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DeChicchio, Janis; DeGruson, Gene; Dutton, Rod; Horn, Shelby; Robbins, Steve; and Watts, Ted, "The Little Balkans Review, Fall 1983" (1983). *Little Balkans Review, 1980-1989*. 13.
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ISSN 0271-7735

\$3.50

The
Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 4, No. 1

Fall 1983



Thurlow Lieurance
Composer-Pianist

Neosho Falls and Wichita, Kansas

The Little Balkans Review

A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly

Vol. 4, No. 1



Editorial Board:

Janis DeChicchio

Gene DeGruson

Rod Dutton

Shelby Horn

Steve Robbins

Ted Watts

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

The Little Balkans Press, Inc.

601 Grandview Heights Terrace

Pittsburg, Kansas 66762

Fall 1983



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The Little Balkans Review: A Southeast Kansas Literary and Graphics Quarterly is published by the Little Balkans Press, Inc., 601 Grandview Heights Terrace, Pittsburg, KS 66762, in January, April, July, and October. Single issues sell for \$3.50; annual subscriptions are \$10.

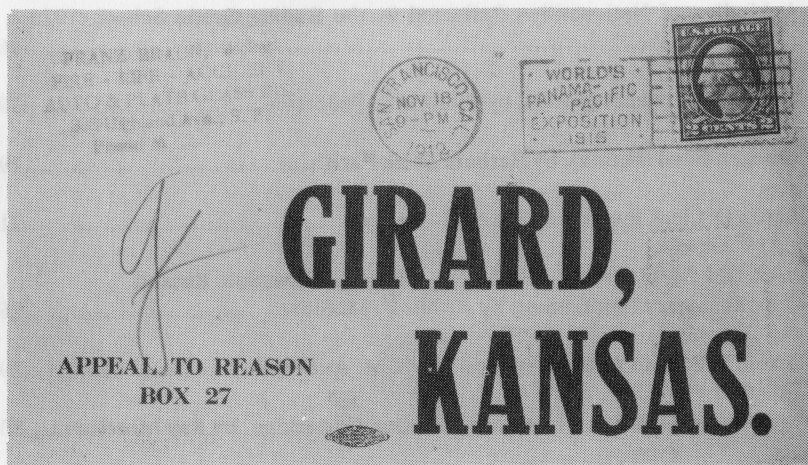
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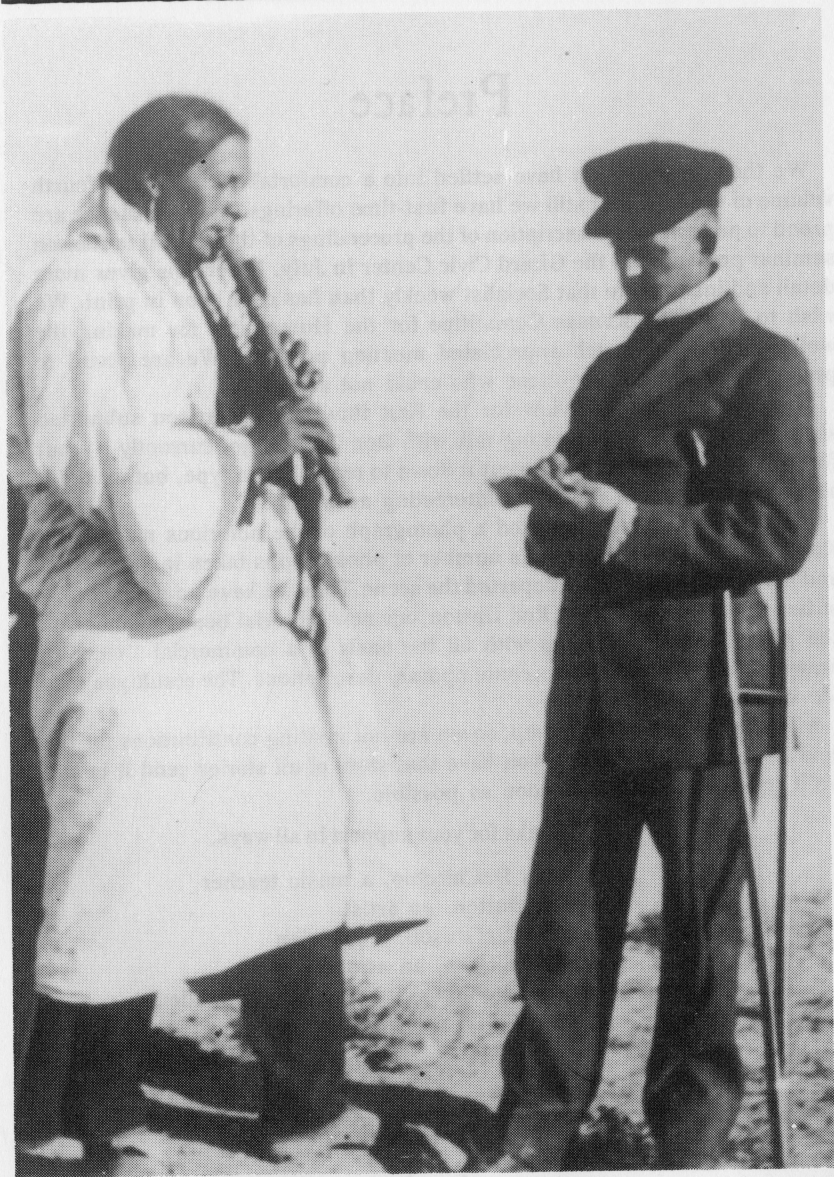
MEMBER
COSMOPOLIS

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**Thurlow Lieurance transcribes a Taos flute song from Tony Luhan.
Photograph courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.**

Preface

We thought we might have settled into a comfortable rut by the fourth volume of the **LBR**, but still we have first-time offerings. In this issue we are proud to present the transcription of the proceedings of the **Appeal to Reason** seminar presented at the Girard Civic Center in July. It perhaps gives more detail and insight into that Socialist weekly than has ever been in print. We wish to thank the Kansas Committee for the Humanities for making the well-attended and much appreciated meeting possible. We are proud to present that evening for those who could not attend.

And we print an interview for the first time! Ray Morrison submitted sixty-seven pages of fascinating talk with Don Gutteridge, currently a scout for the Dodgers. It was hard to cut it down to ten pages of type, but we did it and hope that you'll find it as interesting as we do.

Many readers have requested a photograph of the notorious murderess, Kate Bender. While there are a number of photographs taken in 1873, Kate and her family had already departed the scene. Thus, we have no photographs of her. But we did request Rod Dutton, our new editorial board member, to see what he could come up with on the basis of a commercial "memory drawing" of 1913 and various contemporary descriptions. The result you may see on page 11.

Manuscripts are still piled up, so we are not inviting contributions for the next issue. But, of course, if you have that story of all stories send it in and we'll try to schedule it as soon as possible.

Thanks for your support in all ways,

Janis DeChicchio, a music teacher

Rod Dutton, an artist

Gene DeGruson, a librarian

Shelby Horn, an attorney

Steve Robbins, a journalist-now-student

Ted Watts, an artist



The American Rhapsody of Thurlow Lieurance

By Elaine Miles



This is a story about the life and accomplishments of a gentle, kind, and talented man. Most of his life he devoted to music, and one of his special interests was the preservation of songs of the North American Indian. His fame as an authority on Indian music grew to be recognized nationwide.

"By the Waters of Minnetonka," "Tender Musings," "Through the Midst in the Blue," and "Blossom Dear" are not perhaps titles one would readily recognize as musical masterpieces in today's repertoire, but these songs were extremely popular during their vogue in the early years of this century among professional performers and students alike. These, and many others, were compositions from the pen of Thurlow Weed Lieurance, born to Dr. Andrew Jackson and Hattie Lippard Lieurance on March 21, 1878, in Oskaloosa, Iowa. After the death of Mrs. Lieurance in 1880, Dr. Lieurance brought his young family to the small Kansas community of Neosho Falls, where he opened a pharmacy and practiced medicine for many years. It was there that he married a young widow, a Mrs. Curtis, who became the kind and loving stepmother to Thurlow, his sister, and three brothers.

Settled in 1857, Neosho Falls was the oldest and most prosperous town of Woodson County. As a railroad center located in the midst of a rich farming and oil district, it was the shipping point for corn, flour, sorghum, and numerous other local products. It was there that Thurlow received his public school education. His first musical training he obtained in the town band, for which he learned to play the cornet. By the age of fourteen, in 1892, he had composed his first song. While in high school he composed many marches (filing his first copyright in 1895), and for three years he was conductor of the Neosho Falls town band, a musical prodigy among the corn fields and oil wells.

The Spanish-American War postponed his plans for a formal music education, but certainly not his hopes for a musical career. Upon being graduated from high school in May 1898, the young musician enlisted in the Army and became bandmaster of the 22nd Kansas Volunteer Infantry. During his tour of duty he managed to save twenty dollars a week toward his future musical studies. He was mustered out of the Army in November 1898 with savings of four hundred dollars to finance his studies of trumpet, voice, and harmony in St. Louis. In 1899-1900 he attended the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. For a time Herman Bellstedt, a bandmaster in Cincinnati, gave him complimentary instruction in orchestration, harmony, theory, and arranging. But in 1900, when nothing but ten dollars remained of his savings, he became a member of the chorus of the Colonel Savage Castle Square Opera Company of Cincinnati, a position he held for two years at a salary of ten dollars a week. The experience proved invaluable to the fledgling musician, enabling him to sing in fifty productions ranging from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* to Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*. Out of his salary he purchased a piano score of each opera in which he sang. Thurlow's education continued as he stood in the wings, score in hand; he received firsthand experience that he could not have been taught at any conservatory.

In 1903 he taught piano and voice back home in Kansas, but in October of that year he was stricken with poliomyelitis. His legs were permanently crippled, and he remained at his home in Neosho Falls until 1904, when he moved to Stockton, Kansas. Teaching was not to his taste, he had learned, and so in 1904 he began to lead area bands and subsequently organized the All-American Band, which played the Chautauqua circuit for over ten years. This band, immensely popular with audiences, Lieurance usually conducted without a score.

In 1905 he was commissioned by the U.S. Government to make recordings of American Indian music. While visiting his brother, a physician on the Crow Reservation in Montana, he had become interested in the ceremonies and songs of the Indians. He gained their confidence and lived for several months at a time with the Crow and Cheyenne pursuing his government assignment. Although their lifestyle was primitive, he found the Indians a fascinating and wonderful people. In writing about their songs, he found "there is no false passion, no eroticism, no cloying, sugary phrase of theme in Indian music. It is as fresh and fragrant as the prairie and the mountain" of which they sing. "It is simple with the simplicity of truth."

From about 1908, Lieurance became a regular contributor to the *Etude* music magazine. His early compositions were for piano, but later many vocal and violin arrangements were published. From the first, Thurlow Lieurance's musicianship was recognized as being superb. His music was original and beautifully harmonized. His *Etude* compositions naturally reflect the type of music then popular with students and teachers who used it extensively in recitals and "musical evenings." Although many of these works reflect a sentimental romanticism then in vogue, much of it shows his admiration for

Chopin, as in the fanciful style of his "Valse Impromptu" and "Caprice Nocturne." Other works, such as "The Nightingale and the Rose," utilize French and Spanish style rhythms.

Perhaps one of Lieurance's strengths as a composer lay in his skillful use of piano accompaniments to the solo voice or instrument. It was important to him that they be vital and interesting without overbalancing the solo line. Highly respected by his peers, he was especially admired for his use of cadenzas, runs, and key modulations. Although he achieved some degree of success and popular recognition with this type of music, his ultimate and finest work came with his transcriptions of Indian music.

A visit to the Crow Reservation in Montana in October 1911 found Lieurance taken by a Sioux love song which he heard chanted by Sitting Eagle, a young brave. After transcribing the song, he spent the winters of 1911 and 1912 in research. He discovered that no one knew how old the love song was, but found it to be based on the following legend:

Moon Deer, daughter of the Moon Clan, loved Sun Deer of the Sun Clan. Tribal law forbade marriage between the two clans. It was decreed that a daughter of the Moon Clan must marry into the Eagle Clan. The two lovers, in tears, ran away far to the east and north. They came to a beautiful lake called Minnetonka (*minne* means "water"; *tonka* means "large and round"). Their happiness was disturbed because their traditional enemies, the Chippewas, lived on the north shore of this lake. They feared to return home and be separated, and finally in desperation they decided to end it all. The legend states that they disappeared beneath the waves and were seen no more. The waves moaned a rhythmic sound and the pines crooned their love song.

Many moons afterwards the warriors of the Sioux drove the Chippewas north to Lake Superior. One night while they were camped on the shores of Lake Minnetonka, they heard the waters singing a weird melody and, in the moon-path of the waters, two lilies appeared and grew to the skies. The lilies were the spirits of Moon Deer and Sun Deer.

In 1913 Lieurance harmonized his composition and put it in its final form. In 1914, as the culmination of three years' work, it was published and became the best known of his compositions: "By the Waters of Minnetonka." Originally published by Chappel in Paris and by Theodore Presser in Philadelphia, the song went into many editions, and eventually at least forty-five different versions of it were recorded. Publishers have compared it in its sustained popularity over the years to "The Rosary." One of the song's greatest boosters was the celebrated contralto and mezzo-soprano, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Lieurance recalled that "she always made it the third from the last of songs on her program, saying that in an evening's singing she liked to give her audience a 'universal favorite'."

*"The greatest and
most beautiful
American Song"—*

DAVID BISPHAM

By the Waters of Minnetonka

AN INDIAN LOVE SONG

By THURLOW LIEURANCE

Many persons know the legend of Minnetonka—how the two lovers of the Sun and Moon clans of the Sioux Indians, loving against tribal law, fled to escape torture, and let themselves sink together into the waters of the lonely Northern Lake. The silver ripples, it is told, mourn above them, and the winds bear the cry afar. But in the song they will arise from the depths of the lake for you; you will hear the steady and regular beat of their paddles, and see the diamond-spray drip off in the moonlight as they pass, once again, in their ghost-canoe. A violin typifying the wind, if you choose, echoes the soft harmonies of the accompaniment, which rock to and fro on harpichords, between the major key and its relative minor, in and out of that singular domain musicians know as the "added sixth" chord and its derivatives.

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*"I have sung this
wonderful song for
nearly a half of a
million people"—*

HENRI SCOTT

Many other famous
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iastic in their praise of
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Send for Folder "Hidden Beauties in the Music of the American Indian
Listing, Showing and Describing many Beautiful Songs and Compositions by
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Lieurance developed a unique relationship with the Indian. He studied their customs sympathetically and came to understand their ideals, which he often thought much higher than those of the so-called "civilized" cultures. Various tribes allowed him to record their melodies, an unusual custom, which is evidence of the friendship and rapport which evolved between them and the musician. Lieurance succeeded in recording songs of thirty-one tribes and was able to turn over fifteen hundred recordings to the U.S. National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, as well as others to the Museum of Santa Fe and the Universities of Berlin and Pennsylvania.

On April 7, 1918, he married Edna Wooley, the daughter of an Omaha accountant. An accomplished soprano and a music graduate of the University of Nebraska, she was traveling on the concert circuit when they met. After their marriage and until 1927, they gave concerts throughout America. To Lieurance's accompaniment, his wife sang Indian songs or those based on Indian melodies. There is a story still widely believed that Edna Wooley-Lieurance was an Indian princess. Not true! She appeared in Indian costume, certainly, but no Indian tribe can claim her. Possibly the story arose through the confusion of Edna with an actual Indian princess who assisted Lieurance in his lectures. With Princess Wathahwaso, soprano, and Hubert Small, flutist, Lieurance introduced across America many authentic themes never heard by white audiences before.

In a typical lecture, Lieurance would discuss both vocal and instrumental music of the Indians, illustrated by his assistants. Indians, he stated, knew nothing of harmony. In the Squaw Songs, for example, while the squaw would chime in at times one octave higher to produce a desired effect, the music was otherwise sung entirely in unison.

The Indian musician, Lieurance lectured, is proud of his voice and welcomes no rivals. The man with the widest vocal range and who knows by rote the most songs is considered the tribe's best musician. Considering essential that their songs be sung accurately, a tribe resents any tampering with them.

The greatest similarity among the music of the different tribes, Lieurance observed, was to be found in the war songs. The unmistakable resemblance in many of them, he reasoned, may lie in their similarity of rhythm. An exception was the Sioux war songs, which he found different from all others: the long, chilling yowl of the coyote, the braying of the hungry wolf, the growls and snorts of the bear, the caw of the crow, and the melancholy hoot of the owl were maintained throughout. No matter what tribe, however, singing was done with great expression. In the Eagle Dance, he had Princess Wathahwaso demonstrate, the soaring of the eagle as he flies from rock to crag is connoted by "wonderful 'pianissimos' rising to astonishing 'fortes'."

Only in love songs and prayers or petitions to the spirits are words used. Other songs are sung in syllables, such as "Hay-uh" and "High-uh." Tribes thousands of miles apart use these same syllables. An Indian singer's endurance is beyond belief, Lieurance informed his audiences. It would not be unusual for a singer to perform continuously for twenty-four hours.



Edna Wooley-Lieurance in concert. Cover portrait for "Hymn to the Sun God."

While still committed to lecture and concert tours, Lieurance organized the Fine Arts Department of the University of Wichita (now Wichita State University) in 1926. He served as dean of the department from the time of its inception until his retirement in 1945, when he and Edna planned to return to his boyhood home. Much was to transpire before he was to realize his dream of a quiet and peaceful life in Neosho Falls, however. He was to become known as the unofficial Ambassador of Music for the state of Kansas and the leading showman of Wichita.

Another facet of Lieurance's career began when he organized and became conductor of the Wichita symphony orchestra, which he called the Minisa Symphony. (**Minisa** means "red water at sunset.") This also, in 1930, became the name of his first symphonic work, which was to win for him the prestigious Presser Award from the Fountainebleau School of Music in France. Going abroad to receive the award in 1931, he remained there to study. Upon his return, he threw himself into public concerts. The **Wichita Eagle** reported, "His symphonies pack the Forum....They say he draws better crowds than the University of Wichita football games."

In 1945, after a long and rewarding career in Wichita, Lieurance and Edna retired to the two-story brick home they had purchased in Neosho Falls. Surrounded by their most precious possessions, they were enjoying a tranquil life among old friends. But their idyllic existence was to end abruptly. When the Neosho River burst from its banks that fateful year of 1951, the Lieurances had to be rescued by boat from the second story of their home. Most of their belongings were lost in the flood.

Undaunted, they relocated in Boulder, Colorado, where Lieurance continued arranging music for orchestra and composing for string and instrumental groups. In all, he composed eleven cycles of songs, five major symphonic works, various solo arrangements for orchestral instruments, seven hundred vocal ensemble numbers, one opera, and a string ensemble. In Boulder he died on October 9, 1963, at the age of eighty-five.

His wife, now ninety-two, lives in Topeka, the home of their son, Thurlow, Jr., who states that although he was "exposed" and had every opportunity while growing up in Wichita to study music, he did not become a musician. At best, he says, he became a "good listener," which after all is an important aspect of music—its appreciation.

The Lieurance home in Neosho Falls still stands, now being restored by new owners to its original beauty. Across the street still lives the Lieurances' neighbor, Miss Mildred Thrall, a gracious lady nearing ninety. She recalls clearly her close relationship with the musician and his wife. (She had known Edna since college days, although Edna attended the University of Nebraska and she the University of Kansas. They were both members of the same music sorority and maintained their friendship through the years.)



The Neosho Falls home of Mr. and Mrs. Lieurance. Photograph by the author.

And the music remains. His 1920 **Songs of the North American Indians** Lieurance had prefaced in Sioux with what a friend might say to one interested in his welfare:

Kola! Chantie osn co euopo pie
 Minneli a ha sea io chi pie!
 Chan-ta-ki-ie-la
 Kola wi oto.

Translated, this reads: "Friends! Sunshine in the heart! Happy like laughing water! I love you! Many moons." His music continues to say this. Upon hearing it, one is "happy like laughing water."

In His Image

Touch my black skin.
 Let it burn your finger tips.
 Feel the chance of circumstance,
 Creation.
 Nothing stayed that wasn't black.
 The curse of Ham;
 An angry argument with God.
 Come
 Come, whiteman,
 Tell me that you understand.

C.M. Anderson



Rain

He might have warned me, "Son,
listen, other rains will come,
pounding shut your eyes on
highways you'll never ask
the name of." (And the miles of
rain I'd know would prove
it true.) But no. Not then.
He gave instead the gift of silence--
bursting like a young oak, fragile
as a bee's wing--as I
rode blue-cotton warm above
my father's booted feet, steadfast in
where he chose
to go and how he meant
to get there.

Mark Scheel

The Death of the Man Who Thought He Was Jesse James

Little Rock, 1947

No one comes to the asylum
to see this man who thinks he's Jesse James
fight it out with cancer to the death.
He holds the ward captive with his words
blazing like bullets over their heads.
In his coma, a coal of memory flares
as though fanned by the wind of a name,

and his eyes burn as he conjures
shootings, robberies, the Glendale train,
poor mortgaged widows redeemed from debt
and Missouri rebel guerillas.
His fingers squeeze white on the sheets
as he dreams of the Northfield teller,
who pressed his hands on the counter
just before Clell Miller slit his throat.

This man who thinks he's Jesse James
tries to straighten the picture of his life:
the image fades, the glass cracks.
He thinks he hears a revolver hammer pulled
(the bed clicks as nurses crank it down).
Behind him, death, *that dirty little coward*,
sneaks up and blows out the lights
of the man who was not Jesse James.

Steve Hahn

The Bender Hills Mystery



by Leroy Dick, as told to Jean McEwen

CHAPTER 5

Col. York was impressed by Ed's report that the clairvoyant, Kate Bender, was a member of a family suspected of robbery. He made a prompt decision.

I'll ride over and ask for a spiritualistic consultation. That will give me a chance to size the bunch up without arousing their suspicion."

"You're not thinking of going alone?" Ed remonstrated.

"Why not?"

"I've been mighty curious that way, too, Jim." Henry Beers of Independence followed Buster's cue. "They say this girl isn't bad looking. I'll go, too, and help drag the Colonel away in time for us to make it on home tonight."

Col. York grinned. He wasn't fooled by their ruse. "I don't need a bodyguard. Though if you're curious, come along."

It was nearly three o'clock when they entered the Bender store. The place seemed deserted except for the still figure of the old woman on a couch in the far corner of the room under a patchwork quilt. Apparently she slept. After a moment, young John came to the front door and stepped behind the counter to serve his supposed customers.

Col. York explained the nature of his errand. "I saw your sister's ad in Chetopa," he said.

A row of joints, gaunt and bare save for such space as could be curtained by an outstretched wagon sheet, partitioned the family kitchen from the front room. From behind this curtain there now appeared the slender figure of a girl. She was of medium height, erect and well poised. Her blue calico frock was clean and neat. Her light hair was twined into a heavy coil on top of her head. Her step, as she advanced into the room, was light and buoyant, disclosing shapely feet and ankles.

"That's Kate," John announced bluntly. "Better talk to her."

She brought up shortly before the colonel, her lips smiling, her gray-hazel eyes probing his. Henry Beers hadn't been so far amiss in his joke about her attractiveness. There was provocation in that smile.

"You came—to see me?"

With an emphasized "Ahem!" Jim Buster thrust his hands in his pockets and spread himself to enjoy the show. Beers sat down on the only available chair and young John plumped himself onto a keg behind the counter, both awaiting developments.

"I came to enlist your help in solving a deep mystery, Miss Bender," Col. York explained hurriedly.

She nodded confidently. "I'm sure I can help you. What is it you want to know?"

"It's like this," the Colonel said gravely. "My brother, Dr. William York, has been missing from home since last November. We have searched everywhere, but we've found no trace of him. We can only conclude that he has met with foul play. The first thing I wish you would find out for me is whether he is dead or alive."

Her confident smile faded. Jim Buster, watching closely, was certain she started nervously. She quickly steadied herself.

"I'm sorry, Col. York, but—" She floundered, seemingly at a loss. "That's a big mystery for me to—to answer offhand—"

A low moaning from the corner couch drew their attention that way. The sleeper had come to life. She struggled up to a leaning posture on one elbow, flinging back, with her free hand, the patchwork quilt as if it stifled her.

Kate seemed distressed. "Mother!"

The older woman only continued to moan, pushing back her straggling auburn hair from her swarthy brows, peering at the strangers through somber eyes shaded by lowering brows. Then she swayed, sagged forward, and before the startled Kate could reach her side, slumped into a clumsy, crumpled heap on the floor, dragging the quilt after her.

"Mother—what's the matter?" Kate bent over her, lifted her head and stroked her forehead, meantime repeating in a low monotone what sounded like some form of incantation for her mother's restoration. The old woman mumbled and muttered inarticulately, and presently tried to sit up. Her daughter supported her, still chaffing her hands. "You feel better now, don't you? Let me help you back on the lounge." This was accomplished with some difficulty, their exertions interspersed with continued grunts and mutterings

on the old woman's part and encouragement on the girl's. At last Mrs. Bender again reclined on the lounge, panting with seeming exertion. Kate replaced the quilt over her and returned to her callers, who had watched the incidents with solicitude, curiosity, and some embarrassment.

"She has these seizures occasionally. It's her time of life," the girl explained frankly. Then added piously, "But my healing power brings her right out of them."

"Oh," murmured Buster, "you mean that lingo you said over her?"

She flared at his skepticism. "It isn't lingo. She'd die if I weren't here to heal her."

The men were willing to let it go at that. Col. York was impatient to be off. "Now, about my brother, Miss Bender—"

"Oh, yes, your brother." Her hesitation had vanished. "I was about to explain that I haven't yet reached my majority as a medium. I'm not a full-fledged spiritual adviser. My spirit friends say I'll be a wonder by the time I'm twenty-one. But—" Again her smile flashed out, her eyes gleamed. "I'm glad you brought me such an important case to test my powers on. I'll go into consultation tonight. If you'll come back tomorrow at this time, I believe I can tell you whether your brother is dead or alive."

Col. York did not press her further. The three men bade her a friendly good day and left. They discussed Mrs. Bender's seizure as they rode back to the Crossing. They were of different opinions.

"That old dame didn't have a 'spell'," Buster insisted. "She just up and fainted."

The Colonel scoffed at the idea. "If she weren't ill, why should she faint?"

"There's one mighty good reason I can think of," Buster contended. "Your questions about Will were shooting so close to the mark that she got scared."

His solution failed to shake the Colonel. "Impossible. They are just simple, credulous folk under the hallucination that Kate has supernatural powers. Proud of her being so smart. Her mother really believes in her healing."

"Healing—my hat! I don't like the looks of the outfit. I'd rather think they were palavering about what Kate was to tell you. Didn't you notice how she stammered at first?"

"She didn't seem to know what to say," Beers agreed. "Likely they're not so simple as they seem."

Still the Colonel sensed nothing sinister in the circumstance. "If they get any good out of conniving with spooks, that's their business.... We're riding home tonight."

Late that afternoon the entire posse came jogging past Bender's on their way back to Independence. Young John was sitting on the outer cellar door. The old man sauntered forward between the house and the garden plot, his hands behind him. Neither of the women was in sight. The posse halted. A few of the men had been drinking.

"Hello, Dutchman!" somebody sang out.

"Hullo," young John returned coolly, "What's the matter? Another war?...So many men riding together—"

"There'll be another war if we don't find Dr. York," a threatening voice cut in.

"Ja?" The stolid German was only mildly interested. The old man had stopped to listen.

"Yah," another man shouted angrily. "What's more, we think you are the Sons o' Hell who got away with him."

John was righteously shocked at the accusation. "We? Oh, we couldn't do such things....But my sister can tell you—"

"Never mind about your sister. Tell us who killed Jones and hid him in the Drum Creek waterhole." The van on the posse had ridden into the yard.

Young John suddenly came to life. He stood up, eager to talk. "I don't know who killed Jones, but I can show you where it happened. I almost got shot at that crossing myself last Christmas."

Ridicule halted him. But he persisted. "Ja, you think I'm crazy? But listen. On Christmas I drove to Independence for a load of provisions. I was late getting home. I got to Drum Creek just at dusk. As I came up on this side of the ford someone fired at me from behind a hick'ry-nut tree—"

Again a male chorus of derision halted him. Still he persisted in telling the whole story. "It ain't so funny. The bullet nearly potted me. I rolled off the load drawing my revolver, then I turned it loose on him. He ran and hid in the thick brush. I'll show you the very hick'ry tree—"

Most of the men were skeptical. But Ed York, anxious to follow up the questionable activities of the Benders, turned to the Colonel. "Let him come along and show us. We might run into something worthwhile."

"I doubt it. Sounds like mere fabrication." To the Colonel the young German was still an ignorant rustic impelled by an odd urge of vanity to create a sensation. Nevertheless he yielded to his brother's suggestion. "All right. Bender, come and show us your tree."

With young John trotting alongside, the cavalcade rode on and at length drew rein at the Crossing.

"Now, Dutch, what happened?" Col. York demanded shortly.

John stepped to the near side of the ford. "I had crossed the creek and pulled up the bank here when somebody fired at me from behind that tree." He pointed without hesitation.

A roar of laughter drowned him out. They all began kidding him.

"That little old hackberry?"

"You said it was a hickory tree."

"Too much Christmas spirit, Dutch."

Some of the men got mad. "Did you come out here just to spin a wild yarn?"

John looked a bit sheepish and terribly dumb. But he stuck to his story. "I dunno your trees. Maybe hackberry. But that's where the shot came from. Just barely missed me."

Col. York was growing impatient. "Let's be riding, boys. We've no more time to waste on this dumb Dutchman."

So that posse of sixty men who, as Ed had boasted, could find out all there was to know or no one else need try, rode back to Independence none the wiser for their canvass of the Osage Ceded Lands. Yet there was one man in the crowd wholly dissatisfied with the Bender investigation. He was Jim Buster.

"Young Bender was too anxious to talk," he insisted as he rode beside the Colonel. "He knows too much and tells too little."

"Just a dumb Dutchman," the Colonel scoffed.

And the dumb Dutchman walked home—miraculously with a whole skin. If he chuckled under his breath as he went, well—O guess he had the laugh on them.

There was a few hotheads in the crowd who felt thwarted. Particularly those who had been drinking heavily hated to return home without a little blood-spilling. "Let's ride over to that goddamned Bradley's and string him up," they insisted.

Col. York was firm. "We're not going to do any man injury without positive evidence of his guilt. We didn't find the slightest clue against Bradley."

Since Bradley doesn't figure any further in this connection, I may as well mention that his secret activities were later found to be far removed from the thievery of which we suspected him. He was, in fact, a spy and agent for the railway company, and located settlers favorable to that corporation. So Col. York's attitude that day was entirely commendable.

"Come along," he told those fellows. "We're riding home."

(To be continued)

Entropy

Frankenstein's creation lives
in the castle's fallen dovecot,
has flowers, a garden,
a goat and hen.

He boils salt in the lower woods,
spins, knits mohair cloaks
as he dares not go
to the monstrous village.

Claire R. Stairrett



A Medley of Nationalities Reflected in the Radley, Kansas, Grade School, 1926

First row [seated], left to right:

Lawrence Quatto
Adolph Deloney
Rene Senecaut
Joe Pentola
Austin Doublebar
Myrle Kays
James Patton
John Bond

Second row:

Dorothy Thomas
Jennie Andrecci
Opal Sipes
Fannie Gognar

Third row:

Agnes Testen
Ida Preat
Matilda Wersnik
Maxiland Bia
Nida Cinotto
Rose Frece
Emma Pratt
Katie Bonat
Mary Gumbucci
Annie Griffberg
Rosie Testen
O.L. Heryford, Principal

Fourth row:

Olga Canivez

Fifth row:

Geno Castelli
Stanley Dollar
Adolph Plovier
Fred Doublebar
Joe Vignassi
Hershel Ralston
Alphonso Crossetto
Marie Prino
Mary Hardin

Photograph courtesy of Joe Pentola.

Before Bittersweet



a harvest moon
trying to hide her rounded
belly of light
steals in among
the dried stalks
in the crisp cornfield

bees sip late summer syrup,
nectar from the open mouths
of trash containers
wadded with coke cans

woollybear worms
face the four fates
crossing the road
only to discover
some parts of Kansas
taste the same

and waves of black
link across the fall line
as the dark migration
checks its southern heading
banks and turns
speckling against
the distant orange leaves
hung from hibernating trees

Cynthia S. Pederson

Chicken Feed

By Barbara Shirk Parish

I had borrowed Andy's stack of Gene Autry funny books and was sitting on the davenport staring at the pictures when I heard Mom and Dad talking about chickens again. Looking toward the kitchen end of the room, I saw they were still drinking their coffee, and I was glad I never had to save my milk to sip.

Outside it was still too light for crickets; and the windows were propped open with little sticks, letting in a breeze that swung the curtains. I had just finished my first week of school and Mom had taken me to the drugstore to buy a Big Chief tablet and a red and white pencil box. The pencils were black and thick, and I also needed a big green eraser, but after only four days in Miss Stringer's class I had bitten it down bad. I wondered what the weekend would be like. Andy's big brother often told me that by the time I hit fourth grade I'd learn to appreciate Saturdays. At least I wouldn't have to wear a dress for a while—I had put on my overalls right after I got home from school.

Then, without wanting to listen, I heard my mother's voice: "But we could use the extra money and I want to take care of them. Besides, we have a perfectly good hen house!"

"That's true," said Dad, "but we're liable not to find the perfect hen." He stood up, holding his coffee mug like a glass, the handle lost inside his palm, his fingers tough against the heat. He was strong, and whether he laughed or frowned, his face was firm. "We can get by. I never liked the looks of a chicken, and this place isn't a farm anymore."

But our place was in the country and, besides a chicken house, we had a barn with old shaggy hay and an outside toilet. I thought the group of buildings looked like the main streets of the cowboy towns in Gene Autry funny books.

"I still think we should consider it," Mom insisted, gathering up silverware and stacking dishes. Her hair was black like Dad's, only smoother, and it almost touched her shoulders. When she was thinking, she never smiled.

Dad walked slowly toward the front room, his khakis greasy and his boot laces dragging, but suddenly he clapped his hands. "Hey! This is the day we celebrate!"

"Is it your anniversary?" I asked.

"No. But it's the start of your education. You've started school, Shannon, so we're going to the show."

I jumped off the couch and just stood there, my bare toes tangled in the fringe of the throw rug. "I've never been to the show before."

"Sure you have. You just forgot."

"It's a long way to Apple Grove," Mom said quietly.

"That means we'll have to clean up quick," Dad told her.

Mom eased the stack of dishes into the sink. "You and Shannon go ahead. I feel sort of tired this evening."

Dad breathed so that his shoulders lifted. "I've saved on cigarettes this week."

"Do I have to put that dress back on?"

Mom looked at me carefully before she smiled. "No. But go and find your hairbrush."

Dad and I took the pickup to Apple Grove where Main was a bright cave of street lights and stores. We parked a long way from the show, but the soft red rug on bare feet was worth the walk, and as we stepped inside, Dad handed me something.

"Hold on to your ticket stub or they're liable to throw you out."

Looking at the huge glaring pictures on the walls, the strange hurrying people, and the popcorn bubbling in its case, I was glad Dad had grinned. Then he was pushing aside a heavy curtain and motioning me toward straight lines of soldiers marching across the darkness. I couldn't see where I was walking but it was downhill, and I didn't let go of Dad's hand until he said, "Here," and lifted me into a seat.

"I might get swallowed," I whispered, gratefully grabbing the chair arms.

"Not a chance. These are just previews—they'll be showing a war picture next week."

By the time our show began I could see the room was full of people and that a big lady sat on the other side of me. I let go the chair arm for a second and she flopped her elbow across it, so I braced myself and watched a cowboy jump off his horse and fling the reins around a hitching rail. The name of the show was *The Desert Rat*.

"Before it gets started," Dad whispered, "do you want to go after some cokes and a box of that popcorn?"

"Sure." But I glanced toward the curtained door and wondered if I'd ever find Dad again. I checked my pocket for the ticket stub.

"It'll be dark when you come back, so count about how many steps we are from the curtain."

"How far will I have to count?"

"Not far. Take pretty good sized steps... and wait for your change."

He gave me a fifty-cent piece, and I edged past him into the aisle.

As I started to count, Dad said, "I'll be watching for you."

The lady who guarded the exploding popcorn reached into the case for a bulging box, then squirted two paper cups full of coke with fizzing ice. Dropping my change into my hip pocket and wedging the warm box between my shirt and overall bib, I grasped a cup in each hand and inched toward the curtain which twisted like a purple snake.

I dodged into the dark and before I had taken twelve slow steps, I saw Dad leaning into the aisle. He took the cokes and I fell into my chair. When he gave me my cup, I handed him the box of popcorn. He kept it, but he held it toward me again and again so as I watched the cowboys sweating in the desert, I could draw out handful.

Then came the part of the show I never forgot. These three skinny cowboys rode up to a little shack all by itself on a sandy hill, and, though they were really tired, they ran inside, one of them carrying a hatchet. I remember seeing a bed in the corner and a straight-backed chair, but the man with the hatchet—the guy named Junior—started chopping at the floor right in the middle of the room. When the others kicked away the wood, Junior reached into the hole and hauled out a heavy chest. They shot off the lock, opened the lid, and watched coins roll out.

“We’re rich!” they shouted and threw their hats at the ceiling.

Then I remembered Dad’s change.

As soon as we got inside the house I told Mom about the carpet and the dancing popcorn and all the people, and I showed her my ticket stub. Dad must have enjoyed the show even more than I did because he was grinning all the time I talked.

After such a Friday night, Saturday was hard to appreciate. I rode my bike along the driveway, but the wheels kept spinning in the sand. Dad had gone out in the oil field and Mom wasted the morning hanging clothes on the line. Sometime after lunch I walked out toward our three buildings and tried to picture the western town in the show. But then I saw only the chicken house: a small tin shack on a great desert.

I stepped into the dirty straw of the barn, unhooked Dad’s shovel from its nail, ran into the chicken house, and tried prying up a floorboard. The room was swept almost clean, and as I worked, I thought of the day Andy had come over and we sat in the doorway drinking. Andy had said his folks always kept a whole case of cokes on their screened-in porch, plus a few bottles of cream soda for his sister.

The cowboys had been lucky to have a hatchet. Because the floor held, I took rest periods, pacing barefoot through the dust and telling myself how no one would hide a treasure under a loose board. Once I heard the snap of Mom shaking rugs and a little later I saw the pickup swing into the drive. But I couldn’t give up—the board was beginning to splinter along the edge. I raised my shovel blade for a few hatchet chops.

“Shannon!”

Peeking over my shoulder, I saw Mom clutching the doorjamb, and by the time I had turned clear around, Dad was there, too.

“What are you doing?” Mom pulled me aside so she could be sure.

“I think there’s treasure.”

Dad stepped back toward the barn and searched his pockets for cigarettes. I wanted him to tell Mom it was true.

“You just can’t do this—can she, Dave?”

“It is a waste of effort,” Dad said softly, not looking at me.

“But the chickens! We’d have to repair the building.”

“I’ll talk to her.”

When Mom had gone, Dad set his boot on the threshold. I think he was surprised at my progress.

"You know you're likely to be disappointed?"

I nodded, feeling sort of sad, but not convinced.

"You still want to go to all this trouble?"

I nodded again.

Dad gazed at the beat-up floor for a long time. "Okay," he said finally, "but your mother and I'd appreciate it if you stuck to the same board."

I watched him walk toward the house, his head bent as if counting his steps. When he reached the back porch, he turned to look around the yard, then, kicking his boots on the cement, he slowly opened the door.

I decided I'd get a fresh start Sunday morning, so I took the shovel back to the barn, but I worried about leaving that plank in plain sight. Seeing one of Mom's rugs on the line, I jerked it down, carried it into my shack, and spread it out.

At supper Mom wasn't mad anymore. When she poured his coffee, she patted Dad's rolled-up sleeve and whispered, "Cheer up." After listening to a couple of radio programs that night, he said he was going to the gas station for cigarettes.

Sunday morning's coffee drinking is slowest. I ate my French toast, then took the shovel into the chicken house, nudged the rug away with my foot, and got to work. A night's rest really helped me because the board didn't seem quite as tight as before, and I was thankful it was still the weekend because I knew I couldn't contend with this and school, too. I had to finish up today. Putting my whole weight on the shovel handle, I bounced up and down. I was wondering how I'd blast open the chest when the board cracked loose and I landed on the floor.

Peering into the narrow gap, I saw a ragged old coin purse covered with dirt. Lifting it out, I listened for the coins. I forced it open and turned it upside down, but no silver fell onto the floor. I shoot it desperately. Then, because it was so deep and shadowy, I reached down inside and brought out two narrow strips of thin cardboard. I didn't recognize them at first, but then I saw I had three show tickets, two of them joined together.

I ran all the way to the house and threw the screen open.

"Look what was under there!" I shouted, slamming the tickets on the table in front of Mom and Dad.

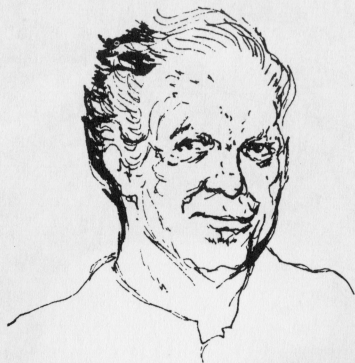
Mom was working at a splinter in Dad's finger so she didn't look long at the tickets. But she did look at Dad. Then she smiled, reached for her coffee, and swallowed awful funny.

"Three of 'em, huh?" Dad said, surprised.

I was proud to be generous. "Yes. So now we can all go to the show."

Dad took the tickets in his free hand and studied them quietly. "It's a good thing, Luella, that Shannon discovered these when she did. Three months later and we'd have needed four—plus a baby sitter for your chickens."

The show that night was good, though it didn't beat **The Desert Rat**. But the next one we saw was Gene Autry. On January 2, my brother, Tom, was born; and since he was the first baby of the year his picture was in the paper and we got more tickets—the easy way.



Seven O'Clock

(after Williams' "Nantucket")

Earth-colors glint from houses
of stucco and tile

· Oleanders and cedars whisper:
coffee, dragonflies

and crescent bays of swans among
picnics and company

Ajar, the bedroom door and windows show
an unmade bed

Claire R. Stairrett



"An Old Maid School Teacher in Kansas":

Rosalind Russell

as Rosemary



By Arthur F. McClure

One of Rosalind Russell's most indelible screen performances is her portrayal of Rosemary Sydney, an anguished and frustrated schoolteacher, in the 1955 film version of William Inge's *Picnic*. Although her career was mostly concerned with playing a series of brassy, sassy career women during the 1940s, Miss Russell remained active in the 1950s with other characterizations, including an unforgettable portrayal of the bohemian guardian of a young nephew in *Auntie Mame* in 1958. Miss Russell once commented that by 1951 she "had grown weary of playing the eternal, successful career woman in films. I had played that role twenty-three times." Her brilliant career as a sophisticated comedienne almost overshadows the intensity of her great dramatic performances, including that of Rosemary. But her role as Rosemary is quite important when assessing her career, especially since it was at the time misunderstood by critics. This, in part, was because of the furor it created throughout the movie industry when her co-star billing was changed to that of supporting actress in order to make her eligible for another Oscar nomination. (She lost to Jo Van Fleet for her role in *East of Eden*.)

Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, had originally worried that Miss Russell was too beautiful for the part of Rosemary. She took the role of the love-starved schoolteacher at the request of Joshua Logan, director of the film, whose wife, Nedda Harrigan, had been a close friend of Miss Russell's for many years. Miss Russell arrived in Hutchinson, Kansas, aboard the Santa Fe Chief in late May 1955 to film on location, and there on June 4 she celebrated her forty-third birthday with her son, Lance, who had traveled to Kansas to be with his mother for the occasion.



Left to right: Betty Field as Flo Owens, Rosalind Russell as Rosemary Sydney, Reta Shaw as Linda Sue Breckenridge, and Elizabeth Wilson as Christine Schoenwalder.

When *Picnic* ends, there is a reckoning for Rosemary after she drunkenly begs Howard (her shopkeeper boyfriend from Cherryvale, played by Arthur O'Connell) to marry her. She has abandoned pride and dignity; Howard—overwhelmed by her passionate entreaty—has yielded. It is evident that Miss Russell brought to the role all the headache, love and frustration, compassion and truth that William Inge wanted for his story. Filmed at night at Riverside Park in Halstead, Kansas, Rosemary's drunken scene was shot in one take. When Miss Russell asked Logan to do the scene again, he declined because he felt she would never act it that well again. She later wrote that the scene "almost played itself. The woman's loneliness, her desperation, welled up in me and took over."

These feelings, so important to Inge's concept of Rosemary's situation, were more than adequately portrayed by such an excellent actress. Rosemary depended on her relationships with men for her identity. With Howard as her new husband, she would achieve social status. For her, failure lay in not being selected as some man's wife, and that is why she ultimately has to humiliate herself in order to gain Howard's consent to marry her. One of the insights audiences gain in watching Rosemary is to discover how the roles of women like her have changed and will continue to change. Miss Russell portrayed the devitalizing anger of Rosemary and the defeminizing social role assigned to her by life. That confusion of roles was understood by Inge, who

**UNSURPASSED!
UNFORGETTABLE!**



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

WILLIAM HOLDEN • KIM NOVAK
in
Picnic
with
BETTY FIELD • SUSAN STRASBERG • CLIFF ROBERTSON
AND CO-STARRING **ROSALIND RUSSELL** as ROSEMARY

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH • WILLIAM INGE • Produced on the stage by THEATRE GUILD, Inc. and JOSHUA LOGAN
Based upon the play "Picnic" by
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR

TECHNICOLOR • CINEMASCOPE



Rosalind Russell prepares herself for night filming at Riverside Park, Halstead, Kansas, May 1955. Note the deep concentration in her face. This remarkable photograph, taken by a bystander, has never been published previously.

wrote so well about the perpetual downward cycle of frustration, anger, and envy based upon the ambivalent feelings toward life of such women as Rosemary.

Miss Russell correctly claimed that much of her part was edited out of the final film version, but she displayed no bitterness since she felt that Columbia was protecting its new star, Kim Novak, who portrayed Inge's teenage heroine, Madge Owens. On another level, she understood that "Bill Inge knew and wrote her so well; Rosemary is sneaky, she can take over." Miss Russell, later discussing facets of her role with Mike Steen for his book,

Hollywood Speaks, told of how flattered she was that Joshua Logan had able to visualize her "as an old maid schoolteacher in Kansas." She also commented that she was saddened by the cutting of some of her scenes, one in particular: a scene in which she looked at herself in the mirror, took her hands and tried to pull her face up. She then picked up some mascara, spit into it, and put it on her eyes. Miss Russell said that "you knew by the way she pulled her face up that she wished she were younger, and she did the typical thing of somebody who tries to cover it with makeup. It didn't run seven seconds, but it said so much. When you lose a scene like that, it hurts."

Newsweek, in its review of the film, stated that "both Arthur O'Connell of the Broadway company and Miss Russell, who knew a rewarding role when she saw it, deserve some kind of Academy Awards." Not all critics, however, agreed that her portrayal of Rosemary was worthy of praise. The *Catholic World*, for example, criticized "the overacting and unnecessary mugging which Rosalind Russell puts into the role of Rosemary." The reviewer went on to blame Logan for not pulling "in the reins rather sharply on her."

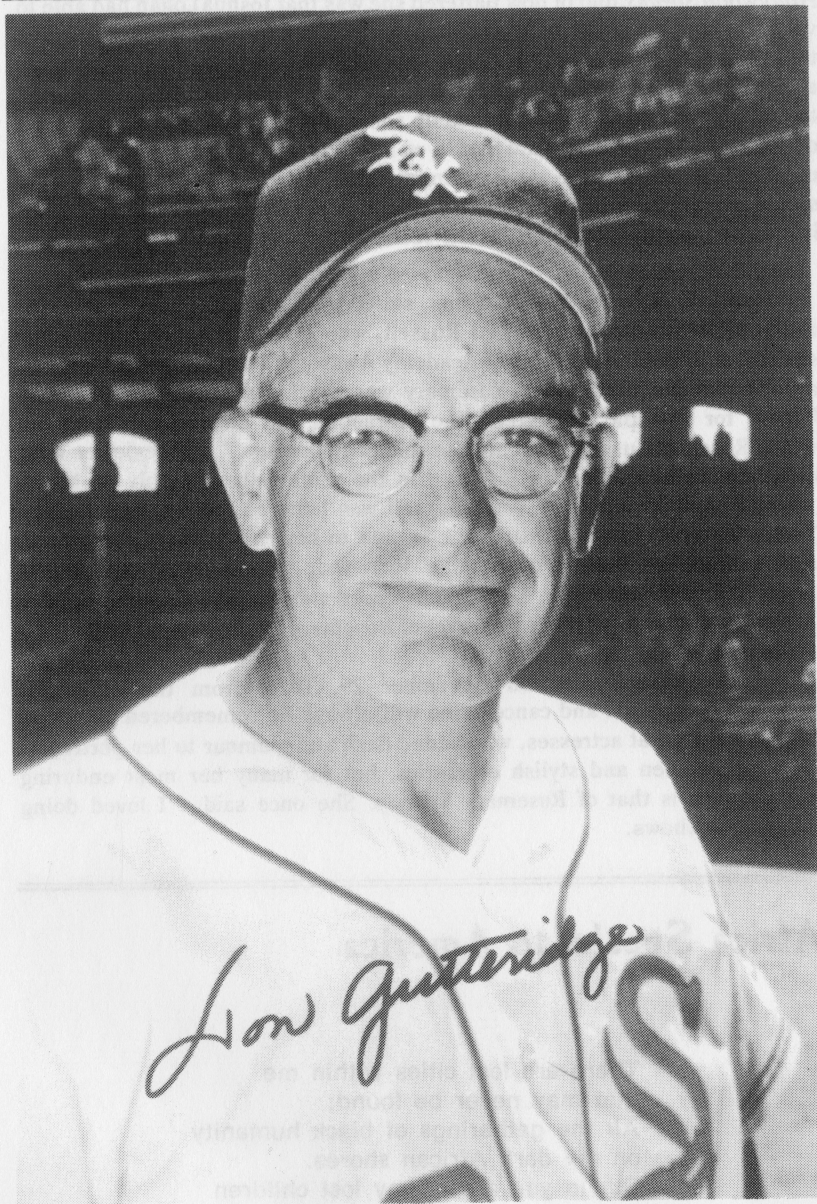
On September 22, 1974, Miss Russell was honored by film fans at New York's Town Hall in a retrospective tribute to her career. Film clips which represented her long and versatile forty-year film career were shown, including one from *Picnic*. During her remarks on stage that evening, Miss Russell commented that her portrayal of Rosemary was her most challenging screen role.

Rosalind Russell died on November 29, 1976, from the effects of rheumatoid arthritis and cancer. She will always be remembered as one of Hollywood's great actresses, who added dash and glamour to her portrayals of career women and stylish eccentrics, but for many her most enduring performance is that of Rosemary Sydney. She once said, "I loved doing *Picnic*." It shows.

Africa Speaks to America

There are lost cities within me
that may never be found;
All the gatherings of black humanity
on my dark African shores.
But in you are all my lost children
crying to be free.

C.M. Anderson



Photograph courtesy of Don Gutteridge.



Playing the Game:

An Interview
with Don Gutteridge

By Ray Morrison

RAY: I'm talking with Don Gutteridge, former major league baseball player, manager, coach, and scout, who was born and raised in Pittsburg, Kansas. Don, what is your earliest recollection of Pittsburg?

DON: I guess my earliest remembrance is my childhood home on 19th and Rouse when my father worked for the Kansas City Southern Railroad. We, like anybody else, had a little garden and there were four of us boys and one girl to raise. I started to school at Eugene Field and later we moved into the Lincoln School district at the north end of town. I always wanted to play games such as baseball, football, and basketball, but was never big enough for football. I just watched it being played, as I bruised easily.

RAY: Can you remember when you began playing baseball?

DON: We used to play softball in the second or third grade at Eugene Field School. We would have teams from other schools come and play us....Then the teachers would put us in the car and take us over there, and we would play them after school hours. We were not in a league as such, but it was really the first competition I guess I ever had.

RAY: How about your brothers and sisters?

DON: Well, at that time they played a little bit with me, but all three of my brothers did not play any sports at all as they were not athletically inclined. I had a cousin by the name of Ray Mueller, who played with me all the time we went through school. He went on to play in the major leagues as well. There was always somebody to play baseball with, but they weren't as enthusiastic about it as I was.

RAY: What did your parents think about your playing baseball? Did they have other ambitions for you?

DON: No, they really didn't. My dad was a railroader, and his company had a baseball team here. He got me the job of being their mascot and bat boy. That was my first exposure to big-time ball. I started playing for them in 1928 while I was still in high school. I played third base and second base practically all the time.

The team was a semi-pro club run by the railroad. At that time, there used to be a crack passenger train that came through here from Kansas City to New Orleans. They called it the "Flying Crow" because the route was as straight as the crow flies. We named our ball club the "Old Flying Crows" after that train.

RAY: How did the club perform?

DON: We did very well. The team was a promotional gimmick for the railroad. We'd get on the train and go play somewhere and then come back. The railroad sponsored not only our team but teams in other cities as well.

RAY: How did you meet your wife? Did you meet her at school?

DON: When we moved from 19th and Rouse to 15th and Grand, my wife-to-be lived just across the street from us. Her name at that time was Helen Frances McGlothlin. We met as fourth graders, played together, and just grew up together. She nor I ever went with anybody else, and she still puts up with me today.

RAY: What has her feelings been about your playing baseball? Did she have any trying times having to stay in Pittsburg while you were away?

DON: Yes, she did. Baseball players' wives used to have it a lot tougher than now. When I left for spring training or the season, she'd have to stay here. Then she'd have to join me and drive wherever I was, and then if I was traded from one team to another, she'd have to drive again. Nowadays, the teams take the wives with them and give them excellent treatment. It was tougher on the wives than it was on us. We had one son, Don, Jr. After he came along, she would stay here until school was out, then they'd join me. Then when school started again, the two would come back to Pittsburg. Baseball wives had a rough time.

RAY: You started your professional career in 1932 when Branch Rickey saw you. How did that happen?

DON: That's a long story. When I was in high school, we didn't have a high school baseball team. Charlie Morgan, a high school coach, began one year because my cousin and I liked to play. We kept after him because we wanted a team, so he finally agreed and bought some equipment—such as a catcher's outfit. We had to coach ourselves at first as he didn't have too much time to do it. Soon after we started, someone stole our equipment, and that was the end of our baseball days in high school. At that time we were lucky because we had a number of teams in a city league. The men would work until five p.m. and then come play in the games. Since the younger boys of high school age got a chance to play, too, because the teams needed all the players they could get, I started playing with them.

RAY: Who were you scouted by?

DON: By a man from Joplin called Joe Becker. He was an old scout, umpire, and played a little bit. He sent me to the Nebraska State League. In 1933 this

league was going to default because they didn't have any money. Branch Rickey, then of the St. Louis Cardinals, said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give the league \$2,000 to run the four teams. I'll take two players from each team for that \$2,000." They said it was a deal, so he got his pick of two players from each club for a total of eight of us. Of the eight, five men made it into the major leagues for the Cardinals, so that was a real bargain for him. When this occurred, there was a baseball commissioner by the name of Judge Landis, who said this was illegal and put a stop to the practice.

RAY: You played for Lincoln, Nebraska, and led the league in 1933 with a .360 average.

DON: I led the league in hitting, and believe I did the same in number of hits and triples.

RAY: The next year you moved up to Houston in the Texas League?

DON: The Cardinals first bought me, and they owned Houston at the time; they sent for me in 1934. In 1935 I went to Columbus, but was moved up to the Cardinals at the end of the season. I wasn't eligible for the World Series the Cardinals were in that year. That was the year Dizzy Dean and Paul Dean beat Detroit in that noted World Series when Joe "Ducky" Medwick was taken out by the commissioner because he slid into Marv Owens. That was my introduction into the big leagues. I stayed through spring training with the Cardinals, and they sent me back to Columbus until 1936.

RAY: You were with the Cardinals from 1936 to 1940. This was the National League. Can you talk a little of those days in St Louis—as far as some of the players you knew?

DON: I was at the tail end of the "Gas House Gang" with Pepper Martin, Paul and Dizzy Dean, Ripper Collins, and those fellows. There are books and reams of material written about them. Almost daily something happened with those fellows around. They were some characters. Pepper Martin had a "Mudcap Band," as they called it then. He would play a jug, another played the guitar, one played a fiddle, and Frenchy Bordagaray played the washboard and sang. They would entertain, and several times I went with them. Of course, I was a young guy and liked to follow them around as they were my heroes.

RAY: I noticed you played second base, third base, short stop, and outfield in your beginning years. How did it feel switching from one position to another so much?

DON: Well, I really didn't switch that much. I started out with the Cardinals as a third baseman. The reason was they said "Can you play third?" and I said "Yes" because I wanted to play. Pepper Martin was the Cardinal's third baseman, and he hated to play that position. He wanted to me to play third so he could play outfield. So he took me under his wing because he hated third with a passion. They say that when Pepper Martin played third base, he let the ball bounce off his chest, then he picked it up and threw them out. He never could catch the ball very well. Then, when the Cardinals sent me to Sacramento for one year, the Browns needed a second baseman. They said "Could you play second base?" and I said "Yes." So I played second base mostly for the Browns. The other times I played, I was just filling in and

doing the team a good turn because I said I wanted to play. If they had another player that couldn't play outfield but could play second base, then I would say "Let him play second base and I'll play outfield or shortstop." I started to play shortstop for the Cardinals, but I never was successful at it.

RAY: From St. Louis you went to Sacramento. Why was that?

DON: A new manager comes along that doesn't think you can play as good as somebody else, and he says "We don't need you" and they send you off. At that time the Cardinals had Sacramento as a farm club.

RAY: Was that in Class A?

DON: That was AAA and was called the Pacific Coast League. I was going to quit that year, but Pepper Martin, who became a good friend of mine, he and his wife came to Pittsburg to see us. I told him I was going to quit because I was mad that they sent me down, because I knew I could still play in the major leagues. He told me to come on down with him. It was his first year of managing, and he wanted me to help him as his captain in the minor leagues.

RAY: He was managing Sacramento's team?

DON: Yes, Before he left Pittsburg, we promised him we'd come. So we went, and I had a very good year. At the end of the season, the Browns brought me back and I played for them the next several years.

RAY: With St. Louis being the farthest team west then, it meant that you had to do a lot of traveling to get back and forth. You traveled a lot of trains, didn't you?

DON: Yes. I think that was one of the best things for baseball. When we went from St. Louis to New York or Boston to play, it took us twenty-four hours on a train to get there. A lot of times we'd play cards and other games. But during some of that time the older fellows talked to the younger men about how to play baseball—I mean, taught them how to throw to such and such a hitter and what the opposing pitcher would throw. We studied, and they taught us a lot. Later on, I helped teach the younger fellows as I had been taught. We taught each other, and that was really helpful. Nowadays, as soon as the ball game is over, the players get in the bus, and it takes them to the airport. You get on an airplane and they feed you a little bit. In an hour or so, you're where you're going to play next. There's no camaraderie. The only time you get to see your buddies now is on the ball field. Then, we actually lived with them. We knew each other...and it was a better team..

RAY: How about pay? What sort of salary were you paid back then?

DON: You want me to tell you my salary? The first year I went to the St. Louis Cardinals and played in the big leagues, I started out at \$350 a month. Then, if you stayed until June, you got a raise to \$450 a month. The first year I played there, I would average around \$400 a month. We played in the World Series with the Browns in 1944 and I was making \$5,000 a year. So you can see now they get more than that for meal money. Of course, everything has escalated and they have been building bigger parks. So I'm glad the players have made it, but I just don't think they're worth it. I don't think any baseball player is worth a million dollars. I don't think so, and I don't think anybody else thinks so either.

RAY: From Sacramento you went to the Browns for three years. Was there any difference between the Browns and the Cardinals?

DON: I played in the same city and in the same ball park. The Browns and the Cardinals at that time shared old Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. There wasn't any difference, as the major league is the major league.

RAY: What about the winter months? Did you spend most of your time here or did you go out on the banquet circuit?

DON: Of course we always came back to Pittsburgh. At that time, I used to do something I really enjoyed. The World Series wasn't televised, so they always made a movie of it. They would send that movie to me, and I'd go all over this part of the country with it and show people the World Series during the winter. It wasn't the banquet circuit as such, but I did make a lot of personal appearances for baseball that way.

RAY: Did the people of Pittsburgh really go overboard at having a major league baseball player living in their city?

DON: No. I was born and reared here. I was just here. It would make me a little bit humble, as I'd go away and play and come back later, and some of the guys would say, "I missed you. Where you been?" I'd tell them I'd been playing baseball. They'd miss me, but they hadn't kept track of me. But I wasn't the only major league ball player from here.

RAY: Who were some of the others?

DON: Ray Mueller, my cousin, played with Cincinatti, Boston, Brooklyn, and Pittsburgh, and was coach for The Chicago Cubs for a year. He spent sixteen years in the major leagues, also. Sherm Lollar, who caught for the Chicago White Sox, went to school here in Pittsburg and played on the semi-pro team that used to play out here in the old Ban Johnson League, as we used to call it. Then, of course, along in later years came Bill Russell. In Alba, Missouri, of the five or six Boyer boys, three of them played in the major leagues—Ken, Clete, and Cloyd. There were a lot of people in this area that played the game.

RAY: What else would you do during the winter months?

DON: Usually, when I was in the minor leagues, I had to look for little jobs to help out. That money wasn't that good, as I told you earlier. I worked—and taught school one year. I sold cars. And I refereed. I did more refereeing than anything else because that was a good job for me, as I liked athletics. During part of the time when I was with the White Sox, late in the 1960s, every winter we went down to Sarasota, Florida, with the Instructional League, and ran it for seven or eight years. I'd go down there from the time the season was over until almost Christmas. Then I came back home.

RAY: You didn't play?

DON: No, you can't play outside the major leagues or participate in any more games without special permission.

RAY: After the Browns, you were made manager of Toledo in 1946. How did that come about? Was that their farm club?

DON: Toledo belonged to the Browns as their farm club in the American Association. They wanted me to come because at that time my playing career was getting to be a little bit long. They wanted me to go down there as a player-manager. That was because they had some fellows coming back and

wanted to replace me. So I thought it was okay. I wanted to stay in baseball and thought that managing was the next step. So I went to manage the farm club. Then, just about the time for the all-star game, Bobby Doerr of the Red Sox broke his finger. The Red Sox were in the middle of a pennant chase at that time—1946. They were looking around for somebody to play, and the same fellow that scouted me in the first place, Joe Becker, was then working for Boston. He told them, “I know who I can get you.” And they came down to Toledo and bought my contract. So I went from there to the Red Sox. This was one of the luckiest things to ever happen to me in baseball, because I joined the Red Sox, helped them win the pennant, and played in the World Series. Also, that was the year the players’ pension plan started, and I got included. Jokingly, I said that that was the smartest move a manager ever made, trading himself from sixth place in the American Association to first place in the American League and going to the World Series. I told my wife I was a smart manager to do that. Of course, I had nothing to do with it, at all.

RAY: In 1948, you played for Pittsburgh for four games. Was that at the

DON: Well, I went to Boston, and then they sold me to the Pittsburgh Pirates. I went there and stayed for sixty days, I guess. Pittsburgh owned a team in Indianapolis, and they sent me down there, where I played for Al Lopez. The next year I became his player-coach, and later on I took over as manager—in 1951 I became manager.

RAY: How did it feel going from playing to managing?

DON: It was a tough job. One year I was a player and associated with the players. The next year as the manager I was on the other side of the fence. But I was just a little bit older than most of the players—old enough that I think it helped. Also another thing: I had a background. If I’d been playing in that same league all this time, it would have been difficult, but my background—they knew I was an ex-major leaguer—helped.

RAY: How did you do during those years as manager for Indianapolis and Colorado Springs?

DON: I had a bad situation in Indianapolis that year. In the middle of the season the Pittsburgh Pirates sold the Indianapolis club to the Cleveland Indians. Well, it was a real hassle. The two major league clubs got into it about who could send players down; they didn’t want to send somebody down there that might help the other club. So I was in the middle of that. I was glad when the year was over. When we finished, I believe we were down in fifth, sixth, or seventh place in the league standings. The next year I signed with the Chicago White Sox and they owned Colorado Springs. In the first year, we got beat the last game of the season and lost the pennant by a half-game. The next year we won the last game and the pennant. If I’d won one more game, we would have won two pennants in a row at Colorado Springs. Then from there I went to Memphis.

RAY: Was Memphis higher up on the baseball ladder?

DON: Memphis was AA at that time. Colorado Springs was A. They were both owned by the White Sox. They just stepped me up in their organization.

RAY: Did you feel any frustrations as a manager having the major leagues pull some of your best players when you were trying to be in a pennant race with other farm club teams?

DON: Yes, it really was tough. At Memphis we were beaten in the playoffs and we lost the pennant to Atlanta. But you have to realize two things. You're working for the major league club. One of the really big things you have to do is develop players so they can go on and play in the major leagues. But at the same time it's frustrating, because to get a player they always take your best players and that leaves a void in your team. And then when you lose ball games, that makes your personal record look bad. It's a little bit frustrating.

RAY: Sort of a Catch-22 situation!

DON: Yes it is; it really is. Of course, in the long run it helps you because they say, "Well, here's this manager in the organization and he helped develop these players." Then you can get a call from other organizations because they believe if you develop players for the White Sox, then you can develop players for their team, too. Really, it works two ways.

RAY: From Memphis you went on to be one of the coaches for the White Sox for eleven years.

DON: After that season, they called all the managers and scouts for the White Sox in for a meeting. Paul Richards was manager of the White Sox and, just as we got there to the meeting, they announced that Marty Marian was going to be the new manager and Paul was going to move on to the Baltimore Orioles. Marty was a friend of mine, so I made my wants known—that I wanted to coach in the major leagues. He told me, "Why don't you take my place on the coaching staff as I'm going to move up to manager?" and I said, "Well, yeah, that's good." I was there the last ten days of the 1954 season and was there until I got fired by Eddie Stanky at the end of the 1966 season.

RAY:....Then you went to Indianapolis.

DON: Yes. The White Sox owned them, so I just went down there. I had to have a job. That was a frustrating year because we had a chance to win. I wanted to win because I figured if I could win I could get back into the major league again. But Stanky kept taking our players. I think he made forty-seven changes that year, and every time we had a good week, he'd call up a player—and there he went. I couldn't keep filling in the gaps. Finally, we ended up in second place. We could have won the pennant easily and probably the players would have developed more. You can't keep ball players jumping around.

RAY: And then in 1968 you became a scout for the Kansas City Royals.

DON: Yes, but let me go back just a little here. The year before, after the disastrous season with Indianapolis, I came home and I was going to quit because I was disgusted with baseball.

RAY: The second time you were going to quit?

DON: The second time. I went to work for the City National Bank, stayed in Pittsburgh, and forgot about baseball. Well, even before the Royals had a name or anything, they were starting up the club. Erving Kauffman said he

wanted to start a club, and my wife knew I was dissatisfied and knew where my heart lay. She knew I wanted to get back into baseball and didn't want to be penned up in an office. So she insisted I go up and see them. They hired me right on the spot—as a scout. When I went up there and got started, they didn't even have a typewriter set up yet; that's how early I began with the Royals organization. I was hired as a talent scout. I travelled all over—California, Minnesota, you name it—to see the players and get a line on them. We were in the process of doing that, getting players, and making draft decisions, when—about the middle of the year—Al Lopez called me.

Al called and said he was going to make a change. He was returning to manage the White Sox again to get them back and winning. He wanted me up there because I had been with him all this time. I said I didn't know, but then when you've worked with somebody a long time and they've given you a job, you feel obligated to them. And yet, I had a good job with the Royals and hated to leave it. I was on the ground floor with the Royals as long as I wanted it. But I had to live with myself, so I went back and my wife and I talked about it. We decided to go back to the White Sox because of previous days.

RAY: Then you coached until Lopez...

DON: Lopez's health became very bad with ulcers; it was a high pressure situation. He said he had to quit and called in the three coaches that had been with him. The three of us had been with him all these years, and he said one of us would have to take the job as manager. None of us really wanted to manage as much as we wanted to coach. He said, "No, you have to take it as it's the middle of the season and we can't get anyone else. You all three know that."

We argued about it, and, as I was the youngest of the three coaches, I was finally persuaded that I ought to do it. After some thought, I called my wife and said I was going to manage the White Sox. She said, "Oh, my God, no!" I went on to manage the White Sox for the next two years.

RAY: How did the public and press react to you as manager?

DON: Well, our club was not up that year. When we had Lopez, he was an exceptional manager. Everybody said, "Well, if Lopez is not back, who's going to manage?" As Pepper Martin said, "You can't win the Kentucky Derby with a mule." You had to have some players, and we didn't. It was a question of trying to develop some. I had some good young players who had no experience, so I said to bring them up, break them in, and give them experience since we were going to get beat anyways. Later on, these ball players would become great: Carlos May, Bill Melton, and Buddy Bradford. But it took two or three years to get their feet on the ground.

RAY: Is that why they kept you a second year? What happened at the end of the 1970 season?

DON: They decided to stop paying me, so I quit.

RAY: That's an easy way out of it.

DON: I was fired at the end of the season.

RAY: Then who came in?

DON: Chuck Tanner came in, and there was a whole new change at the front office. There was a clean sweep of practically everybody.

RAY: Then you made another change in your career. You became scout for two teams—the Yankees and the Dodgers. You started with the Yankees in 1971. When did you start for the Dodgers?

DON: Well, first the White Sox had wanted to keep me to scout for them. They said if I stayed they would find me a job as scout and also as infield instructor for the minor league clubs. I went from one minor league club to another for two or three weeks at a time and helped develop the players. Then the Yankees wanted a scout and asked me. I thought it would be better to work for another club than to step down from manager to scout for the same team. So I went with the Yankees and scouted for three or four years. Also I ran the Yankee's minor league spring training camp.

RAY: Was George Steinbrenner there at the time?

DON: No, Steinbrenner came the last year I was there. That's when the Yankees joined a scouting bureau—the Major League Scouting Bureau. They had the idea for one set of scouts to cover Kansas, another Missouri, and so forth. Teams paid into the scouting system as it would be cheaper for them. Well, the Yankees fired all but four of their scouts, and of course I was down on the list and was let go. Since the Dodgers hadn't joined this group, they called on me and I went with them. In fact, I'm still with them and have been very happy with the Dodgers ever since.

RAY: Did you scout Bill Russell?

DON: No, I wasn't scouting then. I was with the White Sox when Bill started. Some of my friends around town had called and said I ought to sign this guy; "There's a real good ball player down here," they said. But I'd never seen Bill Russell play. I told a scout for the White Sox to go down and see him because my friends who knew baseball said he was great. He came down here and said, "He doesn't even play high school baseball! What are you talking about?" Well, true, he didn't play because they didn't have a high school ball team at the time. So he disregarded him.

First time I saw Bill play baseball was against us in spring training when I was with Chicago. It so happened he got a couple of hits and they beat us, and I told the scout, "Here I told you to sign him and you wouldn't listen."

The only player I have now in the major league is Paul Splitdorf, a pitcher with the Royals. There are others in the minor league that haven't gone up there yet. I probably enjoy most those who I've helped in the Instructional League. They've all came through in the major leagues. I feel I helped their careers a lot even though they were potential major leaguers to begin with—such White Sox players as Gary Peters, Luis Aparico, Don Buford, and others.

RAY: What are you doing now as far as scouting?

DON: I go to ball games every day, sometimes two or three a day, look at the players, decide whether they can play ball or not, evaluate them, turn their names into the Dodgers' office, and then let them evaluate the boys.

RAY: What do you consider the one big highlight in your career?

DON: I have had a lot of nice career big moments. I think if I had to pick one, it would be probably in 1944 when the Browns won the pennant and played the Cardinals in the World Series. I think it was the last out of the last game

of the season. We were tied with Detroit, and Detroit got beat and we were still playing. We knew they had been beaten. If we had won this game, we'd have won the pennant, and I think the last play of the game was the big play. It wasn't a big play as much as it was a pop up. George McQuinn was playing second and I ran over there next to him, shouting "Squeeze it! Squeeze it! Squeeze it!" I wanted him to make that last out. I think to win the pennant and to play in your first World Series is probably one of the highlights. Of course, I also played in the 1946 and 1959 World Series. I've seen a lot of big plays, but I think that that was one of the outstanding ones. I was in six triple plays in my career, and that was a big thing, too.

RAY: I have one other question. Did you ever want your son to play ball?

DON: I wanted him to play ball if he wanted to play ball. He was all on his own. I wanted him to do what he wanted to do just as my dad let me do what I wanted to do. He didn't make me work on the railroad. I wanted my son to do anything he decided to do. He liked to play and still likes baseball. In fact, he is a Little League manager to this day.

RAY: Here in town?

DON: No, in Oklahoma City. He's an attorney there. I have three grandsons and they're all going to play, you know that. But I don't mean professionally, necessarily. Now the big one, Lance, he thinks he's going to play professionally. But, of course, he's only in junior high school.

RAY: What does he think about having a grandfather who was a ball player?

DON: He thinks that's neat. He gets quite a kick out of that. All of them do, of course. But I'm their grandpa—and that's what counts.

DON GUTTERIDGE

Year	Team [League]	Games	At Bat	Hits	Runs	RBI	Average
1936	St. Louis (N)	23	91	29	13	16	.319
1937	St. Louis (N)	119	447	121	66	61	.271
1938	St. Louis (N)	142	552	141	61	64	.255
1939	St. Louis (N)	148	524	141	71	54	.269
1940	St. Louis (N)	69	108	29	19	14	.269
1942	St. Louis (A)	147	616	157	90	50	.255
1943	St. Louis (A)	132	538	145	77	36	.273
1944	St. Louis (A)	148	603	148	89	36	.245
1945	St. Louis (A)	143	543	129	72	49	.238
1946	Boston (A)	22	47	11	8	6	.234
1947	Boston (A)	54	131	22	20	5	.168
1948	Pittsburgh (N)	4	2	0	0	0	.000
12 year total		1,151	4,202	1,075	586	391	.256



Don Gutteridge.

Photograph courtesy of the Pittsburg Morning Sun.



Audience members inspect Appeal to Reason display at the seminar sponsored by the Pittsburg State University Library, the Little Balkans Review, and the Kansas Committee of the Humanities at the Girard Civic Center, July 26, 1983.

The Appeal to Reason :

A Kansas Committee of the Humanities

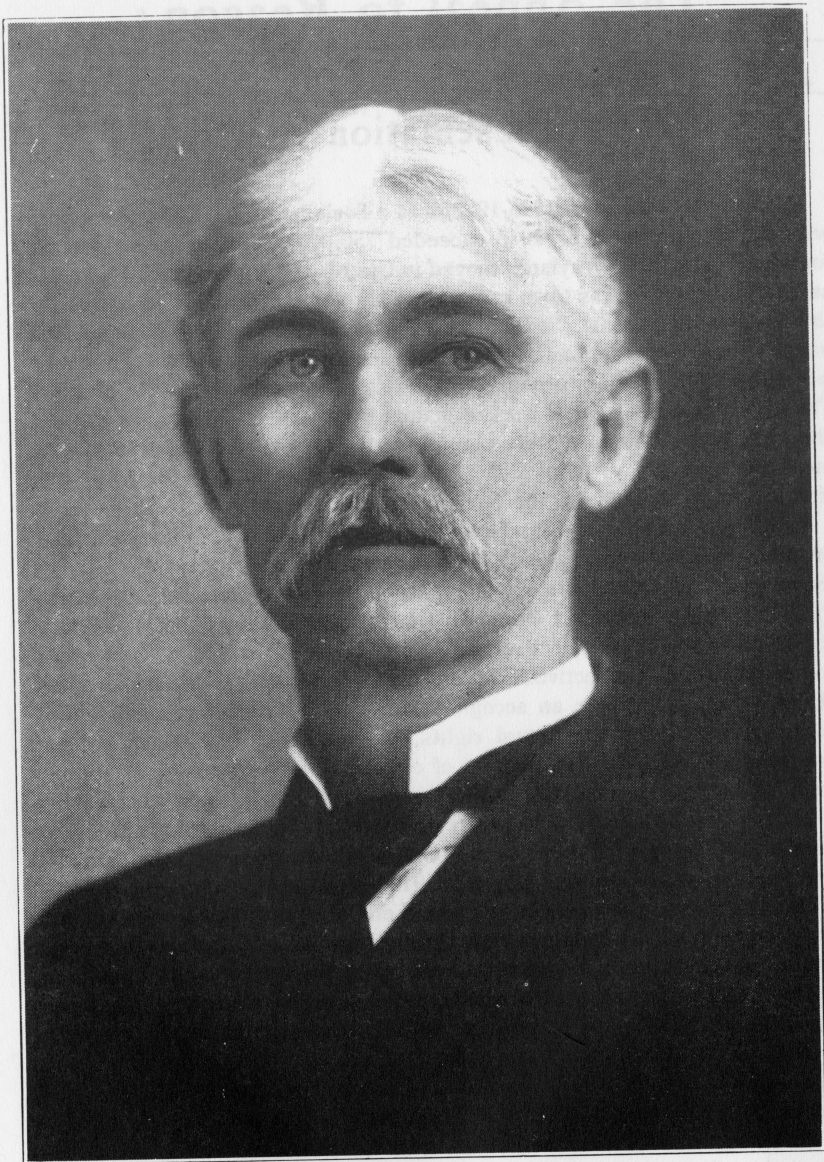
Presentation

The **Appeal to Reason** (1895-1922) was a Socialist propaganda newspaper with a circulation that by 1913 exceeded 750,000. The newspaper and its founding editor, J.A. Wayland, moved to Girard, Kansas, in 1896. From this small Southeast Kansas town came a weekly dose of Socialist remedies for the ills of society. J.A. Wayland and his work force did not have to look beyond their home community and the surrounding coal fields to see vile working conditions that were mirrored in other industries across the country. The area's coal fields were worked mainly by immigrant men, women, and children, many illiterate, who were denied even the hope of achieving a moderate standard of living. The **Appeal's** solution to their problem was simple: the acceptance of the Socialist program.

This Socialism was non-Marxist and radical—radical only in the sense that proposed reforms were marked by a considerable departure from the usual or traditional. The **Appeal** began in 1895 (six years before there was a Socialist Party) to agitate for direct elections, recalls, referendums, the abolition of child labor, pure food and drug laws, an eight-hour workday, workmen's compensation, and collectivization of land. Only this last, the collectivization of land, has not become an accepted part of our governmental system of today. Soon were added equal rights for women and minority groups, universal suffrage, and the concept of equal pay for equal work. With one example can the acceptability of Wayland's Socialism be illustrated: in the 1912 Presidential election, Theodore Roosevelt ran as a Progressive. The Progressive Party platform was essentially a restatement of the Socialist Party's positions of 1904, 1908, and 1912.

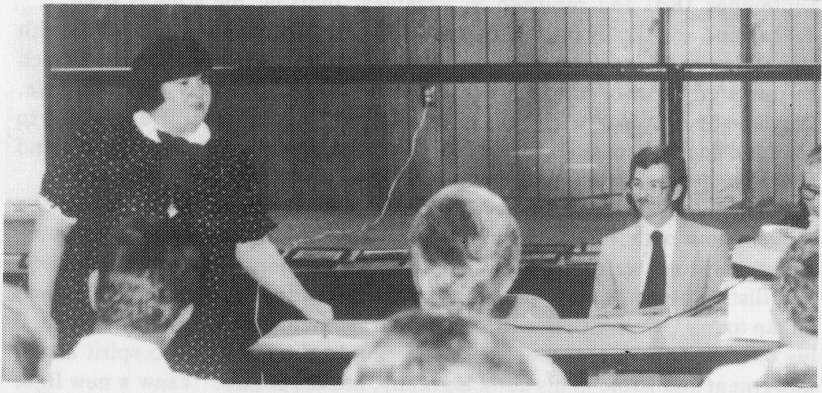
Socialist anti-war sentiments were used effectively in 1914 by the Federal Government to stifle the movement. During World War I, the Socialist Party was broken and essentially harrassed out of existence. The post-1920s "Red Scare" stopped any chance of revival of progressive Socialism. The final blow to Socialism's place in our past was delivered during the McCarthy era of the 1950s. Socialism by that time had come to be synonymous with communism in the minds of many—when, in fact, the **Appeal's** Socialism had spawned the Progressive Party of Theodore Roosevelt.

Katherine Anne Porter in **The Never-Ending Wrong** wrote, "It is my conviction that when events are forgotten, buried in the cellar of the page—they are no longer even history." We hope the following talks will begin to place the **Appeal to Reason** and American Socialism in their proper place, out of the footnotes and into the body of Southeast Kansas and American history.



J. A. WAYLAND,
Founder of the APPEAL.

J.A. Wayland, Founding Editor and Publisher of the Appeal to Reason, by Sharon E. Neet



The evolution of J.A. Wayland into American Socialism's most successful propagandist and publisher took a route that often had each step contradicted by the previous one. John Egerton, in his **Visions of Utopia**, opened the section concerning Wayland's career with the statement, "There is no explaining the strange career of Julius Augustus Wayland." Understanding Wayland may be impossible, for he was a man of complex, submerged motives and actions, but his career is traceable through his publications that culminated in the **Appeal**.

Wayland was born in Versailles, Indiana, on April 26, 1854, just before a cholera epidemic claimed the life of his father, William, a grocer, and four of his six brothers and sisters. He was reared in extreme poverty by his mother, Micha, who earned a meager living sewing and washing clothes. His dire childhood scarred Wayland, and later in life he apologized "for the absence of the sentimental, for, ever before my eye,...stood the gaunt fear that want might overtake my family...."

With only two years of formal education, Wayland was introduced to the printing business April 11, 1870, at the Versailles **Gazette**, a Republican newspaper. He purchased the newspaper with a fellow printer, H.M. Thompson, in 1872 and renamed it the **Ripley Index**. (More flushed with youthful exuberance than with money, the nineteen-year-old Wayland and his partner were able to come up with the purchase price only by borrowing heavily from Republican Party office holders.) Wayland became sole owner of the **Index** in 1873 and continued to operate it until 1877, when he and his wife, Etta Bevan, moved to Harrisonville, Missouri. Wayland there purchased a half-interest in the **Cass Courier**, a solidly Democratic weekly. This connection was severed after less than a year when he sold his interest in the paper. He then began publishing a staunchly Republican newspaper, the **Cass News**, also in Harrisonville, September 19, 1878. In this same

period, Wayland was appointed postmaster of Harrisonville. It was not a popular position to be a Republican editor and political appointee in solidly Democratic Cass County. Wayland left both the paper and the post office in September 1880 and returned to Vesailles, Indiana, for a short time.

Wayland and family moved to Pueblo, Colorado, in the spring of 1881 with "\$5,000 in cash and property." In 1882, he began another newspaper which he operated for two years before selling it. With the money from the sale, Wayland became active in the booming Colorado land market. He was able to combine journalism and real estate by printing land transfer forms and advertisements for his land company.

During this fever pitch of wheeling and dealing, Wayland had a conversation with William Bradfield, an English shoemaker and Socialist, about a railroad strike. The two men discussed labor, and Bradfield offered Socialist solutions for the problems of the individual and society. Wayland began to read, first with Bradfield's encouragement and later as a student on his own, Socialist tracts and books. He caught the evangelistic spirit of the movement and wrote in his autobiography, **Leaves of Life**, "I saw a new light and found what I never knew existed." Wayland was, in his own words, "landed real good and hard" for Socialism. After his conversion, he never printed another newspaper which supported either of the two major political parties or any issue that could be interpreted as supporting the status quo.

Wayland took to heart the Socialist admonition that the capitalistic system was tottering; he cashed in his business and land holdings in time to prevent their loss in the Panic of 1893. He realized approximately \$80,000 in gold and government bonds. He invested some of the money in a newspaper, the **Coming Nation**, published at Greensburg, Indiana. The paper remained there from 1893 until the summer of 1894, when it was moved to Ruskin, Tennessee, where Wayland established the Ruskin Colony, his vision of the perfect cooperative Socialist community.

It was a diverse group who followed Wayland to the Ruskin Colony: "a butcher, a baker, a blacksmith; there were five printers, three doctors, two ironworkers, and several teachers and farmers." All the land and produce of the colony, with one exception, were communally held. Wayland retained sole ownership of the newspaper, which soon became the major income producer of the colony. This unsocialist action became a problem that accelerated Wayland's disillusionment with his utopia. He realized in early October 1895 that there was the potential for dissension in the ranks of his colony. Wayland wrote in the **Coming Nation**, "I have no fear of outside interference, nor quarrels over weighty matters. It is only the meanest, smallest matters that can create dissension..."

The inconsistency of Wayland's being the owner of Ruskin's major source of income became the point of contention that drove him from his own colony on July 22, 1895. It was almost exactly a year from the date the colony had been founded that Wayland left by "mutual consent" without his newspaper or compensation for his initial investment in Ruskin. He departed disillusioned with the idea of communal living, but not with Socialism. When

he left, Wayland went to Kansas City, Missouri, where he established his last newspaper, the **Appeal to Reason**.

The paper had to be started from scratch: Wayland had left his presses, mailing lists, and business accounts with the **Coming Nation**, but most vital was the loss of his paper's name. He narrowed his choice for a new title to **The Rights of Man** or **Wayland's Weekly** and, with less than his usual modesty, was leaning toward the latter. Then T.E. Palmer, "an old socialist worker suggested **Appeal to Reason**." An unnamed "old German socialist in the same city" settled the question by saying, "Don't call it **Wayland's Weekly**, but give it a name that in time will be better known than the man who made it." The simplicity of the **Appeal to Reason** title summed up the intent of Wayland to prepare the way for the Socialist state which would follow his propaganda work.

When the first issue of the **Appeal** was published on August 31, 1895, Wayland had changed; his utopian dream was gone, but not his vision of Socialism. He wanted his readers to understand his "present disposition." He therefore started his new venture with a statement of intent and purpose: "As a principle owes no man anything, what you may do for this paper is not asked as a personal favor to me, nor do I expect profit from it. Where you can use it to good advantage, it is your duty to use it....I am not exactly unselfish but I am not in this movement for money, never made any out of it, but on the contrary have contributed several thousand to it besides four years of continuous and arduous labor."

The **Appeal's** business office was located in the Radical Book and Cigar Store, 311 12th Street; the paper also had a subscription center in San Francisco. It could be purchased by the issue for one cent or subscribed to by the year for fifty cents. "Clubs" of ten subscribers could get the weekly for thirty-five cents; clubs of twenty-five could have the paper for thirty cents a year.

The early format of the **Appeal** was four pages, the first pages covered with paragraphs that had neither headlines nor illustrations. Credited paragraphs were written by Wayland. The interior and fourth pages were primarily devoted to reprints of Socialist and economic works that supported Socialism. Two of Wayland's most reprinted authors were John Ruskin and Herbert Spencer. No advertisements were carried until 1900.

Soon the newspaper had 2,218 subscribers, "not bad for a paper only three weeks old. It seems reasonable to expect 50,000 inside a year, but maybe I'll get fooled," wrote Wayland. And fooled he was; the **Appeal** did not reach the projected number of subscribers until after the paper moved to Girard, Kansas.

The Kansas City **Appeal** did not provide Wayland with a self-sustaining circulation. It reached 25,000 and leveled off in 1896. Wayland informed his readers on July 11, 1896, that the newspaper had "been and is a financial failure, but it is proving a success as an educator." This financial loss was

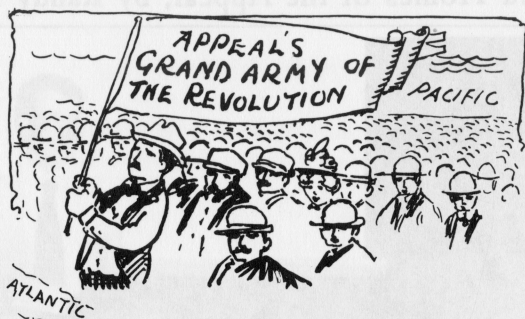
one of several motives for moving the **Appeal** out of Missouri and into Kansas. The first move was a short one; the paper moved a few miles west to Kansas City, Kansas, with offices at the corner of Minnesota Avenue and Fifth Street in the Gazette Building. Only three issues (those of October 10, 17, and 24) were sent from this address. In the last Kansas City issue, Wayland informed his readers that publication would be suspended for a short time, but would resume on November 14. The **Appeal** was not seen again, however, until February 6, 1897, when it reemerged with a flag listing Girard, Kansas, as its place of publication.

Girard, the county seat of Crawford County, located in Southeast Kansas, met Wayland's two major needs for operating a national newspaper: a post office and rail service. The area was an industrial mecca at the turn of the century. It had coal, lead, and zinc deposits, with smelters to process the two latter ores. The largest city in the county, Pittsburg, twelve miles away, was intended to rival its Pennsylvania namesake. The region was approaching its full glory in mining and smelting when Wayland arrived. Over half the nation's smelters were located there, and it produced a third of the nation's coal. The work force was made up of a patchwork of European immigrants mostly from southern and eastern Europe. These workers were the type of people Wayland felt he needed to reach with his Socialist propaganda.

The move to Girard can be assigned reasons other than the obvious need to cut costs (the paper had lost nearly one hundred dollars an issue in Kansas City). The publisher had cited the constant irritation of people stopping by the **Appeal** office in the larger city, which interfered with his work. Mrs. Wayland's health was rapidly deteriorating, and Girard was highly regarded for its healthful climate. Further, it cannot be discounted that Wayland was searching for a place to which he could belong, where he would be accepted. Girard was at least a partial answer to each of Wayland's problems, with the exception of Etta's illness: she died of cancer in 1898. The **Appeal** became financially solvent to the point of being an embarrassment to the Socialist movement. The world of Socialism continued to beat a path to Wayland's door, but he could now afford the time, having attracted numerous associate editors to the paper. His new home community never completely embraced Socialism, but the Wayland family became an active part of Girard's social and civic life.

The Waylands at first were shunned by the locals, both socially and politically. The townspeople continued to slight the newcomers until the bank president's wife, Sarah Alice Addams Haldeman, called on the family. This visit signalled the social acceptance of the Waylands. Their five children's names began to appear in the Girard **Press** as they attended parties, acted in plays, and performed at musicals.

J.A. Wayland became active in the community speaking for Socialism. He donated books on the subject to the public library. (The only elected office Wayland ever held was on the Girard Library Board.) He also became active in three civic projects which at the time were considered Socialistic: he sent



circulars to each Girard voter advocating a bond issue for a municipal electric company, he petitioned the city council to drill for a municipal gas well, and he subscribed for shares in the Coal Belt Electric Railway.

The **Appeal** thrived in Girard and its circulation grew beyond its founder's wildest dreams. The circulation reached 500,000 in 1912 and went on to top 750,000 in 1913. This circulation was a primary reason Socialism became a political force in the United States. The Socialist Party's candidate, Eugene V. Debs, was not only the **Appeal's** choice for President, but also an associate editor of the paper. Debs accepted the 1908 Socialist Party nomination for the Presidency from the steps of the Girard courthouse. His speech was cheered by the people of Girard and celebrated with an impromptu parade.

The **Appeal's** national success was reflected in its acceptance and the Socialist Party's success at the polls. Girard represented "Everytown" and its inhabitants were "Everyman" to Wayland, and he used the area as his laboratory to begin establishing Socialism as an acceptable alternative to capitalism. As early as 1903 Wayland had written in the **Appeal**: "Every Saturday morning the **Appeal** is placed in every house in Girard. The boys report only four instances where the people refuse to take the paper, and dozens have called our attention to the fact that Socialism now appears in a new light. If this is true of Girard it is true of every town in the United States." By the election of 1912, free **Appeals** blanketed the area. Girard and Crawford County elected Socialist candidates; Crawford was the only county in the state of Kansas which Eugene Debs carried in that election.

It is, therefore, ironic that within two weeks of having achieved his goal of a Socialist community in Girard, J.A. Wayland's obituary appeared next to the official election returns. Wayland had committed suicide November 10, 1912.

The success of the Socialist Party was never repeated in Southeast Kansas. After Wayland's death, the Socialist community of Girard had neither focus nor bankroll. Wayland's Socialist "Everytown" returned to being just another small town. Today, Girard has only failing memories of when the **Appeal to Reason**—"the biggest little paper in the world"—was published there and Wayland and his associates made it work.

The Girard Homes of the Appeal, by Randy Roberts



The small town environment of Girard appealed to J. A. Wayland; he told his readers that it was the prettiest town he had found in three months of hunting for a place to make his home. Where exactly Wayland had hunted is still uncertain, but it is known that he visited the other Southeastern Kansas towns of Iola and Neodesha. The November 20, 1896, issue of the Girard **Daily Press** reveals that Wayland visited Girard nearly a month previous to his decision to settle in Crawford County.

"I am more than delighted with our new home and its people," he wrote. "The town of Girard is beautifully laid out and improved. Every street is lined with large shade trees, every house has a large yard, and I feel more at home than I have for years."

Wayland had purchased the former residence of D.C. and Sarah M. Flint for three thousand dollars about December 16, 1896. Located in Higgin's Addition to Girard, the new home was moved into by the Wayland family (J.A., his wife Etta, his sons Jon and Walter, and daughters Olive, Julia, and Edith) about January 1, 1897, after a brief stay with Dr. and Mrs. P.G. Sawyer. A visitor to the Wayland home in 1899 found it to be a "farm in miniature," having a pasture, several rows of fruit trees, a large barn with a chicken yard, and a berry patch—all located within a private park on the outskirts of Girard. Socialist editor A.M. Simons related that J.A. Wayland fit well into Girard's rural environment and he excelled when speaking to those who lived on farms or in towns of less than ten thousand. Those who understood him best had "mental backgrounds built up from being taught in the public schools, reading weekly newspapers, attending Protestant services, discussing at the corner grocery, and belonging to one of the old parties." Many of Wayland's readers were undoubtedly surprised to learn that he had relocated in Southeast Kansas, but Girard had attracted him for reasons other than those which he shared publicly.

Girard had long been known for its healthful climate. (One of the town's bankers and physicians, Dr. H.W. Haldeman, had earlier moved there in part

for that reason.) Etta Bevan Wayland had been in poor health for some time. Afflicted with some form of cancer, she died on October 3, 1898. The move to Girard could thus be partially interpreted as an attempt to restore her failing health.

While Girard certainly met Wayland's economic, esthetic, and personal requirements for a new home, as a Socialist and a businessman he had other concerns. Girard, the county seat of a prosperous and industrializing Crawford County, had every prospect in the 1880s of becoming the major city of Southeastern Kansas. Crawford County was the greatest coal producing county in the state and second only to Wyandotte in per capita wealth and miles of railroad. With its railroads and abundance of cheap coal, there seemed to be no reason it would not become an industrial and manufacturing center as well.

In the beginning, Wayland relied upon coal-produced steam power to operate the presses of the **Appeal**, and railroads were always a means of transportation essential in distributing his paper across the nation. Two major railroads, the Frisco and the Santa Fe, already serviced Girard and furnished easy connections to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, Memphis, and elsewhere. The presence of such an access for national distribution was critical to the paper's success, since it was never intended to be a local paper.

Southeast Kansas in 1896 was also an area where radical Populism was already a significant political force and where Socialism seemed to be gaining a foothold. The Girard **Daily Press** had carried a story that in the southern and eastern portions of the state Socialist colonies had been organized, and rumors were that the Populists were also planning to establish a similar cooperative community. Wayland's Socialism had much of Populism's emotional appeal, and many left-wing Populists in the Girard area seemed ready to bolt from their party because of its growing conservatism and preoccupation with the silver question. Many Socialists on the national scene, most notably Laurence Gronlund whose works were very important to Wayland, thought the entire state was ripe for Socialism since so many rank and file Populists were showing signs of restlessness.

To be sure, there were local politicians who favored the establishment of the Socialist press in Girard. After learning of Wayland's plan to relocate, E.A. Wasser, the Republican editor of the Girard **Press**, caustically commented: "We understand that E.R. Ridgely, congressman elect, and T.T. Perry, secretary of the Populist county committee, are the men who have induced J.A. Wayland to bring his **Appeal to Reason** to Girard. It seems that the new congressman was not satisfied with the other reform papers in Girard, and the Populist secretary thought it would be a good thing for the cause." It was Perry, a prominent real estate broker, who had invited Wayland to investigate the possibilities of locating his publishing house in Girard. In mid-November 1896, Wayland visited Girard and discussed the matter of his relocation with several of the local businessmen. A month later

he returned and purchased a home. Within a few days, he began moving his equipment to Girard, where he located in a building on the east side of the square, rented from T.T. Perry. (The location of the **Appeal's** first home in Girard has been long lost to common knowledge, largely because of the erroneous captions in Wayland's 1912 **Leaves of Life**. The official abstracts and the local newspapers, however, reveal that the **Appeal** occupied two buildings on the east side of the square rather than one. The first, in the center of the block, was rented for six months before being sold by Perry to another party. The picture in **Leaves of Life** captioned "first home" is actually its second, being the next to last building on the south end of the block.)

The number of local Populists who were willing to support the Socialist cause is uncertain. Among the charter members of the Girard Socialists Club founded in November 1897—J.A. Wayland, R.T. Fox, J.J. Masterson, J.P. Harmon, W.F. Phelps, D.S. Trisler, D.F. Van Voast, G.F. Beck, F.H. Bryant, G.E. Boomer, F.M. Eastwood, T.E. Martin, M.V. Tubbs, J.G. Eastwood, and J.S. Ford—only Wayland, Phelps, and Boomer were members of the **Appeal** office force, while many of the rest had been active in the local Populist Party. Regardless, Wayland's convictions were that more people than ever before were ready to listen to what Socialism had to offer. He told his readers, "The **Appeal** will have something in store for you in the future. It has never had but one person regularly employed on a salary as a solicitor, but it has designs on that means of spreading the Gospel in the future. Whatever profit the paper makes will be used to still further increase its circulation. With 40,000 it will have easily \$10,000 a year to be spent in employing lecturers and solicitors."

Wayland's optimism proved well founded. The circulation immediately began to rise, and after only four weeks in Girard, Wayland happily told his readers that the paper had reached a self-sustaining basis; the receipts were now equal to the expenses. New subscriptions orders arrived daily at the **Appeal** office, making the paper such a financial success that within three months Wayland was to announce that subscriptions would be reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents per year. He concluded that no one who desired to receive the paper would be financially unable to do so. (Due largely to the increases in the cost of paper, however, the price of a yearly subscription did not remain at twenty-five cents for very long. It was raised to thirty cents on July 9, 1898, and on August 13, 1898, back to the original fifty cents.)

While the **Appeal to Reason** publishing plant was nationally oriented, J.A. Wayland was a firm believer in organization and political involvement at the grass roots level. Despite his national significance as a propagandist and educator, Wayland could in 1905 truthfully say, "I have taken no part in party matters—other than as a member of the Girard local." Street corner agitation and town hall lectures were the principle means he used to create favorable local sentiment. In view of the conservative nature of the Girard citizens and

the local press, their response to the Socialist agitation and the **Appeal's** editorials was surprisingly subdued. Wayland was recognized as one of the most substantial citizens of the town, and the prosperity and employment the **Appeal** brought to Girard undoubtedly did much to silence its critics.

One would assume the obligation of publicly criticizing the **Appeal** would naturally fall upon the editors of the Republican Girard **Press**, but no earnest attacks on the Socialist paper or its editorial staff were forthcoming. (A notable exception to this is an incident concerning George E. Boomer, an associate editor of the **Appeal**, who referred to the American flag as "a painted rag upon a stick." The hostility of the local press to the remark—taken out of context—was so extreme that Boomer left the city.) The **Press** often printed pejorative editorials critical of Socialism, but the local activities of the **Appeal** staff were generally reported as if they were more of a curiosity than a threat to the city's security or well being. The absence of the anticipated negative criticism by the press, however, bespeaks more than rural hospitality or journalistic immunity. The tremendous circulation of the **Appeal** meant big business for the Girard post office, and A.M. Wasser, associate editor of the **Press**, was also Girard's postmaster. Girard and the **Press**, in fact, used the success of the Socialist paper personally, whenever the situation merited. In November 1899, for example, the **Press** wrote: "Why up here in Girard we've one firm alone, The **Appeal to Reason**, that sends out more mail than the entire city of Pittsburg." The Pittsburg **Tribune** had noted, "The Girard papers are crowing because the post office at that point sends out more second-class mail matter than Pittsburg. The reason is that the national Socialist paper is located there and does the business of the town."

On July 1, 1900, owing entirely to the success of the **Appeal**, the Girard post office was elevated from third class to second class status, eventually to become the smallest city in the United States with a first class designation. In the **Appeal** Wayland wrote: "The postmaster's salary was \$1,700, and he paid all the clerk hire and office expenses; then (July 1) he will get \$2,000 and the department will pay all the clerks and expenses. The postmaster is a republican editor, but has filed no objection to receiving this salary from the socialist propaganda. The **Appeal** has no fault to find with the postmaster except his politics—and it is hard to 'find' them."

The people of Girard, for political and economic reasons then, were not hostile to the establishment of the **Appeal to Reason** in Girard. For Wayland, this meant workers were readily available—a necessary part of the paper's successful establishment. When the paper first began publication in Kansas City, its staff consisted of three people, but within a month of its relocation in Girard, circulation was so improved that eight employees were required to run the plant. Within a year of the move, its circulation had risen to nearly 25,000. Its daily receipts had increased from ten to fifty dollars, and Wayland was hopeful the paper's surplus would soon be able to wipe out the losses incurred during the first two years of its existence.

Wayland felt the **Appeal** was destined for unlimited success. Moving from T.T. Perry's small office, he rented a two-story brick building, twenty-five by one hundred and twenty feet. "The **Appeal** office is the largest in Kansas," he wrote, "and the largest socialist publishing plant in the world." By September 1899, though, the **Appeal** was receiving between 2,500 and 3,500 new subscriptions per week, and the building's capacity no longer seemed sufficient. With twenty-two people on the payroll (and soon it would be



thirty-five) and new equipment constantly being added, the building's entire ground floor became overcrowded with presses, engines, and other machinery. Wayland told his readers the **Appeal** was also "hard put for storeroom for paper. It has all the available store room in this town filled and paper stored in St. Louis besides." Plans for building a warehouse were discussed, but Wayland knew something more had to be done to keep up with the growth of the Socialist movement in order to provide it adequate literature. Therefore, in December 1899, he purchased the Larimor lot on the northwest corner of the square and made preparations to erect his own brick building, capable of housing his publishing plant. As the building progressed, Wayland made plans to upgrade his business management as well. He wrote, "The methods that had been used would not fit new conditions. The office will be moved into its own building in a few weeks, new machinery of improved pattern will be installed, the force will be classified and specialized, and the office put upon a footing than can handle half a million circulation without annoying delays and minimum of mistakes."

On March 1, 1900, Wayland's new building was ready for occupancy—the **Appeal to Reason's** successful establishment in Girard becoming visibly apparent.



Circulation did not reach a half million in 1900, but in June it went over one hundred thousand for the first time. Earlier, on January 20, 1900, Wayland had written, "The Appeal received a public acknowledgment from the business men here last week that it was the greatest thing in the city. Heretofore it had been ignored."



The new building was not to suffice the paper's need for long, however. On March 27, 1902, Walter Wayland purchased the "J.D. Barker business house on the southwest corner of the square," J.A. Wayland to retain a life interest in the property. It was not until July 1, however, that the **Appeal** moved into the two-story brick building with a new Century press and Peerless job press. As in the past, the **Appeal** routinely solicited manuscripts of new works to mass produce and distribute nationally. As a job printer, the **Appeal** plant

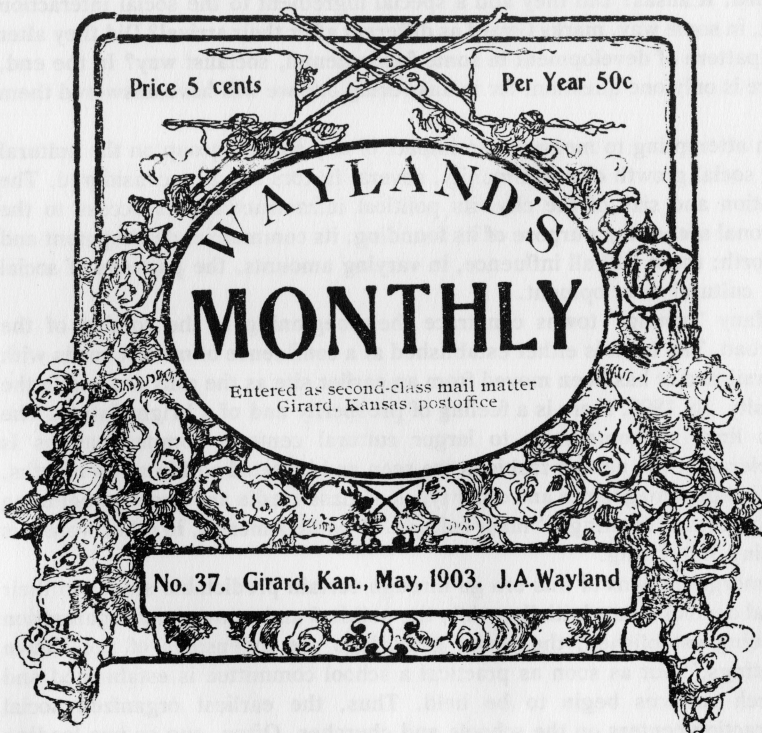
claimed to be the best equipped in the west, prepared to do pamphlet work for reformers at "prices below normal." As part of its distribution of literature, the **Appeal** also promoted the founding of nonpartisan Socialist Educational Societies, the principles and aims of which were "the study and dissemination of Socialist thought and the systematic distribution and circulation of Socialist literature." Begun in 1898, the program continued for a number of years with its text in American history being published by the **Appeal** in its new home in 1902.



But by 1907 it had again outgrown its quarters. On September 7, 1907, Wayland announced plans for a new building: twenty thousand feet of floor space containing seventy-two windows to provide the 150 employees "light, ventilation and comfort." Contracting builder was O.M. Southworth of Benton Harbor, Michigan. Wayland proclaimed it to be the "largest building in the west devoted exclusively to the publishing of a newspaper," and Jack London greeted the new home as "The Temple of the Revolution." The sobriquet antagonized many, who chose to ignore Wayland's earlier statement: "Our labor is yet purely educational. Our revolution will be accomplished by the ballot. We are against violence. We appeal to the reason of the man and not to the brute strength of man." Wayland's Socialism had been shaped mainly through works such as Laurence Gronlund's **The Co-operative Commonwealth**, Edward Bellamy's **Looking Backward**, and the writings of English philosopher John Ruskin. Unlike Marxian Socialists, who looked forward to a physical overthrowing of the capitalist government,

Wayland intended to work from within the system to cause an evolutionary and educationally-induced transformation of the competitive system into a co-operative commonwealth. "We cannot have peace in the midst of war," Wayland once wrote, "and competition is war. Christianity teaches nothing but brotherly love and effort—and unselfish effort is co-operation, and co-operation is socialism."

The first two Girard homes of the **Appeal** still stand. The next two are now the sites of banks; the fifth was destroyed by fire on the Fourth of July 1978. The home of J.A. Wayland is on the National Register of Historic Landmarks. Although little remains in a tangible way of the **Appeal to Reason**, J.A. Wayland's decision to establish it in Girard, Kansas, was notably successful. For Girard that decision brought within its city limits a significant national enterprise which was to add to the community's economy and historical prestige for twenty-five years. For the **Appeal**, even greater accomplishments than were ever hoped for by its founder and editor lay in the years ahead. In its own day, the paper became recognized throughout the nation as a significant political power. Today we recognize it as an organ of reform. Certainly the colorful years of the **Appeal's** history deserve not to be forgotten or ignored.



The Social Impact of the Socialists on Girard, by Gene E. Vollen



In spite of the implications of the title of this paper, certain questions must be asked: Did the Socialists, indeed, bring a new social and cultural life to Girard, Kansas? Did they add a special ingredient to the social interaction that, in some way, marks Girard as different after their arrival? Did they alter the pattern of development in some fundamental, socialist way? In the end, there is only one question, for in answering one we will have answered them all.

In attempting to measure the impact of any special group on the cultural and social growth of a community, several factors must be considered. The location and size of the city, its political infrastructure, its access to the national scene, the purpose of its founding, its commercial development and so forth; these will all influence, in varying amounts, the patterns of social and cultural development.

Many "young" towns can trace their beginning to the coming of the railroad. The town is either established at a confluence of market roads with the railroad or has been moved from an earlier site as the rails are laid in the vicinity. By 1890, there is a feeling of prosperity and of a bright future. The rails link the community to larger cultural centers, communications is accelerated, the newest fashions are seen and imitated within a few months, and national magazines and other types of mass media are already beginning the process of creating a "mass culture." Middle America, in other words, is coming into being.

Emerging towns of this era go through certain predictable stages in their social development. Initially, while the political and commercial organization is being established, the social gatherings are extensions of the "town meetings," but as soon as practical a school committee is established and church services begin to be held. Thus, the earliest organized social interaction centers on the schools and churches. Often, one or two leading

families form an additional center. This is especially true when there is a specific founder or if the community has the characteristics of a "company town." Soon, however, a leader or leaders will emerge. He will be a business man, a large land owner, a clergyman, etc., and these additional centers of social activity will be added to the original two.

Once the social fabric is established, a need for cultural enhancement is felt. This usually coincides with the establishment of a newspaper or some other organ for dissemination of local news and information concerning national affairs. Often, someone begins to teach piano and voice lessons. This may be a schoolteacher, the minister's wife, or the wife of someone attracted to the community because of its potential. Formal music training in the public schools is still in the future, but these youngsters will begin including music, poetry, and drama in their regularly scheduled programs. These programs, along with the private recitals scheduled by the local music teacher, will form the first socially acceptable formal entertainment.

Talented performers will emerge and take a leading role in dramatic and musical presentations and there will be a definite, locally colored cultural life. At some point, depending upon the prosperity, professional performers will begin to be engaged or the town will subscribe to a "performance circuit." Thus, while the local culture will remain preeminent, the entertainment will be influenced by national or regional trends and fashions. It won't be until the advent of radio and other means of mass communication that the characteristics of the local culture will be totally submerged into a larger, national mass culture.

With this as a setting, we can look at Girard, Kansas, as it existed prior to 1896, when J.A. Wayland arrived to begin the "Socialist" period of its history. From the demographic details presented in the previous papers, you may have already begun to realize that the growth patterns of Girard are not typical. It is not that Girard did not go through the stages of development already described, but that the development was dramatically telescoped in time; that which normally took years took only a matter of weeks or, one gets the feeling, a matter of hours or even minutes to reach a certain level of maturity. Almost from the beginning, Girard displays a mature social and cultural pattern. To be certain, the cultural pattern is mixed and not truly indigenous to the area, but it quickly becomes fixed to match that of the surrounding communities which are experiencing the same rapid developments and feeling the same growing pains. Girard, is, moreover, the county seat, the political center. It is no wonder that forward looking men, men adept at planning and carrying out these plans, are attracted to this community in the center of Crawford County. And, most importantly, they are accompanied by their families.

By the time the Waylands arrive, the schools are fully developed, recognizing talent and scholarship through notices in the newspaper; a conservatory of music with three teachers is well established and already giving biannual recitals; there are several churches serving the religious and social needs of the community; an important social interaction among the

women of Girard is taking place in regularly scheduled "club" meetings; the men of Girard have developed their social interrelationship through participation in church groups and business organizations which are designed to promote the commercial interests of the community.

In reviewing the notices printed in the Girard **Press** from 1896 until 1912 (an extremely important source of information relating to the questions we are attempting to answer), we are struck by the prominence with which the names of Socialists and members of their families appear in connection with the established social groups within the community. In spite of opposing political views, the Socialists are readily accepted into the local social order, not only as participants, but as leaders.

On December 14, 1896, Mr. Wayland arrived and checked into the Hotel St. James. On December 23, his family joined him to stay temporarily with Dr. and Mrs. P.G. Sawyer. On January 1, 1897, they will move into their new home in Higgle Park. W.F. Phelps arrived at the same time to be employed in the **Appeal to Reason** office and to take over the management of the city's Opera House. In a notice dated January 28, 1897, Mr. Phelps is described as a "hustler who is endeavoring to give the people of Girard some good attractions." By March of that year, Walter, J.A.'s second son, is listed along those students who have been neither absent or tardy, and Mrs. Wayland's illness is reported. Listed prominently on the program given for the closing of school on May 21, we find Walter and his younger sister, Olive, performing a vocal duet and Walter taking part in ensemble singing. Thus, we can also follow Jon Wayland, J.A.'s older, son, through an active social life and into courtship and marriage. Walter can be seen finishing school locally and going on to business school in Parsons, and later, to Law School at the University of Michigan. J.A. is seen as an active community supporter. In July of 1897, for instance, he joined a committee to produce a six-day Band Fair. The local Knights of Pythias band was the host and the recipient of uniforms, the fund raising for which was the reason for organizing the festival. Mr. Wayland was also actively supportive of the local library. In April 1899, he donated several volumes and was accused of trying to get Socialist literature before the people. A survey of the titles, however, shows a larger number of the books to be on geography and travel.

A list of this sort tends to become one-sided, which may give the impression that the Waylands and other Socialists became predominant. We can see, in the same notices, however, that their involvement is shared by non-Socialist families. On the Winter Concert of the Conservatory (January 31, 1899), fifteen-year-old Walter performed Gustave Lange's "Pearls of Dew," but two works by Dr. H.W. Haldeman were performed by Ralph Haines. Dr. Haldeman was an accomplished pianist and had studied at the University of Leipzig. The many parties and dances held for the young people of the community also show an equal mix of Socialist and non-Socialist family members. I have been unable to locate a copy of "Pearls of Dew," but I would like to perform Lange's "The Flower Song" as representative of the

salon style popular at the time. While not quite "sentimental," these characteristic pieces, as they are called, express a certain sentiment.

The teachers at the Conservatory included Miss Willie Warner, teacher of voice, as well as Mrs. K. Potter and Miss Julia M. Johnson, teacher of piano. Miss Warner, along with her sister, Mrs. Volney Boaz* an independent vocal teacher, had studied in Boston. In the March 3, 1898, issue of the **Press**, Girard is congratulated for being "way ahead" of its sister communities in providing quality instruction in music. Jane Grant, a local girl whose father owned a farm north of town and, later, operated a grocery store in the city, studied voice with Mrs. Boaz. It was determined that she should go to New York City to study and develop a career. Miss Willie Warner had married and was residing in New York by this time, and Miss Grant was to stay with her. Soon after Jane arrived, however, Miss Warner died, and Jane took a secretarial course to support herself. She went on to become a co-founder of the **New Yorker** magazine.

In 1903, a remarkable young woman joined the staff of the **Appeal** to edit a column entitled "Hints to the Appeal's Wise Woman." Josephine Conger was born in Centralia, Missouri. She grew up with poetry and music and, in fact, studied music at the University in Columbia. She went on to develop her journalistic ability which eventually brought her to Girard. Her message was especially well received by the women of the Midwest and West. She preached Christian virtues, emancipation of women, Socialistic viewpoints, femininity, motherhood, and family. In other words, one could be a social agitator and remain true to the traditional role of women in society. This was not all: she and her readers believed that women were to be the principal agents in the great Socialistic transformation extending their role as protector of the family to that of the larger social family, the state. It is probable that Conger's ever-enlarging appeal to women and J.A.'s well-known interest in attracting women to the cause were the inspiration for a promotional scheme in 1906. In that year, from August 29 to September 30 (at six p.m.), the **Appeal** held a subscription contest for women only. The woman who sent in the largest number of "new" subscriptions would receive, as a prize, a new "Wing" piano valued at \$1,100. This must have been a handsome piano, since one could purchase a fine upright piano for two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars in that year. The Wing Piano Co. was founded as Doan, Wing and Cushing in New York City in 1868 and continued as a "factory sales only" establishment until 1928. An entry blank for this contest is displayed here this evening, but I'm afraid you're a little too late to enter. The piano may have been ordered through Harry Bevans, J.A.'s brother-in-law, also a prominent Socialist publisher, whose music store in Mulberry burned on July 11, 1907.

*Mrs. Boaz is listed in Jane Grant's autobiography, **Ross, the New Yorker, and Me** (New York: Ryenal & Co., 1968), as Willie Warner's sister. According to William Cuthbertson, who has consulted records in Girard, Miss Warner and Mrs. Potter were sisters, being the daughters of the founder of the Girard **Press**. He believes Mrs. Boaz to have been a Garner. This is being checked.

PIANO CONTEST BLANK.



Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas

Enter me as a contestant for the \$1,100.00 Wing Piano to be given to the woman who sends in the largest number of subscribers from August 29th to September 30th, 1906.

Name

St. or P. O. Box

City

Contest commences August 29, 1906
Contest ends September 30, 1906, 6 p. m.

State

IMPORTANT—This blank should be signed and returned at once.

In June 1907, Miss Conger with her husband, the Japanese Socialist, Kiichi Kaneko, launched a magazine called **The Socialist Woman**. This brought her, eventually, into greater national prominence. In 1909, she changed the magazine's name to **The Progressive Woman**. This was to attract an even larger readership, but coincides with her being eased out of the National Women's Committee because of her appeal to agrarian women and the middle and far westerners. She left Girard again in 1912 for Chicago when the **Appeal** ceased publishing separate periodicals. Miss Conger's philosophy and view of the world was perhaps one of the reasons why she and the other Socialists were so readily accepted into Girard society.

An interesting pair of notices appeared in the **Press** in March 1910. Mr. James L. Warner had invented a "violin-piano" and had established offices and a workshop over a millinery shop on the square. He had applied for foreign patents and had just received a finished instrument that he had caused to be constructed by the Tryber Piano Company of Chicago, which eventually became part of Storey and Clark. This instrument would have been invented early in the era of coin-operated musical instruments, but no further record of it has been found. We hope to obtain the patent descriptions and check to see if Mr. Warner sold these to any of the many companies that produced automatic instruments up through the 1920s.

At the end of the first decade of the nineteenth century, Girard began to export aspects of its cultural life, or, at least, began to export people who, like Jane Grant, were intent upon a professional career. Marcet Haldeman, Dr. H.W. Haldeman's daughter, was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City on March 15, 1910. By October of that year, she was engaged as a professional actress by the Cecil B. DeMille Theatrical Company and on tour in Eastern cities such as Washington, New Haven, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, etc., in a play called **The Land of the Free**. She remained an actress until her mother's death brought her back to Girard in 1915.

By this time, the social infrastructure was well established, and one does find an extraordinary number of Socialists and their families taking an active role. This is not surprising when you consider that the **Appeal** employed around one hundred people and that the Girard Manufacturing Company was a Wayland-backed enterprise. In other words, a larger proportion of the residents of Girard were either Socialist or dependent upon them for their livelihood. Another company, backed by Socialist money, was Henry L. Call's Aerial Navigation Company of America. It was reported that Girard was the scene of the first attempt west of the Mississippi to build an airplane. The Call plant was, at one time, the third largest in the world. Mrs. Emma Johns Call, his second wife, is remarkable in her own right. She may be the Emma Johns of Carthage, who is reported as the teacher of three of the outstanding ragtime pianists to come from that area. H.L. Call came to Girard in February 1908, but we don't read much about his wife until she entertained the ladies of the Rebekah Lodge with piano solos and three "select" readings on February 3, 1910. The **Appeal to Reason** prints a notice of a meeting on August 4, 1908, during which Mrs. Call sang a Socialist campaign song, entitled "Genial 'Gene," written by Charles Lincoln Phifer and composed by Mrs. Call, which was well received. Here are the words to that song:

Genial 'Gene, our Victor Debs,
We join our hands with you,
The proletaire, the social rebs,
Who bring the order new.
Heart and hand, through all the land,
And all the world around.
The hearty hand, the brother band,
Wherever want is found.

'Gene, 'Gene, genial 'Gene,
With heart and vision true,
You love men
And men love you,
And president
They'll make you, too,
Genial 'Gene.

Victor Debs and victory!
The ballot box—that's how.
In Woodstock jail you did not fail,
And we'll not fail you now.
Down with the hard, cold money lord,
The iron rule of gold!
From those who rob we'll wrest our job,
And our full product hold.

A notice follows that "we have published the words with notes in sheet music form in tasteful and suitable covers to sell for 25c each; six for one dollar."

In the February 17, 1910, issue of the Girard **Press**, Mrs. Call advertised for students:

Lessons in Music

Elocution, Languages

Will be given by Mrs. Emma Johns Call

at her home, Higgin's Place, Girard, Kansas

Those interested, call in person or by phone for information as to time and tuition. Music and readings furnished for concerts, musicales, lodges and societies.

From then until early 1911, almost every issue lists one or more performances and reports the great esteem in which she was held. On March 17, for instance, she performed an "International Medley," consisting of "La Marseilles," "The Rustling (sic) of Spring" by Sinding, and an original arrangement of "Annie Laurie" at the Court House Sunday afternoon when Paul H. Castle lectured. Immediately after, assisted by Helen and Pauline Byrd, Mrs. Call gave a concert in Coffeyville and gave three readings at a meeting of the Twentieth-Century Club in Girard. It was announced in the March 24 issue that the ladies were going to repeat the Coffeyville concert in Vinita, Oklahoma. In May, Mrs. Call performed in Chetopa in connection with another lecture. She was in Eureka Springs on July 7 and planning to leave immediately for a Chautauqua tour of Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas. It is easy to trace the outward spiral of Mrs. Call's concert career. She would have been considered an outstanding pianist in any age. Some of her programs call for almost superhuman endurance, but she seemed to relish the challenge. On October 27, 1910, Mrs. Call performed for the Pittsburg Treble Clef Club. Her program consisted of Beethoven's **Moonlight Sonata**, his **Pathetique Sonata**, and his **Appassionata Sonata** (three of the largest works in the repertoire) and then, to show her ability on the lighter side, performed MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." She finished by performing the "Nightingale Trill," a technical **tour de force** in which the trill is performed with the third and fifth fingers of the right hand while the other three fingers performed the melody.

In 1909, Walter Wayland, now twenty-five years old, published (under his own name) a pair of compositions. It is very possible, and as we are able to find more evidence, even probable, that Mrs. Call was giving him piano instruction. The first piece, "Kissing Time," is a typical popular song of the era, but solidly constructed, displaying its composer's knowledge of music. The second composition, "Billy Possum" is a true ragtime piece. While not quite as sophisticated as some of Scott Joplin's rags, it is an excellent example of its style. I'd like to play it for you now.

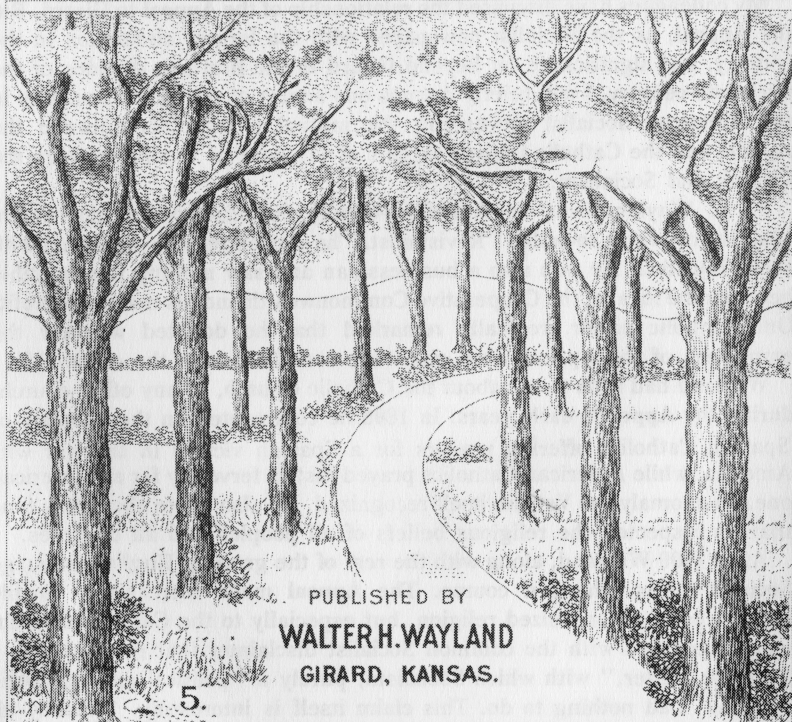
By now, it can be seen that the answer to our original question is not very clear. Our response must be both yes and no. No, the Socialists did not radicalize the social fabric of Girard. They had no need to. The Socialists wanted the same things as those that preceded them—community development, commercial growth, a safe place for their children and families, and an environment which would foster their education. And, yes, Girard

would not have been the same had Mr. Wayland settled elsewhere. Numbers alone would have made a difference, and we can be certain that the patterns would have been demonstrably different.

BILLY POSSUM

TWO STEP

BY WALTER H. WAYLAND



PUBLISHED BY

WALTER H. WAYLAND

GIRARD, KANSAS.

5.

J.A. Wayland, the Appeal, and the Catholic Church: One Phase of a Wider View, by Rev. Raymond Joyce



My colleagues have discussed the relationship of the **Appeal** to Girard. But the **Appeal**, as the Socialist newspaper with the largest circulation in the country, had significance far beyond Girard in the first two decades of the twentieth century. I will briefly discuss one aspect of the paper's activity in the American Socialist movement: the mutual antagonism between the **Appeal** and the Catholic Church as part of the general rivalry between the Church and Socialism.

J. A. Wayland was an American-variety Socialist. Not a doctrinaire Marxist, or even a so-called "Revisionist," he was extremely concerned with social injustice. He was also a businessman and saw nothing incompatible between the ideal of the Cooperative Commonwealth and his making a profit. One Catholic editor ironically remarked that he doubted whether the employees of the **Appeal** were given the combination to the office safe.

Wayland had little to say about the Catholic Church, or any other church, during the **Appeal's** early years. In 1898 he commented on the anomaly of Spanish Catholics offering prayers for a Spanish victory in the war with America, while American Catholics prayed just as fervently for an American one, an anomaly the Vatican itself recognized. He also wrote about this time that he respected the religious beliefs of all peoples and all churches.

After 1900 Wayland, along with the rest of the growing English-language Socialist press, changed course. The **Appeal** made increasingly hostile references to all organized religion, but especially to the Catholic Church, usually coupled with the common Socialist disclaimer that religion was a "private matter," with which Socialism, purely a "political and economic system," had nothing to do. This claim itself is interesting. Virtually all European and most American Socialist writers who discussed religion used this device. But further exploration of their writings indicates that they meant

only that Socialism did not oppose personal religious sentiment or feeling which would "wither away" in any case with the passing of the capitalist system. However, they were **very** opposed to **organized** religion, particularly to churches which insisted that their communicants believe in doctrines and moral principles which impacted on or influenced secular life, e.g., defense of private property and the impossibility of a purely secular utopia, a heaven on earth which was the culmination of classical Marxism.

After the turn of the century, the American Catholic hierarchy and press, for the most part perceiving Socialism as a Marxist monolith, intensified its already strong opposition as membership in the new Socialist Party increased and Socialism's influence in the country seemed to grow. The Catholic press and pulpit were soon recognized as one of the American Socialist movement's principal enemies.

The **Appeal** and almost all other Socialist papers and journals enthusiastically responded and reenforced individual writers, like Rev. George Herron, who were already on the attack. As the Catholic press, sometimes hysterically, charged Socialism with attempting to abolish the family, fostering "free love," menacing private property, attacking religion, and causing Eleanor Marx to commit suicide, the Socialist press with the **Appeal** in the forefront briskly countered. Socialist writers gave lurid accounts of indiscretions and crimes, some real, some imagined, of Catholic priests, detailed oppressive acts of Catholic businessmen against their employees, and hurled personal, sometimes savage, criticism at the Catholic hierarchy and individual bishops. Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, for example, was a favorite Socialist target for "hobnobbing with the rich" who ravaged his flock. There were also articles by organized religion-baiters among Socialists, such as Alfred Morrow Lewis, who went to great efforts to expose the "unscientific nature" of Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. Other articles by Marxist ideologues, such as Ernest Untermann, attacked religion on Marxist grounds, but except for a few very highly theoretical journals, such as **The International Socialist Review**, the Socialist press carried considerably fewer of the latter, though the **Appeal** published its share.

Occasionally, the **Appeal** would make a "full-dress onslaught" on the Church. These became increasingly bitter over the years, until Fred D. Warren's contrite series of editorials in 1914, wherein he practically apologized for the paper's anti-Catholic tone which he blamed entirely on the late J.A. Wayland. The Catholic press was delighted with Warren's admissions and pointed out that they had said the same thing about Wayland and the **Appeal** for years.

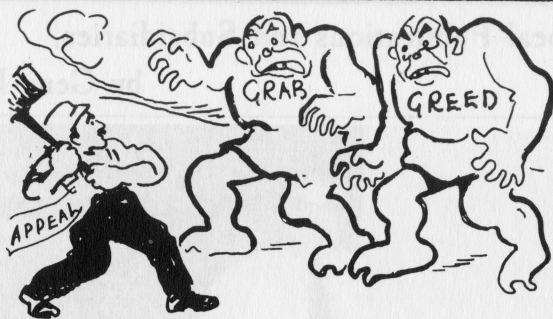
We will offer a couple of examples of the **Appeal's** more famous forays against the "Roman menace." Along with the secular press, the **Appeal** made much of the so-called "Friars' Lands" controversy in the Philippines in the earliest years of the century. The issue was the disposition of a great deal of real estate which several Catholic religious orders had owned in the

islands. The U.S. Government had expelled the orders because of their Spanish affiliations and had confiscated their property. The question was how to dispose of the lands and whether and by how much the orders should be compensated. The **Appeal** and other publications used the occasion to attack the Church and made use of a document called "Senate Document 190," which accused the orders and the Church itself of horrendous crimes against the Philippine people. The indictment was a Senate document in the sense that it was given to a Senate committee dealing with the land question by an American Protestant group. The **Appeal** and other papers, however, implied that it was an official committee report, which it clearly was not.

Then in 1908, the **Appeal** devoted a great deal of at least half a dozen issues before the Presidential election of that year to an "expose" of the alleged ties of the Republican Presidential candidate, William Howard Taft, with the Catholic Church. Dr. Neet has pointed out to me that this was a burning topic, even for the secular press, but, interestingly enough, even the Socialist press devoted much less space to it than did the **Appeal**. For a paper which proclaimed itself religiously neutral, this is somewhat extraordinary. Unfortunately for the Socialist Party, the paper's campaign backfired in the opinion of several Socialists who blamed the poor showing of the party's national ticket in the election partially on the **Appeal**. They claimed that in some heavily Catholic areas of the country, priests distributed bundles of the paper to their parishioners before the election to illustrate the Socialist Party's anti-Catholic nature. The **Appeal** offered no apologies and continued its anti-Catholic policy.

When the Catholic press took note of the **Appeal**, which was not as often as one might think, given the paper's tone and circulation, it was virtually always in terms ranging from outright derision to positive contempt. More than one editor referred to it as "nauseating," while others used the popular "Appeal to Treason" label. Humphrey Desmond, editor of the progressive Milwaukee **Catholic Citizen** emphasized several times that the **Appeal** was more a commercial than a Socialist venture, and that it pandered to anti-Catholic feeling for profit. However, he and several other Catholic editors opposed the Federal Government's prosecution of Warren in 1912 because it violated freedom of the press. The fact that Wayland helped bankroll **The Menace**, a professedly anti-Catholic publication which was very popular in the country after 1910, made him an even larger target for Catholic journalists. **The Menace** was not a Socialist publication, but some Catholic writers thought it was, partly because of the connection of Wayland and other **Appeal** personnel with it.

Despite the warnings of Catholic press and pulpit, the **Appeal** had its share of Catholic readers, as the strength and frequency of exhortations indicate. Occasionally letters to the editor would be signed by "Catholic Socialists," who declared that they indeed took their religion from Rome, but their politics from Socialism, as the **Appeal** and other Socialist organs urged them to do. Much more rarely, letters from "Catholics" or "Catholic Socialists"



would chide the paper for its anti-Catholic positions, because this harmed the Socialist cause among loyal Catholic workers. The editors, in turn, continually assured the Catholic public that the paper's quarrel was not with the Catholic people, but with their clergy and bishops, a favorite response of Socialists generally and later Catholic-baiters, such as Paul Blanshard, who himself came from a Socialist background.

Though the Socialist press generally tried to reach Catholic workers, the policy of much of it, the **Appeal** included, was scarcely calculated to win Catholic support. Surprisingly, influential Socialists, some of whom had Catholic ties, failed to realize the influence of at least the Irish and German segments of the Catholic clergy on those national groups particularly. Socialists did make much of the three priests who formally joined the Socialist Party after 1900 and tried to use them as examples of clergy support for Socialism. However, for whatever reasons, the great majority of Catholic working people of all nationalities just did not take the Socialist bait, despite the awful social injustices which victimized many of them, injustices which Socialists, including the editors and writers of the **Appeal**, genuinely tried to address, sometimes, though by no means always, single-handedly.

In studying the situation, I am impressed by the degree of fear with which Church leaders, like Archbishop Ireland, labor leaders, like Samuel Gompers, and politicians, like Theodore Roosevelt, as well as many capitalists, regarded Socialism. Yet one wonders just how great a danger it really was, given Americans' traditional dislike for "foreign" collectivist ideology, the American dream of the individual "striking it rich," and the powerful opposition not only of the Catholic Church, but of virtually the entire middle class "establishment," which was at the same time strongly supporting the ameliorating reforms of the contemporary Progressive Movement. But one also wonders whether the increasing efforts of a minority of Catholics to implement the positive social reform program of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical, **Rerum Novarum**, and even the efforts of the Progressive Movement itself, would have been quite so strenuous without the goad of radicals, such as J.A. Wayland, Eugene Debs, and other members of the American Socialist movement, for whom the **Appeal** was such an important means of communication.

The Appeal Publications and Subsidiaries,

by Gene DeGruson



J.A. Wayland, like his successor E. Haldeman-Julius, was a genius at advertising. But unlike H-J, Wayland did not utilize the nation's largest newspapers and magazines to reach the public. This may be, of course, because his paper was itself one of the nation's most widely distributed weeklies. Rather, he enlisted the aid of his readers to solicit funds and sell subscriptions a bundle at a time, placing the reins of leadership in the capable hands of Grace Brewer through what they called the "Appeal Army." The Army's Bundle Brigade proved to be an extremely effective and efficient vehicle.

While most think of the **Appeal** as a single newspaper, in reality it was many, for from 1904 to 1914 there were from four to eighteen editions of each issue (as Dr. Neet has shown in her recent dissertation). In addition to the **Appeal**, Wayland edited and published the **Wayland Monthly**, the **One-Hoss Philosophy**, **Studies in Socialism Quarterly**, plus untold hundreds of pamphlets, broadsides, translations, books, and cards annually. The number of advertised publications for the year 1908 alone, for example, was over eight hundred titles—only two hundred of which are cataloged in the nation's collections for study and evaluation.

Further, the **Appeal** did job printing for individuals and organizations, such as the United Mine Workers of America. One especially rare book is Alexander Howat's **The Industrial Slave Law of Kansas** (Pittsburg: United Mines Workers of America, District 14, 1921). This book of three hundred pages protested the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, established by a law enacted under Governor Henry J. Allen, which effectively took striking away from the laborer as a legal means of protest. According to contemporary accounts, 400,000 copies of this book were printed (to sell at \$1.25), but repeated searches by labor historians and librarians have failed to locate a copy.

The **Appeal** offered numerous "premiums" to induce people to subscribe. These included statues of such diverse figures as those of Eugene V. Debs in bronze and Henry Dubbs (the bad-luck worker) cast in chalk. The **Appeal** also awarded to the club or individual selling the most subscriptions during a given period prizes ranging from gold-filled watches with the Socialist emblem engraved on them to farms in Arkansas, Texas, or Florida—not to mention a house in Girard just off the square.

From this hasty overview, one would assume the Socialists of Girard would have had enough to keep them busy without further enterprises. But they hadn't. In addition to an impressive and active lending library, the newspaper also sponsored a school for immigrants, teaching them the rudiments of the English language and an outline of American history which they would need to gain their naturalization papers. Through Fort Scott-based lawyer Jacob I. Sheppard and Clarence Darrow, they supported a law education program, sponsoring many young people like Caroline Lowe, a Kansas City, Kansas, schoolteacher, who ended her days in Pittsburg working for the Socialist law firm of Callery and Callery. Before she settled down, however, Miss Lowe traveled across the nation defending I.W.W. members, or Wobblies, a violent splinter group of the Socialist Labor Party who believed in anarchy—a philosophy rejected by the majority of the Girard Socialists as heartily as they rejected Communism. Nevertheless, they believed in the right of anyone to an able defense before the law, no matter what the accused's political or philosophical leanings. They provided legal council for many who otherwise could not have afforded it.

Again through the leadership of Grace Brewer, the **Appeal** sponsored a lecture bureau, sending not only Caroline Lowe and George Brewer across the nation preaching the gospel of Socialism, but also Kate Richards O'Hare, Eugene V. Debs, and scores of other powerful orators, who, incidentally, also sold subscriptions to the **Appeal**. They financed muckraking investigations into crime and corruption. The most famous, no doubt, culminated in the publication of Upton Sinclair's **The Jungle**, which the **Appeal** commissioned for five hundred dollars, serialized in its weekly pages, and finally published in book form. Although a thousand copies of the novel were printed, bound in red covers, and autographed by the author, not a copy is known to exist today, although I am sure that in some attic there is not one but several copies awaiting discovery. As early as February 6, 1905, Fred D. Warren wrote Ellis O. Jones of Columbus, Ohio, "I feel quite confident that this book will make an epoch in the history of American literature. It is written with a definite purpose in view, that of arousing the working class to a realization of their condition, yet there is no rant and no sermons in it. It is simply an interesting story such as the average man would like to read, but nevertheless it carries with it conviction."

Warren was to regret publishing **The Jungle** because of the personal difficulties he and the **Appeal** had with the temperamental author, difficulties which were even harder to hurdle because Walter Wayland inadvertently

misplaced the contract. But the book was not only translated into seventeen languages, but accelerated the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act, as well as the Meat Inspection Act of 1906, under President Theodore Roosevelt, who had earlier used all his forces to attack the **Appeal** for reforms he eventually chose to endorse. Some of the old **Appeal** staff lived to see Upton Sinclair invited once again to the White House in 1967, when President Lyndon B. Johnson signed the Wholesome Meat Act into law.

While the end results of the **Jungle** crusade were beneficial to virtually every citizen of the United States, a pure food and drug law was really not the aim of the Girard Socialists—nor that of Sinclair's. Their main target had been the economic conditions of the workers in the meat-packing industry. Wayland envisioned a world in which "men and women would no longer make private wealth the aim of life, but would seek the honor for good deeds done for all, of which they would be adored by a nation of intelligent, happy, progressive people. Great deeds," Wayland said, "are never done for money, but no great deed will ever be done while money rules the world, except in rare instances by 'peculiar' individuals." It is therefore not surprising that Wayland encouraged the forty-five-year-old Socialist economist Walter Thomas Mills to establish his International School of Social Economics in Girard. To survive in the world at the turn of the century, Wayland felt that it was essential for the workingman to have a firm grasp on the way the economy functioned. To get this education, they would require teachers, much as a society that needs to know its language and mathematics must establish what were then called "normal schools" for the teachers of such subjects. The choice of a founder for the school was not difficult. For some time Walter Thomas Mills had written articles on world finance for the **Appeal**. Accordingly, on October 9, 1901, his school for informed Socialist agitators and teachers was opened in the rooms above the Girard Furniture Company. The school was supported by the **Appeal** with stories and advertisements; Wayland provided funds to operate the Girard campus and entertained the students at his home. On Saturday afternoons the student body took to the streets of Girard and surrounding communities to give soap box orations on the practical benefits of Socialism. The school cheer echoed through otherwise sedate neighborhoods:

I.S.S.E.!
Bis! Boom! Bah!
Socialism! Socialism!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

When the school closed its firm term on December 31, 1901, two notable students—Kate Richards and Frank O'Hare—were married in a ceremony held at the Wayland home. The O'Hares went on to form their own Socialist paper, the **National Rip-Saw**, in St. Louis, and Mrs. O'Hare, after imprisonment for sedition, became a noted prison reformer.

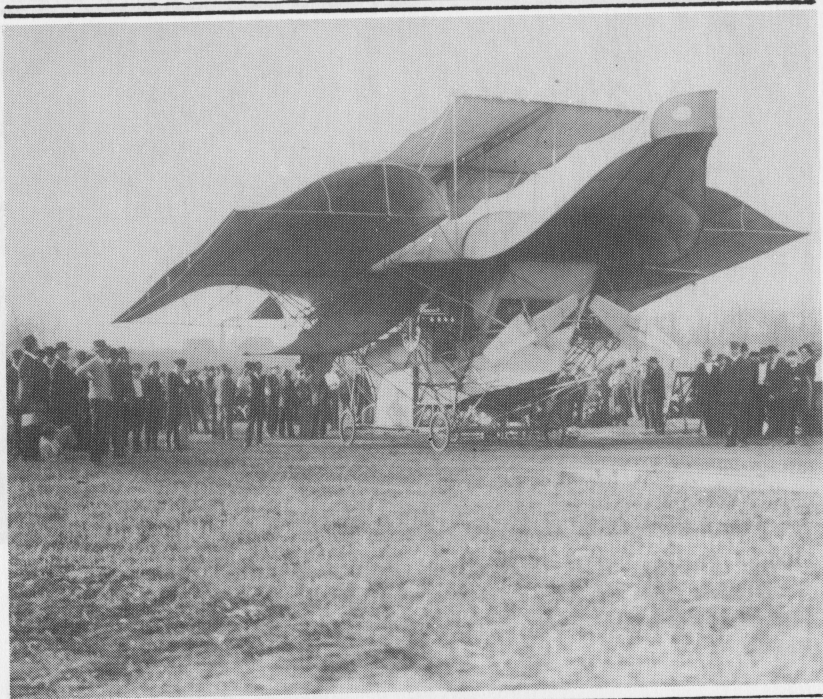
Armed with the assurance that the International School of Social Economics was a practical way of getting teachers to educate the public,



Walter Thomas Mills [insert] and the International School of Social Economics class of 1903, Argentine, Kansas. Photograph courtesy of Pittsburg State University Special Collections, gift of Annabelle Callery Baxter.

Mills moved his school to San Francisco for its second twelve-week course. He next established it in Rosedale and Argentine, Kansas, where it operated for two terms. In 1904, the course was taken to Chicago, in 1906 to Seattle, and finally in 1907 (until Mills' death in 1942) to Los Angeles, where students thereafter had to trek to take its course of study. It is not insignificant that the first home and training grounds for this institution that lasted a little over forty years was at what Mills called "the fountainhead of American Socialism," Girard, Kansas, "the home of the little old **Appeal**."

By 1910 the three main payrolls in Girard were the **Appeal**, the Aerial Navigation Company of America, and the Girard Manufacturing Company. The Navigation Company was perhaps the most novel Socialist venture of the twentieth century. Coming to Girard in February 1908 to build an airship to carry Wayland and his comrades to the Chicago convention in May, Henry Laurens Call used all his powers as a lawyer, economist, and inventor to persuade the town's businessmen that his was a practical proposal. Fred D. Warren arranged a meeting at which Call raised the \$2,500 he needed to finish his project. Plans did not rapidly solidify into reality, however. The **Girard Press**, referring to the first airship as the "May-Fly," sarcastically revealed that this was a Socialist-based project and cited several reasons for supporting it: to batter down tariff walls, so the **Appeal to Reason** could bring in free wood pulp and thereby reduce the price of newsprint; to fly in tobacco and thus reduce the price of the **Appeal** cigar to two for a nickel; to establish a Socialist Aerial Navy whereby to capture kings and queens (but



especially the Czar) and sentence them to four years' hard labor in Richardson's clothes pin factory.

We might digress from the fascinating airship a moment to examine the references to cigars and clothes pins. These were products of the Girard Manufacturing Company, established by Wayland and E.N. Richardson in September 1904. The company was financed on eight hundred shares purchased by the editor, his work force, and readers. Its first product was Nutrito, a roasted cereal grain product which served as a coffee substitute—much like the later Postum. (The company was also politically active in support of the **Appeal's** Colorado Campaign of 1906, an effort to elect William Haywood, labor leader and founder of the Industrial Workers of the World, as governor of Colorado. The Girard Manufacturing Company donated all moneys taken in for samples of Nutrito for the month of September to the campaign fund.) A second product was Nutal, a pressed cottonseed oil guaranteed not to become rancid since it contained no animal fat (the word "nonchlorestrial" had not yet come into fashion). These products were followed by Nutreola (a ready-mixed biscuit preparation), Appeal soap, a whirley bird for children, wire clothespins, and Appeal to Reason cigars (a box of fifty retailing for two dollars). With a major fire in 1912, the Girard Manufacturing Company went out of business, to reopen briefly in Fort Scott, Kansas, where on July 15, 1914, Jake Sheppard was to open his **Appeal**-associated People's College.

Meanwhile, back at the plane factory, the craft was finally finished on July 9, 1908. The huge and impressive canvass-covered bird was pulled east along Forest Avenue for testing, but after going only half a block, a wheel fell off. After a quick repair, the craft was taken to a nearby pasture for its test. The engines failed; Call began remodeling the "Great Dream," as he called his plane, which was again ready to go in November. Tragedy struck, however, when H.W. Strubble was killed on the second of November during the last engine experiment of the day. Undaunted, Call began another craft, which the Girard **Press** promptly labeled the "Why-Not." On June 7, 1909, the aircraft was successfully tested, followed by a second test on July 19, when an engine again failed. It was not until December 23 of that year that the next test occurred—and the propellers flew apart.

The last of Call's Girard projects was a monoplane in 1912. On September 30, this plane reached the heights of one hundred and fifty feet before it crashed. Call moved for further experimentation to Wyoming, where he was killed in an aviation accident in 1917.

Connected with the Aerial Navigation Company, however, was the Aerial Machine Shop, established for supplemental income to help defray the ever-increasing expenses of the parent company. The shop gradually became so well equipped with the latest machinery that it was able to do both wood and metal work and became a viable part of the community repairing automobiles, mining machinery, revolvers, cash registers, pianos, locks, and roller skates. It paid its way and that of the doomed airships.

After the death of J.A. Wayland in 1912, the paper was published by Jon and Walter Wayland until 1917, when it was purchased by Louis Kopelin and E. Haldeman-Julius. In 1919 Emanuel and Marcet Haldeman-Julius purchased it outright. At that point begins the story of the Little Blue Books—a project which changed the reading habits of America as much as J.A. and the **Appeal** changed its social consciousness. In January 1923 the **Appeal** was renamed the **Haldeman-Julius Weekly**, which, while promoting social reform to an enviable degree, no longer did so under the Socialist banner. By 1923 the Socialist movement was all but dead in Southeast Kansas, its proposed reforms, however, slowly and inevitably becoming a way of life nationwide.

Both J.A. Wayland and E. Haldeman-Julius will be recognized for their achievements in the forthcoming encyclopedia of American reformers to be published by the H.W. Wilson Company of New York. I find it curious and interesting that their work which influenced an entire nation emanated from a tiny town in the heart of America, Girard, Kansas.



Pelicans over the Missouri

Far from any ocean
pelicans whirl above
the river, climbing
a pillar of air.

For thousands of years
they have left the nest,
the familiar sea, behind,
the migration never ending.

Looking at them, your feet
leave the earth.

They show you the way back
with their wings.

In their eyes
the old yellow fire
signals: *Brother, Sister.*



Weather Watch

A crackling radio
warns of thunderstorms
till eight o'clock
and on the bluff
behind the house
the wind rises,
kicking up the leaves.
I shut off the fans,
wait to smell the rain.

I watch a snake
crawling in a tree
slip his long belly
down a limb, move
deeper into the brush.
The hail starts.
He's gone.
I have time
on the telephone.
The ice pops the glass
as if it were a cool skin.

Michael Burns

The Kaleidoscope



By Brenda S. Mitts

Grey. An all enveloping drabness, cloaking the hospital world in a shroud. Jemma's world.

Beatrice was haunted by the endless miles of chalky grey corridors, lifeless paths leading in all directions. To everywhere. To nowhere. The depressing dullness had unnerved her, even before she had seen Jemma. A woman they had said was Jemma. But no longer her sister. No longer her Jemma.

Their Jemma was a specter, a ghostly impersonation. Their Jemma, draped in a faded smock, blank eyes peering uncomprehendingly from beneath limp unwashed strands of hair at the stranger who had come to visit her.

The tears began again as Beatrice struggled to control the tide of panic that threatened to engulf her. She had scarcely escaped the heavy doors of the hospital before paroxysms of shock and fright had overcome her. The drive home through a violent spring thunderstorm had almost driven her over the brink.

The brink of what? Beatrice thought widely as she tried to steady her shaking hands, desperately clutching the steaming cup of coffee. Madness, like Jemma? Physical destruction? Perhaps preferable to Jemma's destruction.

Beatrice seemed unable to pull her world back together, a world forever colored by Jemma's brilliance. Jemma's world—reds and yellows and shimmering whites, glowing colors always shifting and rearranging themselves into an infinite array of perfect designs and configurations—a breathtaking display dazzling the fortunate observer.

Jemma's world. Always Jemma's.

The eyes behind the wire rim biofocals had stared noncommittally at Beatrice, masking any response to her agitation. His eyes had seen all. They

were no longer capable of shock at any human condition. *Perhaps no longer capable of warmth or caring*, Beatrice had thought angrily. How dare he sit there so calmly, accepting the destruction of Jemma as normal and usual. In his world, yes. But never in Jemma's.

The weary doctor had waited patiently—or impatiently, Beatrice had been unable to tell—for her to begin. *But where to begin*, she thought frantically. *At the beginning? At the end?*

"Why?" she had blurted suddenly, gripping the hard chair arms for support.

No emotion had crossed the doctor's face as he answered Beatrice's question with a question, a favorite trick of psychiatrists, she knew.

"You're surprised at your sister's condition?" The doctor sat like a marble statue, waiting, waiting, waiting.

"Dammit, of course I'm surprised. A month ago Jemma was....well, she was Jemma. And now....oh my God, now....she's a creature, a freak." Beatrice had dissolved in tears of frustration and helplessness.

"Your sister is not a monster, Mrs. Paine. She's a very sick human being who has temporarily lost touch with the real world. Hopefully, with the proper therapy and treatment, she'll return to reality and become a normal functioning woman again."

"But she's always been so happy and so...so perfect. How could this happen to her?"

The doctor removed his glasses and absently began cleaning them with the hem of his white jacket, his blind gaze mocking Beatrice, challenging her to remember.

Beatrice had stared at the impenetrable mask across the desk, as she searched the past. The memories of her beautiful Jemma.

Twirling, spinning, dancing. Beatrice's first conscious memories of her older sister. White chiffon swirling and floating, caressing the graceful figure of Jemma as she progressed from awkward arabesques to soaring grand jesses.

Jemma, laughing and dancing through childhood, a splash of color as she raced toward the future, friends and admirers caught up in her happy whirlwind. Beatrice, always afloat in the backwash of Jemma's merry-making.

Jemma, the dazzling fairy princess. And Beatrice, the pale shadow.

The fairy princess and the sheet-draped ghost, their Halloween sacks laden with delightful treats, had scurried into their playhouse—the playhouse the sisters had built from red clay tiles discarded in the lumber yard scrap heap.

Jemma smoothed the white tulle around her slim legs and tucked her dainty white ballet slippers beneath her, her treat bag as yet untouched beside her. Beatrice had immediately emptied the contents of her bag into her sheet-covered lap. Not waiting for her older sister, she greedily bit into a thick chocolate bar. But before Beatrice had swallowed the first bite of the

chocolate, she was battered by chunks of heavy tile as the gusty night wind dislodged crucial supporting tiles of the playhouse.

It was then that Jemma's shrill scream pierced the heart of the small frightened ghost.

The fairy princess, bathed in blood, had fled through the darkness toward the house. Close behind her, the diminutive ghost cried, "Forgive me, Jemma. You should have gone first. I promise. I'll never do it again!"

"My God! What's happened to my darling?" their mother had screamed when the blood-spattered fairy princess burst in the back door.

"She'll be all right, Momma. I know she will," Beatrice pleaded with her hysterical mother.

Her mother had carried Jemma to the car, immediately forgetting the frightened guilt-ridden younger daughter, who stood silently by the front door watching her mother and cherished sister leave her. Perhaps forever.

It was only then that Beatrice had noticed the bright red fountain of blood spurting from a cut in her ankle. Dispassionately, she watched the crimson flow until dizziness overcame her. Then she quietly laid down on the carpet and lost consciousness. Beatrice's father had found her several minutes later and carried her to the hospital, as her mother had carried Jemma before.

Jemma's scar had faded with time, leaving only a small crescent-shaped nick on her upper lip that added a piquant touch to her beautiful face. Though less visible, Beatrice's scar left a more profound and lasting imprint.

"Hold still, Bea," Jemma had scolded. "If you keep squirming around, the curls will never stay."

Beatrice stared at the reflections in the mirror. Her own, thin and muted; Jemma's, warm and glowing, as she teased Beatrice's fine straight hair into something resembling curls.

"Please give up," Beatrice had begged. "You know it's hopeless."

"This is your first dance, and you want to look terrific," Jemma insisted, still tucking and folding wisps of Beatrice's hair, forcing the limp strands to bend to her will.

Jemma's eyes had burned with an inner radiance as she dreamily reminisced. "I remember my eighth grade formal. That was my first real date with David."

White organdy with yellow daisies and satin sash. Beatrice remembered, too. A glimpse of the future. Of the beauty yet emerging, of the love promising to bloom. Jemma and David. David and Jemma. Their lives linked that night as inevitably as a seed planted deep in the rich earth, nourished by sun and rain, has no choice but to grow and ripen.

"There now, don't you look pretty." Jemma had stepped back to admire her handiwork. "Stand up, Bea. Turn around."

Beatrice pirouetted awkwardly before her smiling sister.

"The white organdy dress is as pretty as the day Momma bought it for me," Jemma had said approvingly. Then she gave Beatrice a hug and ran lightly to the door, waving good-by and calling, "David's waiting for me."

Slowly, Beatrice turned back toward the mirror. The mirror did not lie. The mirror was Truth.

Beatrice brushed the curls from her hair, hung up the white organdy dress, and silently faced the Truth.

The mirror knew. Beatrice knew. And Beatrice accepted.

The warm May darkness had enveloped them in a cocoon of pleasure and comfort. They relaxed in their separate beds. Fulfilled, after a job well done.

"Did you ever think we'd make it, Bea?" Jemma had whispered softly. "Our graduating from college and high school, all in the same day?"

"Sometimes it seemed as if this day would never arrive. Now, I wish high school could go on forever." Beatrice smiled to herself, pleased with her own accomplishments. Proud of Jemma's successes.

"But how do you really feel about it, Bea? I mean, wondering what you'll be doing tomorrow and the next day...."

Beatrice had turned toward Jemma's bed, straining to see her sister's face in the darkness. Strange stirrings of disquiet flooded her happiness.

Cautiously, Beatrice had answered. "I guess I feel okay. I have a job waiting for me at the abstract company, and ...oh, I don't know. What is there to feel?" She faltered, not knowing what Jemma wanted.

Beatrice had waited for Jemma's response, but her sister remained silent.

Finally, Beatrice had demanded softly, "What about you, Jemma? How do you feel about tomorrow?" Fearfully, Beatrice held her breath, not knowing what it was that she feared.

Jemma's voice had been a soft whisper, barely discernible from the rustling of the elm branch swaying gently in the light summer breeze outside their bedroom window.

"Yes, my future. David ... a family. All laid out before me like a printed roadmap." A light sigh escaped, a fluttery breath ending in the whispered "But sometimes I wonder...."

"What, Jemma? What do you wonder?" Beatrice had been confused and frightened, the serenity of this special night destroyed by Jemma's vague toneless voice.

"Did you know that Madame Noverre encouraged me to study ballet in New York?" Jemma asked suddenly.

Beatrice hadn't known, but she wasn't surprised. Jemma's was a world of unlimited possibilities and choices.

Jemma's loud harsh laugh had split the warm night. "But of course, I told her that I couldn't consider it."

Beatrice heard her sister take a deep breath and hold it, endlessly.

"What do you mean, Jemma? Don't you want to marry David?"

Jemma had exhaled slowly. Then she burst into an uncontrollable peal of hysterical laughter. In the stillness of the room, her words rang as sharp and clear as if fired from a pearl-handled pistol.

"Oh, Bea, you ninny. Can you imagine for one minute that I don't want to marry David and become the wife of the future president of the First National Bank?"

Beatrice had felt Jemma's panic, but could not understand it.

Finally, she had answered. "No, I can't picture your life any other way. Just as I see myself typing away in the abstract office, hoping that Mr. Right will walk in one day, I see you raising two beautiful children and running David's home and social life."

Jemma uttered one hard brittle laugh, and then her calm regular breathing returned. "There, you see. Of course, that's what I'm going to do. Good night, Bea. Happy graduation day."

But Beatrice had not seen. She had lain awake most of the night, trying to understand; because she knew that in some elemental way, she had failed Jemma that night, and she felt somehow less for it.

Just as Beatrice had predicted that graduation night, Ted Paine walked unobtrusively into the abstract office, occupied the adjoining desk, and eventually occupied the rest of her life.

Theirs had been an uneventful marriage, highlighted only by the birth of a daughter and son. By the time Jemma's twin Adonises had joined fraternity life in college, Beatrice's children were settling into their lifelong niches. Ted, Jr., quietly following his father's steps into the silent dusty abstract office. Meg, wife of Ben Sawyer, mechanic, temporarily lost in the joy of her first daughter and the warm passionate love of her young husband.

Ted Paine, untiring, faithful provider, unstinting of his devotion and love. Always for Beatrice and their children. Even through the dull, dreary twenty years of waiting. Years of lean, years of boring routine, waiting for the opportunity to buy the abstract business. And when the day of ownership had finally arrived, Beatrice felt no sense of elation or accomplishment. The thrill was gone. The reward had been too meager for what it had cost them. They had slipped into a bottomless chasm, no longer able to scale its heights.

Their life together had been drained, sapped to mediocrity. But Beatrice accepted, for she had long ago discovered the Truth.

"Another bloody mary, Bea?"

Jemma had looked tired, drawn; black smudges stained the delicate skin beneath her eyes.

Beatrice declined the drink, knowing from other evenings at Jemma's home, there would be wine with dinner and liqueurs with the coffee.

Suddenly, Jemma had announced, "I'm thinking of studying ballet again. I enrolled in a class today." But her darting eyes betrayed the casualness of her voice.

A wave of anxiety enveloped Beatrice, as she struggled for the right response.

Jemma had continued, nervously tapping her cigarette in the silver-rimmed ashtray. "Nothing serious, of course, but with both boys in college, I do have some free time ... and I'm so out of shape ... well, I just thought...." Her voice faltered and broke. She licked her plum-colored lips and lapsed into silence.

An undefined shapeless memory stirred in Beatrice's conscious, as a thought emerged unbidden *We've come full circle, Jemma and I. And still I'm found found lacking. What does she want from me?*

David's loud laugh had suddenly penetrated the thick silence in the room as he and Ted joined the sisters.

"Dinner is ready, ladies," he said, as he crossed the room and sat possessively on the arm of Jemma's chair, his large masculine body overwhelming her slender form.

"But first, I have an announcement to make. A surprise for my lovely wife. Jemma, my sweet, we're finally going to take that vacation we've always wanted. I didn't want to tell you before I was sure I could get away; but today, I made all the arrangements. In one week we'll be leaving for six months in Europe. Six months of freedom to do whatever our hearts desire." His arms encircled Jemma in an enthusiastic hug.

Beatrice gasped softly, the tension in her body complete, choking off any utterance of congratulations. Her eyes devoured Jemma; searching, searching for the final Truth.

"There now, you see," Jemma had said, answering Beatrice's gaze with a smile, a sad private smile masking a secret that only she could know. "Haven't I always been the lucky one?"

Then she rose gracefully from her chair and led Beatrice into the dining room.

Beatrice's coffee had grown cold in the white Corelle cup. As cold and lifeless as her inert body slumped in the kitchen chair.

The heavy spring rain pounded incessantly at the window behind her, its rhythmic drumming scarcely penetrating her deadened consciousness. A consciousness drowning in the past.

Why? The psychiatrist had explained, but Beatrice could not comprehend. Was Jemma's life merely the broken shards of cheap colored glass that had spilled from the kaleidoscope the day that Beatrice had thrown it against the wall in a fit of temper. Jemma's favorite possession, a world of perfect beauty. Jemma had wept inconsolably at the loss of her toy. *And, perhaps, her world*, Beatrice thought belatedly. *Jemma's world. Reduced to splinters of worthless glass.*

Beatrice shook her head, trying to dislodge the buried knowledge that stubbornly refused to surface. Was there something she had done? Or had not done? Was she somehow responsible for creating Jemma's world? The world of beauty? Or the world of grey?

Visions of the past crowded her grief-stricken mind. But always the answer was just beyond her grasp, obscured by a field of white organdy and yellow daisies.

Beatrice shuddered, as an unearthly cold penetrated her body. Once again she saw the broken splinters of colored glass staining the carpet with their discordant mosaic.

Outside, the rain fell relentlessly.

Inside, Beatrice wept. For Jemma. And for herself.

The Meditations of O.C. MacClean:

Love Song

What I know of women
is within you. *You* are women
to me, each mystery intact
and in its proper place.

I will carry some moment of you
forever; will see your face
in strangers' faces, beyond veils and masks.

Whatever fate wrings from my life
will have no meaning
unless you are with me.

I would not mind you old. Already
you are creased from my arms holding, it
does not matter. We are the same age regardless.

I am never more with you
than when, pausing a mile from the house
I feel the distance like an extra pulse
in my veins, and wonder
what chore your hands perform,
what object your eyes bless.

When you mend my shirts I envy them.

M.L. Hester

The Voice of the Valley



By Donald H. Burr

Although one usually thinks of "peace" and "brotherly love" when he thinks of Quakers, that has not always been the case as evidenced by the break between the Conservative Friends and those who became known as the Progressive Friends. The Quakers had family disputes, also, but they had a method for handling such matters that usually worked. When it did not, there was usually a break with the church either on an individual or group basis.

The family was responsible for its own members, but should any member become too much for the family to cope with, then a committee from the church would "labor" with the individual to help him see the folly of his ways. As a usual thing it was the "worldliness" of his ways, and as such ways were not accepted by his Quaker World, he would have to conform. Should this persuasion not work, then there was only one thing he could do—leave the community. Most young people, faced with this possibility, "saw the light" in short order. Disputes between families in the community were settled in much the same manner, and few cases were evengiven over to legal arbitration. The early Quaker community was self-sufficient in many ways.

When the Progressive Friends broke away from the Conservatives, they started a church more to their liking in the same community. Its site changed two or three times, but it finally settled on the spot which it now occupies. Its first minister served for many years, and the marriage certificates of children and children's children bear testimony to his longevity of service. He lived and reared his family by farming, never accepting any payment for his services to his community and his church.

He had his own kind ways of disciplining the members of the flock, and as one member related to us, it was most effective. She was an old woman when she told us young people about his method of handling "offenders of the faith."

At no time in her life had she wanted for creature comforts, and, when she married, her husband, although not a wealthy man, was as were her parents

"comfortably well off." Even though the Progressive Friends had broken with the Conservative Quakers and their strict rules of dress and speech, they still believe in wearing the plain clothing with no ornamentation. When this lady was a young woman, she longed for brighter colors with flowers, ribbons, and bows to break the monotony. Particularly, she wanted a hat with brightly colored ornaments rather than the traditional "Prayer Bonnet." She told of buying just such a hat for some special occasion and wearing it the following Sunday to church. The longer the sermon lasted, the surer she was that the minister would scold her for the hat. She waited until she was sure she would be the last to leave in order that she would not receive her scolding before the entire congregation. As the minister shook her hand, he looked at her with a benevolent smile on his face and said, "Now Jessie T., thee just wear that hat as long as thee feels thee should." She said that she never wore it again.

This Grief So New

I am too newly wed to grief
To share with you my unshed tears,
Unused as yet to loneliness
And prey to countless haunting fears.

I am too hurt to face your eyes
And see the pity mirrored there;
My defense is much too weak
For more than strangers' casual stare.

Try to understand that I,
Shattered by this need to hide,
Must mend my heart in privacy
And learn to mask my grief with pride.

In time, perhaps, my grief will heal
And I might share my half a life,
But now my grief is still too new,
And I am frightened, half a wife.

Laura Stahl

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The Cherokee County Genealogical Society would like to identify this lady, of whom they have many glass negatives. If you can help, contact them c/o The Columbus Public Library, Columbus, KS 66725.

Subscription Information

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





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