered saffron  
from the hills, hawked  
an ounce, along with garlic.  
And you didn’t even brag  
about saving all that grease,  
recycling ashes, getting us  
to use our same smiles  
over and over, just for you.

David Ray



**Unicorn** **Shelby Horn**



# Love

By Zula Bennington Greene

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"This is Mr. Greene, the science teacher and assistant principal."

I do not remember who said these words to me halfway up the aisle of the Methodist church in Saguache the Sunday before school opened, but I know that something happened to me when I looked into the deep-set dark brown eyes of Willard Greene. It must have happened to him too. In a few weeks we were "going together."

I was seventeen and that was the beginning of the most marvelous year of my life. Love came and I was flooded with a secret radiance that heightened every perception, gave me the strength of ten and filled me with an inward power and glory. Everything I did seemed touched by magic.

The principal of the school, H. Clay Marks, was two years out of the University of Kansas and Mr. Greene was two years out of Wooster College, Ohio. It was their second year in Saguache. A flut-tery, throaty spinsterish woman taught English and was bedeviled by rowdiness in her classes. On Saturdays she often invited me to her big barn-like house for tea and cookies, more likely tea and sympathy.

The fourth teacher was a brisk, efficient woman who taught elocution. It was a time when people spoke pieces. She coached plays and guided each student through a reading to be performed before an audience. It was a special kind of teaching and Saguache had it only because the woman's husband had moved there in his business.

The schoolhouse was a modest two-story brick, just the right size for the forty to fifty students. The basketball court was on the



grounds. Mr. Greene was the coach, also the track coach. He had been a runner at Wooster. The school had no football team.

In his classes I studied physics, chemistry, algebra and geometry. Other classes were American history, literature, Vergil and Cicero. Cicero was studied out of school with Mr. Marks to complete my two years' work.

In everything I yearned for perfection. Nothing less was good enough. Though I had always been studious and bookish I now had the joyful incentive of pleasing a teacher I loved. Grades in the high nineties were sent home to my parents with such comments as "Splendid work" and "A superior student" written across the cards by Mr. Marks.

I have never studied so well or learned so much as I did in that year. If I had not fallen in love or had fallen in love with somebody else besides a teacher, might I have mooned away the evenings and dropped down into the low nineties?

The first day in the Vergil class Mr. Marks' emphasis on the meter of the Aeneid gave me the impression that we were expected to render it into English iambic pentameter. I labored over it long into the night and produced some fairly passable verse, but was greatly relieved to learn that a prose translation was sufficient.

A student "keeping company" with a teacher in a small town attracts comment, particularly when Mr. Greene and I "double-dated," though that term had not yet been born, with Mr. Marks and Effie Scovil, a pretty girl who was a special student in Mr. Greene's German class.

The four of us played chess and took walks on Sunday afternoons into the nearby hills, skipped stones on a little pond and when the sun neared the distant purple mountains, walked slowly back to town.

They were the most beautiful walks I have ever taken in all my life and if Mr. Greene touched my arm to assist me, stars were lighted.

The four of us sang in the Methodist choir and went to choir practice Thursday evenings. How we did make "Men of Harlech" ring out and what vigor we put into the "Hallelujah Chorus"! Mr. Greene had a fine tenor voice. Many remarked on it. We labored over the Christmas and Easter music and had something good for every Sunday.

I have never sung so well in all my life as I did that year.

Saguache was an old town, dominated subtly but definitely by close-knit old families, and nobody can be more clannish than old families in a small town, where it becomes habit more than intent to associate chiefly with each other. The town had two banks, a

hotel—Mr. Marks and Mr. Greene lived in the hotel and complained wittily about it—a garage that offered day or night “livery service” and a millinery store that advertised “hats made to your individual order.”

Now and then there was a picture show—the pictures were just beginning—but we did not go to any except one at the end of the year. A hypnotist came to town and a hypnotized woman lay in a trance in a store window all day, attracting curious, questioning and embarrassed looks. Various other events entertained the townspeople—horse races in the dusty roads outside of town, fights and wrestling matches and there was hushed talk of cockfights.

We attended none of these, but something we did go to were the Lyceum lectures, for which season tickets were sold. Mr. Greene began asking me to go with him and we both understood that we would continue to go together.

Some of the boys at the school, hoping to “get ahead of the professor,” hatched up the plan for one of them to ask me to the next lecture. Charles Scovil, a nice-looking boy, Effie’s brother, was chosen for the assignment. He stopped me one day after a class and made his pitch.

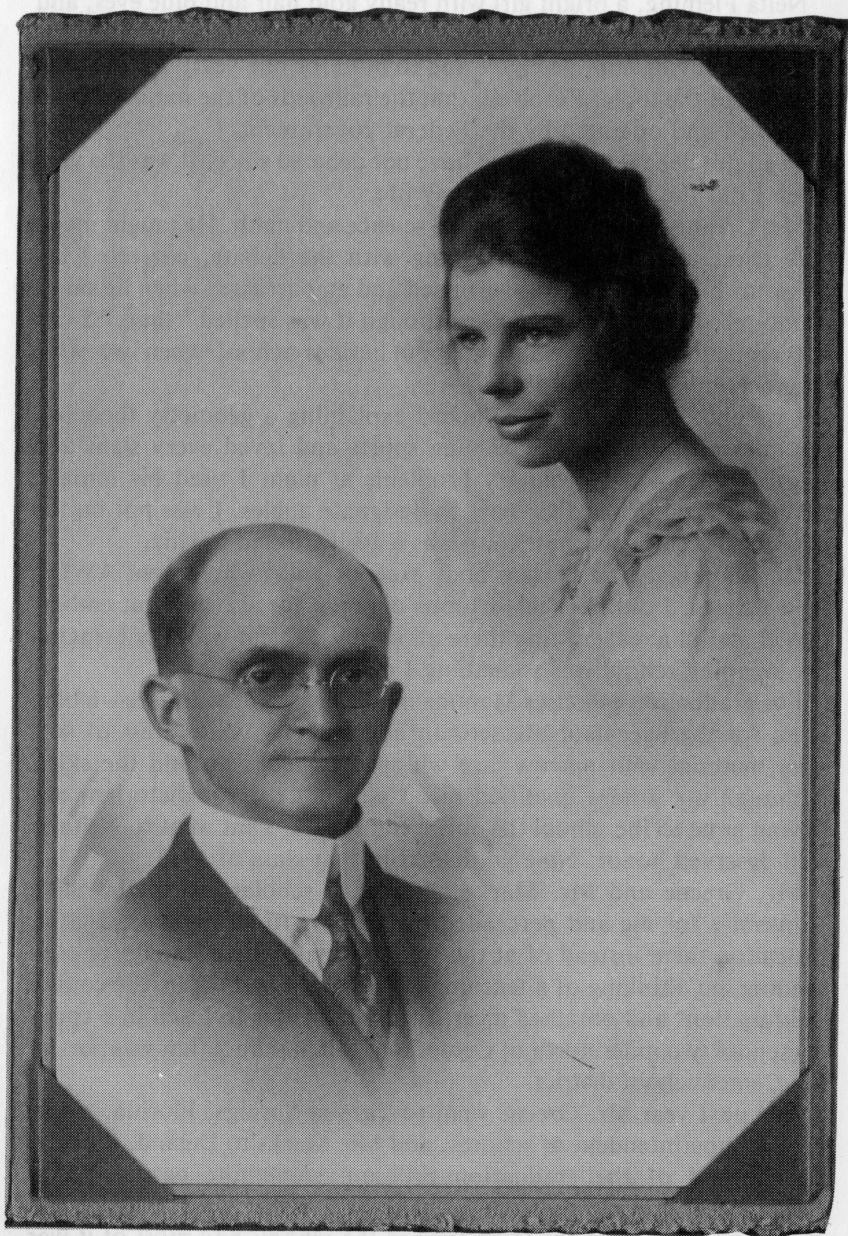
I did not hesitate, or did I feel coy. Straightforwardly I said, “I always go with Mr. Greene.”

On the day before another of the lectures a boy who was a bully and troublemaker created a disciplinary problem and struck Mr. Greene, giving him a black eye. It caused a big stir in school and in the town and the boy was immediately expelled. He belonged to a prominent family and his sister was one of my best friends.

Mr. Greene suggested that, considering his appearance, it might be better if we did not go to the lecture together. I said I would like to go with him as planned and that is what we did.

Although I do not recall the name of a single lecture, I am certain that I have never enjoyed going to lectures as greatly as I did that year.

I do not remember being at all concerned about my looks or my clothes. My dresses, made by Mamma, were few and simple and I had no cosmetics of any kind, but at seventeen who needs them? Pictures in the school annual show me with a lumpy low pompadour and a white blouse with a jumper I remember as rose-colored tussah. The little gold star was for perfect attendance at Sunday School for a year—or was it five? Once when we were in the mountains on Sunday I went to Sunday School at Creede to keep the record for perfect attendance.



**Willard and Zula Bennington Greene,  
ca. 1918.**

Neita Fleming, a bright girl with really gold hair and blue eyes, and I were on a debate team that won what was described as a "magnificent silver loving cup," to have and to hold for one year. We took the negative of the topic: Resolved, that the railroads of the nation should be owned and operated by the Federal government.

I had not debated before and have not debated since. It was the year when I did the best debating of my life.

Mr. Greene taught me more than science and math. He taught me to play chess and tennis, and helping with the debate, corrected my Missouri hills dialect. I was surprised and embarrassed when he said I pronounced the word "there" as though it was spelled "thar." I can not remember what we talked about besides school when we were together, but it was not about love.

I watched him at the blackboard explaining a geometry theorem, saw him on the grounds coaching sports and loved every sight and sound. When I did geometry problems at night I used his initials, MWG, Milton Willard Greene, to designate angles. I was not on the girls' basketball team, but Neita was a forward and a whiz.

One day the entire student body except—guess who—went AWOL from school. I did not feel virtuous or smug for staying, but embarrassed and ill at ease sitting there all by myself, but with my bringing up, skipping school was something I could not do.

For graduation exercises Mamma made me two new dresses—a blue dress for the baccalaureate sermon and a pretty white dress of soft silky material with narrow lace whipped to tucks around the skirt. Although my grades qualified me, I was not the valedictorian, not having gone to the school the entire four years. That went to Neita, a well-deserved honor. Nine graduated in that class of 1913.

Mr. Greene and Mr. Marks obtained a scholarship to the State University for me and persuaded my parents to let me have a go at education there instead of at the state normal, where Papa proposed sending me, thinking of a teaching certificate. I had taken the county examinations and obtained a certificate, for I was to teach in a country school two miles north of Center that fall, a school that was part of the Center school district.

The next year Mr. Greene went to Tarpon Springs, Florida, where he was superintendent of schools, and Mr. Marks to Deland, Florida. At the end of the graduation program something occurred that startled the drowsy audience awake. Mr. Marks said some things about the attitude of the town toward the schools and most of it was not complimentary.

After the close of school Mr. Greene came to Center for a short visit with my parents before he went home to Kansas. I think my parents



and Uncle Frank had a feeling that a slick young teacher from back East who took an interest in a backward country girl was up to no good. I was happy to have him in the house talking to Papa about farming and asking Mamma about Missouri. No girl ever brought a beau home with greater pride.

Looking back, I can smile at that girl, so artless and undesigning, accepting love without question. There is wistfulness, too, for her wholeness, her freshness of youth uncorroded by time. And pain, at the memory of the years that are gone.

Thinking back over that year I would tell myself, "He'll ask me some day."

He had not so much as touched me except to take my arm as we walked home from choir practice or the Lyceum. Walking together in the dark, his arm through mine, I wanted it never to end. No word of love passed his lips, yet I felt as sure as though a ring was on my finger.

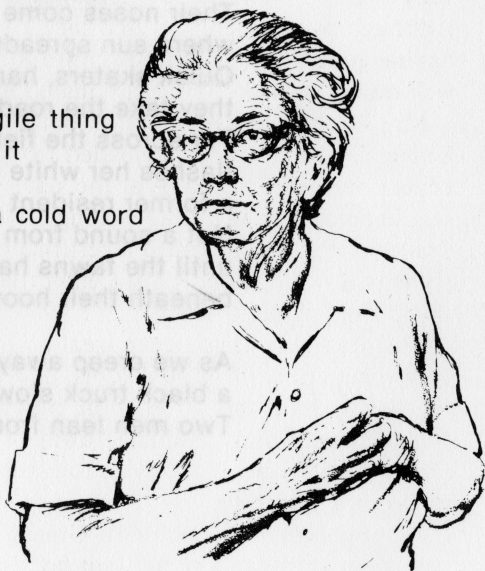
Standing in the bay window of our little house with dark sifting down and the mountains a deep blue shadow, he kissed me and in that kiss promises were silently made.

I had become eighteen and nothing, I knew, would ever be as glorious as that year of falling in love, and it never has been.

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## The House of Glass

Your love was such a fragile thing  
I didn't really try to hold it  
If I had known  
that it would break with a cold word  
hurled at it  
I might not live now  
(as if it mattered)  
gashed and slashed  
by flying glass  
in my shattered house



Elizabeth Layton



## North of Chanute, Kansas

A hawk  
white-vested in morning light  
grows from a fence post.  
Six hedge apples hang in a leafless tree.  
Out of the bare sumac  
a brown deer steps: ears alert,  
head pivots, one foot lifts testing.  
My truck is steady in her gaze.  
At the fence she puzzles  
like one meeting ornaments on a lawn  
she loves  
but no longer possesses.

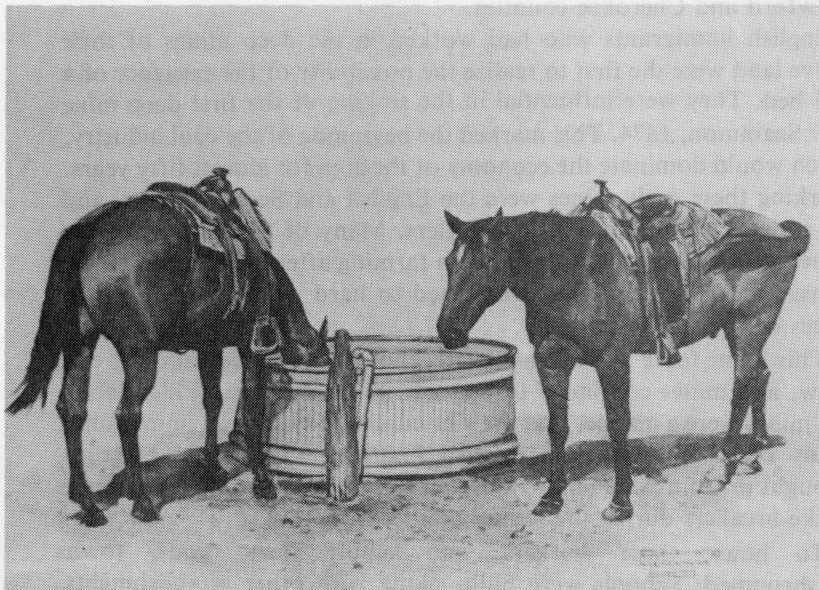
Two fawns sniff  
the foxtail's rigid claim to the roadside.  
Their noses come to asphalt  
where sun spreads a sheen like ice.  
Quick skaters, hardly touching  
they take the road before it cracks.  
Far across the field the doe  
flashes her white tail,  
a former resident taking pictures.  
Not a sound from my engine  
until the fawns have tucked the fence  
beneath their hooves.

As we creep away  
a black truck slows.  
Two men lean from a shadow of guns.

Victoria Garton



**"Doc Adams" Milburn Stone [Watercolor].**



**Fillin & Full [Watercolor].**

**Gary Hawk**

# Coal Town School

by Virginia Stough Martino



The first wave of homesteaders who came to Kansas after the Civil War were looking for farmland. They did not know—perhaps would not have cared—that wealth lay deep under the empty, open landscape. But here was located the Cherokee vein of coal, in what became Crawford and Cherokee counties.

English immigrants who had worked in the deep mines of their native land were the first to realize the possibility of the existence of a coal bed. They were influential in the sinking of the first deep mine near Scammon, 1874. This marked the beginning of the coal industry, which would dominate the economy of the area for almost fifty years. Working these early mines were the English and Scotch miners, and the sons of the original farmer-settlers. Many of the latter, like my father, had become discouraged with farming after losing crops to the Kansas droughts, and they were used to hard work, so the regular wages drew them to mining.

This labor force was not adequate, though, as the demand for coal grew, and mines continued to be sunk. Since it was unskilled labor, the mines were a magnet that drew hundreds of European immigrants, many of whom spoke no English. To these were added Negroes, brought in from Alabama by the four major coal companies to act as strike-breakers during the strikes of the 1890s.

To house these workers, and supply their needs, towns mushroomed. Schools were built, along with other establishments. The old school in my home town had been destroyed by fire, so a much larger one was built to meet growth.



This was the school I entered in 1917. It was a square box-like building of red brick, two-storied, over a full basement. There were four classrooms on each upper floor, with the big coal burning furnace in the basement. A small room on the first story served as a kitchen for the cooking class, and a corresponding room on the second floor served as the principal's office. A dread of fire hovered over the town, so the wide central hall which gave access to the classrooms was bisected by corridors that led to side doors—the ones upstairs opening onto iron fire escapes. Fire drills were held regularly. Along the walls of each central hall were rows of drinking fountains. Each floor also had two wash rooms—one for girls and one for boys. There were no indoor toilets until the 1920s.

The outdoor toilets were at the back of the schoolground—the girls' on the west end and the boys' on the east. The accommodations were housed in long wooden sheds, and consisted of a number of holes in a box-like seat that ran the length of the building. There was no privacy. A few small, high windows let in a little light, but there was no heat. In winter, it was often necessary to brush the snow off the seat. No wonder few children asked to go to the toilet!

The school yard was graveled, but some large trees furnished shade. A row of catalpas bordered the front walk, and some huge, beautiful maples grew along the back of the grounds. A tall board fence separated the school yard from the railroad tracks. All day long we could hear switch engines taking empty cars out to the mines and bringing back cars heavily loaded with coal.

The school bell hung in a steel tower near the front entrance and rang a half-hour before morning and afternoon sessions and again when they convened. School started at nine o'clock; there was an hour for lunch, for most students went home to eat; and the afternoon classes began promptly at one o'clock—school was dismissed at four, and no loitering in the building was allowed. Of course, all children walked to school, some of them well over a mile. They came through rain, mud and snow—walking down dirt roads that were almost impassable in wet weather. If the walking was too hard, the children had to stay home.

There was no kindergarten, so beginners went directly into the first grade. My class had about thirty-five members. Segregation was practiced in some of the surrounding towns, but never in my home town, so some of my classmates were Negroes (or "colored," as they called themselves). Besides the descendents of the Kansas pioneers, the whites included American-born children of immigrants: Slavs, Germans, Austrians, Italians, French, English, and Scots. Many of the

Europeans spoke very little English. Ages ranged from six to eight years; although six was the legal age to start school, some parents did not understand this, and held their little ones back.

Girls wore cotton dresses, and boys wore bib overalls and heavy chambray shirts. All wore long cotton stockings and high laced shoes. Girls had "bobbed" or braided hair, and many of the boys had what we called "bowl" haircuts. Their fathers cut their hair, and it looked as if a bowl had been placed on their heads and the hair cut along the edges.

Supplies for beginners were few. We needed a Primer, a Big Chief tablet for daily lessons, a Webster tablet with slick sheets for weekly sheets to show progress, a soft-lead pencil, and a small box of Crayolas. The teacher kept tablets in a cupboard and doled out a sheet as we needed it. We had to ask permission to have our pencils sharpened, for the teacher sharpened them. Every care was taken to prevent waste.

Presiding over the first grade was Miss Emma Malloy, and over the second was her sister, Miss Kate. These ladies worked in silk dresses, lavishly ornamented with lace, ribbons, and embroidery. They wore silk stockings, and their incredibly tiny feet were always shod in fancy patent or kid slippers. They used face powder and rouge to paint their faces after the fashion of a China doll, with bright pink rose-bud mouths. When I started school, their hair had surely turned gray, but by using henna, they kept it dyed a flaming red. They looked dressed for a party, but they were all business. Woe to the child who expected laxity!

The course of study for the first grade was almost limited to the three R's, although we used Crayolas once a week to "color," and we sang occasionally. On the blackboard, "not to be erased," was written the two's times table. Also written were the combinations of numbers we were currently studying and the week's words from our lesson in the Primer. Cursive writing was taught, and cards with the letters of the alphabet, large and small case, formed a border above the blackboard. Miss Em believed in the value of repetition, and several times each day we recited the times table and combinations in a singsong drone. She used the same method in teaching the words in our reading lesson. All learned to participate in these drills, for teacher had eyes like a hawk and patrolled the room constantly, watching for silent children. These were jogged into reciting by a slight shake. Whispering and dawdling at our work were not allowed, and after a warning, repeated offences were punished by a hard shake and a scolding. A culprit who got "sassy" was slapped. Miss Em had few

discipline problems. She was strict, but absolutely fair. She scolded the idlers and praised the workers, regardless of race, nationality, or social position.

Her one difficulty was coping with foreign names. Birth certificates were not issued, and illiterate parents could not furnish a written copy of the child's name. Our first writing lessons were to copy our names from a model Miss Em wrote at the top of our tablet page. She did not understand Italian pronunciation or spelling; Austrian baffled her equally. She wrote the names as they sounded to her—so Teresa became "Tracy," Filomena became "Fummie," and Ignace became "Notsy," and these names they carried through life. Perhaps the strangest incident involved a shy little colored boy. When Miss Em asked his name, he whispered something she didn't understand, and she said, "Oh, you'll never learn to write that, we'll just call you A.B." He went by the two initials until he entered high school, and the principal suggested that he be called "Abe." So as Abe, he graduated and spent a long career in the armed services.

Miss Em took her job very seriously and worked hard with us. As a result, by the end of the first year we had finished both the Primer and First Reader. We could write short paragraphs and poems and could recite the two's times table and combinations of numbers from one to nine from memory. All of us had increased our vocabularies,



Third Grade Class, Cherokee Grade School, ca. 1920.

learned to follow directions, and had respect for authority. Students who did not reach the level of learning set by Miss Em were held back, and repeated the first grade work the next year.

Most children wanted to "pass" into the next grade, but I remember one boy who was content to remain in the same grade. When I went into the third grade, he sat in the back of the room in a large seat that had been brought in for him. He was twice as big as the other children in that grade, but that didn't worry him. He had a sunny disposition and responded to all efforts at motivation with a sweet smile, regardless of whether he was cajoled, scolded, lectured, or implored to get his lessons. He stayed in the third grade until he was big enough to go to work, and then became a dependable, good worker. He was an honest, respected man with many friends. I have often wondered how he could have been reached in school.

The second grade was a continuation of the first, with Miss Kate employing the same methods used by her sister. After the second grade, we added to the three "R's". We had daily lessons in spelling, penmanship, history, English (grammar), geography, physiology, and civics (government). We sang every day and had art once a week. In the two upper grades, girls had cooking twice a week, and boys had woodworking in a shop in the basement.

Each room had a bookcase or two, filled with children's classics, and we were encouraged to read them. Every room was provided with a Webster's dictionary and a set of World Books. Two sides of all rooms were filled with tall windows to provide light, and were opened to let in fresh air in hot weather. An American flag was displayed on the front wall, and on the other inside wall hung a picture of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, or another famous American. The only decorations were samples of the children's art work, which were used as a border above the blackboard or placed in the windows.

Discipline was not a problem, although not all the teachers had the firm control exercised by the Malloy sisters. The principal was rough and tough, and handled disciplinary problems as the students' fathers did: a hard whack or two and a harsh scolding. His method was reinforced by the parents: a child who went home and told that he had been spanked by the principal was often told, "I told you to be good at school. Now I give you a lickin' myself to help you remember."

There was no place or equipment for physical education classes. In all but the worst weather, though, all children went outside for the half-hour recesses—mid-morning and afternoon. Each teacher was responsible for her pupils on the playground. There were teeter-totters for the small children, but older ones played softball or circle games.



In spring, girls jumped rope, played hopscotch or jacks; boys played marbles or tag.

Probably the obstacle which was hardest for the teachers to surmount was created by the common ignorance of even the basic principles of health care and personal hygiene on the part of the parents.

Lack of a balanced diet, added to the exposure during the long walk to school, made the children susceptible to colds and childhood diseases. Babies are given immunization shots nowadays, as a matter of course, but sixty years ago, these serums had not been developed. Consequently, each year there would be an outbreak of contagions: scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, mumps, chicken-pox, diphtheria and "pink eye." Many parents did not have their children vaccinated for small-pox, so a few isolated cases appeared from year to year. It is a marvel that the death rate was no higher.

Absences mounted during winter. Colds kept many at home, which must have been a relief to the teachers, for paper tissues were not in use then. The students who lacked handkerchiefs sniffed and sniffed, and finally wiped their runny noses on their sleeves.

Children had fairly clean faces and hands, but some went for weeks without taking a bath. They wore the same suit of long underwear day and night for a month without changing. On warm days, our rooms were smelly, to say the least. Then a day would come when the principal would visit each room and order all the students to take a bath and put on clean underwear over the weekend. He ended his talk with, "To put it plainly, you STINK!"

But somehow, most of the children got through the eight grades of school, although some boys who were large had dropped out to go into the mines when they finished the seventh grade. The average age of the eighth-grade graduate was fifteen or sixteen years. These young people could read, write, "figure," spell fairly well, and had a smattering (at least) of grammar. They had some knowledge of history, geography, and government. They were trying to apply principles of hygiene to their living. Most of the accent had disappeared from the speech of the children of European parents. The proficiency gained by these children in the English language helped them to serve as interpreters for their parents.

Most of the miners had great respect for learning and wanted a good education for their children. As a result, many a miner dug coal and sent his children to high school.

Some of these students went on to college, and a few even went into teaching, but none faced the conditions that challenged the hardy crew who taught in the early coal-town schools.

# The Sculpture of Waylande Gregory



Madonna, hammered aluminum, 1959.

## THE SCULPTURE OF WAYLANDE GREGORY

By Gene DeGruson

Waylande Charles DeSantis Gregory, born June 14, 1905, in Baxter Springs, Kansas, as a child modeled horses from clay found near Spring River. By his early twenties, he had gained prominence as an architectural artist, completing in 1926 the impressive terra cotta Aztec Temple Room of the Hotel President in Kansas City. His motifs still adorn numerous Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri public buildings; a WPA mural executed for the Columbus Post Office may be seen at that city's community center; his athletes sport above the entrance to Brandenburg Stadium at Pittsburg State University. Popular as his work was, his eighty-foot-long ceramic mural for the Municipal Center in Washington, D.C., met with severe public criticism for its depiction of law officers brutalizing two Black criminals. This social comment kept the courtyard it overlooks closed to the public for many years.

At one time Gregory attracted attention primarily for the sheer physical size of his work: he created monumental outdoor statues in ceramics (simple, high-fired clay), a medium once thought practical only for small, decorative objects—for which he is also highly prized today among collectors for work done during his association with the Cowan Pottery Studio. His widow, Yolanda, considered of highest importance the use of his high-fired vitreous ceramic coating on the first NASA spacecraft heat shields. Others consider him important for his work in the Art Deco tradition for the New York World's Fair of 1939 and for such industrial patrons of the arts as the Ford Motor Company. Still others value him primarily as a portrait sculptor, whose works ranged from a commissioned bust of Henry Fonda, used in publicizing John

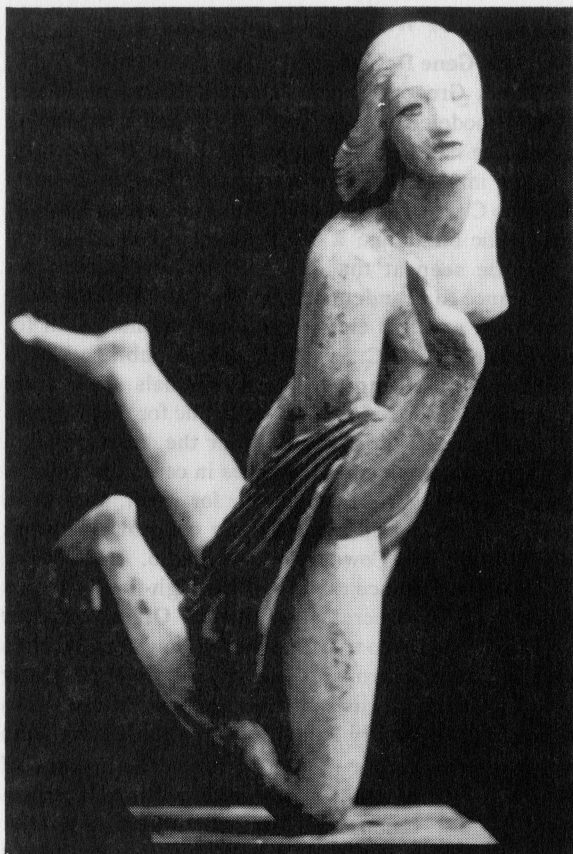
Ford's motion picture, **The Grapes of Wrath** (1940), to such personal interpretations as that of Albert Einstein, occasioned purely by the sculptor's admiration for the scientist. He is, of course, all of these—and more, for he also worked in glass, aluminum, precious metals, and other materials. As Christian Rholing of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design has remarked,

"Rarely today does one see such remarkable diversity and inventiveness of design in one man's work."

Gregory died at his studio in Bound Brook, N.J., August 18, 1971, leaving a collection of over three thousand works of art, bequeathed to Christian Charities, Inc., this past September on the death of his widow.



Gregory working on the Aztec Temple Room, Kansas City, 1926.



# Wayland

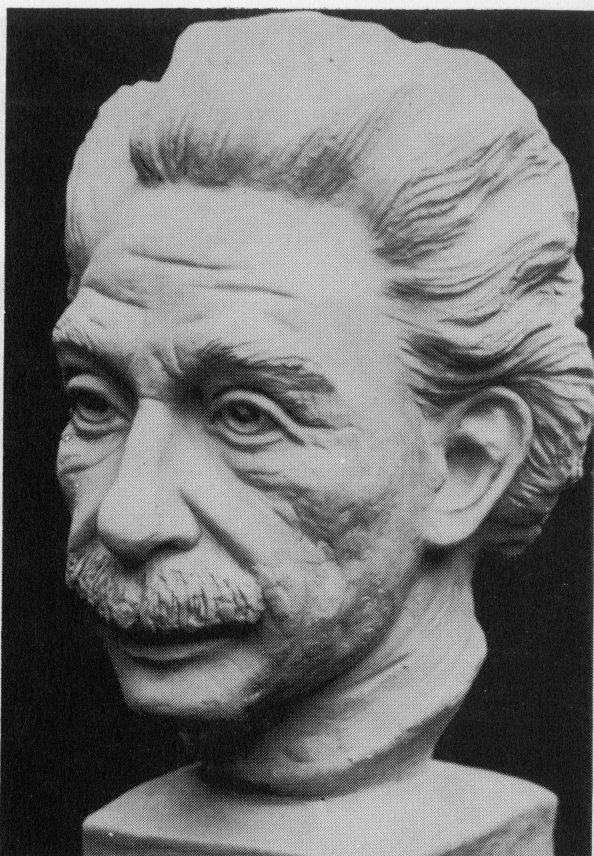
Ceramics by Waylande Gregory  
1937; Menorah, 1948; A  
working model for Democracy  
Washington, D.C., 1939.





# e Gregory

ory. Top, left to right: Darkness,  
bert Einstein, 1940; bottom:  
y in Action, Municipal Center,



The Liberator, Hammered Aluminum, 1939.



**The Listener, hammered aluminum, 1959.**

# The Three Chances: A Slovenian Folktale



Collected by Patty Kuhel from Frank Kuhel, Jr., of Girard, Kansas,

A bride and groom were on their way to their new home. This was a long time ago, so they were riding in a wagon pulled by a horse. As they were going along, the horse shied at a rabbit running across the road. The man calmed the horse down, got out, looked the horse right in the eyes, and said, "That's one!" Then he climbed back in the wagon and drove on down the road.

A little further along another rabbit ran out, and the horse reared up again. The man calmed the horse down again, looked him in the eyes, and said, "That's two!"

(The young bride was puzzled by her new husband's talking to the horse, and she began to wonder what kind of a man she had married. But she didn't say anything.)

About a mile on down the road, the horse shied again. This time the man jumped down from the wagon and shouted, "That's three!" Pulling a gun from under the seat of the wagon, he shot the horse right between the eyes. As he was putting the gun back, his wife jumped down and started yelling at her husband for his crazy actions and for shooting their horse. "Horses are expensive, you fool!"

Her husband just looked at her calmly and said, "That's one!"

# Quilting



She gathers her sewing basket  
and drives the old ford up to the bungalow  
to quilt.

Sitting around the frame  
she trades the local news  
and drifts back to when she had a man  
and children tugged at her apron.

The air hangs fragrant as she leans over her art.



Oh the names the quilts have:

*Lover's Link, Flower Garden, Bowtie, and Friendship  
Water Lily, Rose, Pansy, and Tulip*

*The Great Circle, Ocean Waves, Goose Tracks  
Road to California, American Beauty, Drunkard's Path*

*Pinwheel, Four Patch, Star, and Necktie  
Wedding Ring, Sun Bonnet, Fruit Basket, Butterfly.*



And the light shines good in her bones all day long.



In the evening  
she drives the hill toward home  
thinks about her children

and sighs.

J.T. Knoll





**Ada M. Fowler.**  
**Photograph by Susie Engle.**

# Nelson Antrim Crawford:



## A Lost Savant of the Blue Book Era

By William F. Ryan

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“Don’t be ignorant,” his red-whiskered Uncle Wilbur soundly advised him in his boyhood. The words, gentle but hard as quartz, were carved in his Midwest consciousness forever.

Nelson Antrim Crawford was born in Miller, South Dakota, May 4, 1888, to Fanny Vandercook and Nelson Antrim Crawford, Sr. The boy “Antrim”—as he was known to almost everyone all his life—must have been raised primarily in Iowa by his religious Aunt Emily and tenacious Uncle Wilbur. From the beginning, Antrim wanted to write. Uncle Wilbur encouraged him in a fashion to shape his future as one of the leading popular author-educators of what Crawford would always call “the generous West.”

His first real swing at the craft of magazine journalism was a brief piece for *Youth’s Companion*. An editor returned it to the boy, red-penciled with the word “Errors” and nine passages circled. Uncle Wilbur packed Antrim off to the local library. The boy labored there over his three-hundred-word screed, surrounded by books. By his own account, Antrim found one more mistake which the editor had missed. The result was Antrim’s first sale to a magazine and his first author’s earnings—a whopping one dollar. It did his uncle proud. “You’re learning not to be ignorant—I hope,” Wilbur said. “And maybe you’re learning not to rely on other folks.”

Already a reporter for some daily newspapers in Iowa and Nebraska, Antrim was graduated with a Bachelor of Arts from the State University of Iowa in 1910. Then he went to the University of Kansas at Lawrence, where he was awarded his M.A. in 1914. That



Nelson Auburn Crawford

year, Crawford was hired as Instructor of English and Journalism at Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan.

In those early teaching days, Antrim Crawford took on a prodigious amount of magazine work and journalistic projects peripheral to his classroom work. In 1914 he was named managing editor of the *Kansas Industrialist*, and remained so for more than a decade. In 1916 he began a two-year editorship of the *Kansas Churchman*. As head of the college's printing department and press service, Antrim authored some texts: *Preparation for Editorial Work on Farm Papers* (1917) and *Editing the Agricultural Bulletin* (1918).

By then, the nation had entered hostilities in Europe. For the duration of World War I, Crawford served on the Kansas Council of Defense and was publicity director for the U.S. Food Administration in Kansas. That responsibility has a way of multiplying itself was soon an old story for Crawford. Some time in 1918, William M. Jardine ascended to the presidency of the college. An admirer of Crawford's vigor and output, Jardine named him head of the Department of Industrial Journalism. He remained at that post for several years. Concurrently he served a year (1917-1918) as a contributing editor to *Farm and Fireside* magazine.

Amid this academic existence, Nelson Antrim Crawford was an ardent lover of literature. Beyond some of his college classes, he was afforded little opportunity for literary exercise for a few more years. He was nonetheless connected. In 1919 he entrenched himself in Kansas literary circles and became an associate editor of the *Midland*, perhaps the most respected literary quarterly in America's heartland at that time. He clung to this post of honor until 1933.

The Nelson Antrim Crawford of that period can be seen as a hard-working, diligent, and somewhat solitary educator and academic journalist. He was a staunch Episcopalian, but confessed to friend H.L. Mencken many years later that, although he had been steered toward the Anglican priesthood in his Iowa youth, he had abandoned those confining studies and maintained his enchantment for the church ceremonies. The poetic side of Antrim's personality was much aligned with this preoccupation with grace, rigidity, and form. There is little index to the emotional and intellectual struggles of Crawford the literary artist prior to the 1920s. His grappling with time, important and laborious work, and the Christian life can only be guessed. Evidence shows later that the young Crawford perhaps longed to be more physically handsome, attractive to women, gregarious with other artists.



His debut on the printed pages more familiar to his fellows was probably in *Reedy's Mirror* for April 18, 1919. Crawford's short story, "Cornflower Blue," was an obvious mimetic attempt at the gaslight alchemy of Oscar Wilde and the prose "decorations" of Ernest Dowson. The frame of the spare narrative is a narcissist painter's discovery, on his death bed, that his affection for his beautiful wife is a function of his own self-love. But Crawford's pursuit of an obsession with shades of blue succeeds only as a trial run at *fin de siècle* literary decadence.

Antrim Crawford returned to *Reedy's Mirror* toward the end of that distinguished weekly's existence, with his long free-verse poem "The Laugh." But a few weeks before he had begun his long and productive attachment to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine with his haunting and memorable "The Carrying of the Ghost," in the January 1920 issue. This Whitmanesque rendering of an Indian funeral chant became the title work for Crawford's first book of poems. In Harriet Monroe's review of this inaugural collection, she noted that Crawford had won a prize from the Kansas Authors Club for "The Carrying of the Ghost."

And it was at a district meeting of the Kansas Authors Club, some time in 1920, that Antrim first met Mr. and Mrs. E. Haldeman-Julius. So began an enduring friendship. The facile, elegant pen of Marcet Haldeman-Julius has left behind a durable portrait of Nelson Antrim Crawford in the 1920s:

Yet he would, I think, impress you at first as rather aloof, even austere. Slightly above medium height, dark-haired, grey-eyed, with fairly regular features, his open and often merry face can become as inscrutably wooden as a Chinese mandarin's. He has, indeed, almost an oriental's capacity for draining it, at will, of every vestige of expression. At such times, beside his, the countenance of the Sphinx would appear both mobile and vivacious. But, if he so wishes, the most flitting of his thoughts rise bubbling to the surface for all who will to read. He is in fact an odd, inexplicable bundle of contradictions, a man who walks through life unevenly shod—on one foot a smart shoe of ultra-modernity; on the other, a quaint archaic sandal.

In just such a fashion did he tread through the pages of *Poetry* magazine with some frequency, well into 1928. He dressed those little pages with his experimental verse and imitations of the classic bards. And his critical reviews of poetry books and anthologies for Harriet Monroe were in many ways prelude to his more lasting literary work for Haldeman-Julius. Crawford's precision, prolific output, and overall good nature more than counter-balanced his Christian fervor in the mind of the atheist publisher who scoffed and railed against all churches.

In a cruelly neglected essay for the *Midland* in 1921, Crawford was one of the first critics to recognize the promise of Sherwood Anderson as a powerful author of short stories, as best demonstrated in *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg*. Crawford favored only *Poor White* among Anderson's novels to that time, and foretold the author's future as "the clearest sighted, deepest visioned interpreter of the Middle West, not merely to those outside the region, but to us within it, even to himself." When Antrim Crawford went East a few years later, he was to befriend Sherwood Anderson. Crawford's essay was an earlier statement of Haldeman-Julius' own opinions of Sherwood Anderson's fiction, published soon afterward. The wise assessment in the *Midland* could well have been the influence on H-J's own.

Charles Elkins Rogers was a colleague of Antrim Crawford's and a young professor at the college in Manhattan, Kansas. Rogers wrote articles for Crawford's *Kansas Industrialist*, which pieces Rogers freely admitted were thoroughly edited by his boss. I met Rogers in Washington, D.C., on March 21, 1977, when he was nearly eighty-five years old.

"Antrim was attracted to Haldeman-Julius," he told me. "We got in touch with him and met him in Kansas City—maybe 165 miles from Manhattan—and asked him to lecture at the Kansas State Agricultural College. But I could say more about Antrim Crawford. We were great friends. He introduced me to the literary periodicals of the time. Antrim Crawford was perhaps the finest intellectual I ever met. He was a fine, natural intellectual with a vast knowledge of literature. He wasn't at all stuck up about it. He was kind of stern-faced, bookish, with a highbrow look. He wasn't the kind of person who would attract people by looks. He was of medium height, wore glasses, had no beard or mustache. His hair was dark. Antrim Crawford was a shy person. He would drop by for company. I was amazed when he started going around with girls. He was a confirmed bachelor until his thirties."

I later learned from a former resident of Girard who was closely tied to the H-J family, that Emanuel Haldeman-Julius was of immense service to Antrim's romantic life by having pretty girls around the Bridleways estate on those frequent occasions when Crawford was an overnight guest. The Girard native recalled of Antrim, "He wasn't a very attractive man." But he was certainly a learned one with a bright writing talent, and H-J had much for him to do. Crawford turned out twenty-one Little Blue Books, chiefly literary, which continued to sell throughout H-J's publishing career.

The first three were entered in the Ten Cent Pocket Series in 1923. With Bohemian poet David O'Neil he compiled No. 298, *Today's Poetry: An Anthology* (with "A Word on Today's Poetry" by Crawford), a fat little paper volume which gave great foresight to such poets as E.E. Cummings, Wallace Stevens, Elinor Wylie, H.L. Davis, Robert McAlmon, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Babette Deutsch, Marianne Moore, Conrad Aiken, Richard Aldington, William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and others, alongside the favorite New York poets of Mr. and Mrs. H-J. Crawford himself edited and wrote introductions to No. 427, *Poems of John Keats*, and No. 492, *Poems of William Morris*, that same year.

The other Little Blue Books edited with introductions and notes by Crawford during the next five years included:

- 9. *Great English Poems*, 1924.
- 32. *Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, 1924.
- 73. *Best Poems of Walt Whitman*, 1924.
- 356. *The Charge of the Light Brigade and Other Poems*, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1924.
- 406. *An Essay on Man*, by Alexander Pope, 1924.
- 618. *Poems of William Wordsworth*, 1924.
- 644 and 645. *Poem of the Cid*, translated by Archer M. Huntington, 1924.
- 740. *Poems of William Cullen Bryant*, 1924.
- 741. *Poems of John Greenleaf Whittier*, 1924.
- 742. *Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1924.
- 743. *Great Christian Hymns*, 1924.
- 744. *Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1924.
- 848. *Poems about Jesus*, 1925.
- 849. *Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, 1925.
- 879. *Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution*, 1925.
- 1292. *Best Short Stories of 1928*, 1928.
- 1319. *How to Study*, 1928.

In the meanwhile, Crawford the author-educator had completed one of his best-known works, *The Ethics of Journalism* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1924). In this famous critique, which went into many printings, Crawford was one of the first to emphasize the need for reporters to be trained in science and medicine so that the popular press could better discuss those areas. Antrim's thoughts on the subject may well have been stimulated by a friend in Topeka, the young Dr. Karl Menninger, who was welcomed into Crawford's literary circles in the State Capitol, Manhattan, and Lawrence. Crawford himself was coming into considerable renown. He had passed the summer of 1923, by invitation, as visiting professor of journalism at the University of Washington. He was in great demand by various and sundry educational associations, literary societies, and religious clubs. Crawford was inducted into the Masonic Order, ultimately attaining a thirty-second degree knighthood.

His career experienced a sudden flourish when Calvin Coolidge was reelected President in 1924. Coolidge appointed William Jardine, president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, as Secretary of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Jardine, in turn, named Nelson Antrim Crawford as the very first Director of Public Information for that agency.

But Antrim had still to complete his academic duties for the year. He proposed marriage to Muriel Shaver, one of his Manhattan students. She accepted. The coming nuptials were announced. An invitation came by mail to Girard at the Haldeman-Julius farm: "We are asking just half a dozen or so of our most intimate friends, as we are making it a very informal occasion. We should like very much to have you come. We both hope you can."

The wedding was April 23, 1925, in Kansas City, in a High Episcopal Church. Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius were in attendance, but Emanuel was confused as much by Antrim Crawford's choice of a religious service as he was irked and annoyed at his own presence in a church. Since the beginning of the year, Crawford had begun a series of skeptical pieces in the *Haldeman-Julius Monthly*: "The Sham of Crystal Gazing," 1.4 (March 1925), pp. 217-218; "Converted" (a poem), 1.5 (April 1925), pp. 279-280; "The Sham of Fortune Telling," 2.1 (June 1925), pp. 30-32. Moreover, he had, according to Marcet, captured the attention of that East Coast doge of iconoclasts, Mencken.

"It's incredible," H-J exclaimed to Marcet, after the services, "simply incredible. Here is Antrim going after the bunk of crystal gazing and after the bunk of fortune telling and then falling for all that *super*-bunk. What does he see in all that rigmarole, that mumbo-jumbo, that witch-doctor business—" It was suddenly little wonder to Haldeman-Julius, smasher of shams, that everyday plain folks could be bound to religion by its rich decorum "when it can bamboozle a brilliant fellow like Crawford!"

His gift to the couple was a bottle of Scotch, which they accepted with enthusiasm and then raced back to Manhattan—Antrim to conclude his duties at the college, Muriel to finish her studies. When they left Kansas, they came to Washington with a sort of William Jardine cotillion, inclusive of Josephine Hemphill, who had also taught at the college, and the young Milton Eisenhower of Abilene.

On March 18, 1977, I spoke to Milton Eisenhower by long distance telephone at his office as president emeritus at Johns Hopkins University. "Nelson Antrim Crawford was five feet, nine and a half inches tall," he recalled for me. "He was slender, dark haired, had no



mustache, but dark eyes, and very light in color, almost white, untanned. He was beautifully, primly dressed, very precise. Everything he did was precision—a good scholar.”

Antrim impressed other men of similar nature and intellect, whether they were as religious as he was or not. Among the irreligious of his new East Coast friends and admirers was H.L. Mencken, surly sage of Baltimore, who welcomed Crawford's prose to the *American Mercury*.

The August 1925 issue (Vol. 5, No. 20) carried his “A Man of Learning,” a short story of a genre somewhat arcane to those who knew the high seriousness of Antrim's work. On pages 403 through 407 of that familiar green-faced magazine, he breezed through a kind of dry run for what was to be, three years later, Crawford's first novel. In *A Man of Learning* (Boston : Little, Brown and Company, 1928), the Frederic Mortimer Kercher of the short story satire becomes Arthur Patrick Redfield, Ph.D., LL.D. The fiction is a mock biography of the sort of socially blessed pseudo-educator who manipulates the university machinery to churn out candidates for success in business, commerce, and industry to the detriment of any meaningful exposure to cultural learning. Cloaking his motives with traditional Protestant pretense of fervor and conservative Midwest non-opinions of politics, the Redfield archetype is an unfeeling immoralist who covers his actions with platitudinous public speaking and paid liars, some of them in the local press corps. He ruins lives and deadens the brains of the young with relentless and cunning officiousness, convincing himself and his peers of an unflagging dedication to “Service.” As narrator of this overstuffed caricature, Crawford assumes a chilling naivete which must have awed Sinclair Lewis and other chroniclers of Babbittry. No one acquainted with Crawford to whom I addressed the question would venture a guess at a living model for Crawford's Redfield. But I have come to suspect that Antrim was roasting his primary benefactor of the 1920s—William M. Jardine (1879-1955), college president, financier, Congregationalist, Mason, Rotarian, joiner, and member-in-good-standing of everything.

#### And there were other Crawford articles in the *Mercury*:

“Schools of Journalism Today,” 6.22 (Oct. 1925), pp. 197-200. An optimistic overview.

“Contact Men,” 6.24 (Dec. 1925), pp. 393-97. A broadside against public relations types.

“The New Book of Common Prayer,” 17.65 (May 1929), pp. 66-67. A critique based on Crawford's experience as a member of one of the General Conventions of the

Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S. held in Washington to revise the Book of Common Prayer.

"We Elect a Bishop," 17.68 (Aug. 1929), pp. 420-29. A barbed account of Kiwanian and Rotarian clubmanship in the politics of the P.E. Church in America.

"American University Presses," 18.70 (Oct. 1929), pp. 210-14. A generally optimistic overview.

"Goddesses of Learning," 24.95 (Nov. 1931), pp. 290-98. About social standing and politics in college sororities.

"Literature in the Open Spaces," 27.106 (Oct. 1932), pp. 237-45. About literary societies in the Midwest.

"Cats," 29.115 (July 1933), pp. 327-34. A quaint indulgence of Crawford's well-known cat-fancy.

"Lady Cops in Cap and Gown," 30.118 (Oct. 1933), pp. 228-35. About the religious pomposity of most college deans of women.

Antrim's preoccupation with higher learning, especially within his own profession, prompted another book. Either by some request forwarded to him through Mencken's connection with Alfred Knopf, or by some inspiration at his U.S.D.A. office in Washington, Crawford was in touch with his friend and colleague Charles E. Rogers back at the State College in Manhattan, Kansas. "He came to me and said he didn't know much about agricultural journalism," Rogers told me. "Eventually Antrim Crawford and I collaborated on the book, *Agricultural Journalism* (Knopf, 1926—Borzoii Handbooks of Journalism series).

Concurrent with his somewhat steady contributions to the *American Mercury* under Mencken's tenure as editor-in-chief, Antrim continued to send muckraking articles and historical pieces to the Haldeman-Julius magazines. His reappearance in H-J's *Monthly* probably preceded him to Washington:

"Literate Fools," 2.5 (Oct. 1925), pp. 421-24.

"Is It a Moral Book?" 2.6 (Nov. 1925), pp. 597-600.

"Do You Have Your Pet Law?" 3.3 (Feb. 1926), pp. 274-78.

"Thomas Jefferson and Religious Freedom," 3.4 (March 1926), pp. 451-56.

"Babbitt Turns to Letters," 7.3 (Feb. 1928), pp. 90-98.

And Antrim Crawford was among the cream of H-J regulars to show in the more distinguished pages of the *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly*:

"Stephen Girard and Girard College," 1.1 (Oct. 1926), pp. 159-67.

"Frock Coats," a short story, 1.2 (Jan. 1927), pp. 39-42.

"The MacDowell Colony: A Unique American Contribution to Artistic Creation," 1.3 (April 1927), pp. 121-26.

His last trace in the H-J magazines was "Varieties of Censorship," in the *Debunker and the American Parade*, 12.1 (June 1930), pp. 27-32.

Although his gifts of authorship and precise work in journalism and literature had reaped him a bounty of acclaim and success, most of the world never saw the bleak and lonely existence he was helpless to assuage in the nation's capitol. His young wife Muriel could not share any of what Antrim understood as rewards, nor did she care for him or his laurels. They didn't live together long before Muriel left him and fled to New York City. According to some sources, she later confessed that she only married Antrim Crawford to get away from Kansas. By 1931 they were divorced. Muriel Shaver was remarried to an eminent lawyer, Randolph Paul, and was reputedly herself a distinguished Washington lawyer in ensuing years.

Working under Antrim Crawford's direction during the late 1920s was another gifted author, T. Swann Harding, who was then one of the principal technical editors of U.S.D.A.'s publications division. On April 21, 1977, I met with his widow, Mary M. Harding. "T. Swann Harding and Nelson Antrim Crawford were like brothers," she told me. "They went out to eat frequently. As a writer, Crawford got many rejections. Then his wife left him. He became a heavy drinker. We would send him home in a taxi. He got so drunk he couldn't walk. When he lived near the U.S.D.A. building in Southwest Washington, his apartment was cluttered with whiskey bottles."

When President Coolidge announced that he would not seek reelection, Crawford determined that his federal career would probably terminate. At some point he had befriended the Republican U.S. Senator from Kansas, Arthur Capper, himself a veteran journalist and long-time owner of the *Topeka Daily Capital* and a brace of farmers' magazines. His adamant conservative and muscular Christian bias had prompted Haldeman-Julius and his team in Girard to refer to him vocally as "Senator Crapper." But Antrim had no such scorn for the Midwest politician and fellow Mason. Capper, in fact, liked Crawford and knew his accomplishments and industry. Late in 1928, he offered Antrim the editor's chair of his ever-popular monthly, *Household Magazine*, with its main office in Topeka. Antrim Crawford accepted, vacating his U.S.D.A. position. He was succeeded as Director of Information by Milton Eisenhower, just back from a vice-consulate in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Topeka became Antrim's lifetime home. His name first appeared as editor-in-chief of *Household Magazine* in the February 1929 issue. Crawford would remain in that slot as the magazine's well-beloved mainstay for almost twenty-two years. He quickly altered its content in significant and positive ways.

*Household Magazine*, tall, profusely illustrated, and packed with light, briskly written house-and-garden helps, enjoyed a broad circulation nationwide, with many rural subscribers. Its appeal was as an unsophisticated suburban and farm standby. Antrim Crawford broadened that appeal by dusting off the welcome mat to new and seldom-seen writers, male and female, young and old. In that sense he followed in the tradition of Haldeman-Julius' encouragement to authorship. The difference was, Crawford wanted to publish new *fiction*. The magazine published more short stories under Crawford's editorship than it ever had in the past. Crawford nurtured a number of authors whose great highlights were just beneath the horizon. Among those were Mencken's Southern belle, Sara Haardt; Kentucky poet and novelist Jesse Stuart; and the young poet, novelist, and playwright-to-be, then growing up in the Bronx—William Gibson.

Crawford shared with H-J, as well, an enthusiasm for popular psychology. Very early in his editorship, Antrim used his regular column, "The Editor Looks On," to discuss ideas of human happiness—notions probably still alien to him from his days of drinking problems and a broken marriage in Washington, D.C. But he was in steady contact with an old friend, in Topeka, Dr. Karl Menninger, psychiatrist, and early on he made space in *Household Magazine* for a monthly column by Menninger. Those first articles, combined with some commentaries by Crawford himself, comprised their jointly-authored book, *The Healthy-Minded Child* (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1930).

On July 20, 1979, Menninger wrote to me, concerning Nelson Antrim Crawford: "He was interested in some psychological problems he asked me about, particularly, I remember, synesthesia, the association of sounds and colors. He was very helpful to me when I wrote *The Human Mind*, reading the manuscript, making suggestions and obtaining for me several inserts. I was always fascinated with his preoccupation with cats, which he loved and which I did not love although I later came to be fond of one particular pet that Mrs. Menninger and I acquired."

Menninger's *The Human Mind* was first published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1930. That same year saw Antrim Crawford's second and forgotten novel, *Unhappy Wind*, from Coward-McCann.

Other works would follow, in and out of *Household Magazine*. He unleashed his obsessions with historiography, psychology, and feline love in a lengthy article, "Cats Holy and Profane," in the *Psychoanalytic Review*. This treatise offers a history of cats and a debunking catalog of cat myths, superstitions, and neurotic fears. For



all its strengths—and there are many—the essay falls down when Antrim tries to be witty or even merry. His own sadness lingers in the prose.

And there were still more books to come: Crawford's satirical essays, collected as *We Liberals* (New York: R.R. Smith, 1936), and his prophetic *Your Child Faces War* (New York: Coward-McCann, 1937).

When that Second World War came, Crawford performed a couple of new jobs for Haldeman-Julius. In 1944 he abridged and edited *The Seasons*, James Thomson's long lyrical poem of the 18th Century, and wrote an introduction. The work was published as a pamphlet, No. 16 in H-J's "Digest" series. In 1945 he compiled another short story anthology, with many selections from *Household Magazine*. Haldeman-Julius published it as a Big Blue Book, *Notable Short Stories*, again with an introduction by Crawford. In 1947, H-J reprinted Antrim's first novel, *A Man of Learning*, as Big Blue Book No. B-526.

Thereafter came what must yet remain as Nelson Antrim Crawford's best-loved book. *Cats in Prose and Verse* (Coward-McCann, 1947), compiled by Antrim with drawings throughout by Diana Thorne, is Crawford's ultimate celebration of the feline species. His "Introduction: Our Ancient Companions" is reprinted in part from his "Cats" article in the *American Mercury*. Among the poems selected is his own "Cats and Zinnias" from *Poetry* magazine (1929). And he found room for a reprint of his "Cats Holy and Profane." Among the many celebrated authors therein on the subject of cats are Poe, H. P. Lovecraft, T. S. Eliot, Saki, Lewis Carroll, Colette, Stephen Vincent Benet, Algernon Blackwood, August Derleth, and several others. The entire collection is dedicated "To Ethel Mattingley Crawford"—Antrim married her, February 3, 1938. She was doubtless the supreme joy of his autumnal years, and his survivor.

His third passion was books. From the beginning of his editorship of *Household Magazine*, he personally reviewed popular new titles for varying age-groups of readers, and continued this routine until the near-end of his tenure. This practice can be seen as yet another adaptation of the Haldeman-Julius *modus operandi*. Crawford, however, was less elitist than Mencken as a critic and a good deal softer—despite his conservative sensibilities—than H-J or such of the latter's literary commentators as Issac Goldberg or Victor S. Yarros.

Around mid-year of 1951, Antrim Crawford purchased *Author & Journalist* magazine, a small but respected monthly for aspirants to the writing profession, and resigned from *Household Magazine*. The last issue to bear his name as editor-in-chief was July 1951. I have

been unable to ascertain what prompted Crawford to take that pair of actions.

About the same time, Haldeman-Julius died in Girard. Antrim dispatched his regrets to H-J's second wife, Sue:

Dear Mrs. Haldeman-Julius:

Ethel and I are sadly shocked by the tragedy that has befallen you. Our sincerest sympathy to you and yours.

Emanuel and I, as you know, had been warm friends for years, and I always esteemed his ability, his forthrightness, and his charm—as did Ethel, though she did not know him so well. We both had looked forward to reading his fiction that he long had contemplated. Alas, that is not to be.

You and the children, however, will have memories of a kindly, warm-hearted personality and of a career that did a tremendous deal for American culture.

Sincerely yours,

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

A short while later, Antrim's stalwart patron and boss, former Senator Arthur Capper, died on December 19, 1951. In his early months of running *Author & Journalist*, Antrim conducted a column of fatherly advice to fledgling writers. The February 1952 installment had much to say about "the late Arthur Capper, a long-time friend of mine."

... Mr. Capper had a quality that is as valuable to a writer or editor as anything else except persistence (of which he had a lot, too). The quality I am talking about is a willingness to ask questions. He never had any prideful reluctance to admit he didn't know. That is how he found out so much.

Crawford assumed editorship of *Author & Journalist* with the October 1951 issue. In the next issue he announced that the magazine would move from Boulder, Colorado, to his home town, into offices at the National Bank of Topeka Building. He proceeded to stylize yet another magazine with his special flair, loading the pages with first-person accounts and frank suggestions to amateurs written by his favorite contemporary authors—Charles Angoff, Jesse Stuart, August Derleth, L. Sprague de Camp, and others.

He missed teaching and the contact with young people who wanted to write. In fact, he took a year off—1952-1953—to be a visiting professor of journalism at his old roost, the Kansas State College at Manhattan. His urges toward pedagogy overcame him a few years later. In 1959 he gave up *Author & Journalist* for a professorship at Dr. Karl Menninger's School of Psychiatry in Topeka, where he taught scientific writing until his fatal illness.

On June 30, 1963, Nelson Antrim Crawford died in a Topeka hospital. He was seventy-five years old.

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## A Leaf to Grow

*To A.G.S.*

"Deceased in 1963"  
the headstone reads.  
It cannot be—  
for this small plant  
that once she loved  
extends her life  
upon its shelf  
for me.

Dorothy Hill Dent

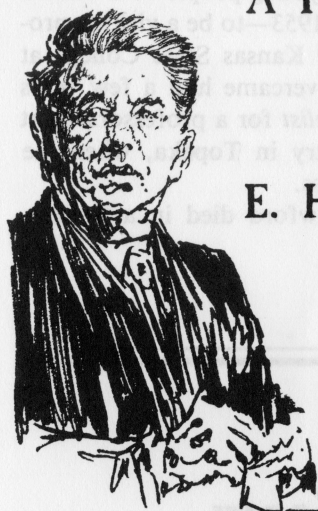


# A Preliminary Note

on the

## E. Haldeman-Julius/Henry Miller Relation

by Bern Porter



*The literary heirs of the Henry Miller Collection and Estate having for the present not granted permission to quote and employ specifically the many exchanges between EH-J and HM,<sup>1</sup> I am obliged—until such future time as they will hopefully relent—to sketch only lightly the general tenure of their rapport as I knew of it during the 1948-1950 years of my closest and most active association with Miller as his publisher, extending throughout both later work with HM and earlier personal exchanges of my own with EH-J, the men involved being wholly unaware, so far as I know, of any intermediary action on my part, if indeed there was such.*

Miller possessed an early inborn instinct for ferreting pioneering genius, forerunners of higher creativity than the norm, seekers of the novel in variant, spiritually and philosophically. Wide reading heightened the Miller perception, balanced by boundless inquisitiveness, with piercing eye and high pitched olefactor leading him to EH-J, but more correctly, since the latter was equally equipped on identical sensory vectors, they were directed one to the other, meeting as it were head-on in fiery confrontation with overriding embraces, warm, rich, and potent with enduring comprehension one of the other. Thus HM could write in deep reverence:

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<sup>1</sup>Housed in the Department of Special Collections, University Research Library, University of California, Los Angeles, CA 90024, Brooke Whiting, Curator.



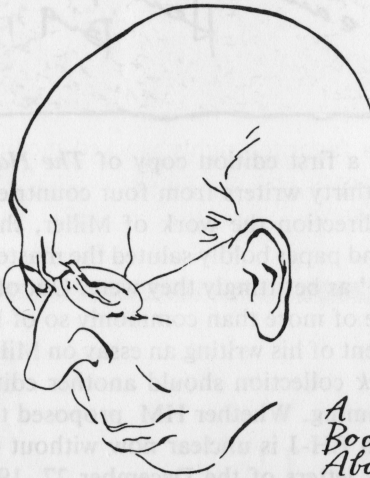
For E. Haldeman-Julius of  
Girard, Kansas, with sincere  
homage for his services to  
the cause of literature.  
Henry Miller  
Big Sur, 1/25/48

while presenting EH-J a first edition copy of *The Happy Rock*,<sup>2</sup> a compendium by some thirty writers from four countries praising and evaluating under my direction the work of Miller, the donor. This notation on the front end paper boldly saluted the masters "of Girard, Kansas" and "Big Sur" as befittingly they were. Out of this exchange grew both the purchase of more than commonly so of Miller titles by EH-J<sup>3</sup> and the incitement of his writing an essay on Miller in the manner of the *Happy Rock* collection should another edition or even a new volume be forthcoming. Whether HM proposed this or the suggestion came first from EH-J is unclear now without the prohibited personal reading of six letters of the December 27, 1948-October 1, 1950 period, but certainly it was a clear indication that more than a

<sup>2</sup>Discovered in the attic of the E. Haldeman-Julius home in Girard prior to its being sold in 1980, the volume is now in the E. Haldeman-Julius Collection, Leonard H. Axe Library, Pittsburg State University, Pittsburg, KS 66762.

<sup>3</sup>In addition to the novels of HM, EH-J's library contained such pamphlets as *The Amazing and Invariable Beauford DeLaney* (Yonkers, 1945), *Maurizius Forever* (Waco, TX, 1946), *Murder the Murderer* (Big Sur, 1946), *Obscenity and the Law of Reflection* (Yonkers, 1945), *Of By and About Henry Miller* (Yonkers, 1947), and *The Plight of the Creative Artist in the United States of America* (Houlton, ME, 1944).

# *The Happy Rock*



*A  
Book  
About*

## *Henry Miller*

Dust jacket drawing of Henry Miller by Abraham Rattner for *The Happy Rock* [Berkeley: Printed for Bern Porter by the Packard Press, 1945].

light bond had already been forged between them.<sup>4</sup> Clearly Miller valued the type, format, and content of the EH-J oeuvre; the latter sensed the meaning of the Miller manner. Whether the manuscript noted ever materialized is equally vague for I have no positive recollection or record of receiving it. In any case it is reassuring conjecture-wise that the words would have been both understanding and warm.

In sum, it is doubtful if there were two male literary figures in America at the same time who more profoundly felt one another's being, purpose, and direction.

Strasbourg, July 1981

Ben Porter

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<sup>4</sup>Postcard notes, a favorite, highly worked medium employed by HM throughout the years, also graced EH-J's mailbox. See inserts to *Henry Miller Miscellanea*.

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## State of the Union

I addressed a letter to my Muse  
and dropped it in the mailbox

It came back later, marked

Check one:

- ☒ Addressee deceased
- ☒ Moved left no forwarding address



E. J. Christensen

# Courtroom Drama:

## Europa, Victim or Perpetrator?

*A feminist attorney falls into ironic reverie on viewing Rape of Europa, oil on canvas painted by 17th Century Italian Bernardo Cavallino. Subject of the painting is a myth in which Jupiter—noted for inventive approaches to having his way with young females—transforms himself into a white bull and wanders among the herds of Agenor, Phoenician king whose daughter Europa has caught Jupiter's fancy, where the bull's gentleness so delights Europa that she embraces him, whereupon he flees with her and possesses her.*

Everyone knows a nice girl  
has no business wandering among the bulls.  
People who are in wrong places at wrong times  
can expect trouble.  
Besides, the dress you were wearing  
wasn't exactly sedate.  
And when you climbed upon him,  
weaving those flowery garlands  
upon his stiff, upthrust horn,  
don't you truly know what you invited?  
Innocence, after all, is most potent seduction.  
Who is to say he intended evil  
when he disguised himself in fine, white, bovine coat?  
Perhaps he pranked and larked,  
and only after you clasped maiden's mound  
upon his broad back,  
leaning forward to expose lush globes to his gaze,  
was dark lust born in divinely animal eyes.

One count of kidnapping, maybe.  
But rape? Come now, Europa!  
Weren't you really asking for it?

Dorothy Arlene Bates Kirk





# Ole Blind Tom

by Carol Stover

Slowly disappearing gravel piles, a few nearly deserted towns, concrete pillars, and hoisting derricks standing desolate over the countryside, water-filled shafts, and many memories are all that remain of a once booming industry. Little did my great-grandfather realize when he came west and settled on his farm in Southeast Kansas in 1900 that one day that farm would be at the edge of a vast lead and zinc mining area.

By 1914 the mines had spread from Southwest Missouri to the "back 40" of the farm. Since minerals had to be mined, hoisted, and milled on the original tract of land, each tract had to have its own mill. Mines carrying such names as Lucky Jew, Weber, Cherokee, Vinegar Hill Bar, Black Eagle, Early Bird, Wrightly, Northern (later Prairie Chicken), and Old Southern soon dotted the countryside.

Lead and zinc production reached over 950,000 tons for the area in its best year, 1926. Of course, it took many hands to bring the ore out of the ground and prepare it for shipping, and miners needed food and a place to sleep. This brought about the building of many little mining communities, including Cravensville, Wilberton, Spencer, Westville, Hackerville, and Treece. On my grandfather's farm was located Meedville, which carried his name. It, like most of these communities, boasted a boarding house, a grocery store, and dozens of little two-room shacks. Tar Valley and Treece schools provided for the education of the many children. As a child, my mother rode with my grandfather in a wagon to deliver water from their farm to these communities, for they had no water supplies of their own.

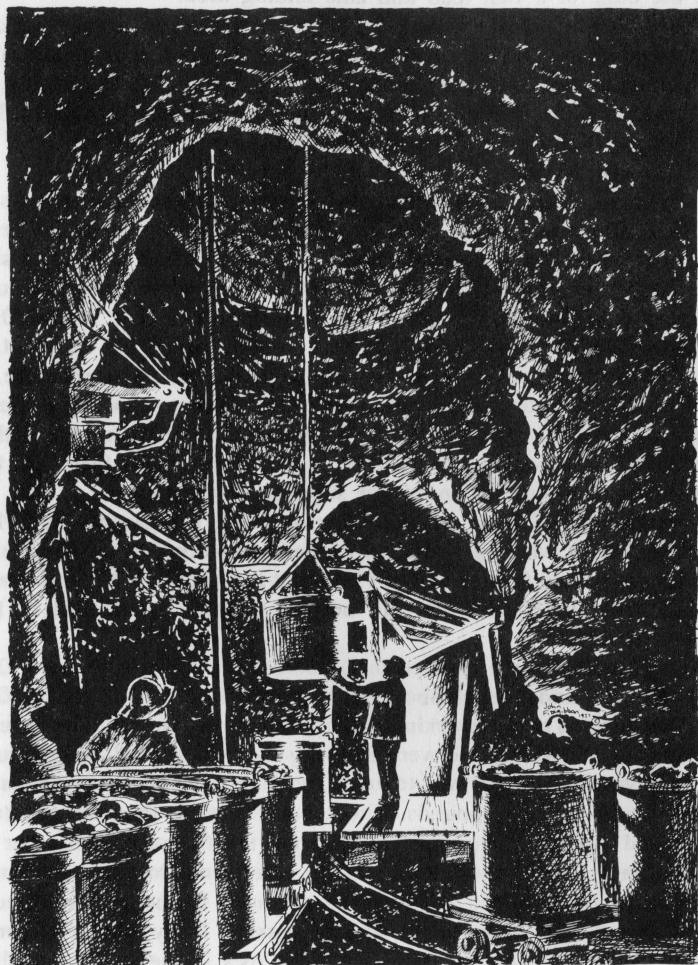
My father moved from Eureka, Kansas, with his parents in 1914 to Cherokee County, where grandfather formed and worked at the Cravensville Grain Elevator. Dad farmed and in 1931 went to work for C.Y. Simple at the Wrightly mine in Hackerville. He herded tailings, making \$1.12 for a twelve-hour day.

Dad and mother were married in December 1935. On Christmas Day it snowed two feet and froze all above-ground work down for the winter. Out of a job, Dad decided to try "working in the ground" in January 1936. The men were working at 240 feet and were enjoying the year-around temperature of seventy degrees. Their job was to break rock loose and shovel it into cans or buckets that held 1,350 pounds. These buckets were then hoisted to the surface and dumped. The men earned from ten to twelve cents per can.

Most miners were superstitious, being careful not to name their mines after women. Also, women were not to go down in the ground—because women meant bad luck. Some miners carried lucky pieces to protect themselves. And all miners knew that loose rock in the shafts usually fell

around midday or midnight because of the pull of the moon. But in one particular mine, the Northern, "Ole Blind Tom" got the blame.

Dad had been working in the ground only three days when he had a run-in with Ole Tom. He had gone to eat lunch as usual, leaving his shovel and jacket where he had been working. When he returned, he discovered that a large rock fall had covered the very spot where he had been. One of the old timers tried to tell him not to get too excited, that it was only Ole Blind Tom doing his job. Dad didn't care who or what it was. When he left work that day, he knew he would never return to the ground. During fifteen winters after the year's farming was done, he worked at a variety of jobs at the mines above ground, and he never regretted not giving Ole Blind Tom a second chance.



BUCKET HOOKER



ABANDONED

**John Fitzgibbon**





## Energy as Inertia

While the material body was hanging itself to death,  
His electric brain (plugging in or out)  
Cast out visions where they take themselves  
To the county farm when ripe,  
And there on gentle porches bake  
In God's last sun until  
Like sticks they cackle  
With the wind.

He is the shadow stretched over them.  
And his back no longer chained to the wilderness.

At night they dream of dirt burning into dust,  
Rising  
With the weather  
To reach where  
Blood spatters against the scalded cirrus sky.

Or they dream of a bear  
Looking for sleep (and winter half gone in white)  
With his foot caught  
In the bottom of a cold, cold tree.

Objects nature wind-carved  
And robot hands drop from cliff-edge high.  
Dream creatures alive and  
Acting  
Disappearance--not art, black magic.

Then they call out  
*John Brown is dead,*  
*John Brown is dead.*



His cap struck over the trees  
And crowned us without a fit.  
In our dark  
Weaving in the Kansas weather.

His point of view disappeared.  
Mine vanishing.  
Exploding universe still flying.

Walter Shear



John Brown [preliminary drawing], by John Steuart Curry, 1939.

# Haiku



Windy, moonlit night . . .  
Branches of apricot tree  
flicker on the house.

The blizzard rages . . .  
In a box in the garage  
sleeping kittens purr.

White feathery flakes  
silently all through the night.  
Morning: strange new world

Hoarfrost everywhere:  
A radiant fairyland . . .  
But, oh! the windshield!

Foggy winter day;  
Frost whitens each leaf and twig . . .  
Then, at noon, the sun



Majorie V. Forbes



# The Tolerance of Elmer Wilkey

by

John W. and James E. Gunn

Thunderstorms had threatened Catalpa for days. Yesterday when the towering thunderheads with roiled, green-tinged undersides had marched across the Kansas plains from the west, at least a momentary relief had seemed certain. But they had passed on over the southeastern Kansas county seat, dumping their leaden weight of rain and hail to the left and the right and across the state line clear to Springfield, and left Catalpa gasping and irritated in the thick, wet heat.

Catalpa rolled restlessly in its stifling bed all night and awoke to find the clouds overhead once more, hung oppressively from horizon to horizon.

All around the square shopkeepers, druggists, and barbers stood in their doorways shaking their heads and struggling for a breath of air. In front of the brick court house in the center of the square old men with white stubbles of beards blurring their cheeks sat on the benches, fanned themselves with sweat-stained straw hats, and said, "Gonna be a scorcher all right."

"Scorcher last night, too. Didn't sleep a wink."

"What I hear—other people didn't sleep either."

Somebody's laughter cackled loudly, and people around the square turned to look.

"Guess maybe Fred'll stay home nights awhile after this."

"Guess maybe I don't blame him so much. That gal's a looker she is."

"Wonder what the judge'll say."

There was silence while the old men meditated, scratching through the whiskers at their seamed chins.

"Ain't seen a summer like this since '05."

"Gonna be a scorcher all right."

Perhaps the only one of Catalpa's merchants not in his doorway was short, pale Elmer Wilkey. He was sitting in his favorite spot—behind the chromium-plated cash register, his narrow chest rising not much above the high cigar counter, his thin, bony face turned to look back along the wide room with the embossed-tin ceiling that was Wilkey's Cafe.

There were only two customers in the place, both men, and one of them rose now, leaving the hardening egg yolk and the cold crust of toast on the thick, white china plate, and walked slowly between the marble-topped tables toward Wilkey. He was a tall, lean man with broad shoulders that were a little stooped, unruly gray hair, and thick eyebrows over bright and curious blue eyes.

His name was Bart Fuller. He was editor of the *Catalpa Weekly Herald*.

Above Wilkey the overhead fan whispered as it slowly turned, pushing brief eddies of steamy air around them. Fuller put a quarter on the counter's glass top. It rang musically before Fuller silenced it with the palm of his hand. He pointed at one of the boxes of cigars. "Five-center today, Elmer," he said. "Big day. May need it."

Wilkey's pale blue eyes focused, and he smoothed down his thinning, straw-colored hair with one bony hand as he picked up the quarter with the other. "Ham-egg-toast-coffee-twenty cents," he said tonelessly. "Cigar-five. Twenty-five."

He rang it up on the cash register, dropped the coin into the wooden drawer, and pushed it shut with an air of indefinable finality. He reached into the counter, selected a fat, brown cigar, and handed it to Fuller.

The editor nodded and made a sardonic salute with the cigar as he turned toward the door. Suddenly he swung back. "Going to the trial?"

Unexpectedly, Mrs. Wilkey was at the other edge of the counter, having moved swiftly and quietly for a woman so encased in fat. Her face was round, flushed from the heat of the kitchen, and still vaguely pretty. With her apron she wiped a beading of sweat from her upper lip and said, "I been meaning to speak to you about it, Elmer."

Wilkey looked at her blankly and then back at Fuller.



The editor chuckled. "You must be the only person in town hasn't heard about it. Girl works here, too!"

"It's Jessie," Mrs. Wilkey said tragically.

"Jessie Bowen! What's she done?" Elmer asked flatly.

"Not so much what she's done," Fuller said, "but what the citizens of our fair town think she's done—or might have done if the watchdog of our laws and our virtue had not been on the job."

Mrs. Wilkey wrung her spotted apron between her plump hands. "Why did it have to be one of our waitresses? It might reflect on the Cafe somehow."

Elmer stared between them unseeing, toward the distant recesses of the restaurant where the light coming through the broad front window was reflected by the table tops and gave the kitchen partition a marble effect that was almost solid. He waited. He was used to waiting. If he waited long enough things always came out.

"No blame yet," Fuller said easily. "That's for Horace Alpers to decide. Lots of scandal, of course, and lots of folks have them condemned and sentenced already. Trouble with a small town—people can stand any amount of scandalous conduct until it's brought right out in the open. Private sin's a pity, but public sin's a crime."

Mrs. Wilkey shook her head until her double chins wobbled. "To think it should be that Fred Condon, man your age, Elmer, with a family and all. If folks would only do right!"

"Condon?" Elmer said.

"You know," Mrs. Wilkey said. "Big blond fellow who runs the dairy, delivers our milk."

"Someone must have had it in for Fred and tipped off the constable," Fuller suggested. "Still, Ben didn't have to find anything wrong."

"Man has to do his duty," Elmer said.

"A man has lots of duties," Fuller said, "one being to give his fellow man the benefit of the doubt."

Mrs. Wilkey's eyes were narrow as she looked at her husband. "Jessie had her shoes off."

"Yes, and Fred had his shoes off and his shirt, too," Fuller added. "But if they were up to something they'd have locked the door, I guess. Matter of fact, had my shoes and shirt off myself last night. It was a real old-fashioned sizzler." He pulled a creased handkerchief out of his back pocket and mopped it across his forehead. "Wish those clouds would either do what they're there for or mosey along."

"I thought Jessie was acting kind of funny this morning," Mrs. Wilkey said thoughtfully. "She didn't say much. Usually she's so smart."

"Good waitress, though," Fuller said, "Quick, efficient. Better come along, Elmer. Might be interesting."

Wilkey shook his head silently, and the editor shrugged and started to turn away. "Say," he added. "Fred's attorney mentioned there was an argument here over a milk bill."

"Wasn't exactly an argument," Elmer said.

"He said it might come up at the trial. The judge might want your testimony."

Elmer sat on his stool for a moment studying the cigars beneath the counter. "Guess I'll have to go then. But I got to get things straightened up here first."

"Don't be too long," Fuller said. "If I know our fine citizens, there'll be the biggest crowd we've had all summer. And that upstairs office of Judge Alper's isn't exactly the Coliseum."

When the black screen door had slammed, Wilkey stared at it thoughtfully as if counting the flies that buzzed lazily against it.

"What we going to do about the girl?" Mrs. Wilkey asked finally.

"Do?" Wilkey said. "That's up to the Judge."

"I mean, we going to keep her or let her go," his wife said impatiently. "She might give the Cafe a bad name."

"Ain't no blame yet. As Bart said—I mean—it's up to the Judge."

"Even so, there's scandal. People are going to talk."

"Maybe there won't be no fuss."

"Maybe." Mrs. Wilkey didn't sound hopeful. "It's a shame it had to be one of our girls."

"Don't see how we can be held to blame." Wilkey reached for his straw hat on the hat rack beside the counter. "We'll just have to wait and see what the Judge says."

"You'll have to make up your mind sometime."

"I guess." Wilkey looked moodily out the door and across the wide street to the courthouse sitting massively in its wooded square of velvet-green lawn. Already the diagonal parking was almost filled with a few 1919 cars but mostly with farmers' wagons and buggies; and men in overalls, red bandannas knotted around their weathered necks, and women in blue-checked gingham dresses were climbing the broad, worn steps to the courthouse doors.

"If folks would only do right," Mrs. Wilkey breathed.

"We'll just wait and see what the Judge says," Wilkey repeated as

he moved toward the door. "Besides," he added, "it's too late to get another waitress for lunch."

Mrs. Wilkey was waiting just inside the screen door when her husband returned. He walked thoughtfully across the street and into the restaurant, where he carefully returned his hat to its place on the rack. Mrs. Wilkey turned from the doorway and wiped her hands down her fat thighs on the apron. "Well, what happened?"

"Lots of people there," Wilkey said. "Practically everybody from around the square and farmers from all over the county."

"I don't mean that," she said sharply. "What happened at the trial?"

Elmer smoothed down his hair where it had been ruffled and creased by the hat. "Condon said he just went up to find out what Jessie knew about the milk bill."

"I guess that's why he had his shirt and shoes off!"

"Said he knew Jessie pretty well because he delivered milk to her room. It was a hot night and he didn't think anything about making himself easy like."

Mrs. Wilkey snorted.

"Alpers called on me about the milk bill." Elmer's narrow chest expanded. "Which I said was true—although it was eleven gallons, not twelve."

"But what did the Judge say?" Mrs. Wilkey wailed.

Wilkey looked at his wife as if he had seen her for the first time since he entered. "Said Ben Gibson done his duty in investigating, but on the other hand no immorality was proved—although there was—uh—irregularity. So he fined Jessie and Condon twenty-five dollars, then said they didn't have to pay if they paid the costs."

"That's Judge Alpers for you," she said bitterly. "Won't say yes or no. Leaves us just where we were."

"Funny thing, though," Wilkey said thoughtfully, "How many folks were there. Had them standing in the hall outside."

"Well, Elmer, I guess it's just up to you. You got to make your own mind whether to let her go."

"Can't let her go before lunch. Don't know what to do."

"If folks would only do right," Mrs. Wilkey began and then, "Shhh! Here she comes."

And Jessie Bowen came calmly through the front door, catching the screen deftly before it slammed, walked swiftly to the rear of the restaurant, and slipped a white apron over her blue skirt and white, elbow-sleeve waist. She had a plump, feminine figure that looked neat

in a uniform. Brushing her thick, dark hair back from her pale face, her full lips set primly together, she prepared competently for the lunch hour.

The old men sitting in front of the courthouse scratched their beards with yellow thumb nails or mopped their stringy necks with soiled handkerchiefs and said, "One thing about the old Judge. He never fergits them costs."

"A case fer compromise! I'd say there was compromise enough already."

The old men chuckled and looked across the worn, brick street toward Wilkey's Cafe. The screen door slammed and slammed again. It was getting a workout.

One of the men on the benches jingled some coins in his pocket. "I got me thirty cents," he said suddenly. "Think I'll get me some lunch."

The others looked longingly at the door that went *band—bang—bang—bang*.

"Wish I had me thirty cents," one said wistfully.

"You go on, Ed. You can tell us what happens."

The crowd streaming from the courthouse had only one place in mind for lunch—Wilkey's Cafe on the east side of the square. Businessmen who usually went home for lunch sacrificed their routine for a leisurely meal at Wilkey's. Over each table, now covered with a red-checked tablecloth, hovered a low, steady hum of conversation, and diners ate with their heads turned for a sidelong glance at one of the waitresses who bustled expertly at her job.

In short, Wilkey's Cafe enjoyed an unprecedented lunch hour trade; to say that Elmer Wilkey, presiding with pale, thin complacency from behind the gleaming cash register, enjoyed it as well might have been overstatement. Perched on his high stool, staring down the room with its crowded tables, he seemed to accept the rush as a matter of course.

Jessie Bowen was affected even less. She flipped in and out of the kitchen, carrying arm-lengths of dishes expertly balanced, serving her customers with cool efficiency, and replying casually or smartly to any remarks directed at her. If she was aware of being the center of attraction, she showed no resentment.

When the confusion of lunch was over, the soiled dishes were collected, and the tablecloths shaken for the brooms, Wilkey sat at the table nearest the street, laboring with an estimate of the provisions to be ordered for dinner. The screen door opened, and the Reverend



Hulburt stepped in out of the sunlight that lay in a pool of the floor like molten lead. With him came a gust of hot, sticky air that fluttered the edges of the tablecloths and made the overhead fan roar in protest.

The Methodist pastor was a sallow, brooding man who was not as tall as he would like to be, and he held himself stiffly erect, his dark eyes searching blindly, thick eyebrows crouched above them like black panthers ready to leap.

In his hand he carried a black umbrella with a curved ivory handle. He located Wilkey in the gloom and faced him, the tip of his umbrella steadied gingerly against a slight warp in the floor.

"I am here, Mr. Wilkey, on a delicate but important matter." His eyebrows crouched even tauter over his eyes. "A matter that must be made clear. About the Bowen girl."

Wilkey stared at him blankly as the preacher shot out his tongue to lick first one side of his mouth and then the other.

"After the deplorable scene of this morning," Hulburt continued, "do you think it is quite the thing, Mr. Wilkey, to retain the girl in this public position? Here, where all are forced to see her? Is it setting the right kind of example?"

Wilkey sat dumbly for a moment, staring up at the preacher. "Why—I didn't think nothing about it."

"I was hoping it was a mere oversight," the preacher said smoothly. "Fortunately it is not too late. We can still act in time."

But the words did not have their intended effect. They stuck in the air and then slowly melted away.

Wilkey drew in his lips. He took up the pencil he had been using, turned it slowly in his thin fingers, and laid it down again on the order sheet.

"The way I look at it," he said tonelessly, "what a waitress does outside of work hours ain't my affair. I keep an eye on my help here, but I don't see as I'm responsible for what they do away from here. And anyway, we got to live and let live, as the saying goes."

Reverend Hulburt gripped his umbrella with white knuckles and leaned forward. "It is the old, old question, Mr. Wilkey. Am I my brother's keeper? We cannot evade our responsibilities with these easy, modern catchwords. As a private citizen your interpretation might—I say might—be excusable. But as you are situated, you have an obligation to the decent, right-minded people of Catalpa. You should put aside your own feelings and think of what the reaction will be when you seem to endorse this girl's loose behavior. Yes, while I dislike to put it that way, that is how it will seem. An endorsement."

Wilkey nervously smoothed down his pale hair. "The Judge said the evidence didn't show anything wrong."

The panthers leaped. "But you are forgetting that the Judge also said there had been irregularity. And I ought to remind you, Mr. Wilkey, that we are warned to avoid even the appearance of evil."

"But the Judge said—Reverend Hulburt, I don't see what else I can do except try and do the fair thing."

The preacher whirled and stalked from the restaurant, his back as stiff as his umbrella.

The evening was even hotter, if that was possible, than the evening before, and the greenish clouds brooded over Catalpa indecisively. In front of the courthouse the old men looked up, squinting their eyes judiciously, and said, "If it don't rain purty soon, it's gonna be a long dry spell."

"Be more'n the crops burned up."

"What I hear Hulbert got hisself burned a little this afternoon."

"Wonder what Wilkey'll do."

"He'll do what's best for Wilkey."

"What's that?"

"God knows—and maybe Wilkey."

The evening trade at the Cafe was almost doubled over its lunch hour record. This time the women accompanied their husbands. Elmer sat behind the cash register without expression.

When the two-hour mob scene was over and the bees' murmur had died away, Bart Fuller rested an elbow on the cigar counter and selected a toothpick from a glass beside the cash register. "I see you're keeping the girl, Elmer. Good for you. She's not so much at fault. Besides, she's a first-class waitress. Does her work snappily."

"Can't boss my help after hours. I got no kick about her work. And that's all that ought to count here."

"That's the broad-minded attitude, Elmer. A little more tolerance would make this a better world to live in."

"Broad-minded. That's it," said Wilkey.

A few moments after the editor had let the screen bang behind him the telephone rang on the cigar counter.

"Wilkey's Cafe," Wilkey said.

"Reverend Hulburt speaking," a crisp, tinny voice said into his ear. "I am asking you, Mr. Wilkey, to meet with a committee of representative citizens. At my home. Immediately, if you please. We are waiting for you."

"You want to see me? I don't. . . . I mean. . . ."

"It is very important. I suggest that it will be wise for you to come."

"Why I . . . Well—then—I'll try to be there in about ten minutes."

The Methodist parsonage was one block from the square on a street lined with broad-leaved catalpa trees. It was a comfortable two-story frame house with a large, green-velvet lawn in which not a weed was allowed to linger. The frame church, painted a gleaming white, its spire pointing heavenward, stood beside it.

Neither one of them looked very pleasant to Wilkey as he walked toward them along the uneven brick sidewalk and up a path of flagstones to the deep front porch. Hulburt met him at the door and led him into the study. It was a small room dominated by a four-shelf bookcase with protective glass doors and a broad desk of dark walnut. Straight-backed chairs formed a semicircle around the desk; in them sat Charlie Ridge, Nate Judd, Cap Young, and Uncle Billy Jones.

A brown leather easy chair sat inside the circle, squarely under the overhead light. Hulburt motioned for Wilkey to sit in that one, and the preacher sat down behind his desk, his back almost touching the orange-and-white curtains that stirred occasionally to let in a gust of moist heat.

"Mr. Wilkey," he said gravely, "we are not at all satisfied with your attitude in this matter of the Bowen girl. I—we—feel that you do not quite realize how serious it is. We are making no threats, you understand. But do you think it is safe to flout decent opinion in Catalpa as you seem to be doing? Have you, perhaps, thought more about the matter since my call this afternoon?"

Wilkey stirred uneasily in the chair. It stuck to the damp back of his shirt. He turned his straw hat in his hands. "Reverend Hulburt, I want to do what's right," he said in a low voice. "I don't aim to make out, now, that you're wrong. It's natural that you should know a lot about moral questions. But this ain't just a question of morals. The Judge said. . . . As I see it, it's just a case of being broad-minded and live and let live."

He gazed appealingly at the row of representative citizens.

Reverend Hulburt also looked at the committee—and with a great deal more assurance. "I am sure that these brothers see the matter in the same light as myself," he said, licking the corners of his mouth in two quick motions.

Ridge was a slender, blond man in his early forties. He said smoothly, "Aren't you making a big issue out of nothing, Elmer?"

After all, it's a simple thing to let the girl go. If you're in doubt, isn't it best to err on the safe side?"

Brawny, gray Nate Judd squeezed his eyelids together and said bluffly, "You can't dodge the fact that this is a moral question, Wilkey." He rubbed his hand over his head, growing bald at fifty. "Your duty is plain enough."

Cap Young, a hunched and crabbed sixty, struck the floor with his knotted hickory cane. "The girl's not fit to appear in public!"

Uncle Billy Jones was gaunt, tall, and meek-appearing. He was in his seventies. He studied the space of uncarpeted floor between himself and Wilkey and said softly, "There is more rejoicing over him that ruleth his spirit than over him that taketh a city. Do not be stubborn, Mr. Wilkey. Yield to the better sentiment of the community. You will have no cause to regret it."

Wilkey fidgeted and tugged at his ear and peered into his hat as if he expected to find an answer there. "I'm no hand at arguing. As I see it, I got no call to interfere with what the girl does after hours. I don't see as I'm to blame. I'm only being—There's nothing I can do."

And that was all that any of them could get out of Wilkey.

Still the thunderheads withheld their rain from Catalpa, even though the night was shot through with the jagged strokes of their lightning and thunder rumbled and rolled all around the horizon.

The next morning the old men sat on the weathered benches on the courthouse lawn, scratched their thin white hair, and said, "Some things it ain't in man's nature to figger—one of 'em's the weather."

"Another is Elmer Wilkey. Who'd ever think that little man had that much spunk."

"Makes you kinda proud or something, don't it."

"Or something."

Bart Fuller rolled his breakfast cigar between his fingers and said to Wilkey, "I suppose that the trouble makers persuade themselves they're upholding the cause of morality. But they're only being mean and foolish. The truth is, it's their kind of fun. Life gets dull to them same as to the rest of us—and they haven't had any big thrill for quite a while."

"I don't know anything about that," Elmer said without expression "I just try to do what's right."

"After all," the editor said judiciously, "what did the girl do? According to the evidence she just had her shoes off. Fred's more guilty—by a shirt, you might say." Fuller put down two dimes and a



nickel. "It just goes to show how dull this town really is when it can be turned upside down by a shirt and two pairs of shoes."

But life wasn't dull for Elmer Wilkey. No sooner had Fuller left than a delegation of ladies from Catalpa's four churches marched in. Wilkey's defense was brushed aside.

A middle-aged matron with a sharp, vigorous chin insisted, "It isn't simply this girl. It's all the other nice young girls of Catalpa. It's the influence of this girl, flaunted openly. You must see that. Or if you don't"—she thrust out her chin—"there may be ways of making you see it."

"The girl don't bother anybody," Wilkey said. "Ain't any complaints about the way she behaves in the restaurant, is there, ma'am?"

A little, elderly woman spoke up in a shrill voice. "That's the very point of it all. She oughtn't to be in the restaurant."

"It don't seem right," Elmer said. "To put her out, I mean." he added hastily. "It's not being—It's not broad-minded."

"Thank the Lord, I prefer to be high-minded," said a shapely spinster in her late thirties. She was a dark, handsome woman, but her beauty was forbidding. "There's such a thing as being entirely too broad. If you let this insult continue, you'll regret it."

Mrs. Hulburt, the immense, buxom wife of the Methodist pastor, stepped close to Wilkey and said in a loud imitation of a whisper, "There's one thing you haven't thought about, Mr. Wilkey. The possible disease! Ask yourself if that is safe."

The other ladies transferred their gaze to the unoccupied corners of the restaurant.

Wilkey passed a hand awkwardly over his light, straggly hair. "I'm sure there's nothing like that around my place," he said with an edge to his voice. "The state health inspector says it's one of the cleanest restaurants in Kansas. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with Miss Bowen. She's in good health—The Judge said—"

"An ounce of prevention," said the spinster, "is worth a pound of cure."

"But it's the moral danger that's worst of all," the middle-aged matron broke in. "And we do not intend to stand idly by and have this pitfall thrown in our faces."

"I don't see as I can run the girl's private life," Elmer said. "It's not being—It's not my place to do that."

"You'd better think it over!" Mrs. Hulburt warned. She shook a massive finger at him as the embassy flounced in a huddle through the doorway.

"Yes, ma'am," Wilkey said and retired behind the unrevealing melancholy of his face.

All that day and the next the shrillness of the cafe telephone, breaking in upon the press and clatter of trade, announced a number of remonstrances and several ultimatums, but, while conciliatory, Wilkey held fast to his policy of "live and let live."

The only place he found any real sympathy was in the kitchen, where his wife labored over the serving tables and the sinks. During an afternoon lull as Wilkey, his sleeves rolled up, a long, heavy apron tugging at his thin neck, was silently drying the dishes, his wife said, "Seems to me you're trying to do right, Elmer. It's not as if you or me, either of us, approved of anybody's not being what they ought to be. But seems to me if we just couldn't discharge the girl now. Not that I think she's any too good, if the whole truth was known."

Her body sank into weary rolls of fat as she breathed, "if folks would only just do right."

Elmer patted his wife clumsily on the shoulder. "It'll work out. It don't pay—it ain't right to act hasty. Just wait and it'll work out."

Over the weekend Wilkey's Cafe was crowded and brisk—and none was so brisk, none so indifferent as Jessie Bowen. On Monday the storm gates opened, and the flood waters that had hovered overhead for so long descended on Catalpa, washing away the dust, cleansing the air, penetrating deep in the cracked earth.

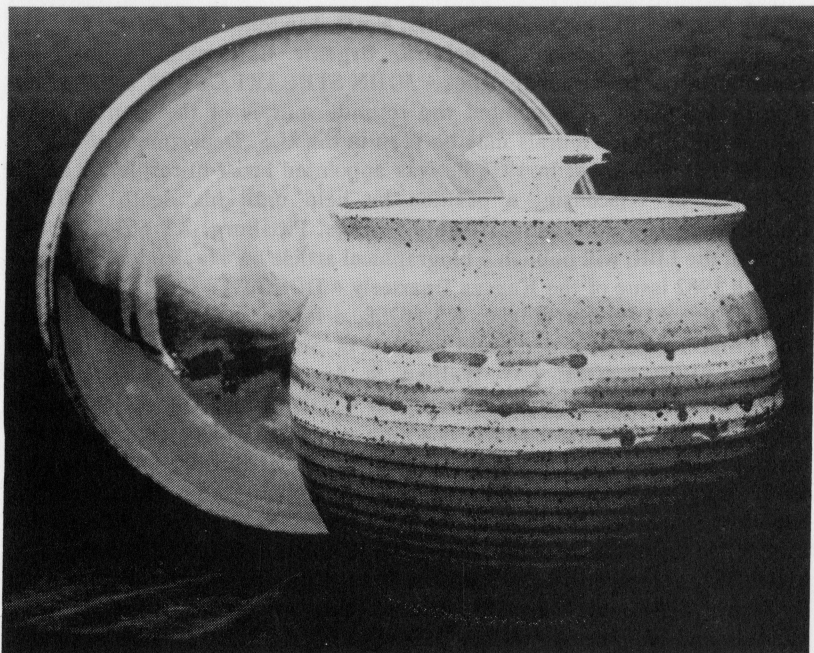
Monday was cool. All over Catalpa people breathed easily again, voices softened, and old angers were as if they had never been.

After the quiet dinner hour on Tuesday, Bart Fuller hesitated as he reached for a toothpick and said, "Don't see the Bowen girl around, Elmer. She sick or just taking time off?"

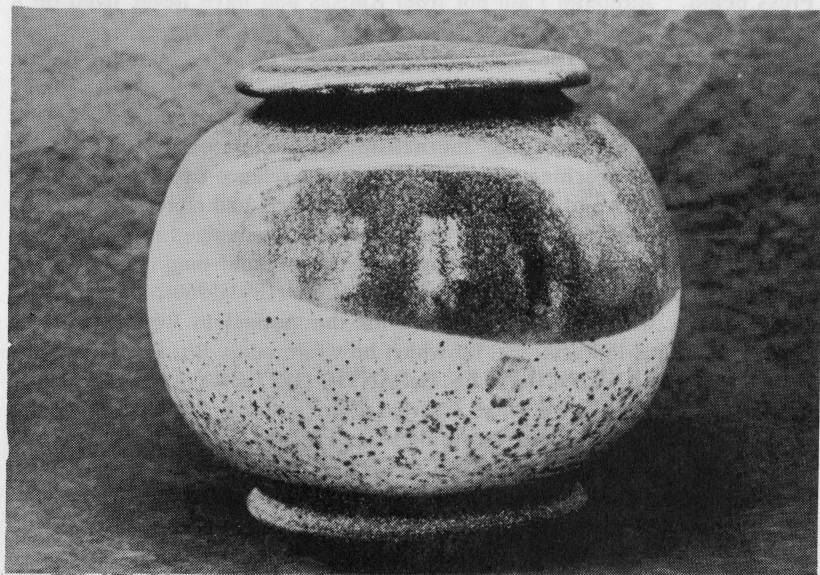
The sunset, sloping through the wide front window, fell unrevealingly upon Wilkey's pale, remote face. "I had to let her go," he explained tonelessly. "A man has to be broadminded. Got to see the other fellow's point of view. Some objected to her. So I had to let her go."

He sighed as he looked at the rows of empty tables and at the two idle waitresses with heads together in giggling chatter in the rear of the deserted restaurant.





**Top: Lidded form with wax resist decoration and plate with dipped glaze design. Bottom: Lidded form with dipped glaze design.**



**Jon Ulm**

**ERLEEN J. CHRISTENSEN**, 946 Ohio, No. 2, Lawrence, KS 66044, has had poems published in **egg**, **Brushfire**, **Organic Gardening**, **Tellus**, and numerous other literary magazines • **JOHN STEUART CURRY** (1897-1946), born in Dunavant, KS, painted the rotunda murals of the Kansas State Capitol. Other of his murals may be seen in the U.S. Department of Justice and Interior buildings. In 1936 he was appointed artist-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin, a position he held until his death • **GENE DeGRUSON**, 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762, poetry editor of the **LBR**, will publish a biographical article on Waylande Gregory in the Fall 1982 issue of the **Kansas Quarterly** • **DOROTHY HILL DENT**, 4103 W. 73 Terrace, Prairie Village, KS 66208, a former teacher and librarian, states that her poem is dedicated to Anna G. Shirk, whose plant still grows for her • **SUSIE ENGLE**, 6 W. Walling, St. Louis, MO 63141, a former area resident, is now a free lance photographer • **JOHN FITZGIBBON**, 209 South Oronogo, Webb City, MO 64870, is a high school art instructor, portrait and landscape artist • **MARJORIE V. FORBES**, 600 S. Florida, Columbus, KS 66725, is author of the centennial history of Columbus. A poet and historian, her most recent contribution to the **LBR** was "Bootlegging Cattle on the Border" in the fall issue of this volume • **VICTORIA GARTON**, R. 3, Nevada, MO 64772, a Vernon County Southern District Commissioner, has appeared in **Prairie Schooner**, **Dragonfly**, **Kansas Quarterly**, and numerous other journals and magazines • **ZULA BENNINGTON GREENE**, 1205 Mulvane, Topeka, KS 66604, is one of the most appreciated contributors to the **LBR**, her autobiography having started in our first issue. So many letters to the Press begin, "Although I am not from Kansas and have never lived on a farm, I certainly enjoy reminiscences of Mrs. Greene." "Peggy," as she is known to her friends, is the dean of Kansas journalists and a founding patron of the Topeka Civic Theatre, to name but two of her many, many accomplishments • **JAMES GUNN**, 2215 Orchard Lane, Lawrence, KS 66044, is professor of English and Journalism at the University of Kansas, specializing in the teaching of fiction writing and science fiction. The author of seventeen books and the editor of five, Gunn has had stories dramatized over radio and television. His **The Immortals** was dramatized as an ABC-TV "Movie of the week" in 1969 and became an hour-long series, "The Immortal," in 1970 • **JOHN WALKER GUNN** (1893-1960), the uncle of James Gunn, worked for many years for the **Appeal to Reason** and the Haldeman-Julius Publications, for which he wrote many Big and Little Blue Books • **WAYLANDE CHARLES DeSANTIS GREGORY** (1905-1971) was born in Baxter Springs, educated and reared in Pittsburg, and is acclaimed as a major innovator in the use of ceramics as a medium for serious sculpture • **SUE HANEY HALDEMAN-JULIUS**, c/o 726 E. 19th, Pittsburg, KS 66762, has previously published a profile for **The World of Haldeman-Julius**, compiled by Albert Mordell, with a foreword by Harry Golden (New York: Twayne Publisher, 1960). She and Gene DeGruson are at work on a biography of H-J • **SHELBY PAUL HORN**, 615 Kansas, Oswego, KS 67356, nonfiction editor of the **LBR**, has recently completed his home ceramics studio • **GARY HAWK**, P.O. Box 754, Iola, KS 66749, was born on a farm in



Oklahoma and moved to Iola in 1939. Named Governor's Artist for 1977-78, he was commissioned to do a series of murals for Sheplers, the world's largest western wear stores. He was elected to the Kansas Watercolor Society in 1977 • **DOROTHY ARLENE BATES KIRK**, 2000 W. 86th Terr., Leawood, KS 66206, an Attorney at Law, appeared in the last issue of the **LBR**. A former teacher, she taught at Parsons and Fort Scott. Among her works-in-progress is a book entitled "The Child Soldiers," a collection of fact-based stories of children and young persons serving in the War between the States • **J. T. KNOLL**, 401 W. Euclid, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is the director of the Columbus Elm Acres facility and instructor of psychology at Pittsburg State University. He shall appear in a forthcoming chapbook of poetry to be published by the Little Balkans Press, Inc. • **PATTY FARRIS KUHLEL**, 1150 E. 1st, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is a graduate assistant in English at Pittsburg State University. Her Lebanese folk studies, originally sponsored by the Kansas Committee for the Humanities, have appeared regularly in the **LBR** and are receiving considerable attention by both scholars and the general public • **ELIZABETH LAYTON**, Wellsville, KS 66092, although known primarily as an artist, appears for the first time in print as a poet. Her paintings will appear in a future issue • **VIRGINIA STOUGH MARTINO**, 711 Kingsley, Springfield, MO 65807, is the oldest graduate in the history department of Southwest Missouri State University and the mother of professional writer and novelist Bill Martino, now living in Taos, New Mexico • **BERN PORTER**, 22 Salmond, Belfast, MN 04915, the dean of Maine poets, is the author of many books. His autobiography, *I've Left*, is available from the Maine Writers & Publishers Alliance, P.O. Box 143, S. Harpswell, MN 04079, for \$3.50 • **FREDERICK A. RABORG, JR.**, Box 2385, Bakersfield, CA 93304, journalist, poet, dramatist, and fiction writer, has published widely and is the judge for the Kansas Poetry Contest, sponsored by Ossie Tranbarger of Independence, the results of which will be printed in the Spring issue of the **LBR** • **DAVID RAY**, 5517 Crestwood, Kansas City, MO 64110, is editor of *New Letters* and a professor of English at the University of Missouri--Kansas City. Since 1977 he has been producer of *New Letters on the Air*, a weekly half-hour radio program which is broadcast over many National Public radio stations. He is currently in India • **WILLIAM F. RYAN**, 1741 N. Troy St., No. 426, Arlington, VA 22201, is a freelance writer in Washington, D.C. He is columnist and special reporter for the **Washington Tribune**, contributing editor for **Free Inquiry**, and is affiliated with **Virginia Country, Impact**, and a number of other publications • **WALTER SHEAR**, 1915 S. Taylor, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is a professor of English at Pittsburg State University. Although he has published scholarly articles previously, this is his first poem to see print • **CAROL STOVER**, 425 N. Idaho, Columbus, KS 66725, is the mother of three children, is majoring in elementary education at Pittsburg State University • **JON ULM**, Barton County Community College, Great Bend, KS 67530, is presently Fine Arts Division Chairperson and instructor of art of that institution. A native of Miami, OK, he is a graduate of Pittsburg State University • **TED WATTS**, 807 W. 4th, Box 303, Oswego, KS 67356, art and graphics of the **LBR**, drew the cover and contributor portraits.

# Invitation To Submit



The LBR cordially solicits manuscripts, photographs and art work for publication in forthcoming issues. Under our current editorial policy, each issue of the magazine will have approximately ten pages of poetry, ten of graphics, thirty of fiction and thirty of non-fiction.

Prime consideration is given to works by Kansans and former Kansans, as well as work set in the Little Balkans. Current non-fiction contributions are restricted to subjects related to the Little Balkans. At least half of the poetry of each issue will be devoted to poets who have had limited previous publication. Manuscripts should not exceed thirty-five double-spaced typed pages. Works of local and regional artists are desired, as well as vintage photographs depicting the life and social customs of the Little Balkans; B & W photos of sculpture and over-size art is preferred.

Contributions should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope and mailed to:

**ART, PHOTO & SCULPTURE** - Ted Watts, P.O. Box 303, 807 W. Fourth St., Oswego, KS 67356.

**FICTION** - Stephen Robbins, 2001 Arapaho, Garden City, KS 67846.

**NON-FICTION** - Shelby Horn, 615 Kansas, Oswego, KS 67356.

**POETRY** - Gene DeGruson, 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762.

We promise to report our reactions to you within six weeks. Upon publication, we can pay only with copies of your issue.

## Subscription Information

Single issues sell for \$3.50; annual subscriptions are \$10. Make check payable to: **The Little Balkans Press, Inc.** and send to The Little Balkans Press, Inc., 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762.



# The Hunt

The does are singing,  
and stags creep with bellows  
through our bedroom.  
Antler needles prick the stars  
that crown our sleeping bags.

*Where are the guns?* I ask.  
You laze there in your underwear,  
clinging to your dreams of Tantalus  
while all around us  
the woods bark with morning shot.

Shall we skip stones across the brook  
and drown a trout or two?  
We'll stretch them flapping  
on the fenders of our jeep.

I took photos yesterday—  
you with the bandolier strapped  
across your chest  
like Shaw's third act,  
your foot upon the bottle, slain  
last night in prep for sport.

We are the perfect season's croci:  
the does are singing,  
and we two stags  
go on with sleeping.



Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.







The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

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601 Grandview Heights Terrace

Pittsburg, Kansas 66762