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### The Little Balkans Review, Spring 1982

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# The Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 2, No. 3

Spring 1982

\$3.50



Martin and Osa Johnson

Photographers

Independence and Chanute, Kansas

# The Little Balkans Review

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A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

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Vol. 2, No. 3



Janis DeChicchio, Music Editor Gene DeGruson, Poetry Editor Shelby Horn, Nonfiction Editor Steve Robbins, Fiction Editor Ted Watts, Art and Graphics Editor
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All glory comes from daring to begin.—Eugene F. Ware

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## The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

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601 Grandview Heights Terrace

Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

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Spring 1982





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**This issue is dedicated to Mrs. L.K. Timmons, patron of arts and letters.**

Thanks to:

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Harold Brandenburg for the photograph of his father and John Philip Sousa on page 66.

Gladys M. Mundt for the vintage photograph on page 83.

The Martin and Osa Johnson Safari Museum for the photographs on pages 2-17.

Pittsburg State University for photographs on pages 33 and 72.

Don Lambert of the Topeka Arts Council for photographs of the drawings of Elizabeth Layton.

Frances McKenna for consultation.

**The Little Balkans Players for benefit performances.**

The portrait of Robinson Jeffers reproduced on page 49 was painted by Rem Remsen in 1926.



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The  
Little Balkans Review

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A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

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Vol. 2, No. 3                      Spring 1982  
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(Continued on Page 84)

# Preface

One would hardly expect a research center to flourish in a small, non-university town in the Midwest, and so it is surprising to find one in Chanute, Kansas. A stranger would be intrigued to learn that the citizens of that town support a library of over 5,000 volumes devoted to African history and art, with strong research fields covering the South Seas, Borneo, and East Africa. It's there, for anyone to see: the Martin and Osa Johnson Safari Museum, Inc., directed by Sondra Alden. Barbara Henshall serves as curator.

On the day the editors visited to choose photographs to illustrate the lead article by Joseph W. Snell, executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society, a newly-arrived package was opened in our presence to reveal an early nineteenth century handcolored lithograph of some exotic African bird. At the table where we had seated ourselves to examine the hundreds of photographic possibilities, volunteers from town were carefully identifying and doing preliminary cataloging of other rare prints of *Aves Africani*. We soon learned that we were not visiting a small town museum annually gathering dust, but rather a growing concern of intellectual and artistic activity. A town's pride in an illustrious native daughter and her accomplished husband from nearby Independence surely had taken root and blossomed into something far beyond the Martins' fondest dreams. For details of their lives, we refer you to Mr. Snell's article. We think you'll want to learn more at the Safari Museum. It's worth a trip to Chanute from wherever you are.

Change is now accepted by our readers. We hope the changes we make are for the better. In search of economy, we have gone out-of-state for our printing. BookMasters of Ashland, Ohio, made us an offer we couldn't refuse, but we still hope to offer samples of printing from Kansas. You, of course, will be the ultimate judge of the wisdom of our choices. You will also notice on our masthead the addition of Janis DeChicchio to our editorial group as music editor. As more and more contributions of a musical nature came our way, we decided we needed a specialist. Skilled in classical, folk, and pop, Ms. DeChicchio is director of the widely known Reflections of Girard High School, where she teaches vocal music. A member of the Little Balkans Players, she has sung with the K.U. Medical Arts Symphony and the Iola Symphony, and has appeared in numerous operas in the area. She also played first flute with the Waterbury Symphony in Connecticut. This issue carries her transcription of a German folksong collected by Patty Kuhel and you will see evidence of her skills in future issues. Her editorial address is 417 W. Magnolia, Girard, KS 66743.

In this issue appear our youngest contributors to date: Shanna Cozart (whose poem appears on page 76) and Bill Blair (whose photograph appears on page 42). These selections demonstrate not only that we do not limit ourselves to set formulae in choosing material — as long as work meets a threshold of quality — but that our region is blessed with precocious talents. As we stated in our premiere issue, we desire to encourage and nourish these talents.



**Elizabeth Layton**

There's much to be said about the remainder of this issue. We characterize it as we have each one past — special. We are especially honored to be the first magazine to publish the work of Elizabeth Layton. Our deep regret is that we cannot offer her paintings in the glory of color, but one day we shall be able to afford it. We're growing, slowly but surely, but so are printing bills and postage. Recommend us to others if you like us, and keep writing.

**The Editors.**



# Safaris from the Balkans

by Joseph W. Snell



For me it began on Christmas day, 1945, when I received a copy of Osa Johnson's autobiography, **I Married Adventure**. I was seventeen years old and I immediately fell in love with the author. Though she died in 1953, my admiration for her continues to this day.

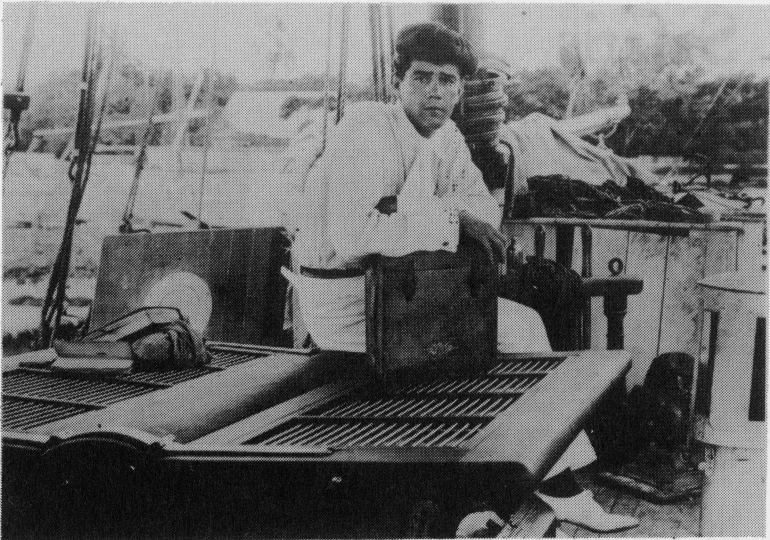
She was born Osa Helen Leighty in Chanute, Kansas, on March 14, 1894. Her father, William Sherman Leighty, was a locomotive engineer on the Santa Fe railway and her mother, Ruby Isabelle Holman Leighty, a seventeen-year-old housewife.

The first sixteen years of Osa's life were those of a typical small town Kansas girl. She learned to play piano, preferred dancing to reading and shared secrets with her best friend, Gail Perigo. Her ambition was to marry a Chanute boy, settle down, and raise children.

Then Martin Elmer Johnson came into her life.

Martin was the antithesis of Osa. The son of an Independence, Kansas, jeweler and his wife, John Alfred and Lucinda Constant Johnson, Martin (born in Rockford, Illinois, on October 9, 1884) suffered from wonderlust from the very earliest days of his life. What interests they shared when first they met are now difficult to identify. Martin had served as cook and engineer on Jack London's ill-fated around-the-world cruise on the ketch **Snark** and had tasted the thrill of photographing aboriginal South Sea islanders. When he returned to Kansas he and a friend opened a theater, which they called the **Snark**. Here, for fifteen cents, one could see a William Selig comedy, such as **There, Little Girl, Don't Cry**; hear the latest in songs as rendered by a local





**Martin on Jack London's Snark, 1907**

girl singer; view "a fine high-class Vitagraph drama" such as **The Closed Door**; and be entertained by either Charlie Kerr's "Chalk Talks, Fast Cartoon Lecturing," or one of Martin's "Illustrated travel stories," which were always based on his two years with the Londons. (Martin Johnson's life at that time was dominated by his South Seas adventures. All he could talk about, some friends complained later, were the savages and sights he had seen and his desire to return some day and make more photographs.)

Business was good at the Snark. Martin and Charlie Kerr apparently knew what the public wanted. A second theater, the Snark No. 2, was opened a short distance from No. 1; and eventually No. 3 was opened at Cherryvale.

Through her friend Gail, who had recently become the wife of the Snark's projectionist, Dick Hamilton, Osa was hired to sing at the theater. Within a week she and Martin were married.

Martin Johnson, reported the Chanute **Daily Tribune** on May 17, 1910, "became so enamoured with sailing (while with Jack London) that Saturday (May 14) he decided to make it his life profession and signed for an extended voyage on the sea of matrimony."

Osa was barely sixteen years old; her husband's next birthday would be his twenty-sixth. Their expressed plans were to live in Independence and operate the Snark shows, but Martin could not shake off his overwhelming desire to travel and photograph the people he saw. At first Osa had no interest in such a life, but Martin finally convinced her that they should give it a try. To make sufficient money to pay for a trip they began to travel and lecture, much as Martin had done on the stage of the Snark.



**Martin Johnson stands in the center colonnade of the Snark Theater No. 2, Independence, Kansas, 1910.**

Just when they began to follow the lecture circuit is not known, but in a letter which Osa wrote to her parents from Leadville, Colorado, on February 26, 1911, she listed twenty-nine towns in Colorado and New Mexico in which they had already performed. Five additional engagements she listed would keep them busy through March 11.

Luckily Charles E. Bray, general manager of the Orpheum circuit of vaudeville theaters, offered them jobs as travel lecturers and they were kept exceptionally busy. Scrapbooks which Osa kept, now in possession of the Martin and Osa Johnson Safari Museum in Chanute, Kansas, show that they spent the latter part of 1911, and all of 1912 and 1913 lecturing over much of the United States, in Canada, and even in England, where they performed at London's Victoria Palace in March 1913. Reviews of Martin's lectures were universally complimentary—or else Osa chose not to keep those which were critical. As they progressed Martin changed both his commentary and his photographs, allowing him to play some cities more than once. In Chicago, for instance, he spoke on March 14 and again on June 8, 1912. The newspapers reported that the second event was of superior quality to the first.

For three years the Johnsons earned their living traveling and lecturing. When this began to wane Bray offered Martin a job as a film assembler and inspector for the Orpheum Travel Weekly, the opening "act" for all the Orpheum theaters. The travel weekly, which he either owned or had a financial interest in, was one of Bray's favorite activities. Each year he took trips abroad to secure films from various European exchanges. Martin,



**Mrs. Martin Johnson, lecturer, 1915. [This gown is on exhibit at the Osa and Martin Johnson Safari Museum, Chanute.]**

stationed in New York City at the Orpheum headquarters, was responsible for assembling the travel films which Bray had acquired into those opening acts. G. Horace Mortimer, publicity director for the Orpheum circuit, worked in the same office. "It wasn't that the job was bad," he recalled shortly after Martin's death, "but it was confining to a man who had scoured half the world and wanted to see the other half."

Martin was still enamoured of the South Seas and "given half a chance, ... talked to anybody" about them, Mortimer recalled. Revisiting the cannibal isles had almost become an obsession with Martin, and by now Osa was as enthusiastic as he.

According to Mortimer, Martin had no money other than his salary, but he had developed a friendship with a successful comedian on the Orpheum circuit named Chick Sale. Martin, Sale, and other friends founded a corporation with a capital of \$30,000 to finance a photographic expedition to the Solomon and New Hebrides islands. The identity of all those involved is at this time unknown but by the middle of May 1917, nearly all the money had been paid in. Martin was president of the corporation and was to have full charge of the expedition for the eight months it was out.

The Johnsons planned to expose 60,000 feet of negative motion picture film showing "the naked savages (and) their sex-worshipping ceremonies," missionary stations, child life, tropical diseases, and cannibalism, as well as some of the scenic wonders of the islands.

They, Martin said, "are without doubt the most interesting and least known group of islands on the face of the earth. The people are the most backward, cannibalistic and primitive people in the world. In many of the islands white men have never ventured more than a few miles inland."

On June 5, 1917, Osa and Martin Johnson set sail from San Francisco on the first of their many voyages of exploration. Their destination was Sydney, Australia, where they were to charter a boat which would take them to the New Hebrides as well as the Solomons.

On December 27, 1917, Martin wrote Chick Sale from Sydney, thanking him for coming up with another \$500. Apparently he had underestimated the costs involved.

Though he was writing from bed, where he was confined by fever and sores on his left foot, Martin was able to say, "I am having the time of my life and am going to continue having for months to come—and Osa is just as bad as I am. She has the South Sea blood in her system...."

The Johnsons returned to America late in February 1918, after having traveled 31,000 miles to get 50,000 feet of film. The adventure not only provided them with material for months of lecturing but also a book called **Cannibal-Land: Adventures with a Camera in the New Hebrides**. It was Martin's second book (the first, *Through the South Seas with Jack London*, had been published in 1913).





**New Hebrides native drying head for display in the tribal headhouse, 1919. Martin Johnson, photographer.**

**Cannibals of the South Seas** was released as a five-reel feature nearly a year after the Johnsons returned to America. It played in mid-January 1919 in Martin's home town, where advertisements described it as "the most astounding, unusual and unconventional motion picture ever taken." The ad quoted the magazine **Motion Picture Classics** as saying Martin's film had "ten times the grip of the average photoplay." The **New York Times** called the film "absorbingly interesting."

Martin himself felt that the films they had exposed were a "worthy augmentation to the text books which have been prepared on the subject..." and stated "that the day of the illustrative and instructional cinema has arrived."

"Either a desire for profit or a zealous, enthusiastic yearning for knowledge and an abiding faith in the mission of the moving picture as an instructor must lure the photographer through the hazards and sufferings of a journey such as I have just made," Martin said.

"In my case, I confess it was both," he admitted before he continued:

"No educational film library can be completed without representations of the fruit of journeys like this. Now the question arises, who is going to make



**The Johnsons on their houseboat on the Kinabatangan River, North Borneo, 1935.**

them? It is unlikely the man of learning, the book man, possesses the hardihood and endurance to undergo the physical strain and peril of such an undertaking. And it is quite as true that the man of sufficient brawn will quite naturally lack the expert knowledge and requisite familiarity with his subject to satisfy the student.

“Moving picture equipment is not wieldy. It certainly is perishable. It is costly and cannot be easily sacrificed without good cause. The fruits of a six months’ journey may be lost in twenty minutes by any one of many experiences we encountered among the cannibals of the South Seas.

“Yet gradually these isolated corners of the world, which are all that remain of primitive man for the purposes of students today, must be recorded on film now or—never.”

Martin and Osa Johnson saw their future clearly. Their lives’ mission was to fulfill Martin’s prediction and for the next seventeen years they pursued it doggedly.

The year 1920 was spent in Borneo and then Africa, a continent that captured their attention until 1935, when they returned to Borneo to make their last trip together. By then they had circumnavigated the earth six times.

Joseph Wood Krutch, writing in *Nation*, states that **I Married Adventure**

“belongs on any list of Americana, for the Johnsons were as American as David Crockett.”

**Books** called it “a fine book on many counts. It is a good travel book, a good adventure book, a good book about animals, a good book on photography, and, best of all, it is a good human story about two extremely likeable people....”

The latter statement recognized one of the main reasons for the Johnsons’ success: they were likable people.

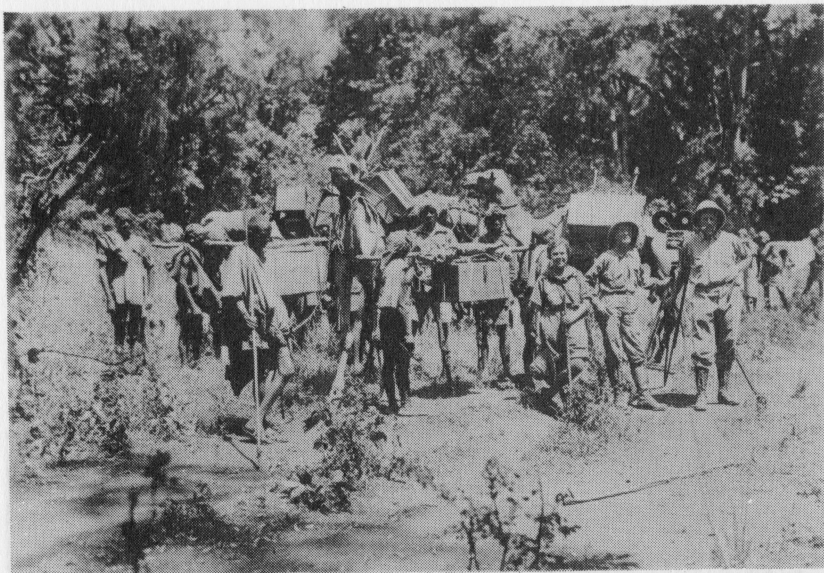
Those who know them closest called Martin “a wonderful man,” “a splendid example and inspiration,” “a very likable person,” and one who loved children. Osa was “warm, outgoing” and a person who trusted everybody; she was always “enthusiastic, cordial and kind.” Osa never forgot her humble beginnings and maintained her membership in the Chanute Business and Professional Women’s Club, attending meetings when she was in town. She seldom refused an invitation to address a civic or church group in her home town.

Martin was killed and Osa injured in an airplane crash in Southern California on January 13, 1937. Though Osa returned to Africa as a technical adviser for a major motion picture called **Stanley and Livingstone**, the explorations of the Johnsons were over. Martin’s death signaled the end of an era, for the global conflict which commenced two and a half years later



**Osa and Martin Johnson prepare to film their first motion picture, *Congorilla*.**





Camera safari at Lake Paradise.

made the far reaches of the world—those areas visited by the Johnsons—household words.

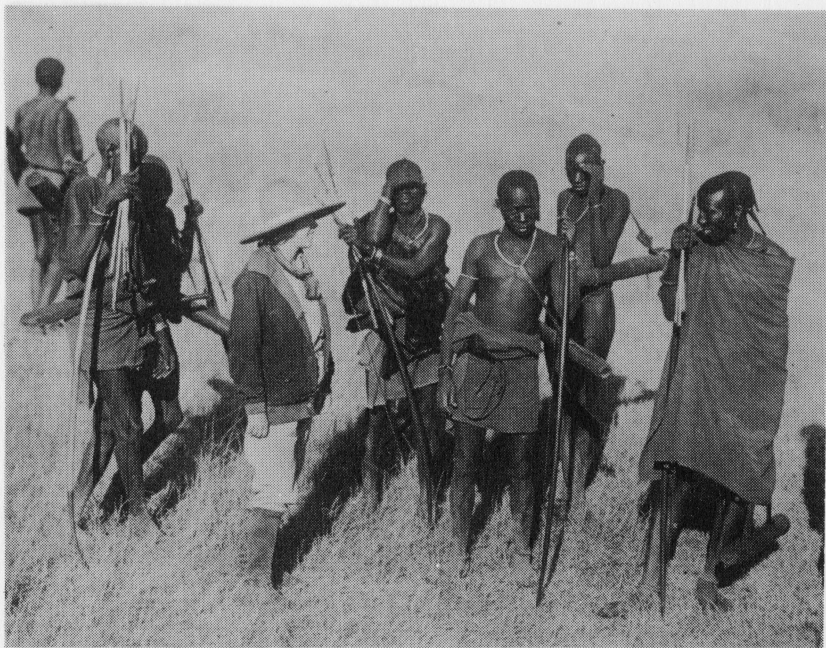
The legacy which the Johnsons left behind is immeasurable.

Martin was the author of seven popular books: **Through the South Seas with Jack London** (1913); **Cannibal-Land: Adventures with a Camera in the New Hebrides** (1921); **Camera Trails in Africa** (1924); **Safari: A Saga of the African Blue** (1928); **Lion: African Adventures with the King of Beasts** (1929); **Congorilla: Adventures with Pygmies and Gorills in Africa** (1931); and **Over African Jungles: The Record of a Glorious Adventure over the Big Game Country of Africa, 6000 Miles by Airplane** (1935). In addition he wrote numerous articles for such magazines as **Natural History**, **Scientific American**, **Literary Digest**, **Saturday Evening Post**, **American Magazine**, and the **Delineator**.

Martin's motion pictures included **Captured by Cannibals** (1918), **Cannibals of the South Seas** (1918), **Jungle Adventures** (1921), **Headhunters of the South Seas** (1922), **Trailing African Wild Animals** (1923), **Simba** (1928), **Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson** (1930), **Wonders of the Congo** (lecture film, 1931), **Congorilla** (1932), **Wings over Africa** (lecture film, 1934), **Baboon** (1935), **Borneo** (1937), and **Jungles Calling** (lecture film, 1937).

After Martin's death Osa assembled these films from his footage: **I Married Adventure** (1940), **African Paradise** (lecture film, 1941), and **Tulagi and the Solomons** (a short issued when U.S. troops were fighting in that area, 1943).



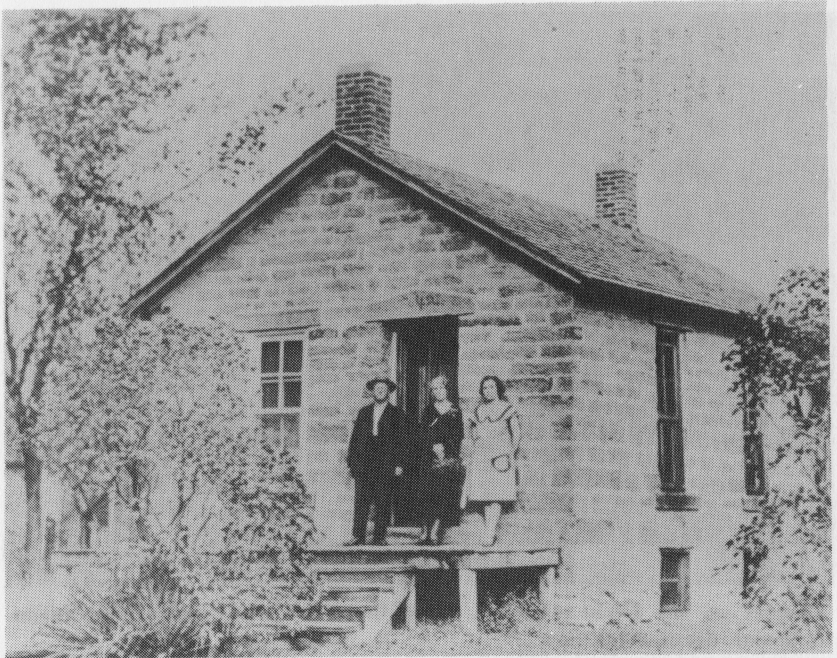


“Daring African Explorer is Daughter of a Santa Fe Engineer.”

Osa, though she had a limited education and didn't enjoy writing as much as Martin, began to publish in 1924 with a series of articles, dealing mostly with animals, in **Good Housekeeping**. She also wrote for **Collier's**, **Cosmopolitan**, and **American Magazine**, among others. Her books, ten in number, were **Jungle Babies** (1930), **Jungle Pets** (1932), **Osa Johnson's Jungle Friends** (1939), **I Married Adventure** (1940), **Four Years in Paradise** (1941), **Pantaloons: Adventures of a Young Gorilla** (1942), **Snowball** (1942), **Tarnish: The True Story of a Lion Cub** (1944), **Bride in the Solomons** (1944), **Last Adventure: The Martin Johnsons in Borneo** and **No Sir**, which were published posthumously in 1966 and 1979. **I Married Adventure**, a best seller chosen as a Book of the Month Club selection, is listed in Asa Don Dickinson's **The Best Books of the Decade, 1936-1945**.

Martin's great skill with still and motion picture cameras was another facet which set them apart from their many contemporaries. The great naturalist Carl Akeley wrote in 1923 that “in my opinion, Martin Johnson is one of the best photographers of wild life now living.” The first African photographs Martin took, Akeley said, “are among the best pictures of wild life in Africa that I have ever seen.”

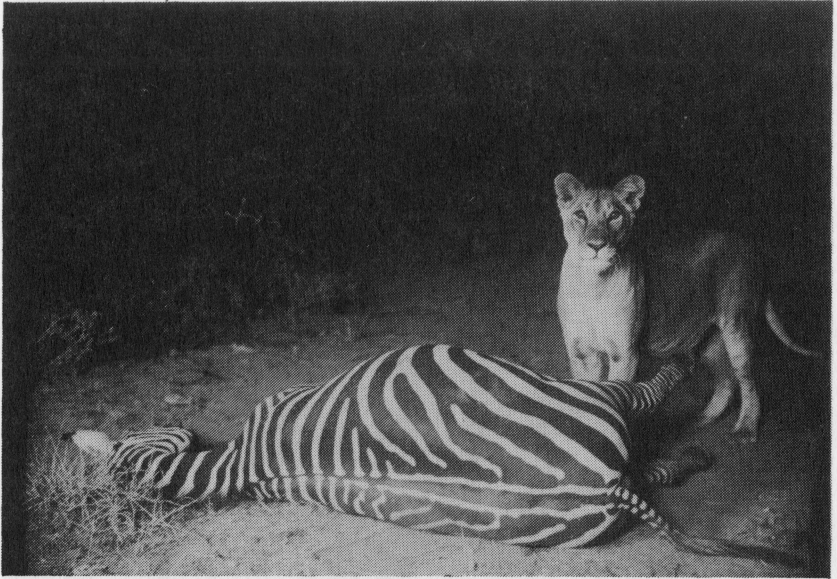
The American Museum of Natural History, for the first time in its history, endorsed a photographer, Johnson, and permitted him to use its official endorsement as a recommendation of his work.



**Osa revisits her birthplace in Chanute with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Leighty.**

Lowell Thomas wrote that Martin's "legacy to the world is a splendid portrayal of a vanishing wilderness, photographed with patience, courage and artistry." A critical author of 1979 admitted that "Johnson was probably the best cameraman of all the African explorers."

Perhaps the most important key to their success was the remarkable relationship which the couple enjoyed as man and wife. Martin never failed to acknowledge Osa's contribution to their career. In **Cannibal Land** he wrote, "I thought, as I have thought many many times in the nine years we have gone about together, how lucky I was. Osa had all the qualities that go to make an ideal traveling companion for an explorer—pluck, endurance, cheerfulness under discomfort. In an emergency, I would trust her far sooner than I would trust most men." In 1924 he dedicated **Camera Trails in Africa** "To Osa, The Best Pal a Man Ever Had." Gail Perigo, Osa's chum of adolescent days, recalled that Martin and Osa were "very, very close. He just worshipped her and she thought there was nobody could do anything like Martin." Lowell Thomas summed up their relationship when he wrote, "It was a rare team they made, this partnership between two handsome young people from Kansas. Indeed in the annals of travel and exploration they were unique. They shared each other's thoughts, experiences, hardships, dangers. And I don't know of any couple that had so much and such continuous fun together."



**Lioness at the Grant zebra kill, one of the dozen or so photographs Martin Johnson deemed his best.**

Without doubt the Johnsons, like most married couples, had their disagreements but they obviously were never serious enough to inflict any serious damage to their partnership. Throughout their career, Martin preferred Osa to be by his side over any other person. Osa felt the same about Martin.

Generally their duties were clearly defined. Osa was in charge of the domestic side of their existence. It was she who directed camp life, laying in supplies, providing for their comfort, overseeing the preparation of meals, etc. She loved to hunt and to fish and secured plentiful supplies of fresh meat through her prowess with the rod and gun. She was an expert rifle shot who seldom failed to hit her mark. Sometimes when Martin was photographing in potentially dangerous situations she stood by the camera, gun in hand, ready to protect her photographer. On more than one occasion Osa saved Martin from harm with a well directed shot. When needed, Osa could operate effectively behind a camera and sometimes took off on photographic mini-expeditions of her own. Like Martin, she learned to fly and often took the wheel of the Sikorsky they purchased in 1932.

Martin's chief duties were to expose both motion picture and still film and then, at least in their African days, quickly process it in the darkroom he always had nearby. Photography in the tropics was a tricky thing due to the intense heat and humidity, and Martin always preferred to stabilize his films with immediate processing. He was a master showman. It was he who would sell potential backers, including the American Museum of Natural History





Ituri Forest, Belgian Congo, ca. 1930. Martin Johnson, photographer.

and George Eastman, the Kodak magnate, on the value of financing certain expeditions. It was Martin who cut, edited, and spliced their films into dramatic sequences, causing concern to some latter day students of documentary photography. Manipulation of scenes, they complain, is not truthful. "Their 1928 production *Simba*, although made under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, resorts to the full range of editor's tricks to extract the greatest punch from the material," wrote Kevin Brownlow in 1979. He continued: "To the pure documentarian, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are beyond the pale, for they regarded the African continent as a kind of special effects department. They were obsessed by adventure, in the Theodore Roosevelt sense, and aimed exclusively for thrills. They laced their sensational material—and much of it was sensational—with scenic and comedy material, but they had no scruples about authenticity."

Alan Root, a native of Kenya and one of today's most outstanding chroniclers of Africa on film and who, by the way, works with his wife Joan after the fashion of the Johnsons, writes that "today's recorders of African wildlife, I think, are all impressed with the quality of some of the material that the Johnsons got, considering their film and equipment. The necessity of having Osa stand by with a heavy rifle is rather laughed at, but on the other hand, times are different and I imagine that it **was** sometimes from necessity and not for show."

The Johnsons, Root continues, "are remembered as great adventurers who, though they may have been a bit slick and commercialized, nevertheless

did a good job of publicizing East Africa and its wildlife. I feel that they did make a contribution and I doubt that any other kind of approach would have worked in that day and age. Africa and animals meant safari and adventure. Not enough was known about animal behaviour to make detailed behavioural



**Martin Johnson stands outside his photographic laboratory at Lake Paradise, 1924.**

films about a species. The thing that made the films exciting and interesting was that there was someone with whom audiences in the West could identify, so I do not think they should be too criticised for the commercial or personal orientation in their films."

There can be no doubt that the Johnsons felt they were preserving on film a record of rapidly vanishing wild life and native cultures. In private communications and public writings Johnson expressed this belief over and over.

Mrs. Sondra Alden, curator of the Martin and Osa Johnson Safari Museum and an acknowledged expert on the Johnsons, defended the couple against Brownlow's documentarian charges by saying that usually two films were prepared—one edited for consumption by the general public and another prepared as a factual documentary. Their books, she said, were not intended as reports; they were published to earn money to finance their work.

Just before they set off for Africa the second time, Martin wrote an article about "What I am Trying to Do," which was published in the August 1923 issue of *World's Work*: "We are going to spend five years making motion

pictures in the wilds," he said, "and we will bring back with us a vivid portrayal of untouched Africa—a picture of the beauties of the last of the great continents to be explored—a picture of the natives and the animals as they live their lives all but untouched by civilization....We will get a picture



**Osa Johnson with Wambutti Pygmies in the Ituri Forest, Belgian Congo, 1934.**

that will be a record for a thousand years to come of Africa as God made it, before the white man penetrates further into its beautiful wilds, and before the natives and the wild animals have disappeared....

"Thrills in plenty we will have—and I hope we'll photograph many of them—but they are incidental to our main purpose, which is to secure a truthful, accurate, complete, and interesting picture of Africa as it is—not a picture of 'The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson'."

Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the Board of Trustees of the American Museum of Natural History, offered this opinion of Martin's work:

"In the worldwide effort to gather knowledge and first hand information regarding the vanishing wild life of the world, Martin Johnson has already shown what may be done by photography. The unique photographs of his first African journeys accomplish a double purpose: they give us a priceless record of what actually still exists; they make an irresistible appeal that this beauty and fascinating interest in the intimate natural life of animals shall not be destroyed. The American Museum of Natural History took a very unusual step in endorsing these films and photographs, not only because of their





**No. 7 Lucania Road, Muthaiga, Nairobi, purchased in 1927, was the only permanent home the Johnsons ever had.**

beauty and truthfulness, but because they give a message needed the world over.

“The coming second journey to Africa, carried out as planned in the same spirit of conservation, will be rendered a service of greatest scientific value in the field of natural history. The double message of such photography is, first, that it brings the aesthetic and ethical influence of nature within the reach of millions of people who are otherwise forever debarred from such influence; second, it spreads the idea that our generation has no right to destroy what future generations may enjoy.”

Whether Osa and Martin Johnson succeeded must be judged from both their time and ours. Some may scoff at the primitive and commercial manner in which their work was conducted. But it must be remembered that motion picture photography was in its infancy when they started. There was no synchronized sound recording available. Color photography was not commercially feasible. Expeditions had to be funded somehow; the Johnsons were never wealthy. Studies of animal behaviour had not been perfected or hardly even addressed. The world at that time was generally not interested in preserving the cultural activities of primitive man. It was instead intent on educating them, converting them, Europeanizing them.

What the Johnsons did was commendable when viewed from their own time, sixty-five to forty-five years ago. What they did is remarkable when viewed from ours. The remote regions they recorded are gone. The only



**Martin and Osa Johnson with a trophy Cape buffalo, Lake Paradise.**

visible remnants of the past are those recorded, correctly or incorrectly, by early photographers such as the Johnsons.

Perhaps we today view the Johnsons' work with some skepticism because they had such a good time doing it. Conservationists are supposed to be serious-minded people, unlaughingly intent on their purpose.

But I believe the Johnsons were outstanding because of that enjoyment. I think Martin would agree. "I have been luckier than most men," he once wrote, "for my lifetime work has made my youthful dreams come true."

Arthur Capper, speaking before the Senate of the United States on May 18, 1938, called Martin a "dreamer of dreams... a materializer of dreams... He was the American boy, dramatized and glorified, a product of our soil and culture, an inspiration to American boys of today and tomorrow."

Martin died in 1937, his wife in 1953. At last their adventures were over, but we can recreate them over and over by reading their books and seeing their films. And as we do we can almost hear Osa calling to Martin: "If you go, I'm going too...."



## IN A LITTLE VILLAGE



*My grandmother, Clara Hoffman Hall [1901-1965], used to sing this song to me, my brother and sister every night. I cannot find evidence of this song ever having been published. My grandmother claimed she heard it from her mother who came here from Westphalia, Germany, when she was a child.—Patty Farris Kuhel*

In a little village not so  
Very far away,  
There lived a rich and aging man,  
Whose hair was turning gray.  
He had three sons, his only ones.  
Both Jack and Tom were sly,  
While Ted was honest as could be  
And would not tell a lie.

One day they tried to poison poor Ted  
In the old man's eye.  
The poison soon began to work  
Till Ted was much despised.  
One night the father said, "Begone!  
You're heartless to the core."  
These are the words the black sheep spoke  
As he stood before the door:

"Don't be angry with me, dad.  
Don't drive me from your door.  
I know that I've been wayward,

But I won't be anymore.  
Just give to me another chance  
And put me to the test.  
You'll find the black sheep loves his dad  
Far better than the rest."

Year by year sped quickly by  
And the rich man's now grown old.  
He called both Jack and Tom to him  
And gave them all his gold,  
"I only need this little place,  
A spot by your fireside."  
One night when Jack was turning home,  
He brought with him a bride.

The bride began to hate the father  
More and more each day.  
One night he heard the three declare,  
"The old fool's in the way."  
They then decided to send him to  
The poorhouse which was near.  
Then like a flash, the black sheep's words  
Came ringing in his ear:

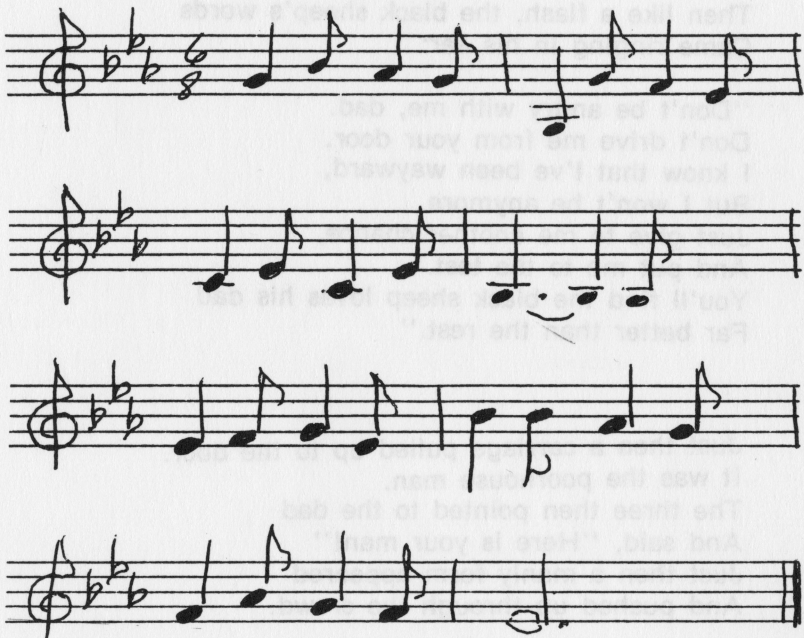
"Don't be angry with me, dad.  
Don't drive me from your door.  
I know that I've been wayward,  
But I won't be anymore.  
Just give to me another chance,  
And put me to the test.  
You'll find the black sheep loves his dad  
Far better than the rest."

Just then a carriage pulled up to the door.  
It was the poorhouse man.  
The three then pointed to the dad  
And said, "Here is your man!"  
Just then a manly form appeared  
And pushed up through the crowd.

"Here, stop, you brute!" the stranger cried,  
"This cannot be allowed!"

"You sold this old man's property,  
And all that he could save.  
You even sold the little spot  
Containing his wife's grave.  
"I am his son, none of your kin  
From now to Judgement Day!"  
The old man clasped the black sheep's hand,  
And the crowd then heard him say:

"Don't be angry with me, son.  
I drove you from my door.  
I know that I was hasty.  
I repent it o'er and o'er.  
I wish I'd given you all my gold.  
I found you stood the test.  
I found the black sheep loves his dad  
Far better than the rest!"



# Sweet Little Jesus Boy

by Charles Cagle



His mother frowned when she saw him, then smiled just as quickly. "Well, good morning," she said. "*Early bird gets the worm.*"

Benjamin shrugged and stuffed his fists into the pockets of the frayed linen bathrobe his brother had outgrown. It was still a size too large. His feet were bare and very white, and his hair—what was showing—was mussed above his sleep-puffed eyes. His head and shoulders were encased in a plaster and gauze cast which made him look like a badly costumed knight in a children's play.

"Did you get hot again last night?" his mother asked.

"No."

He sat down in a kitchen chair, his feet just touching the floor. He was only twelve.

"You want me to sprinkle some talcum powder down your neck before you get ready for school?"

"No. Did Aunt Mattie come in?"

His mother nodded.

"What time?"

Without answering, his mother put two pieces of bread in the toaster. She looked down where they disappeared as if they might have really disappeared. "Did you wet the bed?" she said to the toaster.

"No. What time did Aunt Mattie get in?"

"Positive?"

"Yes. What time?"

"Your daddy went to the bus station for her. She got in very late. Now if you wet the bed, say so. I need to put the sheets outside and air out the mattress. We've all got a lot to do this morning before we leave. You can have the bathroom when daddy gets out."

"Did you get some bananas?"

"There's one in the icebox. Cut it in two. Save Richard some." When he didn't move she looked at him. "You want me to fix your banana?"

"I'll do it," he said, and got up.

He opened the refrigerator and stared mechanically at the contents. He put a finger in a bowl of red Jell-o and put his finger in his mouth. He found a banana behind some celery stalks.

"Close the door, sweetheart," his mother said.

He examined the banana, still holding the refrigerator door open. "Shoot," he said, "it's all rotten."

"Close the *door*," his mother repeated. She put one hand on his shoulder and maneuvered him aside to shut the door herself. "It's not rotten," she said, "it's just a little ripe. Cut it in two. Save Richard some."

He was still examining the banana when his mother walked around him to put the bowl and spoon and Wheaties on the table.

"Won't it be fun seeing everybody again?" she asked brightly, not looking at him. Her voice had the same crisp, false brightness it had when she had said *good morning*. He knew what the sound meant, and it scared him to death.

He nodded without saying anything. He dug a dinner knife out of the kitchen drawer. He sat down in the chair again. In front of his bowl he sifted in the cereal, then peeled the banana and cut it with great care, watching each slice drop slowly into the bowl.

"How come you didn't want her?" he said, finally.

"Didn't want who?"

"Aunt Mattie."

His mother glanced over at what he was doing with the banana. "You mean want her to come see us? Who said I didn't want your Aunt Mattie to come see us, Benjamin?"

"You did. To daddy. I heard you."

"Little pitchers have big ears."

"How come, though?"

His mother looked away from him again. "Don't talk so loud: she might hear you. We used to live with your Aunt Mattie in Texas, that's all. You remember your Aunt Mattie. You met her once when you were a little boy."

He finished with the banana. He turned the peel upside down on the table, making a tent. He pinched back the spout of the milk carton and examined it. "Why did you invite her to come if you don't like her?"



"She's old and sick. She may have to go to one of those homes for old folks. For heaven's sakes, honey, be *careful*."

He had spilled some sugar. While his mother watched, he pinched some of it up between his fingers and sprinkled it over his cereal. Then he licked his fingers. His mother came over with a wet rag and wiped the place. At that moment the toast popped up. "Be more careful, now," she said again, more gently this time.

"How come you didn't like her when you lived in Texas with her?"

"I liked her. She didn't like *me*."

"*How come?*"

"I don't know. She thought I was trying to take your daddy away from her." After a moment, she added, "She was jealous, I always thought."

"I don't get it."

His mother sighed faintly. "What do you want to wear this morning, your blue shirt and your new jeans?"

"I don't care."

"You could wear that pretty white shirt you got for your birthday."

"I don't *care*. What do you mean, she was jealous?"

His mother puttered for a second, then said, "The room she gave us used to be your daddy's room when he stayed with her, when he was about your age or a little older. He lived with her one summer when his mother was real sick. When we got married we happened to move into the same room. She needed the money and we needed some place to stay for a while. Do you have any clean socks?"

"Yes."

"I forgot to look. I don't think any of your socks are clean."

His mother left the kitchen. Benjamin looked up at her until she was gone, then he raised his hands and felt the cast on his head as if it had just that moment materialized there. He pulled the coffeepot over and bent his head to see his distorted reflection in the shiny surface. He stared at the grotesque image of himself in the mirrored metal until he heard his mother returning. When she came back into the kitchen, hugging the ironing board to her side with both arms, he was eating again and reading the back of the cereal box.

When she got the ironing board up she plugged in the iron and waited until her wet finger made a small, flat hiss against the hot surface. She then dipped her hand into a bowl of water and flicked her fingers over the rumpled white shirt and began to iron.

"Can I send off for these?" Benjamin asked, still looking at the back of the cereal box.

"What?"

"The World's Golden Galleon of Stamps. Two Thousand Mixed and Foreign Including Triangles."

His mother made a brisk stabbing movement with the iron. "You've got a lot of stamps already," she said.

"Eight hundred and seventeen," he said. "It's just three dollars and two more box tops. I like this cereal, too."

She glanced at him without his noticing, then said, "You should take a nice spit bath before school."

"I *will*. How long is she going to stay, anyway?"

"I don't know. A week, maybe—until your daddy decides about a home for her to go to."

"Can she make cookies?"

"She used to make good lemon pie, she thought."

He began sawing off the boxtop with the dinner knife. "What's wrong with her?" he asked.

"She's just old. I told you. She's going blind, for one thing. She needs an operation on her eyes."

"Is she deaf?"

"She's like all old maids. She can hear like an owl."

Benjamin stopped sawing and looked up. He was silent for a moment. "How good can owls hear?"

"They can hear while they're asleep."

Benjamin considered that for a second, then went back to sawing on the boxtop. His mother ironed methodically. Then, as if talking to herself, she said, "When we lived with your Aunt Mattie we couldn't breathe without her knowing it. She knew everything that went on, every move we made. I suppose I was too—well, *sensitive*, or something, but everytime I—" She broke off and rearranged the shirt on the ironing board.

"Everytime you what?"

"Everytime I wanted to do something she didn't like she'd go whining to your daddy. She could *always* pull the wool over his eyes. She could baby him and twist him around her little finger. She baby-talked all the time to your daddy, always treating him like a little boy. He could never do anything wrong in your Aunt Mattie's eyes."

"How come she never got married?"

"Nobody would have her."

"Shoot, if you didn't like her why didn't you move out? I would have."

"It was when your daddy and me first got married, I told you that. She let us live in her spare room for half of what anybody else would

have charged, and we could use her kitchen. She was nice about that, in a way. And she *was* a Wilson. The Wilsons always stuck together.

"Where was I?"

"You weren't born."

"Was Richard?"

She glanced at the table. "He was about to be. Now clean up that mess when you're through."

"Looks to me like you would have moved. I would have."

His mother ran the iron for a moment, then grunted softly. "She used to put an ad in the paper to rent a room—and then she would go home and read her Bible and pray nobody would answer the ad. That's how silly she was." She pulled the shirt up and looked at it, then handed it to Benjamin. "Here," she said, "you want to look nice for the first day."

He didn't look up, and made no move to take the shirt.

"Here, Bengy," his mother said.

He moved his head up at her, his face imprisoned in the hard, white plaster cast. "I don't want to go to school," he said.

"Now, Benjamin. We talked about that."

"I don't *want* to go."

"You *have* to go to school."

"No."

He sat in his room while everybody else got ready to leave the house, everybody except his Aunt Mattie. He heard his mother at the guest bedroom door saying in a loud voice, "You just sleep till you feel like getting up, Aunt Mattie. You just be as lazy as you want to be today."

He strained to hear her reply, but could only catch a faint voice like a whine saying something he couldn't understand. He sat in his room continuing to listen to the sounds beyond the door. His older brother, Richard, was up, whistling. He heard him brush his teeth and run water to comb his hair, and he heard him urinate and flush loudly before he was quite finished, as he always did. It was just another first day of school for Richard.

He heard his father's sounds a little later, and once his father's soft voice slightly raised with, "Where *is* he, then?" He waited, but nobody came to his room. After a long time he saw his brother ride by the window on his bicycle, his nose and chin jutting like their father's juttied, his long hair and jacket flying matter-of-factly in the air behind him. He had thought perhaps Richard would come and ask



him to go to school with him, and that might have given him the courage. But he had known really that his brother wouldn't do it.

Then in a few more minutes his father left for work. The pattern of the morning was off. Usually his mother and father went to work together in the car. This morning his father was walking, and he knew that it was on account of him. He knew also his mother would come in and make one final try to get him to go to school. He imagined her being late for work at the department store and explaining to everybody why she was late.

There was no need for him to do it again, but he lifted his hands and felt the heavy cast which covered his head and shoulders. He was like a turtle inside that cast. He had often imagined himself in the past few weeks as a turtle.

*You don't want to have a wry-neck, do you? You don't want to grow up to look like Mr. Freeman, do you?* (Mr. Freeman was an old man who worked at the Feed Store. He held his neck far over to one side, as if a piece of iron was tied around his head, pulling his neck grotesquely over and down.) The doctor at the children's clinic in Oklahoma City had said the same thing his mother had said to him, "There's nothing to it, Bengy. I'll just clip the leader—" and he had touched the strong cord in his own neck—and that will balance the weaker leader. You won't even know it. It won't hurt a bit. Trust me. You want to be a normal, healthy boy, eh?"

It hadn't hurt, either. Because he had large veins in his arms like his mother, they had given him something in his arm to make him go to sleep before he could count backwards from ten to one. He had been afraid they might try to give him ether. He could remember that experience once, long ago, when he had his tonsils or something out. It had made him sick, and he had screamed all the time he was going down into the deep, dark well of unconsciousness, with his mother's voice echoing farther and farther away *I'm right here . . . I'm right here, Bengy. . . .*

He heard his mother in the bathroom getting ready for work. In a few minutes she opened the door to his room. He could smell her perfume.

"Now, Benjamin, I want you to get dressed. You still have twenty minutes before the last bell rings. Daddy walked to work so I could have the car to take you."

He stared at his hands without speaking.

"You've *got* to go to school, honey," his mother said.

"I don't want to go," he said.

She waited a moment, standing in the doorway. "Are you worried about what they will *say*?"

"No."

"Why don't you pretend it's a game? You could make them jealous if you wanted to. Everybody likes you; you're the smartest boy in your class. The teachers all say so."

He had never heard his mother's voice sound so phony. He suddenly hated her, and himself. He didn't answer her.

"Benjamin, you've got to wear your cast for at least three more weeks. That's what the doctor said. You can't miss three weeks of school. You'd get behind, and you don't want to do that."

He said nothing. He wanted to cry.

"Do you want me to go in with you? I will if you want me—"

"No."

"Well, what *do* you want?" His mother's voice was tense now, and he had expected that. "Do you want me to call Mr. Anderson's office and see if Bobby can meet you at the school door? You and Bobby could go back into class together. Bobby has seen you in your cast."

He wanted desperately to cry.

His mother's hands opened and closed softly. She straightened her back as if it ached. "Now Benjamin, we talked about this yesterday. You said you were ready to go to school. You said you didn't care what they thought. Don't you remember?"

He stared hard at the floor, his face bulging in the cast like an overgrown baby's. His eyes were averted, his lips rigid. He knew he wouldn't cry now.

"You can't hide forever," his mother continued, her voice dull and faraway sounding.

"Mother . . ."

"Don't *mother* me. Now get dressed, Benjamin! This *instant*! Why can't you be like Richard?"

"Mother, *please*. I'm sick."

"You are *not* sick."

"I'm *sick*. My stomach hurts."

"Don't *lie* to me, Benjamin!" She took a ragged breath. "You don't want people to see you in your cast. Benjamin, the first day will be the hardest, but after that nobody will care. They'll get used to you. They won't even notice. Everybody likes you. They'll all want to put their names on your cast. You'll be the center of attention."\*

He hated her. She didn't understand that he didn't care what they thought. He didn't want to see them. He didn't want them to think he cared whether they saw him or not. He hated them, too.

"I want to stay here with Aunt Mattie," he said.

He knew he had said the wrong thing, but it was too late.

He could hear his mother breathing.

"All right, *baby*," his mother said, finally, hissing the last word under her breath, sending it like a cold icicle into his cast and down his neck. "Your Aunt Mattie will tell you you don't have to go to school if you don't want to. She'll tell you anything you want to hear." And then she added what he dreaded most. "Promise me you won't do what you did last week again."

He didn't answer, and he wouldn't look at her.

"You promise me, Bengy, or I'll make you go to school. I won't have this!"

He was looking at the palms of his hands, expecting to see hair on them.

"*Promise me!*"

He still didn't look at her. Shame and guilt covered him like a shroud.

He could tell that his mother was as pained by all this as he was. She said: "Remember Jesus . . . just remember what a sweet little boy Jesus was." There was a heartbroken quiver in her voice.

He sat there for a long time after his mother had left for work. He was cold and frightened, and he was wondering something about sweet little Jesus. He felt ashamed of himself for wondering such a thing, but he did wonder it. He was glad Jesus wasn't there to shame him more. It was almost as if the white-clad figure was sitting beside him, looking at him the way his mother had, even the way Richard might, with a glow behind His head like that picture of Him in the Temple among the Elders.

Finally, he stood up and walked through the house. In the bathroom he stared at himself in the mirror. His hair was matted over his forehead and damp with sweat. The cast he wore was gray-blue around the edges of his face. He stared at his face for a long time, trying to see something there, to see beyond his eyes into himself. He thought of Richard again, and he wished he could be like Richard, riding happily off on his bicycle. He tried to imagine Richard feeling as he was feeling acting as he was acting, staring into the mirrored eyes that were his mother's hazel color. He couldn't imagine it.

The door of the guest room was slightly ajar, but it was dark inside. The shades had been pulled. He stood outside for a long time, hesitating. Then he was quickly inside the room, with door closed

behind him, and into the edge of the darkness. There was a faint, unpleasant smell of medicine and a thick, hot staleness in the air. There was a frightful smell already of urine. He moved around the front of the bed and forward.

He could barely remember his Aunt Mattie. He had only a faint single memory flickering somewhere of a sugary smile and a head of white hair and wrinkled hands holding out tea cookies to him. He strained to see ahead of him—even imagining for a moment that he could make out the face of a great, all knowing, blinking owl. But there was only her labored breathing in the darkness, and nothing more.

## What Matters It?

He never knew  
The terrifying sweetness  
That was mine  
As (calm, along the campus walk)  
He passed.

He knew not  
That his cheery words  
And twinkling smile  
Were treasured in the secret places  
Of my heart.

He does not know  
My loneliness  
Since he has gone,  
Naught left but the memory  
Of his shy, sweet smile.

And yet they prattle  
Of the joys of youth!

Elizabeth M. Anderson



# Three Poems

by Shirley Stanley Needham

May/Samoa 1943

Here heavy sun beats on the land  
year round. Only the strangling jungle  
flowers rise and rise in stifling splendor.  
Blaze and fragrant blaze climbs  
vine and blooming tree  
weighting the windless air  
with choking sweetness the full hot air.

This month the plum is blooming in the hills.  
This far from home  
I know just how the plum patch,  
bare of leaves, the crooked twigs  
clustered and swarmed with blossoms as bees  
white sweet-scented bees clustered in pale new sun  
know how it looks and the wind  
full of plum scent moves over the rounded hills  
catches in plum petals  
catches perfume and mixes over the year tan grass.

This far from home plum scent  
moves past my face,  
the lifting wind of spring, filled sweet with wild plum  
brushes by my face.

## Spring Day in Kansas

The willow  
Cracks its golden whips  
And the wild  
Horses of the Wind  
Spring up,  
Startled,  
Frightened,  
And race away  
Screaming in terror.

With the thunder  
Of the hoofs  
The rabbit's ears lie flat  
Along his back,  
His eyes  
Become quick for danger;  
And the impudent jay  
Shrieks in outrage  
To feel his blue cloak  
Ruffled and stirred  
Out of order.

## Of Growth

Not with great flares of lightning  
not earth jarring thunder  
but this is the slow warm rain of growth.  
Rain that blows and clings and falls  
falls finely  
that clouds the grass each leaf  
and holds in heavy drops  
along the fence wire.  
This rain loses itself  
into the earth endlessly.  
And seed shells soften  
husks uncurl now hold less tightly.  
Before a thing like that  
having no end  
like that having no words  
no speaking meaning,  
never speak  
but listen.



Shirley Stanley Needham



Graduation Day, Coffeyville, Kansas, 1914. Photographer unknown.





**Stroke.** "I tried in this picture to express the feeling of a ministroke as expressed in facial and body language. It's an out-of-the-body experience. While drawing, I felt I was way up looking down on this little crone—and discovered she was me."

# The World of Grandma Layton

The above title is somewhat misleading, since the feelings depicted on these pages constitute only a small portion of Grandma Layton's world. Further, the communicative element she shares through the delicate use of color is absent; none of these pictures was drawn in black and white. They appear here as an invitation to become better acquainted with one of the most original voices in contemporary Kansas art.

Do not expect the same type of work you find by that other Grandma Anna Mary Robertson Moses, for Grandma Layton is of the present, of the Now, and with a style neither naive nor primitive she achieves the effect she desires. Her model is herself, viewed in a mirror, and her subject matter is feelings, emotions, attitudes toward topics of the day. She says, "I do feel that everyone has the same feelings. If you are feeling grief, that is the same grief I am feeling. You can talk about these feelings in drawings." She does. Her art, then, is extremely personal and yet universal.

For almost forty years Mrs. Layton suffered from depression, unalleviated by thirteen electric shock treatments and other therapy. Once she discovered her artistic talent (in her late 60s) "it was like a miracle," she recalls. "In a year my depression was gone, and there was something in this drawing that was doing it."

Her art quickly began to gain recognition. In the Spring of 1980 she entered the juried art competition at the Nelson Art Gallery in Kansas City, and from among six hundred entries, her piece was awarded first prize. That fall, thirty-one of her drawings were selected for a touring exhibition throughout the mid-America region. A selection was exhibited at the National Art Therapy Association Conference in Kansas City, and she was named one of three Kansas Governor's Artists. In 1981, her drawings were displayed at the White House Conference on Aging — a mixed blessing, for some person or persons unknown so admired her works that two pieces were stolen.

A word about the captions: although these are the words of Elizabeth Layton, they are a highly truncated version. For example, she discussed in detail **Capital Punishment**, how the lower right portion depicts the various proponents of that punishment: "Those who condone it as biblical retribution, those who accept it if it is done 'humanely,' those in whom revenge is a dominant personality trait, etc. I tried to get it all in: the voting box, the scales." We excuse our editing, for space is limited, but it is all there to be seen. Elizabeth Layton's pictures speak for themselves. — Gene DeGruson.



**Running Through the Daisies.** "You look at someone you love and you don't see them as young or old. You don't see yourself that way. You see yourself just as you are."



**Jack Sprat.**

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;  
His wife could eat no lean....





**Barbara Frietchie.**

"Shoot if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"People probably don't know this old poem anymore, but I saw it as having something to say to this generation."





**Capital Punishment.** "I tried to put both sides of the argument about capital punishment in this picture: how I feel about it and how others feel....I imagined how I would feel if I were sentenced to death, groveling for my life on a trap door leading to an abyss of nothingness. "



On the Death of a Child. "This picture really doesn't need an explanation."



**Winged Victory.** "This is me! This shows a woman who has been struggling and struggling to get where she wants to be."

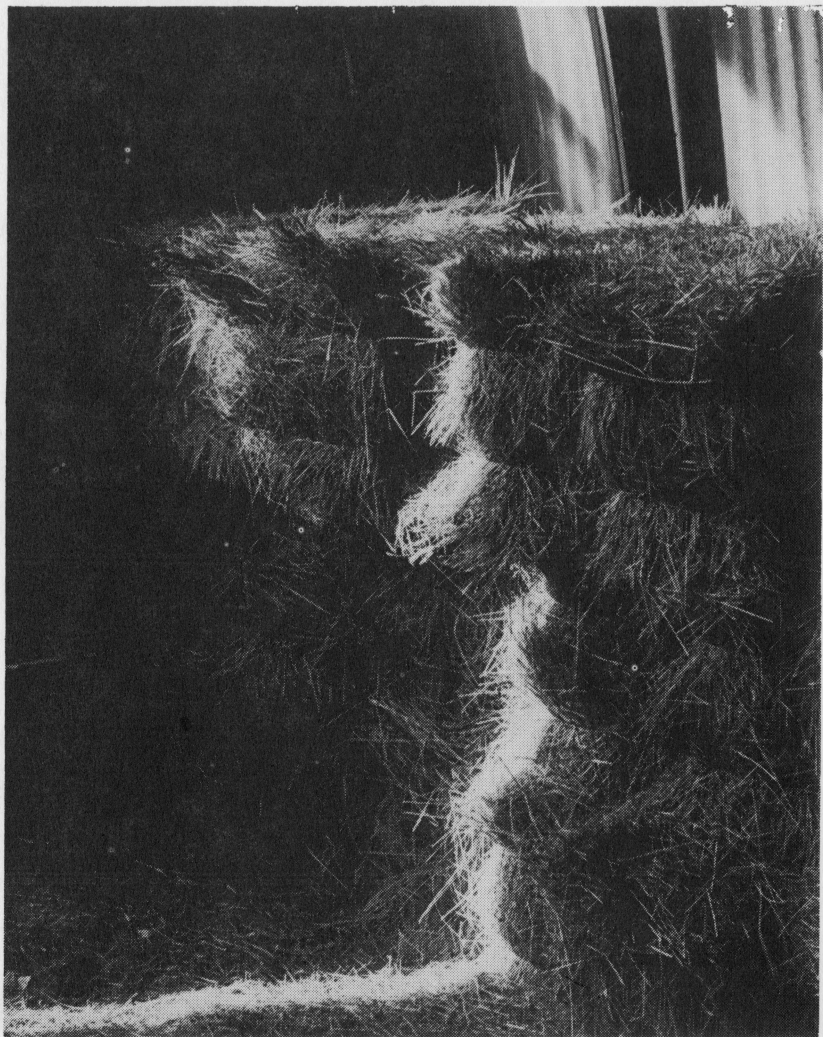
*"On the Death of a Child." This picture really doesn't need an explanation."*





**The Wink.** "This picture is not one of my favorites. It's one of the early ones, done when I was feeling that I hated myself."





**Twilight Zone:** The early morning sun beams down through the dust-riddled window of a forgotten tin barn, cutting a path of light. It will happen again and again. —Bill Blair.

## THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL KANSAS POETRY CONTEST

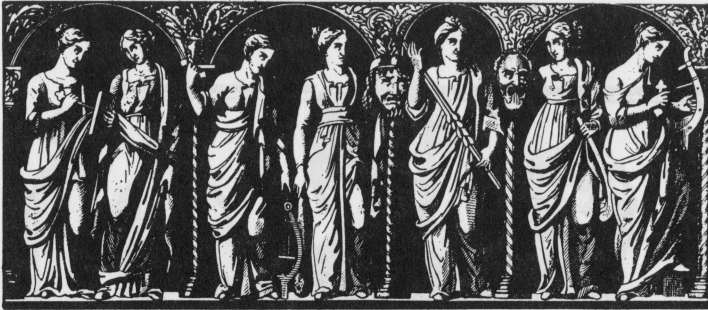


Even though the Kansas Poetry Contest was established by Ossie E. Tranbarger of Independence in 1967, 1981 marked its eleventh anniversary. (A three-year lapse of contests was necessitated by other personal commitments.) Mrs. Tranbarger, the sole sponsor of this contest, offers each year cash prizes of \$50, \$25, and \$10 in each of the two categories, open and haiku. A five dollar award is given for each honorable mention. The contest judges selected by Mrs. Tranbarger determine all winners; Mrs. Tranbarger does not act as judge. This year judges are Willene Nusbaum (haiku) and Fredrick A. Raborg, Jr. (open).

Mrs. Tranbarger, who prefers the informality of Ossie, works full time in the "baby department" of Mercy Hospital. Her name is internationally known, her poetry having been published in England, India, Italy, the Philippines, and (of course) in the United States. **Phoenix**, a British literary magazine, has had Ossie as its American editor; the Phillipine-based United Poets Laureate International publication has enjoyed Ossie as its foreign correspondent. She has been honored by the Kansas Authors Club for her service to writers and by many other organizations. The certificates and diplomas bestowed upon her would literally paper all walls in her office. Despite all her activities and appointments, however, Ossie's favorite project is the Kansas Poetry Contest, the fruits of her eleventh year of labor being proudly presented in the following pages. —Jane E. Parshall

First Prize

## From the Mountain



Give me wide, low ceilinged rooms,  
polished and shining; objects in their places  
or sorted, stacked, stored out of sight.  
I hold the past (being cowardly, human), but return sadly  
to an abandoned house where joy  
burned like a flame the prying wind puts out.

Give me portraits painted of bygone faces  
hung on walls in staggered pattern,  
copies of statues whose rigid curls, athletic, corded muscles  
of lost gods were chiselled by ancients.  
Give me the old morbid Testament of the Jews  
whose people suffer as I and my kind do  
never learning how to evade truth.

Give me biographies by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.  
Beautiful are the robes of the past.  
I hold onto their ragged hems that in loose  
Middle Eastern earth were dragged and ravelled,  
wiped dust from sandals, dried tear-splashed feet,  
and fell in folds around quiet ankles

of multitudes who in astonishment stood still to hear  
the alabaster parables of Christ.

Margaret Stavelly

Second Prize

## Developing Your Own Solutions

Around your table  
faces clutter like reprints  
double exposed  
they focus  
pull back . . .  
crowds that click  
and whirl.

On your walls  
photographs record isolation  
broken fences  
an empty stair  
weathered doors  
close up  
mountain fog  
filtered through sun.

Your life hangs  
framed  
somewhere between.

Jean Morrison Baker



Third Prize

## Birds of Gold

My footsteps echo in the gallery.  
Passing the paintings of the past I stare,  
Not finding what I came to see.  
Passing the paintings of today I search,  
Not seeing what I sought to find.  
Far down the corridor a painting turns  
To mirror, turns to window, turns  
To air . . .  
Pale yellow willow leaves lie dead  
Upon the marble floor  
And shattered silver shards  
Are scattered in the grass.

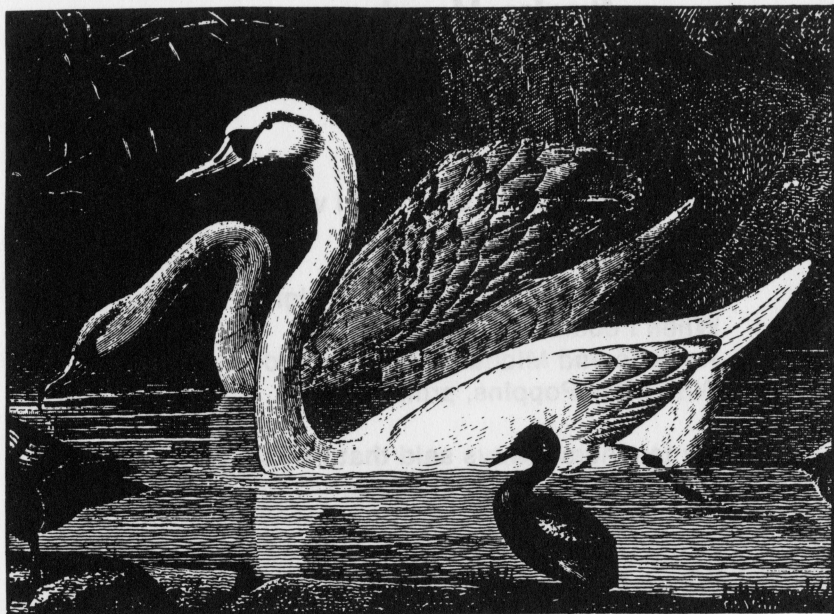
### Driving

Along a winding mountain road  
I feel the wind upon my cheek. A deer  
Bounds into towering trees.  
Among the aspen groves  
A single tree stands quite alone  
I watch its green leaves turn to gold,  
To birds of gold which fly  
Up, up, touching the gold-foil-covered sun  
Which suddenly—at last—  
Bursts into light.

Elizabeth Shafer

First Honorable Mention

## Screen Test



We gaze at swans on Lake Lucerne.  
Their necks are carved by strange mythology:  
they imitate accomplished fishermen.  
Jealously we watch them preen  
their after-dinner dance . . .  
white-washed columns sailing  
blackened glass.

We ride this water    pull  
our painted boat up on the sand  
and share a dinner  
not too gracefully.  
Playing in the flow of wine,  
we study our silhouettes and wonder  
when the talent will begin.

Anita Brysman

Second Honorable Mention

## Early Reading

My mother always says that I was five.  
And mustn't be conceited.  
But I know  
That I was four, Nan Bobbsey eight  
When I could not stay up as late  
As Jane and Michael Banks, who'd fly  
With Mary Poppins, prim and sly.

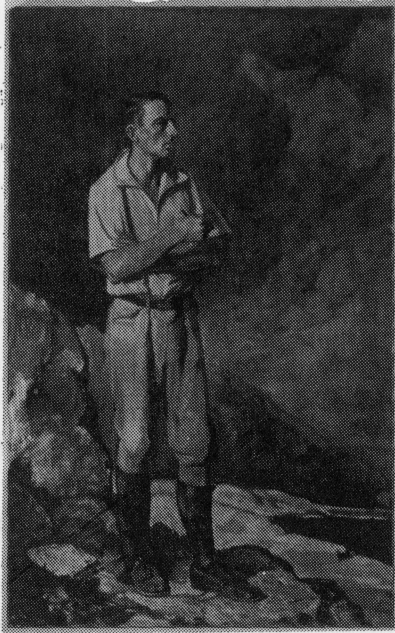
My teachers always said that I was smart.  
And "looking at the pictures."  
But I'd go  
Into a world beyond *LOOK. SEE.*  
Where Eeyore found his tail with glee  
And little engines could climb mountains  
And princes might be frogs in fountains.

The grownups all thought I was starting young.  
And might as well make mud pies.  
But I saw  
High shelves in quiet libraries  
And ladders reaching them with ease  
And books that never seemed to know  
That I was ex officio.

Christy Pfeiffer

Third Honorable Mention

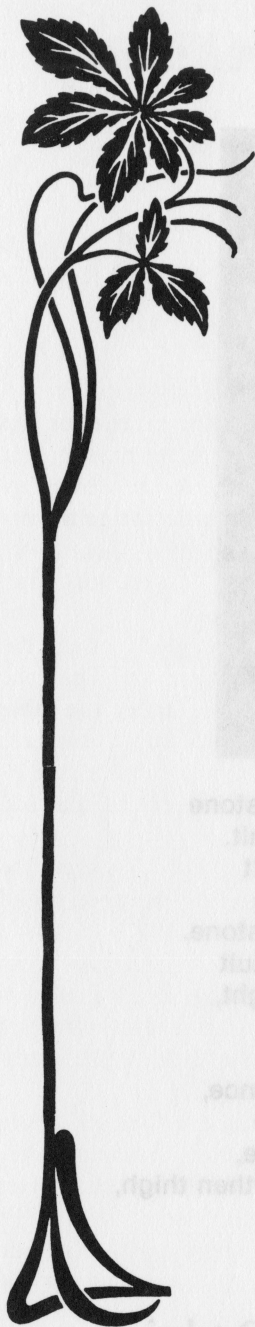
## Jeffers



Where the sea crashes on gray stone  
your finger touches the moist salt.  
Tracing rock, your eye finds fault  
in man. You take yourself alone  
into a wilderness of ocean and stone.  
In your heart, the elements assault  
your hawk-crying tower, in thought,  
breaks like the ocean alone  
over one rock and then another  
in turn. Your eye casts the distance,  
steel lips press to stone,  
your kiss is that of remembrance,  
watery, burrowed against an earthen thigh,  
the gray eyed mother of stone.

Al Ortolani





First Prize

a dandelion  
white down flying in the wind  
deep deep rooted stem

Luiza Carol

Second Prize

Walking the mill dam,  
the wind swept voices of children  
drown in the foam

Al Ortolani

Third Prize

shimmer of dawn—  
a flock of pinon jays fly over  
calling the wind

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

First Honorable Mention

Sunlight strikes the pond,  
a duck lifts from the mallow  
... into stillness

Al Ortolani

Second Honorable Mention

copper-coated sea  
ripples with the evening tide,  
casts itself anew

Harriet Kimbro

Third Honorable Mention

Frost etches the pane:  
settling into my mother's  
creaking, old rocker

Louise Somers Winder

# The Bridge Club

by Brenda S. Mitts



Eve gently massaged her elbow, the most recent joint to feel the effect of her sixty-nine years, years blessedly healthy except for the minor irritations of aging tissue and bone. The tenderness in her elbow always was aggravated by the preparations for her Monday and Thursday afternoon bridge club. She smiled, anticipating the arrival of the girls, their noisy chatter penetrating the quiet-soaked corners of her voiceless home. Only Charles Goren and the girls had succeeded in relieving the barrenness of her daily life.

Locking the last leg in place, she awkwardly struggled to right the spraddle-legged card table in the center of the living room. Then she unfolded the matching chairs and slid the first one under the table near the floor lamp, so Ida would have good light. Ida's cataracts were developing slowly, nothing that would have to be taken care of immediately she had assured the girls, but Eve had noticed that Ida was squinting more frequently.

Eva placed the second chair to Ida's right, Marie's place. She automatically thought of Marie's chair as the head of the table; it had been Marie's since she had organized the club in 1961. Harriet's chair was next, the vinyl seat carrying permanent indentations from years of her heavy bulk crushing its meager padding. Eve's chair was last, across from Marie. The unvarying pattern for the first rubber of bridge, whether from personal preference or from Marie's orchestration many years ago, Eve could no longer recall.

Eve quickly surveyed the quiet room, making sure that all was in readiness. Hand-crocheted antimacassars, freshly starched, were resting proudly on the arms of the crushed velvet sofa and chair. Her daughter despised the antimacassars, insisting they went out of style in the Dark Ages, but Eve enjoyed their crisp clean look. They had been a part of her childhood, and they would be a part of her old age. Her eyes fondly continued the circuit of the warm comfortable

room—the gleaming walnut dog table displaying favorite pieces of her cranberry art glass which she and Herm had found by haunting auctions and antique shops; the burnished cherry sugar chest bearing an authentic banquet lamp with a signed flowered shade; the mahogany Kimball piano, purchased new when her children were small, and caressed through the years by sometimes dedicated, more often grubby, resentful fingers; the brass piano floor lamp which had belonged to her mother, soon to cast its warm glow on the welcome scene replayed in her living room every third week for the last twenty years.

Eve knew she could never have made it alone, without the girls, through the first terrible years after Herm's death. Even now the pain was there, eroded by time to a dull persistent ache; incurable, but no longer unbearable. Her marriage had been all she had ever wanted; a far cry from the modern liberated partners of today. She had been a dependent wife, relying on Herm to run the business and organize their lives. She had never tried to be more than a housewife and mother, raising four beautiful children, polishing her house and possessions, perfecting her cooking, and tending her flower garden. He had been the forceful and gregarious one, sweeping her along in his bursts of energy and sudden enthusiasms. She had been like a weightless feather caught up in Herm's whirlwind, only to fall to earth, listless, lifeless, when the powerful force in her life died. She was left waiting, helplessly. Except on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

The girls' first ten years together, children scattered to the winds by then, had inexorably bound them into a permanent relationship, as each of their husbands had died in turn; first Herm, followed over the next six years by Marie's Frank, Ida's Charles, and Harriet's Norman. Their friendship had flourished like Eve's perennial snapdragon bed, their closeness growing richer and more bountiful each year, adding immeasurable beauty to their lives. As the doorbell rang, Eve suddenly remembered that the snapdragons were in need of thinning, a job she had been postponing all spring. She hurried to the door to welcome the girls, mentally making a note to work in the snapdragon bed on Tuesday.

The girls made themselves at home for a few precious minutes of conversation before moving on to the serious business of the afternoon.

"We're not late, are we?" Marie asked perfunctorily. Marie was never late. Her gold pendant watch, a gift from her husband on their thirtieth wedding anniversary, had seen to that. Frank had lovingly inscribed on the back of the watch, "Always." He had died one month later of a cerebral hemorrhage. Since then, the gold watch, hanging on its heavy gold rope chain, had never left Marie's neck, its dainty hands relentlessly marking the passing of the minutes, the hours, the years.

"Everything looks lovely." Marie nodded her approval of Eve's immaculate housekeeping.

Eve smiled. She had always admired Marie and was perhaps even a bit envious of her confidence and poise and striking good looks, still unmarred by time. Marie looked ten years younger than her seventy-five years—creamy complexion enhanced by a delicate dusting of fine wrinkles; thick white hair knotted tightly in a French roll which highlighted her firm neck and proud straight posture; soft smoky gray eyes dominating her serene face.

"Whew, it's a hot one today." Ida complained about the weather regardless of the season. Bending low over the hall table, she examined Eve's fresh flower arrangement. "I wish I had your knack for making things grow," she said wistfully. Ida claimed that everything she touched died, and she had long since given up on gardening and houseplants. Eve knew that Ida's touch in human relationships had become as deadly. Her thin lips, beaked nose, thick glasses distorting her eyes into swimming murky pools, the sharp angles of her face—all seemed to issue a challenge to the world. Ida was ready to do battle with anyone who pricked her thin skin. Even her son and his family had often felt the sting of her serpent tongue and kept a safe distance from her.

Eve remembered Ida in the early days of the club. She was softer then, less defensive. The years since Charles's death had turned Ida, at seventy-four, into a bitter old woman, whose rapidly failing health made her fight all the more desperately against the day she would become dependent upon the generosity of others for survival. But Ida was in relatively good spirits this afternoon, temporarily quenching the heat of her anger, as she did every Monday and Thursday at club.

"I'll give you some starts of snapdragons, Ida. I'm going to thin them tomorrow anyway," Eve offered, as she led Ida toward her chair at the bridge table.

"Don't bother," Ida snapped. "Nothing will grow in my yard. Enjoying yours is enough."



Eve knew it would do no good to argue with Ida once her mind was set, so she turned to visit with Harriet for a moment. Eve was disconcerted by Harriet's behavior today. She moved through the room aimlessly, her hands in constant motion—touching, rearranging, fluffing her curly hair, stroking the buttons on her apricot paisley shirtwaist. How unlike Harriet, Eve thought. Usually Harriet moved with deliberation, not random fluttery motions. Harriet's life was positive and purposeful.

But Eve was prevented from approaching Harriet by Ida's loud interruption. "What are we waiting for? We're here to play cards, aren't we?"

They all laughed at Ida's blunt manner and obediently made their way to their seats at the table. Harriet, the last to sit down, immediately began to shuffle the cards, as if grateful to find an outlet for her agitation.

The familiar sounds of the bridge game began. The quiet murmur of bids offered—one spade, two hearts, three diamonds—soft intimate confidences shared; the sharp click of tricks tapped neatly into piles; a burst of friendly exchanges—commenting, scolding, congratulating; the rapid-fire snap of cards being shuffled, like a round of applause demanding an encore. An eternal cycle; the voice of fellowship.

The hours flew by for Eve. Her cards were good, and she had played them well. But Harriet's preoccupation spoiled the afternoon for her. Harriet was still fidgeting. She was inattentive, failing to hear her partners' bids, having to be reminded of her turn to play. What was wrong with Harriet?

An ugly, hated word crept unbidden into Eve's mind: the unspoken fear of all the girls. Was this how it would begin? Brief lapses of attention, mild forgetfulness preceding the insidious deterioration of the mind? Or would it come suddenly, without warning? The irrevocable, final dependency. Eve shuddered. Secretly, she pinched her inner arm, the sweet pain driving the frightening thought from her mind.

But only for a moment. The secret fear refused to die.

I'm being ridiculous, Eve thought. Harriet's brain would never turn to mush. She was the only one who led an active life outside of the bridge club; flitting from social to service club, volunteering time to any worthwhile cause; pursuing hobbies, oil painting classes and macrame lessons. At Harriet's urging, Eve had gone to a macrame class once. The young women's nimble fingers weaving twisted wonders of beads and knots to dazzle their husbands had made Eve

uncomfortable. She no longer felt at home in the world of the young—a world that demanded quick reflexes and an agile mind. She had taken her gnarled hunk of rope home and thrown it in the trash can. Her creative instincts would stay where they belonged. In her garden.

Eve watched Harriet's dark lacquered nails tap nervously on the table top. Harriet was always a riot of color. Bright auburn curls, their redness varying from month to month depending on the accuracy of her hairdresser's formula; a tightly corseted plump body invariably draped in shades of purples, reds, and oranges—their garishness somehow attractive and vibrant on Harriet; vivid make-up emphasizing the pertness of her pleasant round face. Harriet, the Scarlet Tanager among a flock of sparrows.

But Eve knew, as independent as Harriet appeared to be, she was always loyal to the bridge club. She never allowed any of her other obligations to interfere with Monday and Thursday afternoons. Eve smiled to herself. Even a Scarlet Tanager needed a nest for sustenance and protection.

Ida's quavering voice rose angrily, and her thin lips sputtered. "Harriet! Good lands! Why didn't you lead your ace of hearts? We could have set them. What in the world is the matter with you? And you didn't even double their slam!" Ida's hands shook. Her palsy, still mild in its onset, became more obvious when she was upset.

"I'm sorry, Ida. I just wasn't paying attention," Harriet apologized, although she didn't sound particularly contrite. "I have a lot on my mind."

She paused briefly and then continued. "I suppose now is as good a time as any to share my news with you." Harriet gazed with determination at each of her friends. "I'm going to be married."

The girls were speechless, the silence at the bridge table absolute.

Eve held her breath, trying to control the inexplicable panic that rose in her breast.

Ida's shaking spread from her thin heavily-veined hands, which she had stilled by clasping tightly in her lap to her upper body. The negative nodding of her head was her only response to Harriet's betrayal.

Eve's eyes sought Marie.

Marie remained composed. Capable, dependable Marie. Always in control. Her gray eyes stared intently at Harriet.

The heavy silence was broken by the chiming of the grandfather's clock in the hall. Tolling the death of the bridge club, Eve thought

helplessly. Who would be the next to leave? And why? She looked again toward Marie, willing her to do something. Anything.

"Who are you going to marry, Harriet?" Marie asked calmly, as if she were casually reminding Harriet of her turn to be hostess on Thursday.

As she answered, Harriet's blue eyes steadily met Marie's gray ones. "You don't know him," she said. "His name is George Babcock. I met him at a senior citizens' potluck supper. He's staying with his daughter temporarily, until his condominium in Florida is ready." Harriet's tone remained matter-of-fact, but her stout hands grasped the side of the bridge table. "He asked me to go with him to Florida. As his wife."

"Wife!" Ida snorted, refusing to accept Harriet's defection.

"This is quite a surprise," Marie murmured pleasantly. "But are you sure this is what you want to do? After all, Harriet, you haven't known this man very long."

"Probably only wants a cook and housekeeper," Ida mumbled angrily.

Harriet's lips trembled as her resolve began to weaken. "After twenty years together, I would have thought you'd be happy for me. Can't you understand that I'm tired of being lonely. It's been fourteen years since Norman died—" Harriet's voice broke as she struggled to control her emotions.

"Crazy old fool!" Ida's agitation increased, and she nervously plucked at the skirt of her dress.

Suddenly, Eve felt a wave of fury wash over her, an overpowering anger at the smug self-importance of the girls. Trying to tell Harriet what to do with her life. At least Harriet has a choice, she thought. I have none. Eve felt smothered by the bridge club, choked by the needs and demands of the girls. She had to check her impulse to flee the room. To escape.

But her fury passed quickly, replaced by confused feelings of guilt and loneliness. The girls were her friends. They were her family. Growing old was lonely and frightening business. They needed each other.

Eve grasped Harriet's plump hands in her own slim ones. "You know we wish you the best, Harriet. We're your friends. We care for you. But we want you to make the right decision."

Ida's heartbreak could not be contained, and she cried, "How can you move to Florida, Harriet?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Ida," Harriet snapped, "I'm not getting married tomorrow. It will be months before George's condominium is finished."

Marie leaned back in her chair, thoughtfully stroking her gold watch, a glimmer of relief flashing through her smoky eyes. "Well then, that gives us plenty of time, doesn't it?" she asked softly.

Eve's breathing slowly returned to normal. Marie's self-assurance always made her feel better. She no longer felt frightened, worried about tomorrow. Her thoughts drifted to her plans for the snap-dragon bed.

Ida refused to acknowledge Harriet. She removed her eyeglasses, slowly wiping the thick lenses with her linen handkerchief, her cataract-clouded eyes temporarily eliminating the colorful figure of her friend.

Cheerfully, Marie clapped her strong square hands together, the sharp sound commanding the girls' instant attention. "The cards are waiting, girls. We have an hour before it's time to leave. Harriet, it's your cut. Eve, your deal." Instinctively, the girls responded.

The soothing ritual began anew as the cards found their rightful homes in the hands of the bridge players.

Marie smiled at Harriet, capturing her with her powerful gray eyes. "Now dear, tell us all about your Mr. Babcock."

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## June Bride

Surely none had ever been more beautiful  
as on her wedding day she knelt  
before the altar,  
her slender hand clasped in his  
to await the *benedicite*:  
dreams fulfilled, visions looming.



Nell Elaine Nichols





# Should I Have Climbed or Before the Fall

1929.

## Carne

chunky  
winter hawks  
on poles  
watching  
a backbone  
of highway.  
dry hawks  
plumping up  
for spring:  
heads rotating,  
watching  
for mangled  
meat.  
waiting,  
careless  
of cars.  
fat birds  
swooping in  
on highway  
prizes  
then back  
to posts,  
gingerly stepping,

settling,  
wings flicking.  
fat hawks  
big as hams  
on spits,  
picking  
the highway  
clean.



McI Farley

# Carona: Memories of Elizabeth Pyle



Carona. My home town. Everyone has one. But oh! does everyone have such memories of **their** home town?

My folks came from England, first my Dad and my Uncle Jack, my mother's brother. They left England—Newcastle-on-Tyne—in 1903. They went to the coal fields of Washington State, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Colorado, before they finally settled in Southeast Kansas of all ungodly places. Never was a church in Carona, nor in Folsom, as it had been called. Six months later my mother and Uncle Dan came over with my brother Johnnie, three years old, and my sister Mary, only six months old. My Dad left Mother pregnant three months, so he had never seen Mary, named for his mother and always his favorite child. She had measles on the boat, so they were detained—the four of them—for two weeks at Ellis Island. Can you imagine the pain and fear they suffered and the just plain guts it took to come so far? I don't think any of them ever realized how far they were going and that they'd never be going back to their motherland.

Carona was first settled by the railroads. Then the farmers came. The Frenchmen seem to be among the first: the Cressons, Pollards, Gummes, Noels, the Demerats, Chastains, and Ghillians, Joe Dock's store and Katrina's saloon all along the road. My folks lived next to the saloon, and my Dad and uncles were steady customers. They'd work down in the shaft all week and get drunk on the weekend—or a bunch of their countrymen would get together and buy a keg of beer and have a hell of a good time. They'd dance the Highland Fling. There was always a fiddler in the bunch. My, they must have had a good time.

I remember Uncle Jack or Uncle Dan would take me on their knee and tell me about going to Joe Dock's store, where Uncle Jack would kick the watermelons like they were playing Rugby in the Old Country. And then Johnnie and Mary and Bill came along later, and they'd get the catalog out and order anything they wanted. Uncle Jack was real good-hearted when he was drunk, and the kids soon learned to get the money right away 'cause Uncle Jack was tight when he was sober.



**Katrina's Saloon — Jackie Pyle on top step in the center and just behind him standing is Katrina.**

Mamma used to tell me about the Alex Howat strikes. They'd go on strike for six or nine months a year. They were the ones that suffered to get Unions. And they hated scabs, the ones that worked when they were striking. Nothing worse than a scab at our house, or to be a lazy buggar. And, you know, it carried over when I raised my children: they had to work. I wouldn't tolerate a lazy buggar either.

During the strike they brought in the Kentucks. They settled out west and south of Carona and kept to themselves and had their own law. Nobody bothered them much. One man caught his wife messing around with another man, and he just cut her head off. And no law stepped in. Lots of these kinds of things happened in Carona. My sister was playing on the porch and (as I said, they lived next to the saloon) a brawl broke out and one man stabbed another with a file he had sharpened to a sharp point down in the mine. That was premeditated murder in my book. But no law stepped in. That incident stood out in Mary's mind forever. Then the Kentucks left. All that is left is the wells where they lived.

My mother would tell me about the hot, dry summers. How she longed for cool, damp England! She said she would walk to Mineral, about five miles, for a letter from home on the hot, dusty roads—dampened only by her tears and sweat.

Most of the miners worked during the winter and almost starved during the summer. But my mother saved every cent she could. She kept boarders. She





Carona Grade School, year approximately 1915-16.

would have a child and had to get up the next morning after giving birth to light the stoves. They have nothing over Mamma about early ambulatory after birth. No chance for getting milk leg. Oh, she was a fine, big, erect, proud Englishwoman, and she worshipped the ground my little arrogant Dad walked on. He was Lord and Master, or I think he would have been if Uncle Jack hadn't been around. They always lived with us, but we didn't look at it that way. They were part of us. No rest homes for old, sick relatives then. Uncle Jack was big, in my mind, and in that day he seemed a giant. He never went to school, but people looked up to him. And good old Uncle Danny—he was quiet and younger than Uncle Jack. He never talked back to anyone, but why should he? He had his big brother. Anyway, I have gotten way off the Carona road and so did my folks. They bought a sixteen-acre farm south of Carona, but still Carona. The Frenchmen had moved out and now the Italians moved in. Little Italy. They were all coal miners, too: the DeCiccicos, the Grispinos, Chicago Frank Petermalo. The Smiths, a Scotch family, lived right in the center of them. Johnnie and Bill were buddies to Villamarias, the Gettos, Kiados, Beltrams, and they played ball long after they were men. The coal mines were beginning to wear out by 1917. So my folks moved to a farm one mile from Scammon, rented it from the Murpheys, some of the first settlers in Cherokee County. They put in a wheat crop—one hundred acres—and got sixty bushel to the acre and sold it for \$6,000—one dollar per bushel!

Johnnie was seventeen years old when my Dad got sick, and to this day I don't know what he had. They all about starved till the harvest came in. My mother told of cooking wild onions and rabbits and squirrels and garlic. That was the year of the flu epidemic. Uncle Jack made everyone eat garlic, and not one of them got the flu. My brother Johnnie would tell of going to Carona on a horse to visit his school buddy, Joe Favero, and the next week he went to his funeral. He had died of the flu. It took people fast.

My mother became pregnant, and my Dad died on May 8, 1918. I was born June 8, 1918. My Dad never saw me, and I never saw him, but the picture I have of him in my mind is as real as if I had. He named me. I was to be Richard if I were a boy and Elizabeth after my mother if I were a girl. They buried him in a cherry wood casket with a horse-drawn hearse. The roads were muddy. A. W. Naylor was the undertaker. That night it rained, and I have always felt it a good omen when it rains on a new grave (old wives' tale), and Mamma left the coal oil lamp lit all night, probably didn't sleep a wink, either. Mamma had taken care of my Dad night and day and pregnant with me. Papa never saw me or the bountiful harvest. He was only forty-one years old.

Then on June 8, one month to the day, at five o'clock in the morning, Mamma got Johnnie up. He was her man now, and she sent him to Roseland to get Dr. Markham. Meantime Uncle Jack and Uncle Dan were sent outside under a tree, and Mamma woke Mary and told her to bring a piece of string, a pair of scissors, and I was born—three pounds only, but with my Dad's big

black eyes peering around at this funny world. Mamma tied my cord and the Doctor got there and bathed me and didn't charge a dime. Talk about brave pioneer women. Mamma was one. Bill and Margie, my brother and sister, were awakened to a new baby doll. They didn't even know I was coming. But by darn I'm here. Mamma never took her corset off, night or day. I didn't have room to grow. On my record that Mamma wrote in the Bible, it says I was born at Murphey's farm, like that was a city.

When I was one year old, back we went to Carona and they bought a farm from Frank Cresson—one hundred and ten acres—and Johnnie was the farmer. He loved that farm. They still dug coal in the winter. Uncle Jack never did much more than the garden, and he sat at the head of the table. Uncle Dan did what he was told, working from morning till night.

Carona had thinned out, the big mines were closing down, but Little Italy flourished. Massa's store was under the Opera House (I don't ever remember any operas), where the Gun Club dances were held. Johnnie always belonged to the Gun Club. Johnnie Kiado would play the accordin. They said he later went to Hollywood, and a picture circulated of him playing in an orchestra in the movies.

I went to Carona school, walking almost a mile. I was still little, and it seemed like the winters were colder then. My first grade teacher was Maria Allen, and I remember (although she don't remember me) how her and Jesse Moone kept me in one recess to sing an old Johnny Bull song about English coal miners. It went:

Last Pay Friday afternoon  
When I went to draw me pay  
And like a great fool I went to the school,  
And I schooled it all away."

And when I went home, my Sally said,  
"You're enough to make us part.  
Oh, Gordy, me lad, oh, Gordy, me lad,  
You're enough to break me heart."

So now all way home I sing to meself,  
"I wish Pay Friday would come."

I never knew what "schooled it all away" meant. Maybe I had the words wrong, but I still remember it.

When I was five, Ferlos were our neighbors, the best neighbors in the world. All the company houses were gone by now, and the town had become a whiskey-bootlegging place. Lots of the Italians were bootleggers. So now Johnnie was urged to make some good money (this was almost Depression). The bungalows sprang up in Little Italy, they bought big cars, had big weddings ("arranged" weddings). When I saw **The Godfather**, it was just like reliving Carona.



**Carona Fifth and Sixth Grade of 1929-30, when Miss Manderino was the teacher. I liked her very much.**

Massa's Opera House had dances, and the Italians danced the Tarantella. I can see Mrs. Petermalo yet. She was a fine-looking woman dancing. Carona was booming again. Then came the Revenuers—Snaky Thompson, the F.B.I. man, but he was no hero to Carona like Elliott Ness. He drove around in his car, and us kids knew him with his big ten-gallon hat on and we'd run home to warn our folks that "Snaky Thompson is in town!"

So Johnnie started making whiskey, too, with several others. They had some of the law they paid to tip them off if they got turned in. There were stool pigeons in Carona, too.

Uncle Jack still ruled the roost, our farm, but one day, while he was working in the garden, he fell dead—it was on my ninth birthday. He was the one that had kept everyone in line. Mary hadn't gotten married until twenty-three (Uncle Jack kept all the boys away). Bill went to Chicago, Margie went to Detroit, and everyone went wild, including Johnnie, who started drinking. The other bootleggers made money. Johnnie drank his.

Nelle Manderino was my fifth grade teacher in the Carona school. One day she kept going to the west window and looking at me. I knew something was wrong. When school was out, I went home and found the cows drunk from mash. They had raided Johnnie's still and taken him to jail. The law brought the jailbirds to do the work. They smashed the barrels of mash and sent a giant of a man from Columbus, Stormy Anderson, to wade out into the pond hunting for the still. He told Johnnie, "I found it several times, but you looked like a good ole boy and I said, 'Nothing here'." If he had turned up the



still Johnnie would have gotten a year in the pen. As it was, he got six months. The jail was run by the inmates. Johnnie went over big. They would have some sort of jury and everyone liked Johnnie. They were still saying that when some of his jail buddies came to our house. Mamma and me were alone, and—talk about desperadoes! Bonnie and Clyde!—they were tough-looking with their black hats pulled down over their eyes. They wanted to know if Johnnie's Mother could tell them where to buy some White Mule. I kept saying, "**Mamma, don't go with them,**" but Mamma never was afraid of anything. So she got in the car with them and took them to the place to get it. They brought her back home, and they went back and held the people up and took their whiskey and they let one guy out to spy where they had it hid and they came back and stole the rest. That was in 1929. But everyone liked Johnnie, even when he was found up by Massa's store. He had been hit in the head and robbed. Whoever done it was never found out. He had the biggest funeral I ever saw. After that Massa's store burned down and Massas moved to Joplin. Carona and bootlegging was done. But it will always be my home town, although I didn't get on with the Italians like the other kids. I felt like I was in the minority. I never knew that Italians were the minority until I was grown and gone.

The farm is gone, Massa's store is gone, most of the people are gone, the school is gone. Just a few old timers, one store....No schools or trains or mines, just memories (mostly good)—and never any churches.



William A. Brandenburg and John Philip Sousa tour Pittsburgh, 1927.



## Empty Space

Grandfather,  
your visions are vague  
as rubbings from old tombstones.  
You travel in your rocking chair  
that distance without dimension:  
the open place between here and there.

Rock then; the chair will stop  
when you sit quietly—  
brown, leaf hands curled  
as autumn, waiting for the empty space  
to make room, to take a breath  
and let you in.

Joan Ritty



# John W. Gunn

by James E. Gunn

John Walker Gunn was born in Coalvale, Kansas, in 1893, the son of Benjamin and Louise Gunn. John's life was shaped by Kansas and his father and his friends. His father was a lawyer and a teacher and a sometime politician, in his early manhood a fervent, teetotaling Methodist, later in his life an itinerant peddler of his own 1,000-line verse biographies of the lives of Washington and Lincoln at Masonic and Odd Fellow Lodge meetings, who was written up in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" for having been in every county of every state and being able to name them all and their county seats, but in John's early life he was a printer, an editor, and a publisher of a weekly newspaper in Arcadia and Girard and Pittsburg.

All of Benjamin Gunn's sons followed some aspect of the printing profession—John spent much of his later life as a proofreader, my father, Wayne, as a printer, and my other paternal uncle, Harold, as a pressman; another uncle on my mother's side, Olin, was a pressman as well. John learned the printing business at an early age, helping his father in the shop with the setting and distribution of type and running the Washington hand press. He also started making up stories, typing them out on an Oliver typewriter while his brothers and other friends read the pages one by one as they were produced.

In 1909 the Gunn family moved to Girard. In many ways Girard was a more exciting town. For one thing the *Appeal to Reason* was published there, a socialist weekly that at one time had a circulation of half a million, and there were new ideas, people, books. J.A. Wayland, editor of the *Appeal*, befriended John and gave him the freedom of his extensive library. In Girard, also, John discovered

alcohol. Later he told his brother, Harold, that he had been an alcoholic from his first drink.

It was as an alcoholic that I knew him first. Some of my other uncles had drinking problems, too, but they were solitary drinkers. When John got drunk and was in Kansas City, he would call a taxicab and come to visit my mother and father. He would seldom come any other time, and my parents used to shudder any time they saw a taxi pull up in front of the house. John sober was courtly and courteous and quiet; John drunk was loud, often sick to his stomach, and full of sudden whims, which usually related to travel. Once he arrived and insisted that my parents call him a taxi—to come from Girard to pick him up and take him back there. When it arrived, he was asleep, but my parents bundled him into the cab anyway.

When I was a little older I spent some time in Girard. Sometimes John would be there, too, and he and Harold and sometimes John's friend Watts from Pittsburg, would sit on the side porch of the house on Buffalo street, discuss literature or recite poetry, and I would listen. When I was in my teens, I would sometimes visit his kitchenette apartment in Kansas City. I learned more about his early life then: about the unsuccessful attempt of the family to publish a socialist newspaper called *Gunpowder* in Pittsburg, and his subsequent job with the *Appeal to Reason*, his friendship with Marcet and Emanuel Haldeman-Julius and his work for Haldeman-Julius's *Little Blue Books* and his other publications, and the social life in Girard—the days spent at the Haldeman-Julius farm and the evenings devoted to talk and reading mysteries aloud (I envied those evenings).

Later on, I think, John thought of me as someone who might make more of his talent than John had done. He gave me as they were completed the chapters of the novel about his father and Arcadia and the brick plant that were the off-and-on dedication of his later years, the novel that he never quite finished although he spent years on it (the chapter-by-chapter publication to his friends and relatives was not too unlike, it seems to me now, the page-by page reading of his earliest stories). Once I accompanied him to a run-down apartment building in Kansas City's old Quality Hills area where he retrieved some of the chapters from the old man who was the model for one of the main characters. It was at Girard, though, that I ran across the story John had written in the Thirties. He called it, I think "A Broad Mind," and almost sold it to *Esquire*.



He was a tall, slender, dark, handsome man who found wry amusement at much that went on in the world. He loved books, amassed several personal libraries, and often gave us interesting editions that he had found at Glenn's Bookstore in Kansas City. In his fifties he contracted tuberculosis and spent two years recovering from it at the Printers Hospital in Colorado Springs. Afterwards he seldom drank, and, although he had been a chain smoker, he quit smoking entirely for awhile and then smoked an occasional cigar.

He died in 1960 following a siege of pneumonia.

John wrote a great deal, and I saw only a little of it. Of his *Little Blue Books*, I remember only *The Wit and Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln*. He wrote articles, commentary, editorials, eulogies, encyclopedia entries, long letters. . . . In total they must have amounted to many books, but he never completed one. Clearly he was not a great writer: he belonged to an older, more eloquent, more romantic tradition, perhaps learned from his father, perhaps transmuted from his love for round, quotable lines as evidenced in the epigraph to this novel about his father, which he took from the eulogy he wrote at his father's death in 1939: "He had aspects of uniqueness; and the direct tale of his life had a silver binding of dreams. He was upright and generous in all of his dealings with his fellow man. The homespun thread of integrity, running without a break through the fabric of his being, gave it a substance and native hue that were only made stronger and brighter by the world's wear." But that was a characteristic of the writers of his times (I have heard such phrases roll from the lips of the Sage of the Flint Hills, the late Rolla Clymer), and given other circumstances, other opportunities, John might be remembered today as a distinguished novelist or essayist or columnist.

But perhaps the problems lay within John himself. One can only guess at the inner problems or metabolic deficiencies that drove him to booze, or at the lack of the determination that could have driven him to success if he had chosen. I never heard him speak regretfully of the books he might have written. His wants were simple: good friends, good talk, good books, a few drinks, a pot of stew bubbling on the stove. Throughout most of his life he made enough money as a part-time writer or proofreader to enjoy these things, and he seemed to want nothing else enough. He might enjoy as an epitaph a line from one of his favorite poems, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard": "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest. . . ."

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## Easter at the Veterans' Hospital

*You*, with the cross, better rest a spell. It looks mighty heavy, Man. I'd like to help you tote the thing, but Mister, I have no hands.

My buddy here has no legs, a wheelchair is his home. This young black man can not see and other worse wounds have we. Some of our minds don't work so good, in nightmares we hear the dying. No matter how much beauty there is—the ugly is always near.

Well, they prod you and whip you on, for you must see Golgotha. But when you're hanging on that cross, then please remember me. *We* have a cross each one of us. We started younger yet than you and struggle on across the years, no miracles for us are due.

We fought for what we thought was right, our country must be free. But man, Dear God, when you're hanging there, then *please* remember me. *Please!* Remember me.



Mary Peak



**George Washington as a Child, 1906 sculpture by Hance White, Highland Park Cemetery, Pittsburg, Kansas.**

## A Saturday Funeral in Lyons, Kansas

*For a priest burying a priest, E.H. and J.V.*

Sitting in a wing chair  
He fiddles with his pipe,  
Watches plumped clouds  
Snag tops of oil derricks,  
Smothering Kansas,  
As the old mother shows her album around the room.

Vested. he drives behind the hired car.  
The procession curbs  
Like a caterpillar arranging its parts.  
The sexton waits in the wings  
In a straw with a Stetson roll.

The town's widows hover  
Beside the grave,  
Clustering for warmth  
Like bees in a winter hive.

He commits the body,  
Kneading moist pellets  
Between his fingers.

The widows linger  
Mumbling kindnesses,  
Until he rolls up the funeral grass.  
The sexton,  
In striped bib overalls,  
Brings the shovel.  
*No! Jim says, I'll finish it.  
I need a shovel in my hand.*

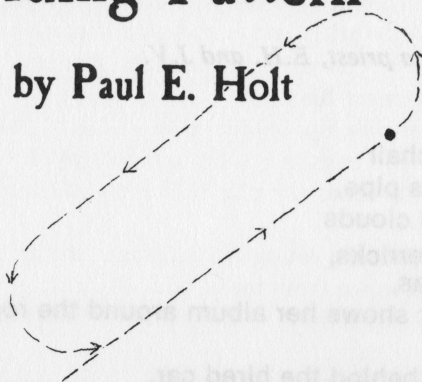


Joan Yeagley



# Holding Pattern

by Paul E. Holt



I feel like I just woke up. I'm sitting on a bench in an airport terminal, two women staring at me.

"The old woman just sits there," the young one is saying. "She never says anything. She doesn't remember much anyway. It's pointless for her to come down here in the rain. It'll do her no good."

Come down here from where? My house. No, I don't live in my house anymore. I live in a home and this girl works there.

"She becomes active when it rains. Then she forgets everything again. Every day is a new world for her."

Yes, I remember the rain. It was raining when they brought me the letter. I've got it somewhere in my purse.

"What is she doing here?"

"I brought her. She's waiting for her son, but no good will come of it. When we go back, she'll forget it all anyway."

The war is almost over and he's coming home. I've nearly lost my mind worrying about him, but his letter means he will soon be safe. I know I'm helpless and forget a lot, but he'll take care of me. The girl wants to take me back to the home, but his plane is probably up there now, circling the field, waiting to land.

I remember warm evenings. My husband would lead the mare home, my son giggling on its back, grasping her mane to stay on, the old man chuckling, the horse ignoring them both. I'd watch them approach from the back steps, their three bodies molded into a single silhouette by the orange sun behind them.

"How many children did she have?"

"Just this one son, and her husband's gone."

I wish I could hold on to the memory. I remember the overstuffed chair. When we bought it, he was tiny. He sat on my lap and I read to him while he babbled and touched all the pictures on each page with his puffy, little hands. My arthritis had just begun then. I just can't remember everything. Maybe this young girl is right. I've no business coming here in the rain to meet him.

The other woman is getting up, and suddenly other people are bustling about, carrying huge bags. A gentleman goes by, leaving the aroma of sweet tobacco. It means the plane is here and I have to get up.

Everything hurts. I can feel the young girl tugging at my arm, trying to sit me down, but I want to see from the window. I can hardly recall what he looked like, it's been so long. I imagine he's changed a lot. I just wish I could remember more.

"Please sit down. This is not good for you."

The glass pane is cold against my fingertips and my body shivers. I can see a plane just below which some men are unloading in the mist. I can remember him warm and little, trying to stay atop the pony, his knees tight against its neck, his fists clutching the mane, little enough to cry in my arms, to contort himself into a circle in the overstuffed chair to read, running along behind his father as they dragged cane poles toward the pitiful pond where only tiny fish lived.

"Let's go home now," the girl says. "I don't know why you always want to come down here when it rains."

Yes, I can remember it all now. She's right. I should probably not have come, but I have to hold on to what little I do remember. Who knows if any of these memories will ever come back to me again? Maybe my mind is so poor now that tomorrow I won't even remember I had a son. It all washes away so quickly.

She takes my hand, and I can see the field is dark and damp. She thinks I'm an old fool, but I can remember just enough to keep holding on. He may be circling with the wind far above the field, or he may be in some dark docking area, or out on the runway. He may even have missed his plane. But he's somewhere. My son is somewhere.

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# What Is Green?

Green is a chalkboard  
 A green bean  
 A blade of grass from  
 The backyard scene  
 A leaf  
 Or a dragon  
 A dollar bill  
 Maybe a wagon

Green is the smell  
 After a spring rain  
 A color on a fish  
 Or a bruise that's a pain  
 Green is the army  
 Green is a hill  
 Green is a feather from  
 A whippoorwill

Green is the color of  
 My old socks  
 The most useful crayon  
 In the box  
 Green is the garden  
 On the unripe tomatoes  
 The squash  
 And potatoes

And then in the spring  
 When the leaves are there  
 Green is the smell  
 Of the fresh spring air



Shanna Cozart

# The Voyager

by Rosalea



One day in early spring I returned to the Hotel from a long day of shopping in Wichita and found a business card stuck in the crack of the front door. It read, "The Voyager" and "John Wilson," but provided no address. A few weeks later, I returned after a day's absence to find this card stuck in the door again. Finally, one afternoon a white Volkswagen "bug" with the words, "The Voyager," printed on the doors pulled up in front of the Hotel, and John Wilson slowly emerged, like a butterfly from a cocoon. He had a long, white beard, a lean body that was beginning to stoop with age, and long, bony fingers that sported a not-yet-fashionable turquoise ring. He wore army surplus cook's pants with matching jacket, a red plaid vest with a half-dozen pockets of various colors sewn onto it, a white paper hat that advertised "Hanner's Black Walnuts," and round-lensed, clear-plastic framed spectacles that bowed outward at the temples. He was accompanied by an overweight, peroxide blonde whom he later referred to as a "chunky, blonde floozie."

John and I had instant rapport and after this initial visit we began corresponding nearly daily. He wrote with a draftsman's fine hand on scraps of paper (everything from school tablets to grocery store flyers) carefully torn to the size of one-third of a typing sheet. Each such letter contained several scraps that were stapled or paper-clipped together. Each scrap would contain only two or three short sentences (for example: "I like chunky-assed women. You're not! Thin!") or merely a word or two (for example: "Chopping wood." or, "Gypsy Rose.").

Within a few weeks, John returned to the Hotel, this time for an overnight visit. I made the mistake of inviting my Dad and another elderly man to the Hotel for coffee that night. It was a mistake because John expected to receive my undivided attention. When Dad was finally able to break into John's long monologue, John went to his room in a pout,



locked the door, and refused to come out for the rest of the evening. By morning, however, John's wounded ego had healed, and he treated me to breakfast at one of the local cafes—amidst many stares from local customers—and then was off in a cloud of dust to his home in Cree City, a small town about 80 miles away.

Several months later, John's son died suddenly, and the letters became less and less legible. I suspected he was drinking heavily. With Thelma as moral support, we drove to Cree City one cold Sunday and we found John's old stone house dark. No one answered my knock, so we opened the unlocked door and found John asleep on a narrow cot in the living room, nearly hidden behind neatly arranged rows of boxes, books, photographs, post cards, and empty wine bottles. The two heating stoves were cold.

"What's the matter, John?" I asked as I gently shook him awake.

He opened his bleary eyes and cried, "They're too busy. Too busy. They don't want an old man like me." I knew it was true. John had treated me several times at his family's famous restaurant, where we had always been seated in the back room. When we went to and from the back room, the table guests had stared at John, who indeed cut a strange figure, while employees and relatives looked the other way. Thelma and I located John's daughter-in-law and I asked, "May I take John to Harper with me for a few days?" "Go ahead," she snapped, "'cause we don't have time to mess with him."

After nearly a week in Harper, during which John drank no alcohol, he became visibly restless and homesick. Finally, he asked me to telephone his family and ask that someone come after him. Two of his grandchildren arrived later that day in a large, new van—in which John looked like a precious jewel mounted on cheap plastic. Within a few weeks, John stopped answering my letters, and I assumed he had died. Not until a year later did I learn through a mutual friend that John was still alive, although not well, and in the Old Soldier's Home at Fort Dodge, on the outskirts of Dodge City. John had felt so humiliated at being put in an old folks' home, at being stripped of his freedom, that he had not been able to write to me or any of his friends. I wrote to him and said that I still cared very much for him, and we began corresponding regularly again. When I was finally able to drive the 150 miles to Fort Dodge to visit him, John told me he was terribly lonely and that his family had "forgotten" him, now that they had received from him everything they wanted, including his beloved Volkswagen, the very symbol of his free spirit. Now, he was warehoused among other lonely, sad, old men who were merely waiting to die. I cried most of the way home.

I was able to visit John again the next summer. We went to the downtown area of Dodge City for ice cream and then to a new shopping mall at the north side of town; John had read in the newspaper about the new mall, and he had never seen one before. Leaning on his long walking staff, John carefully surveyed every detail of the huge mall and then said he



John Wilson by Ted Watts

wanted to buy me a gift. We slowly inched our way through several stores, finally pausing at a lingerie counter. John spotted some panties with a brilliant floral design—the only pair of the kind in the store—and announced that he had found what he was searching for. I told him that they were the wrong size, but he bought them for me anyway because he thought they were more “sexy” than the other panties on the counter. When we returned to the Old Soldiers’ Home, John asked to be let out at the Post Office. As he opened the car door, I said, “I’ll come out to see you again, if not later this summer, then next summer.” He said, “Next summer . . .,” and trailed off in tears. He died that autumn.

*Prairie Stream**Birger Sandzén*

## Diamond Tree

The sun under the branches dipped  
and made the tree into a diamond  
with rays like narrow funnels: pink  
and green and blue—

*Should I have climbed?*

And when the world spiraled  
to seek them out,  
they swept past, undaunted by a gaze,  
into a darkened tree

where I once climbed . . .

*Murmuring voices  
and trailing laughter  
echo beneath the path  
worn down by couples  
and small children,  
a gift from them.*

My mind into a ponder slipped  
and changed into a diamond  
with rays like spindle-legs  
which climbed and climbed and climbed.



Kyle S. Jorgensen



## The Hill



1

Alone and cold  
with the wind following  
the winding inside path  
I climb the hill.

Mine and a fawn's the only prints in the snow.

The coyotes over there  
watching.

2

I walk the yard and find these things:

Ancient stone foundation  
resting in the sun

Evergreen tree  
deep in the earth

Barrel hoop  
nailed to the barn

Aging cellar  
waiting

Bones  
bleaching in the light

Distance  
stretching in both directions

3

Grandma

Did you stand on this hill  
your dresses flying  
just ahead of your dreams in the wind?

Young heart drifting over the rolling land  
toward the sun?

4

We are all children with the wind and trees  
swirling on this Kansas hill

unable to escape

Like the small birds you love so much  
we call like tiny bells  
high in the trees.

J.T. Knoll



Spring Ride.

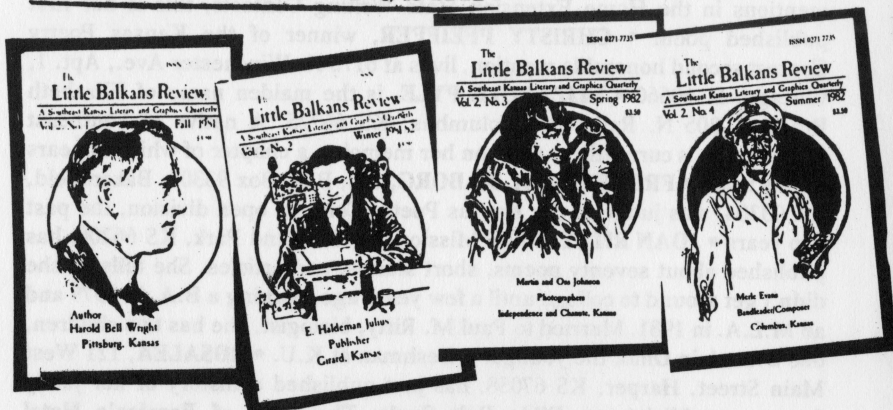
Photographer unknown.

N.E. 121 St., North Miami, FL 33161 • **CHARLES HARMON CAGLE**, 113 E. Williams, Pittsburg, KS 66742, is currently researching the Kansas days of film actress-dancer-writer Louise Brooks, whose book **Lulu in Hollywood** will appear May 12, published by Alfred A. Knopf • **LUIZA CAROL**, first prize winner of the haiku contest, lives at Reh. Israel Yeshaaiahu 6/9, Kiriat-Yam, Haifa, Israel • **SHANNA COZART**, Rt. 4, Parsons, KS 67357, is a fourth grade student at Meadowview school, Altamont School District 506. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thane Cozart • **MEL FARLEY**, Box 39, English Department, University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66045, is the new editor of the **Cottonwood Review** and editor of **Anthology of Kansas Women Writers**, published in August 1981 • **JAMES E. 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. In the last issue of the LBR appeared a short story co-authored by Gunn and his uncle, John Walker Gunn (1893-1960) • **PAUL E. HOLT**, 108 E. Orange, Caney, KS 67333, is a professional writer, his most current work to appear soon in **Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine**. "I have several stories accepted for publication in national magazines," he writes, "and have two novels that are just about finished." • **KYLE S. JORGENSEN**, 12825 Pembroke Circle, Leawood, KS 66209, will have a short story published this fall in **Channel X**, a paperback anthology. This is his first poem to be published in a non-college literary magazine • **HARRIET KIMBRO**, winner of the second honorable mention in the haiku contest, lives at 2128 Stonyvale, Tujunga, CA 91042 • **PATTY FERRIS KUHLE**, 1150 E. 1st, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is currently working on a study of Margaret E. Haughwout in the Women's Studies Program of Pittsburg State University • **JAMES T. KNOLL**, 401 W. Euclid, Pittsburg, KS 66762, is director of Elm Acres in Columbus. He lives in the home built by Franklyn Playter, founder of Pittsburg • **ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB**, third prize winner of the haiku contest, lives at 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501 • **ELIZABETH LAYTON**, Wellsville, KS 66092, is first and foremost a humanitarian. Her work is currently touring under the auspices of the Kansas Arts Commission • **BRENDA S. MITTS**, 1412 W. 5th, Rt. 4, Pratt, KS 67124, formerly a junior high school counselor, says she is currently a part-time housewife, part-time secretary, and part-time writer. She has two children, Doug and Lori, and numerous foster children over the last three years • **SHIRLEY STANLEY NEEDHAM**, R. 3, Hutchinson, KS 67501, teaches third grade and has appeared previously in LBR 2.1. • **NELL ELAINE NICHOLS**, 519 S. Main, Southwest City, MO 64863, asks that we not say that one cannot endure that which is unendurable, "for I have lived longer than you and I know." • **WILLENE NUSBAUM**, Bern, KS 66408, was judge of the haiku division of the Kansas Poetry Contest both this and last year • **AL ORTOLANI**, who has the distinction of having won three prizes in the Kansas Poetry Contest, lives at 601 W. 3rd, Pittsburg, KS 66762 • **JANE E. PARSHAL**, Box 1072, Independence, KS 67301, is a poet and writer currently struggling with Botany and Algebra II at the Independence Community College • **MARY PEAK**, Apt. 504, 100 N. Water St., Girard, KS 66743, states that she taught school for five years, married a farmer, and

helped raise four children. Although she has won second prize and honorable mentions in the Home Extension State Writing Contests, this is her first published poem • **CHRISTY PFEIFFER**, winner of the Kansas Poetry Contest second honorable mention, lives at 6173 N. Winchester Ave., Apt. 1, Chicago, IL 60660 • **ELIZABETH PYLE**, is the maiden name of Elizabeth Brassart, 305 N. Railroad, Columbus, KS 66725. A native of Southeast Kansas, she is currently at work on her memoirs, a chapter of which appears in this issue • **FREDERICK A. RABORG, JR.**, P.O. Box 93304, Bakersfield, CA 93304, was judge of the Kansas Poetry Contest, open division, the past two years • **JOAN RITTY**, 10070 Mission Rd. Overland Park, KS 66206, has published about seventy poems, short stories, and articles. She tells us she didn't get around to college until a few years ago, earning a B.A. in 1979 and an M.L.A. in 1981. Married to Paul M. Ritty, biologist, she has two children, one a monk in Ohio, the younger a freshman at K.U. • **ROSALEA**, 121 West Main Street, Harper, KS 67058, has just published a history of her justly famous establishment: **Bible Belt Oasis: The Story of Rosalea's Hotel [1968-1978]**, a few pages of which are printed in this issue. Copies are available for \$10.95 (plus tax for Kansas residents) at the above address. She operates the Hotel from May 1 through Labor Day each year. Proceeds from the sale of her book will go for the preservation and restoration of Rosalea's Hotel • **BIRGER SANDZÉN** (1881-1954) painted most of his life in Linsborg, KS, where a museum is devoted to his works on the campus of Bethany College • **ELIZABETH SHAFER**, winner of the Kansas Poetry Contest, third prize, lives at 215 N. Custer Ave., Colorado Springs, CO 80903 • **JOSEPH W. SNELL**, 630 Walnut Lane, Topeka, KS 66617, is executive director of the Kansas State Historical Society and co-author of such books as **The Birth of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad** (1968), **Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowntowns** (1963), **Why the West Was Wild** (1963), and author of many articles • **MARGARET STAVELY**, winner of the Kansas Poetry Contest first prize, lives in Apt. 6-B, Colonial Manor Apartments, Chestertown, MA 21620 • **OSSIE E. TRANBARGER**, 619 W. Main St., Independence, KS 67301, is founder and sponsor of the Kansas Poetry Contest • **TED WATTS**, 807 W. 4th, Box 303, Oswego, KS 67356, art and graphics editor of the LBR, drew the cover and contributor portraits. A master of the practical joke, he won the Miss America title in 1968 • **HANCE WHITE** (1854-1926) constructed one of the outstanding examples of folk art in Kansas at the corner of 2nd and Locust in Pittsburg, KS, a two-story stone building, the Pittsburg Marble Works. Born in Ohio, White moved to Kingsman, KS, in 1887, and to Pittsburg in 1892 • **LOUISE SOMERS WINDER**, winner of the third honorable mention in the haiku contest, may be reached c/o Smith, S/R Box P233, Hartfield, VA 23071 • **JOAN YEAGLEY**, Route 1, Box 60, Stella, MO 64867, with her husband is a courier for a diagnostic medical laboratory in Dallas, TX, and daily makes rounds through Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma. She has appeared in **Four Bookmark Poets** (1976), **Kansas City Outloud** (1975), **The Missouri Poets** (1971) and numerous periodicals.



# 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 nonfiction.

Prime consideration is given to works by Kansans and former Kansans, as well as work set in the Little Balkans. Current nonfiction 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 oversize 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.

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