

# Rebel

art / poetry / essays / fiction / reviews

SPRING 1961



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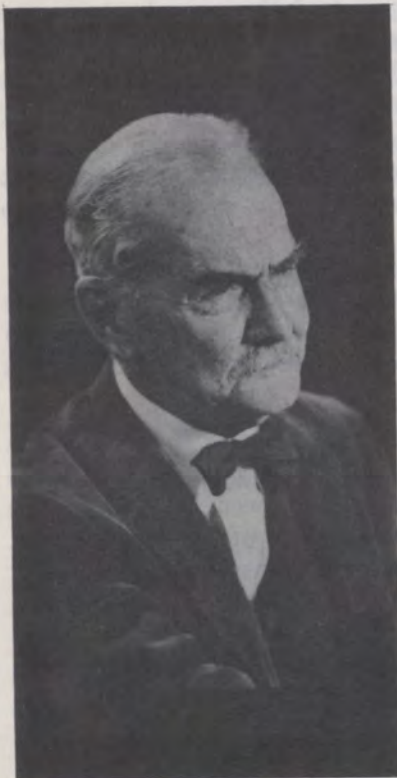
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NOTICE—Contributions to THE REBEL should be directed to P. O. Box 1420, E. C. C. Editorial and business offices are located at 309½ Austin Building. Manuscripts and art work submitted by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope and return postage. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of manuscripts or art work.







CHIPS WEAVER

## *Interview With*

# PHILLIPS RUSSELL

*Interviewer:* What do you feel can be done about the increasingly high rate of illiteracy in North Carolina?

*Mr. Russell:* I'd raise the economic level of the people. We have too much poverty in the state of North Carolina and poverty always leads to ignorance. So we have to find a better means of livelihood for the submerged portion of the population before we'll be sending the children to school. In some cases, they don't even have decent clothes to wear. They are ashamed to let their children go to school daily in the same pair of overalls.

*Interviewer:* Would you care to discuss any of the "untapped" areas in the state, insofar as subject matter for fiction is concerned?

*Mr. Russell:* Well, we've got a whole state of untapped areas as far as fictional story telling is concerned. Of course, we have Thomas Wolfe and what he's done for Asheville and the mountain section, and we have Ovid Pierce and what he's done for Eastern North Carolina, he and Mrs. Inglis Fletcher. And we've had people like Paul

Greene in the middle of the Piedmont section. But there are still enough areas to deserve cultivation. The old cotton era has passed out. That has been succeeded by tobacco. Foster Fitzsimmons of this town wrote, several years ago, a novel about the tobacco area of North Carolina; but we still have a portion like the great swamp areas down in the southwest, the high mountain areas next to Tennessee, the border counties along the Virginia and the South Carolina lines, awaiting spokesmen.

*Interviewer:* Which writers do you think are doing the best work on the South today?

*Mr. Russell:* Well, I think Faulkner, of course, is in the lead in portraying actual conditions; but my objection to Faulkner would be that he is so obsessed with portraying the degenerate portion of the Southern people. The South has its degenerates, just as other sections do, but the South is on the rise now. Industry is coming in everywhere—we've got a new look, a new day dawning. We don't consist any longer of people living

in decayed houses on remote plantations. Our people today are living in small and large industrial towns, with a whole new set of problems in front of them. I think Faulkner has done very ably for the Plantation Era—the old plantation population. But we still need some spokesmen for the modern industrial area where the factory system is coming into a clash with the old farming system, and where people's lives are correspondingly affected.

*Interviewer:* Do you think that Faulkner has helped the rest of the world to understand some of the basic Southern conditions?

*Mr. Russell:* Yes, I do, in that sense that he has helped to acquaint the world, and the South in particular, which does not consist of many readers of books. We have one of the lowest reading rates in the entire union. Faulkner has acquainted us with our real condition, and acquainted us with the fact that rural poverty has been a curse that the South has struggled with for years and is still struggling with. And that poverty, if maintained long enough, can lead to a terrible kind of degeneracy. Faulkner's "poor whites", for instance, are worse than the old fashioned Russian Mujjiks that used to figure in the early novels by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

*Interviewer:* Do you regard the University of North Carolina as still the "stronghold" of liberalism among Southern schools?

*Mr. Russell:* Among Southern institutions, it is in the lead, I think, in the liberal sense, or was under Dr. Frank Graham. I think it has lost a great deal of its liberal aspect in recent years, and has become increasingly conservative, especially in the student body. The student body, some years ago, I recall, was anti-war, and adopted a liberal and even a radical viewpoint in some respects. You don't find those students here anymore. They are all turning to the conservative side in regard to any utterance hostile to the prevailing regime as inherently suspicious. That, I think, probably accounts for the fact that we are losing a great deal of that spark that at one time did put us in the lead among southern colleges and universities.

*Interviewer:* Do you think that communists regard extreme liberal college groups as starting points for their activities?

*Mr. Russell:* As starting points, no. I don't think that the communists, judging by their atti-

tude and behavior around these parts, are very particularly interested in enlisting the support of college students. The communists can do business only where they find poverty and ignorance among the masses. They don't cultivate young intellectuals particularly, certainly not in the south. But they do appear wherever poverty and ignorance are strongest.

*Interviewer:* Do you feel that former Governor Hodges was right in regarding Eastern North Carolina as the most backward section of the state?

*Mr. Russell:* Well, I don't think Eastern North Carolina—the extreme eastern part—is any more backward than the extreme western part. The Piedmont, the middle section of North Carolina, enjoys certain economic advantages which put it somewhat in the lead over the other two sections of the state. I don't regard Eastern North Carolina as inherently a backward area. On the contrary, I think it's full of promise—that's a rich land, Eastern North Carolina, with all kinds of wonderful resources which are only waiting for recognition and development. I'm glad to see that East Carolina College is becoming a spokesman and a lighthouse for this area—it needed it.

*Interviewer:* Do you envision any prominent role for East Carolina College in our general educational system?

*Mr. Russell:* Yes, indeed I do. I think that it is up to East Carolina College to cultivate and maintain the creative attitude that it has gained in recent years. We have been watching it here from Chapel Hill, and we have great respect for the possibilities down at East Carolina College. We are glad to see its progress among both the students and faculty. We want to see its influence grow and its position become increasingly stronger.

*Interviewer:* Do you feel that North Carolina has pursued a wise policy in regard to integration?

*Mr. Russell:* I think that it has been both wise and unwise, depending on the way you look at it. I think we have been too slow—unreasonably slow—in obeying what is now the supreme law of the land. I think that we could have moved at a much faster rate. But of course our progress looks good alongside of what's been happening in other states. But North Carolina people, by their whole history, have shown that they are highly conservative. They move slowly, but when

they take up a position they are more apt to adhere to it than some other sections that are perhaps more hasty in their actions. My belief is that North Carolina in the future has to move faster in proper observance of what is now the law of the land as laid down by the United States Supreme Court.

*Interviewer:* What immediate developments do you foresee in the integration movement in North Carolina?

*Mr. Russell:* An increasing taking over of the movement by the Negroes themselves, which in my opinion has been highly beneficial to the Negro race. Hitherto, the Negroes have tended to wait to see what the whites would do, and to rely on white encouragement and white support. They are now taking matters into their own hands, through their sit-in movements and similar ones. I think that is all to the good, in the sense that it will help them develop their own self-confidence and their own faculties.



# THE REBEL YELL

The primary activity of The Rebel during the Spring Quarter has been the writing contest. This year's competition proved to be quite successful, and the editors look forward to next year's contest with great expectations.

The winners of the first two positions in the contest judging were John N. Robbins, Jr. with a short story entitled "Teddy", and Milton G. Crocker, the author of "The Passing", a poem. Both of these works appear within the pages of the Spring Issue.

The Staff would like to express their appreciation to all of the individuals who participated in the contest, and urge them to continue their contributions. Also, we would like to thank Dr. Francis R. Adams, Jr. and Dr. George A. Cook of the English Department, and Dr. Robert W. Williams of the Social Studies Department, who acted as judges for the competition.

The Spring Issue carries two excellent features. The first is an interview with Phillips Russell of Chapel Hill, retired instructor of creative writing at the University of North Carolina, and noted biographer. The other feature article is a series of excerpts from a collection of letters written during the War Between The States by a Confederate soldier, annotated by Dr. Robert W. Williams of the Social Studies Department.

S. Pat Reynolds, graduate assistant in the English Department, from Wilmington, N. C. and Sue Ellen Hunsucker, a freshman from Winterville, N. C. are the featured poets in this issue. Other selections of verse are by B. Tolson Willis, Jr.,

Denyse Draper, Kay McLawhon, and James Lee Quinn, III.

Thomas Jackson, of Godwin, N. C., former editor of the *East Carolinian*, closes out his East Carolina writing career by presenting a short story entitled "The Big Man", as the other work of fiction for this issue.

The other work of non-fiction is an essay discussing the character of the immigrants in Willa Cather's prairie novels, by Mrs. Elizabeth Pasti.

In the field of art, Al Dunkle and Larry Blizzard return with their unique talents to enhance the pages of this issue. The section of welded sculpture was collected and edited by Bob Schmitz. Sam Platt provided the illustration for the prize-winning short story, while the cover, one of the finest in the history of *The Rebel*, was designed by John Goodhart

During the past year, East Carolina's creative and intellectual life has received quite an uplift. Along with the accomplishments noted by students, the faculty has also played a prominent role in the gaining of stature for the college. Two faculty members, Mr. Ralph Knapp and Mr. Robert T. Rickert have recently had books to be released. Mr. Knapp's work, *Breaking Down the Barrier* was done under joint authorship with Reiner Rodenhauser, while Mr. Rickert collaborated with R. A. Foakes in editing a new edition of *Henslowe's Diary*. Mr. D. D. Gross is the reviewer of Mr. Knapp's book, while Dr. Virginia Herring reviews the Foakes and Rickert edition of *Henslowe's Diary*. The other reviews appearing in the review section were done by staff members.

# A WORD SAID.....

At one time or another during the course of its history, every college literary magazine is called upon to justify its existence. For some magazines, this enforced self-analysis has been a strengthening measure. For others, however, it has been a lethal blow.

It has been four years since a group of individuals came together and drafted plans for a literary magazine here at East Carolina College. They were dedicated people who believed their purpose essential for the fullest realization of the college's potential. But only after considerable opposition were they able to launch THE REBEL.

Since that time, THE REBEL has held fast to its founding purpose: The publication of creditable student literary endeavors. While carrying out this basic function, THE REBEL has progressed with each issue. Comments from literary figures in the state, such as Jonathan Daniels, Henry Belk, Sam Ragan, and Phillips Russell, have noted the general merits of the publication. Russell, in particular, has commented that THE REBEL holds more "vitality" than any such publication at the University of North Carolina.

These notables are qualified critics. Those, on campus, who have been critical of the functions of the magazine are, of course, entitled to their opinions. However, we feel that the criticisms offered by those who are qualified are more meaningful and constructive in nature.

Every college campus is an area of diversified interests. We do not expect THE REBEL to "reach" every member of the student body. We realize that a majority of students here are not naturally concerned with the work of a literary magazine. But there is a group of people on campus who are interested in professional writing and literary criticism. These are the people generally by whom THE REBEL will be appreciated.

With such diversification of interests present, each special interest group will have its own outlet of expression. There are those here whose interests lie in the realm of drama. They have their theater. There are those who are interested in physical education, and more specifically, in athletics. They have their contests. The musicians have their concerts. The artists have their exhibits. Does it not seem just that those who are interested in writing theories have their medium of expression?

These special-interest groups are minority groups. They have, and always will exist, whether at Harvard, at Duke, or East Carolina. This is true by virtue of the general interest-trend which exists on the average college campus. Although these groups are in the minority, they have the right to self-expression. This is a right which should not be infringed upon.

These outlets of expression are learning processes. They are the production end, or practical applications of study. From the use of these media, the individual will accumulate, for posterity, a more basic knowledge of his chosen field.

Throughout this year, THE REBEL staff has attempted to present a comprehensive view of the creative abilities of the students at East Carolina College. Too, we have endeavored to publish, in form, a magazine which has the appearance of a mature and well-designed publication. We believe that we have made distinctive progress towards this end. In future years, there will be more growth. But perhaps the greatest achievement of THE REBEL program will be the future writers it will produce. These individuals will contribute to society. Regardless of the progress made by the magazine, this will be its laurel.

—MARTIN.

# NO TIME FOR GENERALS, CSA

By DR. ROBERT L. WILLIAMS

Many men began their career under the stars and bars in humble rank, but emerged at war's end with the right ever after to be respectfully referred to as major, colonel or General. And rarely, if ever, were there heroes of the lost cause begrudged a final promotion by their surviving relatives. Now in this centennial year a grateful progeny will once again swell the promotion lists and drummer boys long dead will receive the dashing yellow scarf of a colonel of cavalry.

Here presented are excerpts from the letter of a most unusual Confederate soldier—one who remained a private during his entire term of service and withstood the temptations of rank during the times after the defeat of the Confederacy, when promotions were rife.

The letters of Isaac Dunbar Affleck reveal the innermost thoughts of a young soldier whose main reaction to war and military routine was good-natured bewilderment. His words will stir the memory of veterans of any war, for here is the companionship, the boredom, the jokes, the pranks, and the ever present rumors that have always been a part of camp life. The story is familiar, but the viewpoint is refreshing and delightful, for young Affleck, who was "Dunnie" to his parents and friends, writes of cavalry patrols, foraging expeditions, his officers, his body servants, and his comrades, with the wide-eyed innocence of a boy who was never reared to be a soldier. His letters give a humorous picture of the young and irre-

sponsible son of a Texas planter wrestling with the problems of war. For Dunnie these problems were largely a matter of supply. The young cavalryman was often without a horse and, very likely, lost or traded away as many pistols as any soldier on either side. The itch, a frustrated romance, and a siege of boils in a spot most inconvenient for a cavalryman, also hindered Dunnie's contribution to the Confederate cause.

The letters in the collection from which these excerpts are drawn begin with Dunnie's return to school at Bastrop Military Institute at Bastrop, Texas. The school letters show how the Civil War came to Central Texas and to the Affleck family, and then mark the beginning of Dunnie's long, ineffectual, but nevertheless good-humored struggle with military routine.

The first war letters indicate that Dunnie viewed army service as a continuation of military school without the distraction of books and examinations. He still expected to be supplied by his parents with replacements for spent horses and lost pistols, counted on the "box from home" to supplement his diet, and looked to a succession of body servants to perform the more arduous tasks assigned to him. His messages are filled with a long catalogue of requests for clothes, weapons, food and supplies of all sorts. Even the laconic comment that the "bushwhackers got old Perry" was a subtle requisition for the replacement of a body servant lost to the enemy.

Occasionally Dunnie was affected deeply by the drama of war and abandoned his usual tone of jovial bewilderment. His word picture of the execution of a mutinous captain reveals the sensitive nature of the young soldier.

The harsh realities of war were brought home to Dunnie as his company closed with the enemy. He was made sick at Perryville by the sight of men "shot in two by cannonballs, some with their heads and legs shot off." Shortly after his first combat experience he confessed that he was "commencing to get real tired of war," and that he "wanted to shoot at something that can't shoot back at me."

He never doubted that some hostility toward the yankees was required, but was unable to see any reason for unpleasantness among fellow Confederates. He mildly rebuked a Captain for detailing him to chop wood but, in a spirit of forgiveness and generosity, agreed to "allow Alex (his body servant) to go and chop in my place." On another occasion he was "asked" to assist at a hanging, but "graciously declined."

Despite Dunnie's polite forbearance with his superiors he remained a private throughout the war. He associated freely with officers of the better sort, shared their mess, traded with them for pistols, and borrowed their horses. He did regret that the harshness of war had a coursening effect on some of his commissioned friends. "I have never seen anyone change as Gen. Wharton has," Dunnie reported, "When I spoke to him he only recognized me with a nod." But Dunnie was not one to brood over the lack of manners displayed by his superiors. He writes of this snub, "What it meant I don't know nor care." In Dunnie's army career there was no resentment, indeed no clear realization of his enlisted status. Private Dunbar Affleck simply had no time for generals, CSA.

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Nibletts Bluff,<sup>1</sup>  
Sunday April 6th, '62

Dear Mother & Father: I mailed a letter to you yesterday evening after I got to this place. I told you I expected to get of [ommission] on Tuesday but I think we will get off this evening. I have entered into a big speculation since I came here. I bought a pony for forty dollars. I would not have done it but I could do no better, they charge thirty dollars on the stage for Perry<sup>2</sup>, so I thought

<sup>1</sup>Niblett's Bluff is located in extreme southwestern Louisiana near the Texas-Louisiana state line.

<sup>2</sup>Dunnie's body servant.

I would run the risk—Andrew Harris rode him through to New Iberis, I told him to sell him for any price over fifteen dollars, and if he can do that I will be making five dollars, but as this is my first speculation in horse flesh, I hope it will turn out well. We will use Andrew Harris's transportation ticket for Perry—the horse is worth the thirty-five dollars and I know I can get fifteen for him—Perry has behaved himself better than I expected—Coming up the river took care of a mans horse for fifty cents, and when we got here the fellow started off, but Perry ran after him and made him pay—since he has been here, he has been waiting on the Hotel, I don't know what he expects to get, I told him he might make as much pocket money as he liked so he looked after my things at the same time—. To day is Sunday, but the people here carry on just as they did yesterday—grog shops open and men drunk. There's no minister and I don't suppose there is a bible in the place . . .

New Iberia, Wednesday, April 9th

. . . We have just received news of a glorious victory, but you will get the papers before you get this<sup>3</sup>. A Telegraphic dispatch is just received stating that ten thousand of the enemy were killed, and a great many prisoners taken, and eighteen batteries and a great many arms, the Ten. river is too low for them to go down the river with their gun boats, and it is thought that we will capture them. I regret that I was not there, but will push on as fast as possible—. Harris has not yet arrived, and if he does not arrive this evening, we will not get off as we expected, I think I can sell him for twenty or thirty dollars to a man here—I don't think we will be able to get six shooters unless we get them from Gen. Lovel in New Orleans it is said that he has bought them all, I will try and get a letter of introduction from some one to him. The bells are ringing and flags flying in honor of the victory we have gained over the Yankies.

*I. D. Affleck to Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Corinth April 22nd, '62

. . . I think I will hire Perry to drive a wagon from our encampment to another. He will then

<sup>3</sup>This "glorious victory" was the battle of Shiloh, fought on April 6 and 7, in which General Albert S. Johnston launched a surprise attack against Grant's numerically superior forces. Although Confederate arms were partially successful on the first day, reinforcements received during the night made possible a Union counter-attack on the 7th in which the Confederates were forced to retire back to their base at Corinth. *O. R.*, Ser. 1, X, Pt. L, pp. 384-92.

be no expense to me but will make money, I can get fifteen dollars a month and his rations that is as much as I get— . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Chattanooga  
June 11th, 1862

Dear Mother & Father:

. . . The Yankeys are crossing the river above Chattanooga and a fight is expected to come off every day. We have between nine and eleven thousand men—with artillery enough to whip them—we heard here that we had fallen back for Corinth and that the enemy had advanced and shelled our camp for a whole day before they found out that our troops had left. Before you get this I suppose you will have heard of the great victory we have gained in Virginia<sup>4</sup> and before long hear of our possession of Baltimore. There

<sup>4</sup>Probably reference to Jackson's successful Valley campaign of late May.

is a report here that Andy Jonson was killed in Nashville a feiw days ago by a young man who shot him four times with a six shooter his name was given but I forget it must be so because the report was brought by a man who says he was an eye witness. The Yanks are in Rienza the place where I left my valiece with most of my clothes and I suppose have found them before now—the things were put in a private house about three miles from town up in the third story of the house but it makes very little difference whether they have them or not because it may be three or four months before I will get back there again . . .

June 17th, 1862

. . . The other day when they bombarded Chattanooga there was a great many shells thrown over that did not burst—one old fellow picked up one and took it home to examine it he called his wife and three children around him and commenced picking the powder out of it when it exploded killing him and his children and cutting his wives



leg off—My valiece gun case and all my clothing that I left at Rienza has gone up . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Chattanooga  
Sunday, June 29th, 1862

Dear Mother & Father:

. . . Yesterday I went after forage about fifteen miles from here and coming back I stopped at a house to get dinner, they had finished eating but the old Lady went to work and fixed me up as nice a dinner as I have had since I left home, after I had eaten she brought out a basket of nice plumbs and another of ripe June apples and she would not charge me a cent, I wanted to pay her but she sayed she never charged a southern soldier anything. . .

Monday morning—

. . . We received glorious news yesterday evening from Richmond—We heard that the enemy

were retreating and destroying and burning all of their cannon and commissary stores, they are cut off from their gun boats and all communication with Washington, they have lost three Brig.-Generals and over a hundred field officers prisoners, besides thirteen hundred privates<sup>5</sup>—I saw an extract from the New York Herald [ommission] were going to interfere and France at least would recognize our independence—I also saw that a British frigate had landed at Charleston is side of the blockading fleet—A great deal of other news came but I suppose that you will get it before you get this—

I must close as it is time to go on guard—

Remember me to all—With love to Brother and you both I remain your

Affectionate son,

<sup>5</sup>Reference here is to the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond in which Lee forced McClellan back to the James River. Dinnie was misinformed, however, in regard to the gunboats, as McClellan quite skillfully managed the retreat and retired under the cover of gunboat fire to a new base at Harrison's Landing.



*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Kingston  
Sunday, Nov. 1st, 1862

Dear Mother and Father: . . . I think my last letter was written just before I started on the scout around McMinvill and Murfreesborough. I was in three fights in one of which we lost about thirty five men in killed and wounded in another fight one of my company was killed and one wounded. We were cut off for five days but at last got out and came to Sparta where we found the advance of Braggs army of which we were the advance guard until after the fight at Monsonville when we were put in the rear of the whole army. When we got [torn] the Regiment was ordered out on dress [torn] Gen. Forrest made us a speech saying the [torn] [or]dered back to Middle Tenn. and that he was to take command of the State troops and that Col. Wharton was to take command of our Brigade which he commands now. When the retreat was ordered our Brigade was sent up to Mount Washington to hold the enemy in check who were advancing. We fought them for five days fighting nearly all the time from there to Bardstown where the Yanks cut us off with three thousand of their cavalry, they were in about two miles ahead of us drawn up in sections of eight in a lane which we had to pass through; we got up in about a hundred yards of them when Col. Wharton ordered a charge. Co. B was in the advance, we raised a yell and charged them at full speed one end gave way and then the whole column broke through the woods at full spread with us after them. I shot both barrels of my gun at a crowd of yankeys in a lane at about thirty yards distance. I stopped my horse and took deliberate aim at the bunch and I think I either killed or wounded some. My gun was loaded with a ball and three buckshot in each barrel. I will try and get Polks last order complimenting the Rangers and Col. Wharton for their bravery. We had no more fighting until we got to Perryville where we found [torn] army and we understood that Bragg was going [torn] stand there the evening after we got there a division made from each company of eight men for a patrol to guard the left wing and I was one of them such relief of twenty men had to ride four hours. We went all through the enemies line and in a hundred yards of their pickets but did not fire on them. The next morning we had a fight with the yankey cavalry and whipped them; we then went to look for our regiment, went up on a hill on the other side of town and remained there all day, until ev-

ening when the yankeys shelled us out we could see the fight going on all day, the next day we rode over the battle field under a flag of truce which the Yankeys sent in we took off about three thousand arms. I saw more dead men in an hour than I ever saw in my life before about two thirds of them were yankeys they were lieing in every position some shot in too by cannon balls some with their head and legs shot off, they were killed in every position. It made me sick when I first went in but I got used to it very soon, the yankeys were so thick in some places that I could hardly keep from rideing over them I saw six yankeys in one field. We went in amongst the yankeys and talked to them awhile [torn] left, we took out several yankey prisoners we [torn] were in there with their guns. We went on to Harrollsburg and we stayed in line of battle for two days and nights without anything to eat and without sleep, we then went on to the wagons and stayed one night. I had had a fever for two days before that so I remained with the wagons but old Bragg made us stay in the rear of all the waggons about twenty of us under a Lieut., but we managed to get with our wagons again. We turned off the main road and went by Big Creek gap, going over the Mountains the "Bush whackers" fired on us every day. I am sorry to say I lost old Perry I think bush whackers got him I told him to try and get me something to eat and I think he must have turned off the road some where and got lost from us, he may be with some of our infantry but I have not heard from him yet . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Murfreesboro  
Jan. 1st, 1863

Dear Mother & Father:

I take this opportunity of writing you to let you know that I came out safe, and unhurt from the battle which has been going on here for several days and in which we are again victorious, having driven the enemy back with heavy loss. So far we have taken about 7,500 prisoners, killed about four thousand, and wounded about twenty thousand, that is about the estimate I have made, from what I have seen and heard. Our killed and wounded is about half their number. We had a great many more wounded than killed. The Rangers suffered more in this fight than they ever have yet, having had some fifteen or twenty killed and a great number wounded amongst whom were several of our best Lieutenants, Co. B. had six wounded—H. Short all the Washington Co. boys are safe, none

of them having been hurt. We went in the rear of the Yankey army day before yesterday to capture a train of about five hundred wagons—Our infantry opened the fight on the left wing about day light, and we went around them while it was going on, I saw our infantry make a charge just as we passed them, they got in fifty yards of the yanks fired a shot, when they poured the heaviest volley into them that I ever saw or heard, but they did not flinch, they ran thin about four miles scattered them in ever direction, and we took nearly all of them prisoners—we went on and soon came in sight of about two thousand yankey cavalry and a battery of two guns, we charged them and ran them over a mile, taking their battery and killing a great many, and [omission] a great many more, about a dozen of us charged through an open field where I got two shots with my gun, but only killed a horse, the Yankeys charged us in turn, and I only out run them by fifty yards, they made the balls whistle around every jump, but they did not touch me—We got behind a house and shot at them with long range guns, and then left—We rode about two miles and came in sight of their wagon train and more than our equal number of cavalry, the 2nd Georgia charged them, and were repulsed—the Rangers charged them and drove them back, and run them in every direction. I had eight shots, and killed two Yankeys, one of them, I am certain that I killed, shooting him in the back with sixteen buck-shot about ten steps from him, the other I shot in the body somewhere, with my pistol, he fell off his horse, but did not stop to see whether he was dead or not—I went on to the wagons and captured a negro, and a sutters wagon, and about fifty prisoners. I made the negro drive the wagon out in an old field, and then stopped to take out a piece of artillery which was with the wagons, it had four horses on it but they could not pull it, I made them take two mules out of one of the wagons and hitch to it, and just as I had every thing fixed and started—about three hundred Yanks came up in about a hundred yards and shot at me before I saw them, I turned my horses head towards a heavy woods, and was joined by two of our boys, who were shot off of their horses, the Yankeys shot at me thin every jump my horse made but none of them touched me or my horse although one went through my pants—I also captured a pistol and an overcoat, I could have got anything else I wanted but did not have time, the wagon I captured was loaded with everything nice belonging to a sutlers store, such as clothing sweat meats, tobacco, sugars, boots, hats & c, it was a light wagon and had four

fine mules in it, it would have been worth a great deal if I could have got it to camp—My horse gave out, and I had to come to camp to get another horse and am going out again in the morning, I will close this now and finish it at some other time— . . .

Thursday morning— . . . I heard good news last night, if it is true, from the North, one of boys saw in the Cincinnati Commercial it says that Valandagam<sup>6</sup> has been making peace speaches in the north and at one place he was received with loud cheers and the band played Dixie. It curses old Lincon for every thing, it says that the Eastern states claim to do everything, when they have done nothing, it says that the west is carrying on the war by herself and losing all of her best men, and for no purpose and that the war must seace. The same paper says that in the Kentucky legislature two thirds of the members voted to take Kentucky out of the union if Lincolns Proclamation to free the negroes on the first of Jan. went into effect and I think they will do it—The Yanks acknowledge a loss of 30,000 in the fight here at Murfreesboro with two Generals killed four wounded and three prisoners they also lost thirty six pieces of artillery . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Camp near Fairfield

March 5th, 1863

Dear Mother & Father: . . . I have just sent Henry out in the country after something to eat, but don't expect he will be able to get anything, the country is so nearly eaten out. Chickens sell for \$1. eggs 59 cts., butters 75 cts., turkeys \$2.50 and everything else in proportion, we draw corn meal and bacon in camp and you see what we have to give in the country for extras, but we have to buy them or our camp fair will make us sick. When I get home again I think I will be able to put up with home fair especially in the eating line. I would rather sit down at the table at home to night to supper, than receive \$100. in gold at this minute, but it can't be so I will say no more about it. There is to be a large ball at War Trace to night, Gen. Wharton and Staff were invited, and are going, it is given to some Gen. up there and

<sup>6</sup>Clement L. Vallandigham, a Democratic politician from Ohio, was the leader of the strong anti-war faction in the Midwest. Vallandigham, who contended that the war was needlessly prolonged by the Lincoln government for the liberation of the Negro and enslavement of the whites, became so outspoken that he was placed under military arrest in May 1863, and eventually banished from the Union. He later returned, however, and played a key role in the election of 1864.

none but officers are invited I would like to, but can't. I think I can stand it through this war, then my turn will come I think for good Liveing, I understand that some one is making six-shooters in Texas at sixty dollars a piece I wish you would get me a pair, and send on to me as I am without one now, and pistols have risen since we moved up here and I don't think I shall buy another one soon, the pistol I had only cost me forty-five dollars, and I don't think I could get another like it for less than a hundred . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Unionvill, Tenn.  
March 25th, 1863

Dear Mother & Father: . . . Our Generals are getting very strick with us here, we have a half doz. orders read out to us nearly every day, a man that is absent from three roll calls in succession is published as a deserter, and if caught more than a mile from camp without permission from proper authority is to be sent to the rear in irons or with his hands tied, and then put in an infantry regiment, those are two of the orders issued by Gen. Wheler. It will give you an idea of what kind of a man he is, another cruel order that a man seen going off the field with a wounded man is to be shot by the first officer that meats him, I think he had better not try to enforce that order because he might get himself into trouble, he will never get me to ride over a wounded friend. I would not hesitate, not even if he was by my side . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

Houston, Texas  
Jan. 7th, 1864

Dearest Mother, and Father: . . . Well to commence I will begin by recounting my troubles of which I have several, the greatest of which is a very sore, and ugly boil in a very inconvenient and disagreeable place—Which prevents me from either sitting, lying or standing, and in either position it give me the greatest pain immaginable . . .

*Mrs. Thomas Affleck to Dunbar Affleck*

Glenblythe, Texas  
July 13th, 1864

My Dear Son: . . . I fear Dunnie you have spoken too often of your having that Loathsome eruption

the *Itch*—which naturally make persons, free from anything of the kind—avoid it, for fear of infection—There is great virtue in always “speaking the truth”—but a true & good maxim is that “we need not tell *everything that is true.*” Policy should govern very much when in such a mixed assemblage as an army—so you always act well your part—and there will be no room for others to fail in theirs to you—Except in point of education (and that I do most heartily deplore)—your standing derived from that of your parents, is as good as any in the southern country; do you make sure, that no act of yours, cast a stain or shade on it.— and you are entitled to any position in the army that a brave man can win—so cheer up and with youth and I hope health win “Laurels for your brow”—and long life and happiness—, by learning and practicing early *self denial* . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

In camp 20 miles from  
Monticello, Arkansas  
Sunday, Sept. 18th, 1864

Dear Mamma: . . . I don't think I shall show myself at Hd. Qrs. again for some time at least. I went up the other day, yesterday morning it was to mail my letter, but I got very few of the Staff to take any notice of me, and when I spoke to Gen. Wharton he only recognized me with a nod. What it meant I don't know, nor care; I would not speak first to any of them except two or three, to save them. If Gen. Magruder had been at Montecello I should have gone with him again but he had gone to Camden, and unless we go up there on our march I may never see him. I never have seen any one change as Gen. Wharton has, since I left the company he is not the same man at all. There he would speak and shake hands with a private, but here they are beneath his notice and he's as crabid as an old bear . . .

*Dunbar Affleck to Mrs. Thomas Affleck*

In camp on the march  
October 18th, 1864

My Dear Mother: . . . This morning I was detailed to chop wood and burn coal something I have never done in my life before, and I told the Captain that I could not do it, but was willing to allow Alex to go and chop in my place; he saw I was determined, and he told me to send Alex there . . .

From dirt farms and dirt backlands they came; from homes and families and loved ones long forgotten by us now. Over dusty country roads and through countless sun-blistered afternoons they marched; and in a thousand hellish valleys they fought—and died—and a million stagnant roadside puddles from Big Bethel to Appomattox held their blood.

Today, their sacrifice is remembered mainly through flowery speeches at well-manicured battlefield parks, beery renditions of "Dixie", and lead statues in front of sleepy courthouses.

—Larry Blizard





# TEDDY

*Rebel Contest Winner*

JOHN N. ROBBINS, JR.

I went to live with my "Granny" at the age of six. She lived in a little, old, grey house back from the road; a mill road that ended at a big brick cotton mill down on the river. You couldn't hardly see Granny's house for the two old mimosa trees in the front yard. They smelled real good and they were always full of tiny little humming birds darting in and out. Granny's house had a tin roof that was all wrinkled where it stuck out over the edge of the front porch and when it rained, boy, you just sat there and listened 'till you went right to sleep. It always made me feel real good all over. I like rain and I liked to hear it beat down on that old roof. The other sound I liked was the squeaky 'ole swing on the front porch. It had a soft cushion on the seat so that you didn't hang through the slats and it smelled a lot like "Smokey" (that's Granny's cat). Granny finally had to cut a hole in the screen door for Smokey to go in and out. Some flies and other things went in there too.

On the inside I guess the thing I liked best was Granny's big bed. Boy, you could bounce to the

ceiling on that old mattress; and Granny would hit the ceiling too when she caught you. She would always say she wasn't worried about the bed (you couldn't hurt the bed) but it was Teddy she worried about. Teddy was my cousin and Granny took him to raise when he was a baby 'cause his mother and father didn't love each other any more (like my mother and father too I guess except Teddy's father ran away when he found out about Teddy). Teddy wasn't like me and the rest. He was twice as big as me and I was kinda scared of him. I don't know why cause I could always outrun him. When he tried to run he got real tired and he got all red in the face and that's when it would happen; I mean his eyes would get real big and then they would roll back and he would act sort of crazy.

He would start chewing his tongue and making a terrible noise and I would get scared and run and get Granny. She would come running with a spoon and a wet towel. She put the spoon in his mouth so he couldn't swallow his tongue and then she would rub his forehead with the towel

and say, "There, there, Granny's here. Every thing is going to be all right." That's when Granny would always hate me and love him. She would always whip me so I didn't do that much, I mean pick on Teddy and get him to chasing me like that. It always happened.

When we ate, Granny made us sit on the bench. Well, this bench had four wobbly old legs and they were all right under the center. So a lot of the bench stuck out over the legs on each side. Sometimes I would jump off real fast like and whoever was sitting on the other end would go banging to the floor; like on a see-saw when you get off and leave somebody hanging up in the air. I did lots of things like that and they always made Granny hate me. Mostly 'cause I usually did them to Teddy.

Teddy wasn't so bad though. He could do lots of things. Granny always let him cut the wood for the stove and feed the chickens. He was real good at jobs like that. He really loved those chickens. He had names for all of them and one day when Henry (that was his favorite chicken) had some little babies, he made a special little house out of a cardboard box. Smokey lived there a while too when she had babies. I could always tell when she was ready to have some cause she would start rolling around in the grass and, boy, you couldn't get near her; she would scratch and claw and all.

Anyway, I used to hold the piece of wood while Teddy chopped it with the axe until one day when he cut off my finger. That was the finger I used to lick and turn the pages in magazines and things. So I just started using the next one. It took me a little while to get used to it. Teddy didn't mean to do it and he cried more than I did about it 'till Granny came out. She was real worried, but this time she didn't hate me. She fixed my hand and she cried a little. (She didn't make a sound, but her eyes got all watery.)

Well, the day finally came when we had to go back to school. I had already been before and I didn't like it too much, but Granny said if I acted excited about it Teddy would want to go too. This was his third time around and he was still in the first grade. Teddy wasn't very smart. I mean it was hard for him to hold a pencil good enough to write. He would drop it or bear down too hard and the lead would break. Things like that.

Well, we went that first day. There were lots of mothers there and they all patted me on the head. One nosey old lady kept asking me about my folks and about Teddy and then she said "Isn't it

a crying shame?" to this other lady who looked at us and smiled. She gave us a piece of fudge and then she tied Teddy's shoes for him. Teddy couldn't do lots of things like that cause nobody ever gave him a chance. I didn't mind doing them, but I always felt kinda silly 'cause he was so much bigger than me.

I guess lots of kids knew Teddy from last year. I was new and they didn't like me. Anyway, the funniest thing happened that day. The teacher was being real nice and asking us all our names and addresses. She smiled and said she knew my father. Well, when she got around to Teddy, she said, "And what is your name, young man?"

Teddy just sat there and didn't open his mouth. I guess she thought he didn't hear her so she said, "Young man, I won't know what to call you if you don't tell me your name." Teddy just sat there and looked down at his desk. I figured I'd better tell her cause I knew him well enough to know that when he made up his mind not to do a thing, nobody in the world can make him (except Granny).

"His name is Teddy Langley," I told her. Teddy gave me a real hard look.

"Theodore Langley?" and she looked real puzzled. "I don't have any name such as that on my list. Just a moment." And she left the room. I could tell right then what was wrong, and I looked over at Teddy. He looked real sad about something and he kept running his finger up and down that little pencil trough.

Yep, pretty soon she came back and went over to old Teddy. Her voice sounded like she was real sorry. "I'm afraid you're in the wrong room, son. I just talked with Miss Richardson and she says that you are supposed to be in her room again this year."

Well, Teddy didn't budge. He just sat there and looked down at his desk, so she took his arm like she was going to lift him up. He grabbed ahold of the sides of the desk and nothing could pull him up. That's when she looked over at me and I could tell what she was thinking. I didn't know what to say. I promised that if she would let him stay in her room, I would help him every night until he could read and write. She said that she would have to see the principal about it, and she would let us know tomorrow.

Pretty soon the bell rang, and we were free to go home. We only went a half-day that first day, so it wasn't so bad. We were just coming down the front steps when this crowd of boys came up to us. They were giggling and poking each other

in the ribs.

One boy was in front of the rest. His name was Jeff Clark, and I recognized him cause his mother worked down the road from Granny's at the mill. She walked to work every morning, and lots of times he was with her. He would throw rocks up on our roof. They would roll back down and make a lot of noise, and Granny would come running out on the porch and give that boy a piece of her mind.

Anyway, this Jeff went up to Teddy and grabbed his shoelace. "Hello, Theodore, have you learned to tie your shoes yet?" and he yanked the shoelace loose. All the boys laughed and he untied the other shoe. This really made old Teddy angry and he swung, and he swung around like a thrashing machine. Well, then this Jeff acted like he'd been hit, and he fell down on the ground and began rolling around saying, "Oh Theodore, you, you have killed me for sure this time. I am dying. Why did you have to kill me? I was only kidding."

I guess old Teddy really thought he hit Jeff 'cause he went over and apologized. Then the boys really laughed when Jeff jumped up and yelled, "Stupid, you never touched me." They all started singing a song about Teddy and ran home, turning around to throw a couple of rocks. One caught me on the leg, but I was too busy trying to calm Teddy down to care much.

We started home and, as soon as we were out of sight of the school, I tied his shoes for him cause he was stepping all over his shoelaces. I was afraid he would fall down and have a spell.

By the time we got home he had cooled off, so I didn't tell Granny about Jeff and the other boys. I knew it would worry her.

School went along all right that year. The teacher let Teddy stay with me and by Christmas he could print his name and add a little bit. He could say the Lord's Prayer and the twenty-third psalm. He got some of the big words mixed up but the teacher said he was doing fine. He never caused any trouble at school except one day at the Valentine party he had a spell, a pretty bad one. I knew what to do for him, so it didn't last long. Boy, did it ever scare that Jeff Clark when he saw Teddy have that spell. He never came near Teddy again.

The funny thing is that Teddy kept getting bigger and bigger. Granny couldn't lift him any more. I never could. I just stayed about the same. He could cut two cords of wood without stopping and never get tired. One day, the milkman's truck got stuck in the yard. Well, old Teddy lifted up

the whole rear end of that truck. I guess it weighed about a ton.

Soon it got summertime again and we started going to the river. There was a good place to play down below the mill. Sometimes we went swimming. Sometimes we fished (Teddy always caught the most). And sometimes we looked for "Buckeyes" and things.

Teddy was real good at finding Buckeyes, Indian pipes, and May pops. Lots of times we brought wild lettuce home. Granny would fry the lettuce in bacon grease. That tasted real good and especially when Granny would give me a little coffee to go with it.

Finally school was out for the summer. I passed and so did Teddy. He was real glad, (Now we could work in our garden. We had corn, potatoes, beans, tomatoes, and our specialty—cucumbers. We had so many cucumbers we sold some and started a pretty good business. We saved \$7.00 in one month. Granny would shell beans and put them in fruit jars. One jar sold for 50¢.)

In July "Bible School" opened for the summer. Teddy liked "Bible School." It wasn't like real school, cause they gave you drinks and cookies at noon every day and there was always a big picnic at the end of the two weeks. They give out real pretty pictures of Jesus and all those people in the Bible like Moses, and God, and Sampson (he looked like Teddy). We made lots of things; like, last year we took strips of old newspaper and soaked them with water and flour. Then we turned a cardboard box upside-down and cut little windows and doors in it. When the paper strips were real gooey, we stuck them all over the box. When it all dried, we painted it white, and we had a little house like the one Jesus lived in (except it was littler).

When it got too hot we went outside under the tree and the teacher gave us all a fan. My fan had a picture of me shooting Teddy with a slingshot. It made me laugh. On the other side was a picture of the preacher. I never saw him up close 'cause he stayed mostly in his study room. He had one of those 'lectric fans that sits on the floor and looks around and you have to sit and wait for it to come back around your way.

We sang lots of songs. Teddy liked to sing and he sang real loud. Sometimes he didn't know the words so he made up words about little baby Jesus and Granny and me and lots of things. I liked the lady who played the piano, cause she was real pretty and she let me pick a song. I always chose, "On Your Christian Shoulders." It was

sort of a marching song and it made me think about going off to fight in the war. That's what Teddy and I planned to do as soon as we were old enough.

Well, it was there in "Bible School" that it happened; Teddy's real bad spell, I mean. One day it was real hot, and while we were singing I happened to look over at Teddy. I noticed his face was getting very red and he was sorta leaning against the chair in front. I took his arm and we went outside for some fresh air. The rest just kept on singing.

When we got outside, Teddy lay down under the tree. I would have gone and gotten a spoon and a damp towel, but he said he didn't want them. His eyes didn't roll all back like they usually did and he didn't make that funny noise; he just sort of rested like he'd been on a long journey.

I could tell that the spell was about over, cause his face was real cool. I guessed he got too excited about the picnic or something.

What I didn't know was that old Teddy had had his last spell for good. He would never have another one, nor would he ever go off to fight with me in the war, or hunt Buckeyes down by the river. Teddy died right there under the tree. He just lay down and died, like that was the best thing to do, and everybody says it was a blessing. They said he was much happier where he was now.

I guess they were right and Granny doesn't worry so much any more except when I get hurt doing something stupid, like trying to fly, or something like that. I guess I missed old Teddy, cause I got bored sometimes and he could do lots of things better than me.

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## Pieces of Memory

Behind me the white-flecked mountains  
Rising  
to meet the smooth, smooth sky . . .

In front a restless ocean of dusty gold—  
waves of ocher wheat  
caressing each other  
with endless love . . .

There is a brook—  
a little whirlwind of water  
dancing by the roots of trees  
and underneath their limbs,  
then  
bumping  
to a stop into an ever-widening  
pool of tranquility . . .

Pieces of memory,  
Pieces of life.

—DENYSE DRAPER



# Wind W

by

S. PAT REYNOLDS

I

Which wishful way do the w  
And journey sockets cover th

O vast and powerful streamer  
Billowing crests of rich gold  
The morning webs are covered  
The quilt covered with grass  
Lounging on the wet warm e  
Tender to touch and wistful

For the fullness of the earth  
Is the chancy taste of hot brea  
And the thrilling thirst of go  
The crumbs and the drops  
Tinkle and tremble over the  
Of the new-born puppy.

Why singing soft the finger le  
And bearing naked the old ro

O strong, hidden gated garde  
Floating over red-bricked wa  
The tuft-boarded walks are st  
And toes-touching corridors o  
Lying, waiting to be crushed,  
Brittle and sensible to walk o

For the wonder of this garde  
Is decaying leaves and dying  
And the marveling voice of hi  
Drooping sadly and lovingly i  
Of the fleeing goose.

alk

YNOLDS

winds blow  
the earth?

ers  
d and turbid gray,  
ed pockets,  
ss  
earth,  
l to wallow in.

h  
ead  
good spring water—

e tongue

leaves blow  
roots lie?

den  
walks,  
stony paths  
s of leaves,  
d,  
on.

den  
g stems  
him who dies with it—  
y in the threat

II

Gently  
He walked  
And rocked  
On his haunches;  
    Over and above  
The rollicking waves  
He came in marvel.  
Children  
With wonder  
And smiles  
Of his coming,  
    Again and again  
Laughing, dancing,  
They ran to his walking.

I seek you and others  
He said  
And passed them by walking.  
Slowly  
He walked  
And rode  
On his heart-head  
    Over and above  
The ridging heights,  
He came in secret.

III

I have loved you a life,  
She said  
And stayed before him  
Chanting the evening before night.  
I have not forgotten you.  
In spring I remembered  
And the soil rumbled under my feet  
And lifted me  
So that I touched a white wisp of air  
And moved with it.  
But I was not alive  
With the dirt and the wells  
Because there was no seed in me.

I have loved you a season  
She said  
And fell down before him  
Speaking the glimmer of the moon.

I have not forsaken you.  
In summer I stood by  
And the sea lapped around my feet  
And offered me  
Such love I was a fool to forego  
And reject it.  
But I was dead then  
With the salt and water  
Unpreserved inside me.  
I have loved you a day  
She said  
And rose up beside him  
Sighing the tint of the night.  
I have not removed you.  
In autumn I remember  
And this tree offers his arms  
And wants me  
That I will have a bare branch  
To comfort me.  
Still I have no life  
To color his bark  
And we cannot meet.

#### IV

Morning, way over brick paths  
And the first flush of night here.  
Leaves and acorns ready to walk on,  
Bread and water waiting to taste of,  
And years, seasons, days to stop him.

Remembered and remember.  
Seedless, beautiful,  
Unfertile, loving.  
But the stones are heavy in the path  
And the moist of evening glitters  
And the dog barks  
And the flutter of wings call overhead.

#### V

What's to keep a man from walking,  
From dancing over oceans of grass  
Ready to drown in the frost?  
What's to keep a man from running,

From jumping over fordless streams  
Ready to burst from their banks?

Roads and paths and running deer,  
Walls and gates and hopping toads,  
Wells and canes and digging ants,  
Seas and streams and swimming eels,  
Wood and sand and working men,  
Steel and nail and hard machines,  
Home and hearth and boiling pots,  
School and church and skipping child,  
Age and chairs and coming cold.

#### VI

O which ways do the winds blow?  
Whispering among the trees  
There where I left her,  
Or bugling over the earth  
Here where I wander?

O the gate gleams in twilight  
As I look back now.  
O the gate hangs still open  
As I turn back now.  
O the gate calls me back there,  
O the arms sing me back there,  
But the moving stones  
Want me further down  
And the crackling leaves  
Need my crushing heel.

O which way do the winds blow?  
Violently among the thorns  
There where I left her,  
Or softly over the field  
Here where I wander?

O this way the winds blow  
Fuller and fuller,  
Lusty and robust,  
Manly and thrilling  
Here where I wander.

# IMMIGRANTS IN WILLA CATHER'S PRAIRIE NOVELS

By ELIZABETH PASTI

Willa Cather celebrates the legend of the immigrant pioneer, a legend of man against nature and society in a strange land. Her immigrants are not wholeheartedly happy to be transplanted into this country, nor is their success here assured. Immigrants from Bohemia, Scandinavia and France are forced to struggle for their very survival. In Miss Cather's appraisal of their struggle the heroes are affirmative, intelligent women. After nature is conquered, the imaginative immigrants must revolt against the village. The immigrants, long sheltered by the traditions of an old culture, face a struggle with a nature that is older than any tradition. They fight to master the soil, a new language, and to establish a set of working ethical doctrines.

*O Pioneers!*, *The Song of the Lark*, and *My Antonia* have for their setting the rugged prairies of Nebraska and Colorado and the small towns of those prairies.

Some of the immigrants succeed, some of them fail; some are weak and some are strong. This essay is concerned with the forces which shape their lives, the conflicts between the Old World and the New World, and between the first and

second generations of immigrants, and their relationships with the older stock Americans already gathered in the dusty prairie towns dotted along the railroad tracks. The best of the immigrants symbolize for Miss Cather the greatness of America.

*O Pioneers!* has as characters only immigrants. Though the opening scene is in a town, its inhabitants have been driven to shelter by a raging blizzard so that we do not meet them as characters either then or later. Miss Cather's cast of characters are the Scandinavian, Bohemian and French settlers along the Divide. The heroine of this book, Alexandra Bergson, is one of Miss Cather's archetypes of successful pioneers. As the story begins, her Swedish father lies dying after eleven years of no notable success in turning the prairie sod into productive farm land. John Bergson is one of the several immigrants in Miss Cather's fiction who are unable to make an adjustment to the New World.

The relationships between the Old World and the New World is a recurring theme in these novels. John Bergson, like Herr Wunsch in *The Song of the Lark*, and Mr. Shimerda in *My An-*

tonia, are elderly uprooted Europeans, trying unsuccessfully to live on their memories of their former life, their former place in another culture. He fails because he has tried to find in this country a substitute for the place he has lost by leaving his homeland. He hasn't known how to meet this country on its own terms. There is no real hope here for elderly daydreamers.

In the children of these men is the complex merging of cultures and backgrounds. On the one hand is their strong European heritage; on the other is the American West, challenging and exciting, full of possibilities for those who are adaptable. From her father Alexandra absorbed the Scandinavian traditions, and a vision of what could be made of the land he owned. Alexandra, a pioneer in the epic sense of the word, has faith in the land, and the determination to make it come true.

Her willingness for self-denial is contrasted with her brother's selfishness in the lean years following her father's death. Her promise to her father and her sense of tradition give her a special pleasure in holding the land on which her father was the first settler. Her steadfast vision of the possible future of the land led her to increase her acreage rather than join her brothers and neighbors in their retreat to more tillable land. She loves the wild land itself with poetic appreciation.

Her two older brothers have less imagination than she, and seek an easier way to make their living. These two brothers, and those like them in other works of her fiction, represent for Miss Cather that greater part of the second generation immigrants who, without vision or imagination, without the integrity and moral fiber of her pioneer prototypes, become readily assimilated into the fast growing, materialistically oriented prairie towns, where they assume as rapidly as they are able, the plumage and manners of the townspeople. As little admired by Miss Cather as by Sinclair Lewis, these townspeople are narrow-minded, conventional to the point of stuffiness, self-conscious, and mediocre; they are what our sociologists call "ther-directed." These brothers reject their European heritage so completely that they are cruelly intolerant of the traditional customs practiced by some of the older immigrants.

It is to Alexandra's house that these older people must come to practice their customs without censure. Alexandra is deeply rooted in her heritage, but not held back by it. She forges ahead,

and experiments with unconventional farming methods. Marriage, so important to most women, is of secondary importance to her, to be entered into only after her farm prospers, after she has gained a man's kind of success in the world. To succeed in her dream is of primary importance to her. To gain what she considers the best life, she must lose, or at least delay, part of her life.

Alexandra's liberal judgment allows her to enjoy the ways of other ethnic groups which have settled along the Divide. She is extremely fond of her warm-natured, impulsive Bohemian neighbor, Marie Shabata, with whom she has little in common. She enjoys the spontaneous fun of the French settlement fêtes, and sometimes attends the French Catholic church. She is pleased that one of her father's children, her favorite younger brother Emil, can cope with the outside world, and can have a personality apart from the soil. Her contacts outside of her own austere heroic struggle gives her a wider frame of reference and a deeper appreciation of life's meaning. Such a widened horizon is important also to the development of Antonia and Thea, heroines of the other two novels under consideration.

Emil represents another type of the second generation immigrant in Miss Cather's novels. She treats him sympathetically as she does Carl Lindstrum, Alexandra's admirer, Lena Lingard and her friend Tony in *My Antonia*, all of whom leave the prairie to make their lives elsewhere, but she in no way suggests that their lives are as fully satisfying, or that they come close to the self-realization of her heroines, Alexandra Bergson, Antonia Shimerda, and Thea Kronberg. It is not their ilk that made the West great.

*My Antonia* is set both on the farm and in town. As in *O Pioneers!* the elderly immigrant father dies near the beginning of the novel's story. Mr. Shimerda tries unsuccessfully to transplant his native culture onto his quarter-section of Nebraska. This sensitive, intelligent man, whom the priests back home often sought out for good conversation, has no conception of either the life or the language of the prairie. Clinging to his old ways, to his homesick memories, and to his violin, while his helpless family nearly starve in their sod cave, he soon loses the will to struggle and commits suicide.

He, like Mr. Bergson, fails because he is bound too tightly by his heritage; he is unable to meet the land on its own terms. His wife is a weak, constantly complaining woman who whines her way

into moderate well being through the kindnesses of her neighbors.

Again it is one of the children who succeeds—again it is one of the daughters rather than the son. Antonia was her father's favorite among his children, and from him she absorbed much of his European heritage, which she continues to cherish for the rest of her life. The memory of her father strongly influences her, and seems more real to her than many of the people she comes to know after his death. She symbolically returns to her heritage by marrying a Bohemian, and in their home of fourteen children speak Czech more fluently than English. On their farm she nurtures a grape arbor such as her father had remembered in the old country.

Though her father has hoped for her to have a good American education, this dream dies with him; her back is needed for full-time labor on the farm in order for the family to survive. Like Alexandra she endures extreme physical labor for years and is deprived of the kind of adolescence that the town children enjoy. Like Alexandra's brothers, Antonia's brother Ambrosch soon becomes greedy for material success, and develops into a less admirable character than either his father or Antonia. He joins the ranks of the second generation immigrants who are insensitive to their heritage and to the possibilities of the present.

A middle section of the book takes place in the town of Black Hawk, whence come Antonia and many of the Scandinavian girls to be hired help in the homes of the respectable older stock Americans. Miss Cather clearly thinks that it is the imaginative immigrants rather than the conventional Americans who are responsible for this country's greatness. The American villagers are dull, self-conscious, imperceptive and unimaginative. Few are aware of the value of anything outside of their own narrow bourgeois culture. There is Wick Cutters among them, and Mrs. Cutters, and men like the one who seduces Antonia. Their boys discover that the hired girls are lively and fun and marvelously spontaneous dance partners, more fun indeed than their own schoolmates. Though one of Jim Burden's friends becomes more than slightly infatuated with one of these open-hearted girls, he lacks the nerve to break the social norms and marry her. Neither is Jim himself forceful enough to alter the pattern. He dates Lena Lingard, but only far away from the prying eyes of his home town, and is easily persuaded to break off their affair. He is struck by the relation-

ship of these girls like Lena, Antonia and their laughing generous friends with Virgil's poetry. He suddenly understands that girls like these are the inspiration behind much of the poetry of the world. His idealization of them, and particularly of Antonia, makes him disgusted with respectable Black Hawk society.

After Antonia's railroad-conductor boy friend seduces and deserts her, she returns to the country and the farm. She needs to be close to the land; it is her salvation. Deep-seated maternal instincts make her accept and love her illegitimate infant without a qualm, make her accept the burden of mothering her fourteen children as her real place in life. Her proper function is as mother and housewife, and she appears to Jim Burden years later as a beautifully fulfilled woman. Though battered by time, she is a rich well-spring of life like the founders of early civilizations. Her life contains a fruitful blend of nostalgia and ambition, memories of the Old World and dreams for the New World. Acting with instinctive feeling rather than by intellectual processes she had developed and achieved her potentialities.

The land is tamed; the heroine of *The Song of the Lark* struggles not against nature, but against the Phillistine spirit suffocating her in the town of Moonstone. The townspeople are mostly older generation Americans; there are no immigrant farmers in this story. Moonstone, like Black Hawk, is filled with the kind of people that Miss Cather dislikes, those bounded by their provincial conventions. Thea, daughter of the Swedish Methodist minister, feels from childhood that there is something very different about herself. Unintellectual like Alexandra and Antonia, she is able to feel but not understand this difference. Like them she uses imagination and determination to achieve her success. Her fulfillment is as a Wagnerian opera singer.

Almost all of her relationships with people in Moonstone emphasize her difference from them, even from the members of her own family, all of whom become assimilated into Moonstone ways. Her mother, her friend Dr. Archie, and her admirer Ray Kennedy are the few townspeople who like this sensitive girl. Each of them realizes that she is unusual, but they are too imperceptive to know why. Ray Kennedy, an earnest young railroad man, represents the best marriage prospect for Thea should she decide to remain in the Moonstone world.

Like Alexandra and Antonia, Thea gains knowledge and understanding of life by her contact

with first generation immigrants. Her first music teacher Herr Wunsch recognizes her extraordinary talent, and teaches her that every artist must make himself be born. But more than that he cannot do; homesick and unable to cope with life in this country he is slowly drinking himself to death. The German immigrant tailor and his wife, kind to their fellow countryman Wunsch, are kind also to Thea. They have created in the prairie a small bit of their homeland complete with a linden tree in the garden. Surrounded by their warm kindness, their good German food and conversation, Thea feels comfortable. Their sons are typical of Miss Cather's second generation boys: they reject their heritage and are ashamed of the alien ways of their parents, and prefer to buy ready made suits from Denver rather than wear their father's "home made" suits.

In the Mexican part of town, which is avoided by other respectable townfolk, Thea finds warm-hearted spontaneity and acceptance. There is great contrast between the whole-hearted gaiety at the impromptu concert of the music-loving Mexican immigrants and the stuffiness at the Sunday School concert on the other side of the tracks at which the music is less important than the amount of applause received by rival proteges.

Like Alexandra, Thea doesn't lose sight of her goal. She rejects living in Moonstone as a successful piano teacher in order to study in Chicago. She rejects marriage until her artistic success is won. In her voice study she reacts instinctively rather than intellectually. She is stubborn and determined and self-assured, though she is crude and awkward by Chicago standards.

All three of these heroines love the natural phenomena of the plains. Thea makes special trips out of Moonstone to see the sand hills, and it is in the glorious golden canyons of the Southwest,

amid the ruins of the cliff dwellers that she finds a renewal of purpose. The combination of the natural landscape and the sense of tradition she feels among the relics of the ancient people have a potent effect on her will toward success.

Miss Cather shows that the best in the American pioneer is a synthesis of European traditions and the challenge of a new environment. The great pioneers, whether in nature or in art, mingle the memories of the old with the dreams of the young. The three heroines, with roots deep in the past, meet the opportunities of this young country with curiosity, instinctive passion, courage, vitality and imagination. With these tools, they make the most of the experiences that life offers them and live up to their potentialities. They feel life deeply, without philosophizing about it, are passionate rather than intelligent, and are superbly self-confident. Miss Cather echoes Emerson's emphasis upon the importance of the individual, an individual who meets the unique challenge of this country with a great and fitting response. Miss Cather writes in *O Pioneers!*, "The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman." It is the hearts of women such as Alexandra, Antonia and Thea that give their time and place in history its stature.

They rise in stature high above the elderly immigrant failures whose sensitivity and nostalgia keep them from meeting the challenge with an appropriate response, high above the second generation immigrants who succumb to conformity and greed, and high above the old stock Americans of the villages who are bound by narrow intolerance and unimaginative materialistic respectability. Miss Cather admired most of all a philosophy of living which is instinctive and spontaneous, and full of love, enterprise, and courage, as practiced by these epic daughters of the immigrants.

# THE PASSING

(Contest Winner)

And did you think again  
of the meaning of Rimbard,  
of the early morning rain,  
and the passion of Li Po,  
as you went down the singing  
path, where early Springing  
little flowers grow?  
(saying, "Seek the meaning of Rimbaud")

Did you think of red wine  
from the vaults of Rome,  
or the Springing flowers fine  
in rolling hills of home,  
and how the Springing winds did bless,  
and how the liting winds carressed  
you, to the very bone?  
(saying, "Seek the meaning of Rimbaud")

And did the brown eyes see,  
and show the way to guide you home,  
show the way to guide you free,  
see into the hills of home,  
the way to bear you there,  
where Springing winds are fair,  
and leave us here alone?  
(to seek the meaning of Rimbaud)

And would you truly go  
and leave your books behind,  
and the passion of Li Po,  
and the Springing flowers fine,  
and leave us here alone,  
leave us here to moan?  
(saying, "Seek the meaning of Rimbaud")

—MILTON G. CROCKER

## INTERIM

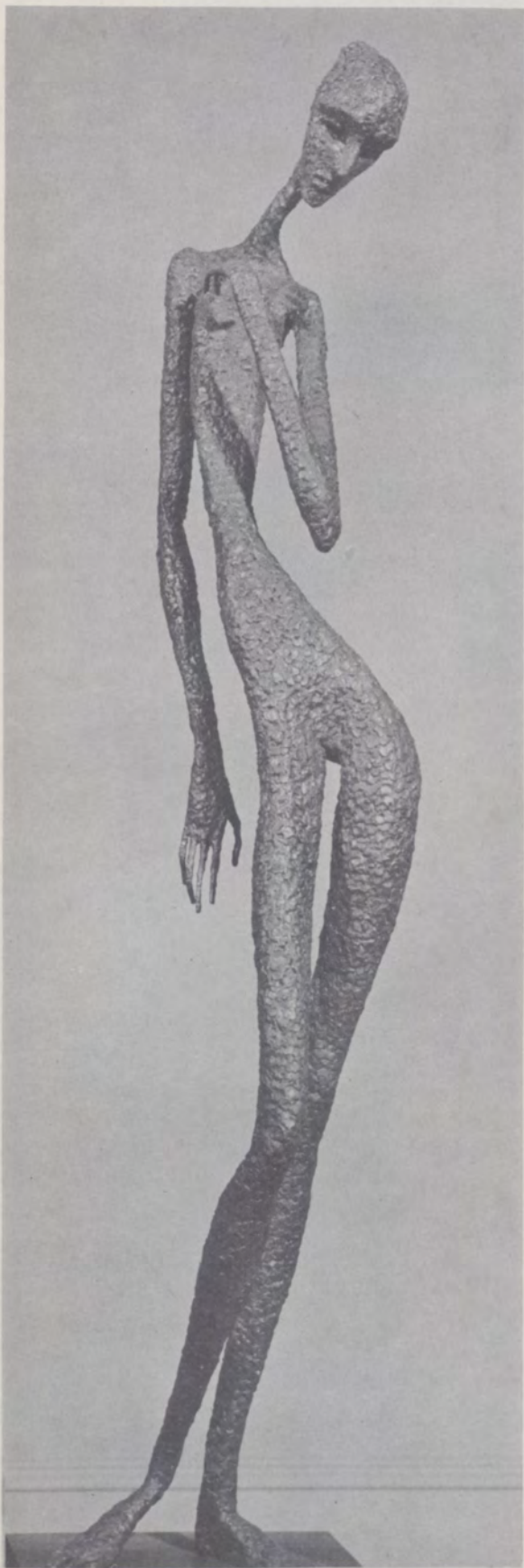
Evening waits  
restlessly  
In the anteroom  
Sunset wanders  
serenely  
in the courtyard  
night creepers  
stretch—sigh  
Longingly  
Farewell  
Stoop-shouldered day

—B. TOLSON WILLIS, JR.

A black and white photograph of a welder in profile, wearing a protective mask and working on a piece of metal. The welder is focused on the task, with a welding torch held in their right hand. The background is dark and industrial. The text 'WELDED' is printed vertically on the left side of the image.

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**SCULPTURE**

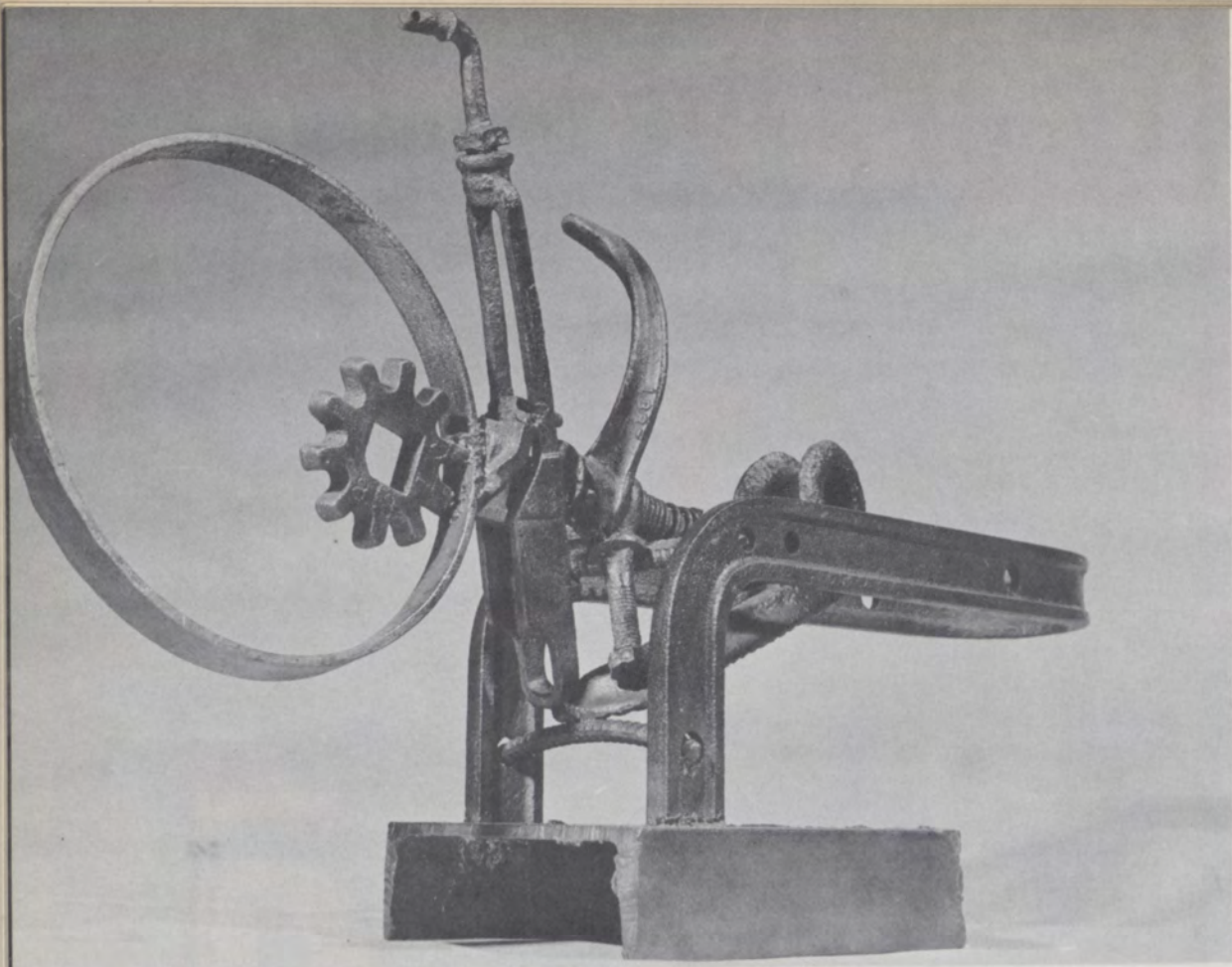


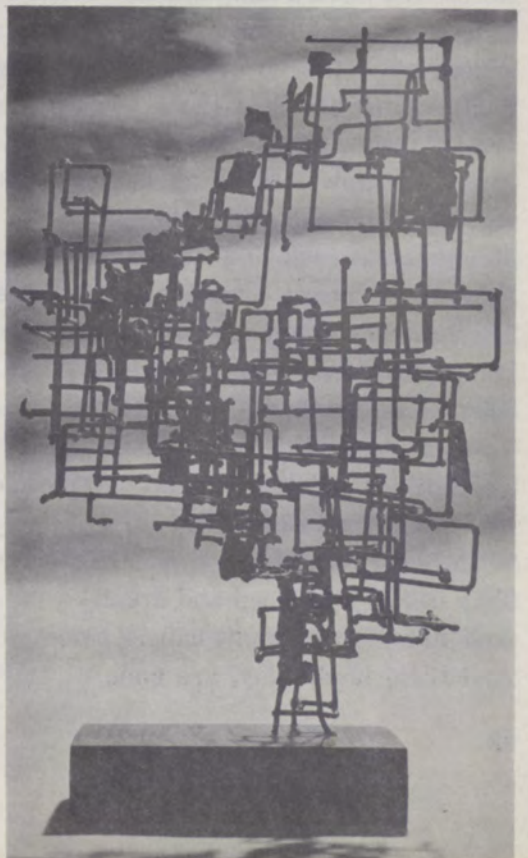
SPRING, 1961



Welding provides today's sculptor with a direct freedom and flexibility never before available. It offers a wide range of technique, lending itself to a classical treatment as easily as to an approach in which the material insistently declares its own existence and has occasioned the assembly of discarded objects and materials as a new sculptural form.

The following illustrations present some of the possibilities which welding, with its myriad textural and color possibilities, makes available to the artist.







# Poetry

by

SUE ELLEN HUNSUCKER

## PLACES

In lonely places  
People meet and touch  
And little bits of life crumble about them,  
Never lived, never shared.  
In quiet places  
Moments are spent  
And prayers are made in watchful silence  
Never spoken, never kept.  
In wildly beating hearts  
Dreams are born  
And nourished and grow old  
Never weaned, never known.  
In cities life fills up  
And screams and dies  
While signs flash red and green  
And trains roar by  
And people sleep.

## NIGHT CALLERS

The night callers come.  
Across the plain a lamp burns,  
Caught in a small, dusty window pane  
Where candleflies swoop down to the light  
And catch in the heat to die the  
Instantaneous death they live for.  
The wind, unwelcomed, unchained  
Against the clouds,  
Moans its curse of no place to rest,  
Pants its odorless breath against the earth,  
Then catches in spring branches to die  
Its way to peace.  
The silence presses down and  
Takes the crackling fire in its grasp  
To muffle sound and warmth and pleasure  
For those who huddle there  
With babies cradled in their arms—  
Tiny babies who sleep and dream  
And never know night callers come  
And then, in the day, are gone.

# THE BIG MAN

by THOMAS JACKSON

One of the biggest houses in Savage is about three miles from the school house, at the Corner. The reason why I mentioned this house is because one of the biggest men in Savage lives there. At least I've always been told that he was one of the biggest. Now I don't mean big like old fat Lester Hall is big, but big in what people think of him. You know, a kind of a "ramrod", or "big wheel". "well-thought-of" kind of guy. I'm talking about L. C. Marshal.

As far as "big," in the way people usually think of it goes, L. C. isn't really very big. As a matter of fact, he's not over five foot six or seven, although he is a little chubby around the middle. He has a round baby - like face that's usually red and sweaty and his hair is light brown and kind of thin. He's almost bald in front. It's kind of hard to tell you what he looks like in the face. His nose is short and a little flat and his ears are little. His face is not real good looking and it's not ugly. It's just the kind of face you don't remember. L. C. is usually smiling like a politician the day before elections and when he frowns he don't look mad, he just looks like he smells something that he don't like.

He is very particular about how he dresses. Instead of wearing cotton pants like everybody else he always wears gabardine or wool, except in summer, then he wears searsucker and pale sport shirts. In the winter he wears a white shirt and one of those wide, hand, painted neckties. He has one with a picture of a pointed bird dog and two flying birds on it that he wears almost all the time. Even when he is working L. C. dresses like this. You can see him in the yard piddling around in his azaleas, or cutting the grass, or down on his hands and knees in his pansy bed with those blue-grey gabardine pants on, the sleeves of his white shirt rolled up to his elbows, and his neck tie swinging to and fro.

Now the reason that L. C. is so well thought of, I reckon, is because he is in so many things at one time. He belongs to lots of clubs and groups that's always working on some project or other. He's the Worthy Grand Leader, or the Grand Worthy Leader, or the Worthy Worthy Leader, or whatever they call it that is the head of the Grange Club. He's a hard worker in the PTA and is on a whole lot of committees, he is a Mason, a Deacon in the Church, a Sunday school



teacher, a school teacher, Vice President of the United Mens Christian Brotherhood Association, and is in a lot more things that I can't even name.

L. C.'s wife is the same way too. She teaches school, teaches a Sunday school class, is in the PTA, the Grange, the Garden Club, the Home Demonstration Club, and is one of the leaders of the Womans Committee to Clean up Savage Community.

Between the two of 'em they go to everything that happens in Savage. One or the other of 'em plays the piano at church every Sunday and sometimes they go to two different churches in one Sunday. They go to all the church suppers and fish fries and fund raising things. I've never been to the Lake when there was a fish fry or chicken fry or anything like that when they won't there, unless, of course, it was a group from a way off in Martinburg or something. They go to all the PTA meetings, the class plays, the speeches, and programs at the school house.

L. C. sells tickets, or cards, or sign plates, or whatever the church happens to be selling. He

makes speeches, writes letters, and talks for all his clubs. He even goes out in his Buick and rides around all over the community sometimes when one of his organizations is pushing some project or another especially hard, but he makes them pay for his gas.

Now most people think that L. C. frowns on drinking, but I know for a fact that he takes a little snort now and then hisself. You see I was over at Samp Purvis's house one night buying a pint and I had sit down talking to Samp for a while when this new Buick pulls up in the yard and stops. Well, Samp is kind of cautious of cars that he don't know real good so he peeped out the window before he went to the door. Samp didn't know who it was so he called me over to the window and ask me if I knew the car. About the time I got to the window the man in the car tooted his horn right light a time or two and then got out and started to the door. Well I told Samp he better take it easy because it was L. C. Marshal (everybody knew how L. C. was). When I said this Samp laughed great big and said that there

was more to L. C. than most people knew. This kind of surprised me and Samp laughed some more. He said, "Yeah, L. C. is one of my old friends, but he don't tell many people that he even knows me." Samp went to open the door and I sit back down in the dark living room (the front part of Samp's house is just about always dark at night on the inside) while they went down the hall to the kitchen at the back of the house. Samp keeps his licker in a big water pitcher in the refrigerator. I was sitting there smoking and thinking about L. C. when I heard Samp coming back. Instead of going down the hall and out the front like he came in, L. C. was walking along behind Samp to the living room. I could see both of 'em outlined in the next room when the door from the kitchen let some light in. They walked right in the living room and Samp said something about sitting down for a while just about the same time I moved to light my dead cigar. Well let me tell you, when I struck that match, L. C. Marshal almost dropped his teeth. He was so surprised that he couldn't even talk for a minute. Then he sputtered and stammered a little and said, "Well now, hello there Jarvis, how in the world are you?" "I'm all right," I said, "How about you?" "Oh," he says, "I'm o.k., but er, ah, uncle Jonah, my negro tenant's not so good. The doctor came out this afternoon and attended to him for some time, but I thought a little shot of whiskey would get him on the road to recovery faster. I think it is only a bad cold, and you know a little drink of whiskey will break a cold right up. And Patty needed some wine for a fruit cake too." Well, I knew right off that Patty won't cooking no fruit cakes that far from Christmas, but I didn't say nothing about it. Then Samp went back toward the kitchen for a minute and L. C. said, "What in the world are you doing here, this is no place for a young man like you."

"Oh, I got a little cold," I said, "and you know how a little shot will break a cold right up." Well, I couldn't see his face, but from the way he was breathing I'd be willing to bet that he was blushing and blinking his eyes like he does sometimes when he gets in a tight spot. About that time Samp come back in and L. C. left pretty quick.

Just out of curiosity I asked Samp if L. C. had bought any wine. "Hell no," he said, "He got the same thing he always gets, a half a gallon of white. He gets that much ever now and then when they're having one of them parties." Well, I didn't know what parties he was talking about, but Samp told me all about it. It seems that L. C., and Mr. Raner, and Julius Mason and a bunch of them big wigs get together down at Reynold's clubhouse on Reynold's pond ever now and then and have a real bang up party. They even have Purline McNell down there. Purline is a little high yellow whore that 's supposed to really be hell. She's clean and good looking all right, but she's not worth ten bucks.

Anyway, I saw L. C. later on one day and he started giving me a little sermon on drinking and everything. He said something about iniquity and integrity, and our clean cut youth, and a bunch of stuff like that, that didn't seem to mean too much to me except that he was all bothered and that he knew a lot of big words. Finally he said he was going to talk to my old man about how I was hanging out in the wrong places and all that. Well, I just looked at him for a minute and laughed and asked him if he knew Purline McNell. When I did that he started blinking his eyes and blushing something awful and kind of sputtered. I could tell he was mad as hell, but he didn't say nothing else to me then and he hasn't since. As a matter of fact he won't even speak to me at all any more, except in a crowd when he has to.

## Call Me

A river hurries down to the sea, a  
Ship sails out on the tide.

A train stabs the night with a fury  
Of sound. Behold, the horizon is wide!

A road is a route to be traveled.  
A town is a place to arrive.

A bit of adventure, blended with fear,  
Is the bread upon which I survive.

My home is a moving train, a ship, or  
A plane, or a bus.

I clothe myself in the miles I've gone,  
My bed is a cloud of dust.

My name is spoken in secret; it's written  
On every man's heart.

I am The Urge to be Free, The Desire to  
Roam . . . . Call me, and let us depart.

—JAMES LEE QUINN, III

## The Harbor

Come into me gently, quietly, softly blowing  
warmth  
Upon my body, here, now there, like hot breath  
upon  
A lighted cigarette seeing  
Silently moving red sparks hiding, winking,  
twinkling  
Beneath gray-white ashes, waiting, willingly  
losing,  
Burning . . .  
Come searching, finding, not finding, tasting  
throbbing,  
Sheeting, gnawing piercing pain,  
Smelling pungent rising heat on flesh, burning,  
driving,  
Forcing away false seeds of doubt, of fears, of  
sorrows.  
Of all tomorrows . . .  
Searing towards the stars of death black night  
Bursting forth, exploding, disintegrating into  
Unexplored depths of drowning fever, running,  
flowing,  
Hammering like rain against pulses.  
Surging, swaying, delaying, clinging vines  
entwining  
Engulfing, melting . . .  
Quick laughter, spinning with the spinning world,  
Drawn spontaneously like metal to magnets . . .  
Resting, clasped together safely, lazily, slowly  
Drifting into the restful, peaceful harbor.

—KAY McLAWHON

# The Rebel Review



## BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIER

**Breaking Down the Barrier** (A Human Document on War)  
By Reiner Rodenhauser and Ralph R. Napp; Seeman, \$3.95.

Many individuals have attempted to justify the wages of war to men. Many others have attempted to show that war is a Hell which no man can justify. **BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIER** is an attempt to take the Hell out of war, to limit its killing and destruction, and make it aim at peace, friendship, and cooperation instead of victory (unconditional surrender). It is an attempt

to make war destroy itself by using war to break down the cultural and psychological barriers which cause people to go to war in the first place. It is an attempt to take both the gore and the glory out of war by using war with the skill of the surgeon, now here and now there, to remove this or that cancerous growth in the family of nations and peoples and cultures.

This "weapon of moral force" seems to have been in the mind and purpose of both Abraham

Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, but both were thwarted by men who despised this weapon. The Allied leaders of World War II also disdained it, insisting on victory in terms of unconditional surrender. The matter remains of crucial concern in the nuclear-space age.

According to this view, everything depends on the "aim" of the war, on what is meant by "victory." To have the aim, or goal, of the war clearly defined is to determine to a great extent the nature and character of every act and deed of the war. It is also to determine largely the attitude of both the combatants and the total population on both sides of the war.

The German people have been accused of learning nothing from their defeat in two World Wars and many people, especially in Europe, seem to fear that a reunited Germany would mean a renewal of the old German dream of conquest. Doubtless this dream remains among some Germans. One might question also whether the Allies have learned any more than the Germans. But this book, written primarily from the experiences and point of view of a wounded and defeated German soldier, Reiner Rodenhauser, indicates that there is a new, vital, and constructive burgeoning in the German's view of his place in the family of nations and peoples on the earth.

The book is neither a story nor a study, but a mixture of both. It contains many heartwarming experiences between prisoners of war and their captors on the one hand and a serious probing of the aims of war and the relationships of peoples across battle lines on the other. The authors themselves have recognized the book's limitations in their prefacing statement, but have presented it in the hope that it will stimulate "some sound intelligent thought" on the whole subject of war.

The book will provoke both assent and questions. Most people perhaps will accept this evaluation of World War II: "The war had been too long, too costly and devastating to justify anyone's undiminished pride in his final victory, a victory that had been too total to leave room for a real peace." A serious reader of the book will ponder such a statement as the following: "A nation that wants nothing but a just peace is free to use, in preparing for defense as well as in case of an aggression, the powerful weapon of stressing the positive (that is, 'whatever is decent, constructive, likeable and positive in the so-called enemy.'). Good is always the basis from which to attack the evil. If you destroy that basis by identifying

good with evil, you have to bear the consequences."

I was puzzled by this language of "good," "evil," and "consequences", because no standard of ultimate values is presented in the book, and no sanction for these terms is offered. Professor Napp of our Social Studies Department, the co-author of the book, who became a personal friend of Rodenhauser while lecturing in Munich after his own combat service in Germany, tells me that Rodenhauser is a devout Christian of Protestant persuasion and that Rodenhauser's original material leans heavily on his religious faith. Professor Napp eliminated references to specific faiths because he felt that any single religion is only one among many and he wanted the book to apply as broadly as possible to all peoples. I agree with Professor Napp's reason for leaving out specific religious references. Apart from religion, however, it seems to me that the subject of peace, friendship, and cooperation between nations and peoples, particularly as a goal in war, implies and presupposes some common values among men everywhere. Such a study as this would seem to make a probing for such mutual values imperative.

The value of this book lies in the fact that it is a witness to its own plea. Two former "enemies," a German and an American combat veteran of World War II, have found in friendship the desire and the will to join minds, spirits, and energies to attempt to turn man's barren ideas about war to fruitful ones. The book is profitable for reading, for study, for discussion, and for decision.

D. D. GROSS

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## A Sense of Values

Wilson, Sloan. *Sense of Values*. N. Y.: Harper Brothers Publishing Co., 1960. \$4.50.

Today it seems proper for all authors to rehash the idea that success is failure. Not so much that success is failure . . . but that trimmings which accompany success cause it to leave an unpleasant taste in one's mouth.

Sloan Wilson's hero in this instance is Nathan Bond, a successful cartoonist, who after such traumatic experiences as alcohol, another woman, and a divorce, begins his search for his sense of values . . .

Nathan's search becomes so boring that the reader is tempted to tell him at times—"forget

them, and live in unhappy oblivion." But the plot wears on and so does the search—unfortunately.

Both the plot and the characters reek of stale cigarette smoke and if one can finish Wilson's latest morsel—he deserves a medal of honor.

—STAFF

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## Henslowe's Diary

**Henslowe's Diary.** Edited with Supplementary Material, Introduction and Notes by R. A. Foakes and R. T. Rickert. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1961. Pp. [lix] + 368. 60s.

Edward Alleyn, principal actor with the Lord Admiral's Men, chief rival company to Shakespeare's, and the son-in-law of Phillip Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose and Fortune theaters, founded the College of God's Gift at Dulwich. In the college library repose some of the most significant documents relating



RICKERT

to the English stage of the Renaissance Phillip Henslowe's diary and others of his private papers. Henslowe was not only the landlord of the Rose and Fortune theaters, he was also the "angel" of the Lord Ad-

miral's Men and at times of various other dramatic companies, and he kept detailed accounts of his financial transactions in the theater. In 1904, the late Sir Walter Greg published a monumental edition of the account book, known as *Henslowe's Diary*, and in 1908 a commentary and interpretation of it. This edition has been long out of print. Thus Messers Foakes, and Rickert's new edition of the *Diary* together with supplementary material from Henslowe's other papers fills a great need.

The manuscript of the *Diary* is a folio volume of 242 leaves measuring approximately 13¼ by 8 inches, originally bound in limp vellum. The volume was first used by Phillip Henslowe's brother John to record accounts of his mining operations from 1576 to 1581. The volume then apparently passed to Phillip Henslowe, who began to use it in 1591 to record his own accounts, reversing the volume and working from the opposite end toward the accounts of his brother. Some of the leaves are now missing from the original volume,

but eleven fragments have found their ways into various libraries.

In the *Diary*, which is really not a diary in the usual sense, Phillip Henslowe kept a record of his expenditures for actors' salaries; for plays bought or in earnest for plays in the process of being written by such dramatists as Jonson, Dekker, and Webster; for fees for the licensing of plays with the Master of the Revels; for laces, velvets, sarsanet, and other materials, as well as hose, veils, elaborate gowns, doublets and breeches to be used as costumes, some of these items being listed for specific plays and characters; for repairs to his theaters; for the hauling of properties and goods by carmen and watermen to his theaters; and, in addition to his expenditures, the daily receipts from specific plays on specific dates at his theaters. Thus the *Diary* is a valuable primary source of information about stage conditions and theatrical productions during the years covered by the accounts, 1591-1613.

The Foakes-Rickert edition is an admirable one and a useful one. It contains, in addition to the *Diary* proper, pertinent selections from Henslowe's scribbblings on the vellum wrapper of the MS. none of which were recorded by Greg in his edition; fragments of the original *Diary*, already referred to above; items which Henslowe wrote in blank spaces scattered through his brother John's mining accounts; and selections from the other Henslowe papers relating to the materials in the *Diary* and consisting of letters dealing with theatrical matters, deeds of sale of shares in the theater ownership, warrants of various sorts, selections from Alleyn's notebooks, and Henslowe's rentbook, which lists his tenants. Appended are three indexes: a general one and two which will be a boon to scholars, working with the *Diary*—an index of year-dates and an index of plays mentioned. Also helpful, and quite appropriate historically for an edition of Renaissance documents, is a glossary of "hard words."

The text of the *Diary* and the supplements are fully and carefully annotated. Wherever the present editors have differed with Greg in their reading of Henslowe's free Secretary hand, Greg's transcription is given in the footnotes. Six plates, photographic reproductions of portions of the *Diary* included primarily to show the arrangement on the page and the form of several types of entries, also point up difficulties in reading the hand and at least two reproduce cruxes in transcribing in which Foakes and Rickert have differed from

Greg in their reading.

The editors' introduction includes a brief summary of the history of the manuscript, a description of the manuscript and its contents, an explanation of the plan, method, and problems of the editors, and a most interesting section which poses questions challenging the validity of some long-held interpretations, e.g., Henslowe's illiterary and the meaning of "ne".

The tremendous labor and the careful scholarship in gathering and transcribing and annotating the documents is evident. It is hoped that placing the *Diary* and pertinent documents within reach physically and financially in this easy-to-use octavo edition will encourage students of the drama to turn their attention anew to explication and interpretation.

—DR. VIRGINIA HERRIN

### A Man Against Insanity

DeKruif, Paul. *Man Against Insanity*. N. Y.: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1957. \$3.95.

I have recently been introduced to one of the biggest "little" men in America's world of science. Contemporary. I came to know this "little" man, Dr. John F. Furguson, through an inspiring biography, *Man Against Insanity*, written by Dr. Paul De Kruif. Dr. Furguson is, in a sense, a microbe hunter like those described in De Kruif's book, *Microbe Hunters*. This somewhat less tangible "microbe" against which Furguson is struggling is abnormal behavior, the fundamental characteristic of all mental illnesses. The very fact that Paul De Kruif has chosen to write the story of Dr. Furguson is sufficient to convince me of the "little" man's greatness.

Jack Furguson was a man filled with the belief that human suffering should be alleviated, and this one belief caused him to fulfill a life-long ambition at the age of forty—that of becoming a medical doctor. After a severe coronary heart attack, Furguson became addicted to barbiturates—and it was during his rehabilitation that Furguson decided to dedicate his medical career to the field of psychiatry. It was in his search for his own peace of mind that Furguson developed a special treatment with *Rauwolfia* (whose common name is *Serpasil*), and opened an entire new chemical world.

*Man Against Insanity* is a stimulating narrative of how one man dedicated to the principal of human dignity has restored hope for a score of mentally ill persons.

—STAFF

### The Light In The Piazza

Spencer, Elizabeth. *The Light In the Piazza*. N. Y.: McGraw Hill, 1960, 110p. \$3.00.

It is seldom that a novel is written which expresses in poignant terms the dilemma of human emotions.

Novelist Elizabeth Spencer cleverly unfolds the dilemma of a mother with a retarded child. In this case the child is a beautiful young girl of 26. Mrs. Johnson, a sensitive southern woman, is on vacation in Italy when a young Florentine falls deeply in love with her daughter. Never for a moment does Mrs. Johnson doubt Fabrizio's love for Clara, but she does doubt her own motives. Should she or should she not give permission for a wedding?

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