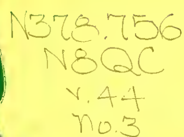
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CORADDI

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1940
Vol 44 No 3

Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Gov't methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniel, tobacco auctioneer, in action.

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of making tobacco better than ever

... and Luckies always buy the choice grades," says Roy Daniel, 29 years a tobacco auctioneer

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March, 1940

Volume 44 Number 3

Peggy Holman's article is another of her critical essays on contemporary writers. Peggy does not believe that Faulkner is just another realistic writer, and she wishes to show that his writing goes beyond the level of external realism.

Margaret Coit's story "Summer Saturday" was not written for propaganda or social reasons. As Margaret says, "It's just good material for a story, and so I wrote it." After all, lynching is definitely a passing question.

"Benzine Rinsings" is the first piece of prose that Gwen Gay has done for Coraddi. It is a critical essay on the late poet, Hart Crane.

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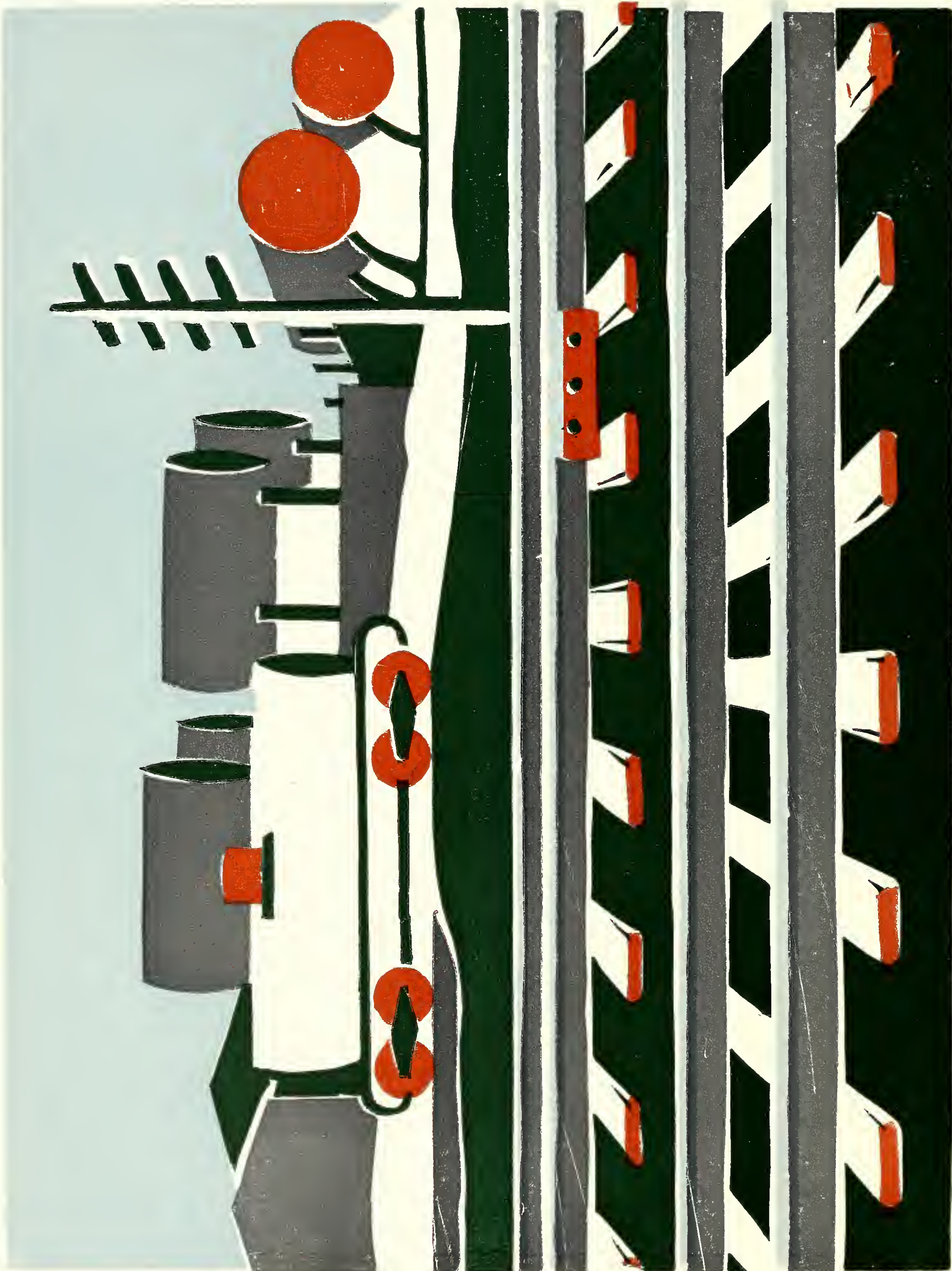


William Faulkner

By Peggy Holman

IN MODERN literature there is a trend almost psycho-analytic in character which goes beyond mere realism. We might term it the "new realism." Since it attempts to show the weakness and defeat in human nature, it is closer to the truth than the old romantic tradition which pictured only the aspirations and joys of man. And since it seeks an explanation of man's unhappiness in his deepest nature rather than in the working of chance events, it is even sounder than mere realism. For the sake of convenience, we will call the proponents of this trend the new realists. William Faulkner of Mississippi is one of these.

In one sense, the literature of Faulkner and his contemporaries and its preoccupation with psychological abnormalities, dealing with families inflicted with a curse (which is the theme of most of Faulkner's novels), is an outgrowth of the literature of Charles Brockden Brown, Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Radcliffe, of the past century. From this acceptance of sensation as foremost and desirable in itself, a state of mind results by which the most violent is considered the most acceptable of fiction, and thus a literature of horror arises. The tale of horror is so familiar that we scarcely ever realize how strange they are or how hard to explain, either as to the genesis of the anxiety, or the paradoxical utilization of the medium. There has been a gradual drift in this type and in the literature of sex from a romantic point of view to one of ridicule, and one of tortured, frantic striving after realism. Only when viewed in this later light can the new realism be considered compulsive and exhibitionistic.

The themes of Faulkner's novels are quite similar, dealing with the degeneration of family groups or individuals. *Soldier's Pay,* written while the author was living in New Orleans with Sherwood Anderson and written largely under the influence of Anderson, is the story of a World War veteran who returns from the war shell-shocked and gradually lapses off into death. In it there is the suggestion of a realm of suffering in which protest and submission are equally comfortless. Using the same general idea, Faulkner wrote *Sartoris,* this time emphasizing the doomed family rather than the returned warrior. *The Sound and the Fury* throws before us another doomed family in which there are four children: an idiot, a suicidal victim, a prostitute, and another who is dishonest and cruel.

Faulkner once considered *As I Lay Dying* his best novel. Written during the nights of a six-week period while he was a coal-passer in a power plant, the book contains some of the fierceness and the roar of the dynamo. In between shifts, when he wasn't passing coal, he used to sit down at a table which he had made out of a wheel-barrow and listen to the dynamo and write. The dynamo provided such an inspiration that he afterwards threatened to put one in his study. The story is a hard, fierce account of a family composed of a shiftless father, a dead mother, and several unhappy children, who follow their mother's corpse on its long way to the grave.

Sanctuary brings together all the converging streams which contribute to the trend of a new realism. Its claim to importance lies in a turbulent power of imagery, a violent eruption of unconscious forces, and a large group of readers. It is divided into two main parts. In the first part, Temple Drake, a college girl from Jefferson Mississippi, and her drunken escort, Gowan Stevens, wander into the hideout of a gang of bootleggers, where Stevens deserts Temple. Temple is consequently criminally assaulted by a member of the gang, Popeye; and Tommy, another feeble-minded member of the gang, is murdered when he tries to protect her. In the second part, Popeye takes Temple to a brothel in Memphis where all sorts of horrors occur; Goodwin, leader of the gang, is accused of Tommy's murder, and, although innocent, is convicted and burned to death by a mob. Every element in the story deals with the struggle and reaction against impotency, real or imaginary. It is such a reality that faces the pitiful Popeye.

It is the sourest irony that Temple Drake, the impudent and provocative young girl, having played fast and loose with all the members of her crowd, should escape the comparatively honest purposes of the healthy members of the gang only to taunt the impotent, tortured Popeye. It is also ironical that Temple invited the assault by making herself obvious, for, as Ruby Goodwin said, the men would never have noticed her had she stayed quietly in one place. Having brought ruin upon herself, she destroys all those who try to help her: "Red," the young man whom Popeye employs to be her lover, and

Goodwin, whom she murders by her false testimony. By this time she has become an automatic engine for destruction, and there is no explanation why she sacrifices Goodwin to Popeye. In the midst of it all is the figure of the weak, helpless Horace Benbow, who wants to get away from his conventional world but fails to do so.

The South Faulkner offers us is not very comprehensible. First of all, it is not quite clear because the author himself usually notes but superficially the dramatic forces at work. He seems unconscious of or unconcerned with the fact that, to follow him clearly, we would have to have a deeper understanding of the social relations between the aristocracy, the newer industrialists, the small tenant farmers, the sharecroppers, and the negro laborer. *Light in August* deals with just such relations. It is the story of Lena Burch, a poor white girl who hitchhikes her way to Jefferson, Mississippi, to find Lucas Burch, her lover. On her arrival in Jefferson, the action begins. A woman is murdered, and her home is burned. Lee Christmas, a mulatto with whom Burch, as Joe Brown, is associated, is the criminal. Faulkner reaches a great emotional pitch in the lynching that follows. The light in August is the light that comes to Reverend Hightower, the recluse who lost his pulpit when, on the night of the lynching, he looks back over his life and sees how it might have been different.

In Lee Christmas, neither white nor black, hating and loving both races, we get Faulkner's central preoccupation. It is as if he feels an obligation to pierce beyond the psycho-analytical deduction of his purposes. He tries to elucidate this character and others like Christmas. What are their feelings? What is their place in society? What goes on in their minds? What drives them? What do they want to do? What is their meaning? But Faulkner himself cannot write an explanation of these people. He can perceive them himself, but the experience cannot be put into words, only suggested in symbols. Here, as in his other characters, he is exploring the primitive violence of the unconscious mind. This accounts for all the rapes, mutilation, incest, patricide, and lynching in his books. The world he pictures is one of sublimal guilt and revenge. Deep under the frozen ocean of the mind, there is a far country, a "shadowy miasmic region," Faulkner calls it, "the seething and anonymous miasmal mass which in all the years of time has taught itself no boon of death."

Wild Palms is Faulkner's newest and probably finest novel. On the technical side of the question, there is the problem as to whether or not it is one novel or two. The two narratives, one concerning the love affair between Charlotte Rittenmeyer and Henry Wilbourne, and the other about a convict who gives up his chance of escape during the Mississippi River flood to return of his own free will to the safety and security of prison, occur ten years apart. There is a vague irony in the juxtaposition, two people fighting for and gaining a kind of freedom, and another choosing slavery and a certain code of morality. Mr. John Chamberlain, going further in his analysis of the two stories, says, "Gradually the symbolic nature becomes apparent. Faulkner is trying to say that in the modern world you are liable to be crabbed, cabined, whether you love freedom or hunger for slavery. He finds it "a highly charged political allegory," without Faulkner ever once having mentioned politics or politicians.

The detachment with which Faulkner looks at his characters and the detachment with which most of his characters regard the world is reflected in the last lines of *Wild Palms*. Henry Wilbourne is thinking them.

"*Not could. Will. I want to. So it is the old meat after all, no matter how old. Because its memory exists outside of the flesh it won't be memory because it won't know what it remembers so when she became not then half of memory became not and if I become not then all of remembering will cease to be. —Yes,* he thought, *between grief and nothing I will take grief.*"

As a skillful technician, Faulkner has a vigously trenchant style and an ability to detect and portray much of the inherent power and significance of incident. His introduction of characters, his sharp use of words, and his power of insight all demand notice. Let us consider the methods used in some of his novels. In the introduction to *Soldiers' Pay,* Faulkner adroitly begins, not with the story of Mahon, but with the meeting of Private Gilligan and Cadet Lowe, both of whom have been discharged from the army. Together they meet Mahon. This casual lack of design is the dominant tone of the book. We see first through the eyes of one character and then through the eyes of another, and we never feel that we know any character very well. This, of course, is part of Faulkner's philosophy that we cannot know any character very well.

In *The Sound of the Fury* Faulkner uses the interior monologue in three of the four parts and straight narrative in the fourth. First, we have the point of view of the idiot, Benjy, to whom the peculiar sights and sounds during the afternoon of one day, April 7, 1928, bring recollections of his past life and of that of his family. Each event recalls another until we see the Compson family in many different periods of its history and begin to realize the reasons for its decline. The second part drops back to June 2, 1910, when Quentin, Benjy's brother, then a student at Harvard, committed suicide. April 6, 1928, and the consciousness of Jason, Benjy's younger brother and the mainstay of the family, compose the third part. Gradually it becomes clear that the central theme is the story of Candace, Benjy's sister, and his favorite, whose conduct long ago inspired Quentin's death and whose daughter is named after Quentin and lives at the Compson house. In the fourth part, Quentin's elopement with a showman is told in the omniscient narrator.

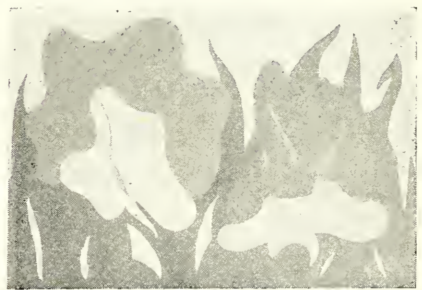
To William Faulkner, a road is an "eroded scar," or something else is a "thin coating of tortured Tschaicovsky on a slice of stale bread," or one of the characters in *Sanctuary* is described thus, "a short man with a bald skull and a round, full-fleshed, rosy face in which his cataracted eyes looked like two clots of phlegm." This is an intrinsic part of Faulkner's style. The running together of words is, too, and he reminds us somewhat of poets like Pound and Cummings when he says "yetdark" and "garmentworried."

Ranging from the shell-shocked Mahon, through the feeble-minded Popeye, the idiot Benjy, the weak Benbow, to the heartless, unprincipled women such as Temple Drake and Cecily Saunders, Faulkner's psychological grasp is amazing. Although many critics object to the type of degenerate persons he always draws, the final evaluation rests not in what subjects he chooses, but rather in how he treats them. It is interesting to note that, of the accepted ways of treating insanity or cases verging on insanity, he chooses neither. He might, of course, have treated them as aberrations from the norm, having a certain abstract norm as criteria. Or he might on the other hand, if he believed, like Dante, in a hell, have made room for the awful sinner. Faulkner does neither. We may assume that in creating such subjects he purges his own soul and ours, too. However, there is no cartharsis. After reading his novels we feel neither better nor worse, but slightly neutral. Comparing him for a moment with Robinson Jeffers, whose range and type of subject matter in poetry is quite similar, we find that he differs from Jeffers in a sure detachment from material. He writes the record of thwarted lives quite calmly, but Jeffers writes a poetry of annihilation.

As in *Sanctuary* there is no logical reason why the details of the assault should be withheld until the end, in other of his novels Faulkner combines the material in a seeming haphazard fashion. At first glance it resembles the style of Ford's *The Good Soldier*. The difference, however, is this. Mr. Ford chose a point of view that permitted the progressive revelation of details. Given this point of view, the revelation is natural. Faulkner, however, almost writes his novels backwards and achieves not a form which rises out of the material at hand, but a completely foreign, arbitrary pattern. We can almost imagine Faulkner inventing a story and then recasting it in some distant form which appeals to his fancy.

One critic said: "To read his novels is to cross a desert that is bleak and in the midst of our awful loneliness to come at unexpected intervals upon piles of human bones bleaching in the sun as they tell their terrible stories."

Such is the feeling of one critic after reading Faulkner, and certainly of all writers, he does instill a feeling, whether good or bad, in the reader. One could not maintain a neutral feeling towards him. His style, even his subject matter, escapes analysis because that analysis would be too difficult and, in the end, too unsure. His style, in truth, is not to be separated from the whole of his work.



From Then

By Marg

I HEARD their car before I saw them. You know the sound a locomotive would make if the metal sides of the cars had fallen down and were dragging on the tracks. There was a putt-putt underneath like a worn-out motor boat. I got up from my red cretonne-covered chair and stood looking down into the street from the bay window.

The Ford, painted an Eleanor blue with red fenders and two stripes across the front, had stopped in front of the "Vote for Curley for Mayor" sign. A short man with black hair tightly curled about his head was backing out of the driver's seat. He hurried around to the other side of the car and reappeared, holding a brown card-board suit-case. A slender girl in a blue polka-dotted dress got out of the car and stood beside him. They stood still a moment in the middle of the street, looking up at the sign *Rooms* in my window.

The girl's dark hair blew back from her triangular face as they ran across the street. I heard the click of her heels on the stairs when I went out into the hall to switch on the light and open the door.

They were standing there together, the suitcase on the floor between them. The girl had a white skin and long, gray eyes, but the boy was dark, very dark, and although young, he had deep lines around his mouth and under his blue eyes. He hesitated a moment before speaking to me: "My name's Emilio Henersee," he said, "and —she's my wife." He smiled at the girl, and her pale lips smiled back; she could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen. "I'm a—a taxi-driver—from Philadelphia," the boy continued. "We want a room."

"Is that your taxi out there?" I pointed to the car.

He nodded. "It ain't so hot, is it? But we've got some money—"

"We saved," the girl added.

I smiled at them. "Come in."

I led the way to the door with the broken hinge and showed them the room. There was a white iron bed with a blue cover on it, a dresser next to the headboard, and two chairs against the opposite wall. The windows were curtained in pink. A square piece of sunlight lay on the opposite brick wall, but as that wall was only a foot away from the windows, no light ever came into the room. The walls were a clean yellow; that helped.

The girl walked over to a window and stood still before it.

"How much?" the boy asked, as he reached into the hip pocket of his brown trousers.

"Three-fifty a week."

Slowly the boy counted out the money in dollar bills and two quarters. He held it a moment in his hand. "You can kick us out when we're broke," he said.

The girl turned her head sharply towards him, then looked back at the window. I took the money. "I think I can trust you," I said.

The boy put down the suitcase, and the girl looked at me, a faint smile hovering over her lips. "Gook luck," I said to them as I went out and shut the door.

They lived in that room, those two, and paid me their rent regularly for a month. They did not eat very much. Clara boiled a little coffee in the kitchen mornings, and nearly every night Emilio brought home a white paper box from the delicatessen down at Edward Everett Square. Every Sunday I had them in to dinner, and the amount they ate was amazing, generally three helpings apiece of meat, vegetables and dessert.

Sometimes in the afternoon Clara would sit in the parlor with me and read, but she seldom spoke. If I said something to her, her small hands would involuntarily tighten into fists, and her teeth would bite into her lower lip. If someone rang the door-bell, she became white; if the telephone rang, she ran into her room. Yet it was not Emilio that she feared. His arm was around her whenever I saw them together.

A couple of times she went out all day. When I came back from town one evening after several hours of shopping, I heard her voice in the hallway as I was climbing the dark stairs.

"It's my clothes. This coat's all streaked, and I've mended my stockings until they're nothing but darns. There isn't any more darning cotton anyway, and this dress is three years old."

Emilio muttered something.

"Oh, Emilio, don't get mad," Clara pleaded. "I was just trying to get a job to make things easier for us."

Then I could hear a long sigh, and I knew he was kissing her. I stood at the door and waited

hat Have Not

oit

until he said, "It's the recession. There ain't no jobs."

"We could go on relief," Clara said.

"We're newcomers in Boston," Emilio said. "We'd have to go back to Philadelphia."

"Oh, no, no!" she almost shrieked. "Because of Dad."

I came into the hall, and they hurried into their room.

That evening as Emilio took his scrub he began to talk to me. At my time of life I like to get up about ten in the morning, and so I don't eat my supper until eight in the evening. This was the hour that Emilio, stripped to the waist, with his red and white towel wadded under his arm and a big cake of soap in his hand, would walk into the bathroom and wash. He never shut the door, and if I went by, I could see him standing in front of the basin, covered with white curls of foam.

As I was eating my vegetable soup, he called out to me: "Mrs. Dickson, do you think a person should be ambitious?"

"Some ambition is good and some is bad, Emilio," I said. "As my husband used to say, 'It all depends on what you want out of life.' "

He sloshed the water in the bowl. "But that's just the trouble, Mrs. Dickson. I don't want to get anywhere." He paused, and, as I was silent, continued, "Except for Clara. Everything I do, or want to do, is for her."

"My father used to say that an ideal is behind every ambition," I said. He stuck his wet head around the corner of the door. "Well, maybe I have got ambition then. For her. But there ain't any use, my having much."

I finished my soup and carried the dishes over to the sink. "You shouldn't talk that way."

I heard him laugh. "I never was smart in school. They didn't teach me how to do anything with my hands, or learn stuff that counted. I learned one thing, though, that there's some smartness in knowing you ain't smart." He stopped, and I heard him let the water out of the sink. "All I know is how to drive a car. Some day, I hope—maybe I can get a good job, driving a truck." He rubbed himself vigorously. "That would be nice for Clara." He hesitated, and then said, "You see, her dad was mad when we got married. He said he'd annul the marriage unless I could earn a living."

"How old are you two, anyway?" I said. "You're not of age?"

He walked out into the kitchen, the wadded towel in his hand dripping a little line of drops over my clean brown linoleum. "Take it to the sink and wring it out," I said quickly.

He crossed the room and tossed back his head so his wet hair threw a shower over his shoulders. "I'm nineteen, and she's seventeen," he said. "Oh, hell—beg pardon, Mrs. Dickson." He fished the towel up from the sink, and turned on the faucet to wash out the coffee grounds. He looked at me, over his glistening shoulder. "All I want in life's a room, a job and a girl," he said.

"That isn't so much," I said slowly, then added, for he was frowning, "except the girl."

He smiled. "The girl," he repeated, and with a flourish of his towel, left the room.

The next day I got a phone call from the police station. Emilio was there. He had no friends in town. Would I go bail for him?

"What's he done?" I asked.

"Smashed up a delivery truck with his Ford. His brakes weren't working."

I sent Clara in town with the money. She did not cry. She was so calm that I was frightened. "He isn't hurt," I said. "Don't take on like that, Clara. I don't mind putting up the money. He isn't going to run off anywhere."

Clara paused before the door. There was a new, unsewn run in the back of her stocking. "Mrs. Dickson," she said, "that car and my ring is all we have." She held up her finger encircled with a silver band containing three diamonds. "And there's his fine."

"I'll lend it to you," I said.

She shook her head and ran down the stairs. "We might never be able to pay it back."

I avoided Emilio when she brought him home, and he avoided me. When I saw Clara the next day, her ring was gone, and her eyelids were a heavy red. "He's lost his driving license," she said. "He's trying to get a job."

"Doing what?" I asked.

She shook her head. "He can't do anything but drive a car," she said.

Two weeks went by. Three. They paid me no rent. For two nights, Emilio brought home no food. On the third day, I invited Clara in to

dinner. She came eagerly, and sat before my blue-checked tablecloth, twisting her hands impatiently in each other, while I poured soup.

Emilio stood in the doorway. His brown suit hung like a sack on him. His eyes were narrow, his mouth hard. Without a word, he walked up to me and laid twelve dirty dollar bills in my hand.

"Oh, Emilio," Clara jumped up from the table, "you've got a job!"

Emilio turned and looked at her. Slowly, he forced the word "Yes" from his lips. She stopped smiling.

"Don't stare at me like that," he said. "Get your hat. I'm taking you up to the Parker House for dinner." She pushed her chair back slowly, and, still staring at him, backed out of the room. He swung towards me, "Will you join us?"

I refused. Emilio left the room and stood by the hall door, waiting for Clara. She walked up to him, holding her tiny blue oilcloth purse in her hand. He glanced at it, and I heard his hat drop to the floor. He roughly pulled her towards him and put his arms about her shoulders. The sun, shining in a long bar through the hall from the front bed-room window, outlined Clara's long throat, Emilio's lips against hers, and a streak of gold in her hair, which was tangled with his. Without a word he released her, and the door closed.

I took the dollar bills he had given me to my room and put them in my purse. Later, when I paid the iceman, I noticed the smell of whiskey from my pocketbook.

Clara had a new brown coat, and a silver wrist watch, and a new ring with five diamonds; but she did not look happy. Her eyes were still red. Often in the afternoon I could hear her crying.

One afternoon I answered a heavy knock on my door. Pat Gaugarity, the deputy sheriff, stood there. He pulled his cigar from his lips, but, as it was burned to a stub, he kept changing it from hand to hand as he spoke. "Where is Emilio Henersee?"

"He doesn't come home until six."

"I'll wait outside."

I heard Clara's hand brush against wood, and a creak from the hinge. She was standing against her door, listening.

"Is he in much trouble?" I asked.

Mr. Gaugarity tossed the cigar stub to the floor and crushed it with his foot before answering. "Yes, he is, Mrs. Dickson," he said. "About a year's worth." He wiggled his foot on the stub. "But I'd better get down-stairs." He touched his hat and ran down the stairs.

I sat down before my open front window and waited. In about half an hour Emilio crossed the street. He had a new blue hat cocked over one eye.

The sheriff met him and gripped his wrist. Emilio stood silent, unmoving.

I leaned against the window sill and listened.

"Where's your truck?" Gaugarity said.

Emilio said nothing.

"And the illegal whiskey?"

Emilio still did not answer.

"And your forged auto license?"

Emilio looked up. "There was no forged auto license," he said. "I drove without one. The city stole mine from me."

"Stole, huh?" the officer said. "You drove with dangerous brakes, didn't you?"

"I didn't have any money." Emilio stared at the pavement.

"Come along, buddy," the officer said gently.

They walked side by side around the corner of the street. At the lamp Emilio turned and looked back at the house. For an instant his face was gentle, pleading. But there was no sound from Clara's room.

I came up the stairs from Nick's grocery three days after Emilio had been sentenced to eight months in the state penitentiary. Clara was coming down. A tall man in a tailored black overcoat and velour hat was behind her. He carried the cardboard suitcase.

"You're leaving, Clara?" I said.

She stared at me, her eyes horribly wide. "You sent for him," she said.

"This gentleman?" I was confused. The tall man looked at me, opened his firm, thin lips and spoke in a cooly impersonal tone. "Does my daughter owe you any money, Mrs.—Mrs.—?"

"Dickson," I said. "No, she paid up this morning." I turned to Clara. Her lips were the same color as her pale face. "I enjoyed having you," I said. "I hope you'll come back, my dear."

She said nothing at all, just stared at me out of enormous, tear-washed eyes. Her father lifted his hat, and they descended the stairs together.

I saw the notice of the marriage annulment in the paper several months later, and shortly a long manila envelope came for Emilio. I laid

it on top of the bookcase with the little note that I had found in the bureau drawer. Slowly the dust covered them.

One evening I found Emilio waiting for me in the kitchen. He held his door-key in his hand.

He wore his same brown suit, shiny now, and his months in prison had sucked away the natural swarthy color of his skin. He looked at me questioningly. I went to the living room and brought back the coldly smooth manila envelope and the little scrap of paper. I gave him the envelope first. His mouth hardened into a blue line as he read, but he said nothing.

Then I handed him the note. His lips moved as he read it: "Emilio, I'll love you always. Clara."

He looked at me, a twisted smile on his lips, as he slipped the paper into his breast pocket.

"Was it too much to ask? A room, a job, a girl?"

"I think society owes you that," I said.

He laughed harshly. "I learned something in school once," he said, "in Sunday school." He half closed his eyes. "To them that hath shall be given, and from them that hath not, even that which they have shall be taken away." He laughed again. "The girl is gone. A room—a job; yes, I'll have them."

"You have a position?"

"No. Who would I be working for? I'm going out and crash a rock through Nick's window. There is food and a room—in jail."

And with a tilt of his dark head, he walked down the hall and closed the door.

Lithograph
by Allene Rose

Mr. Dies And The Isms

By Jane Parker

ON MAY 26, 1938, the House of Representatives passed a resolution to the effect that a committee composed of seven members be appointed for the purpose of investigating, as summed up by the *Congressional Digest,* November, 1939, "(1) the extent, character, and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States, (2) the diffusion, within the United States, of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries, or of domestic origin, and that attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, (3) all other questions in relation thereto that would aid Congress in any necessary remedial legislation." The executive departments were asked to lend any "legal and expert assistants and investigators" that the Committee might need in carrying on the investigation. Mr. Martin Dies of Orange, Texas, was to be chairman of the Committee. Since Dies, a member of Congress since the early nineteen thirties, had long been considered a Garner protege, it was feared by New Deal Democrats that there would be an attempt to use the investigation to the detriment of the New Deal in the elections of 1938. Hence an appropriation of $25,000, a small sum when compared to the expenses usually entailed in carrying on a Congressional investigation, was allotted to the Committee, apparently with the idea, according to an editorial, "Demagoguery on the Cheap," in the *New Republic,* August 31, 1938, that, so restricted, Mr. Dies would not be able to go very far with his investigation.

On August 12, 1938, the Committee on Un-American Activities and Propaganda began hearings. Dies had received no aid to date from the executive departments and had declined the offer of two investigators from the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee because he said he believed that sabotage to his committee was intended. He had used only one investigator, Mr. Edward Sullivan, and seemed to be determined to make his investigation last as long as possible.

Briefly the Committee considered Nazi activities, as Metcalf testified that the German-American Bund had been "fomenting anti-Semitism." Then Dies turned to Communism, which received long and loud attention. John Frey, a vice-president of the A. F. of L., claimed that the C. I. O. was partially dominated by Communists. Other charges heard included allegations that Communism in this country was being partially financed by public funds, that prominent government officials were members of the League for Peace and Democracy, supposed "transmission belt" for Communism in the United States, that the Workers' Alliance and American Student Union were Communist controlled, that certain plays presented by the Federal Theater Project in New York attacked capitalism and "ridiculed the United States government." Governor Murphy of Michigan was accused of treasonable negligence in connection with the sit-down strikes of workers in Michigan in the fall of 1938.

Paul Y. Anderson, in an article entitled "The Loaded Dies Committee," which appeared in the *Nation,* October 29, 1938, accused Dies of trying to counteract the anti-labor activities revealed by the LaFollette Committee, and of casting slurs at the N. L. R. B. and any public official who was fair to labor. Other critics considered the whole investigation an attempt to defeat Governor Murphy and the other New Deal candidates in the 1938 elections. They charged the Committee with considering hearsay evidence, with using unreliable witnesses, and with piling up masses of generally irrelevant "evidence."

Friends of the Committee, on the other hand, resented the so-called distortion by the press of the statement made by J. B. Mathews, afterwards an investigator for the Committee, to the effect that many people unintentionally aid Communistic organs, as in the case of the publication by the French Communist paper, *Ce Soir,* of greetings sent by several Hollywood stars among whom was Shirley Temple. The Committee's charging Shirley Temple with Communistic activity was then exploited by the newspapers.

By December, however, even with the Dies methods of investigation, the Committee had exhausted its funds. Early in 1939, the House, by a vote of 344 to 35, agreed to extend the investigation for a year. This time $100,000 was

appropriated for the Committee. Attorney Rhea Whitley was lent to the Committee from the Department of Justice.

In the spring of 1939, the Committee revealed the "anti-Semetic campaign" of former General George Van Horn Moseley and others, including the head of the Knights of the White Camellia. This group had planned to fabricate a plot against the government, which plot they would then supposedly reveal as the work of Communists and Jews. This fictitious "m-day plot," however, was emphasized by the press more than the actual plot. When Fritz Kuhn of the German-American Bund was charged with misappropriating Bund funds, Dies brought out the close relationship between the Bund and the Hitler regime as well as with other Fascist groups in America such as the Silver Shirts, Christian Crusaders, and Christian Mobilizers.

Then in the late summer of 1939, Earl Browder, leader of the Communist party in America, admitted that he had used passports which had been forged by Soviet agents, and that the Comintern and the Communist party in America maintained the "closest political collaboration." Benjamin Gitlaw, Communist Vice-Presidential candidate in 1924 and 1928, testified that the Communists in America had been subsidized by the Soviets "to the extent of $100,000 to $150,000 a year." He said also that the Soviets had counterfeited American money.

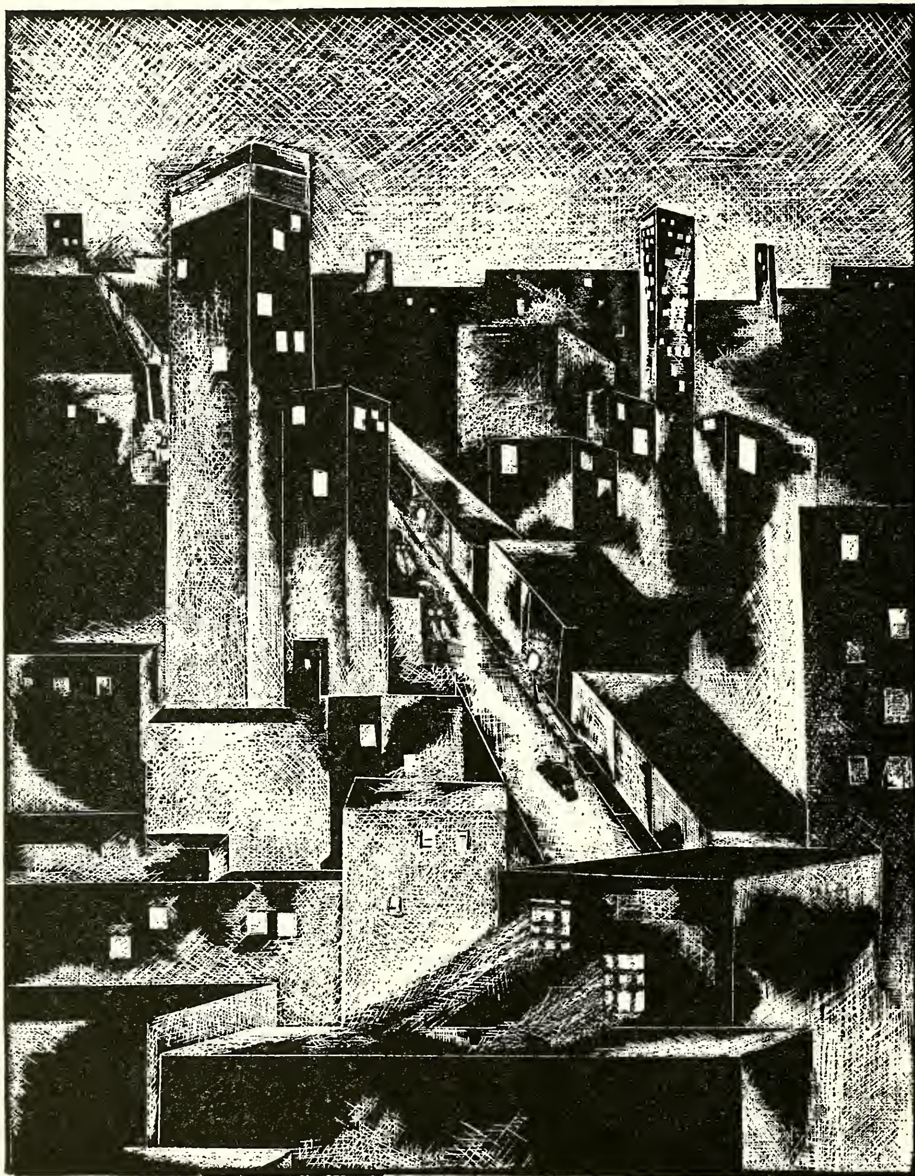
Dies then accused the American League for Peace and Democracy of being Communist controlled, a charge which Dr. Ward, its president, denied. The Committee, however, published a supposed list of members of the League. The League contended that the list was not a membership list but was merely a mailing list.

Meanwhile, following an attack by consumers upon the advertising and seal system of the Hearst publication, *Good Housekeeping*, the Committee denounced the Consumer's Union, League of Women Shoppers, and Consumers' National Federation as Communist organizations. It is interesting to note that Mathews, previously mentioned in connection with the Shirley Temple episode, was formerly an executive of Consumer's Research, from which a group seceded to form Consumer's Union.

At approximately the same time that the consumers were being investigated, the Youth Congress was suspected by the Committee of Communistic activities, and Mrs. Roosevelt's appearance at one of the hearings was noted by the press.

On November 29, Dies was the leading figure in a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden. Other "Stand by America" rallies have occurred, and critics have questioned Dies' relationship with William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts, Merwin K. Hart, and the "Christian Front," particularly in view of the recent assassination plot of the seventeen Brooklyn boys, and the supposedly forged letters saying that Dies had intimated that he would not investigate Pelley and others. At any rate, in late January, the House voted an appropriation of $75,000 to continue the investigation.

In examining the history of the investigation, an observer might wish to ask just what Mr. Dies' definition of "un-American" activities includes. Mr. Dies, in a fairly recent speech, answered this question as follows: "attacks upon our economic system, advocacy of the Marxian principle that the government has the duty to support the people, subtle proposals to regiment agriculture, labor, and industry under a system of planned economy; abolition of private property and the public ownership of basic industries; and finally, dictatorship."



SCRATCHBOARD
by Nancy Stockard

MURAL: THE SOUTH AND THE CITY

The black man moves within
A city of his own
Where laughter mixes drinks
With the mellow music of
A sad happy day.

A smile sits at the corner
Of the black man's lips
As laughter cuts the air
And tins of polish rattle
By golden foot-rests.
Talk lounges lightly
Over the young head
Of a black boy
Shoe-shining on a busy box.
Experience of years
Grows old in a black cigar
Sending smoke to the ceiling
Of the cobbler's shop.

A black mammie, basket on head,
Prints a shadow on the evening street.
A balanced step diffuses with a melody
Chuckled from her throat.
A gold-toothed grin widens
With the humor of a
"Hey there, brother, workin' hard today?"
The black man laughs and shakes his head.

Black eyes just moving
At Sunday evening loafing time.
Pickaninnies bellow in the street
Where front stoops bear their mammies.
Struts a black girl, swinging her hips,
A flash of teeth on a courting night;
A sly smiling darky on her arm.
Chair legs sputter as the black man
Shifts a yawn and stares.

The black man wanders
To the white man's city
Where life and rhythm
Are borrowed from him
And he is left alone.

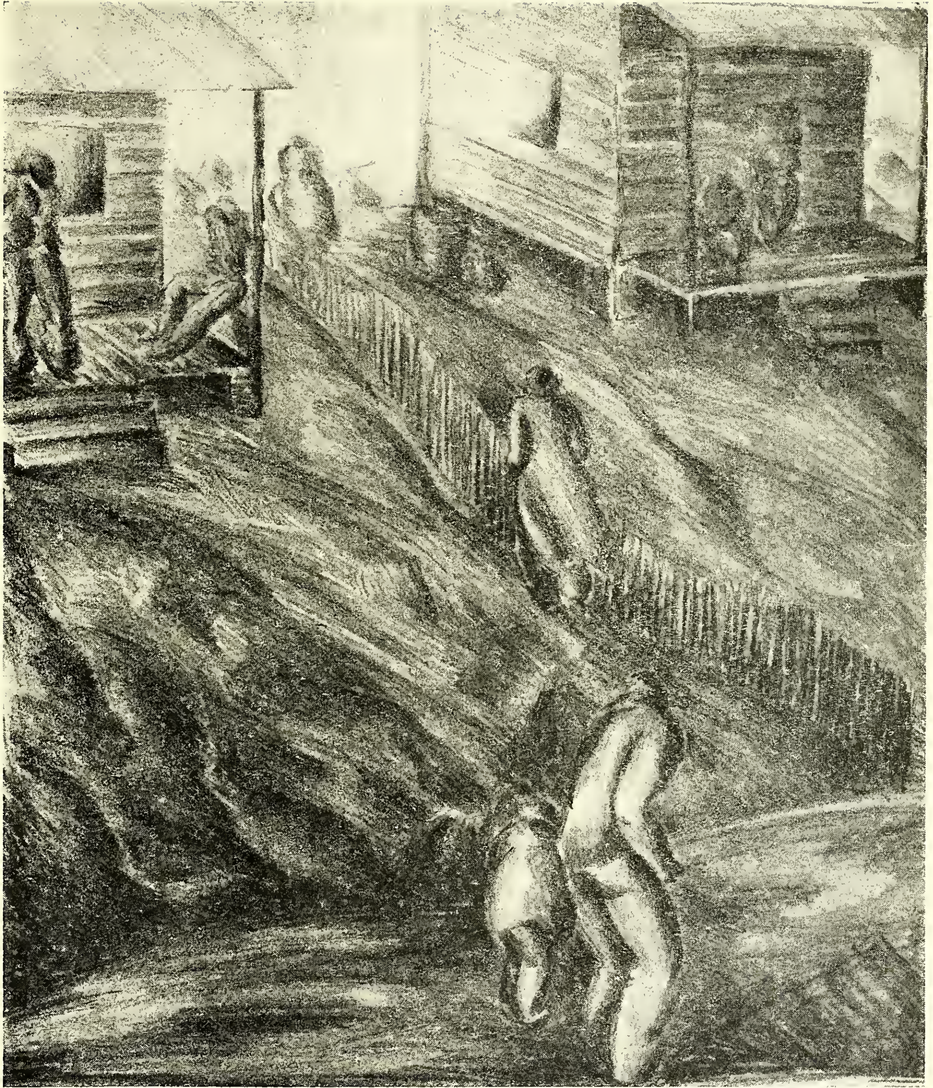
Street cleaners brush wet paths
On early morning pavements:
Transient after-rhythms
Die in the gobble of the pigeons.
Grey weather throws a drift of wind
Around the black man

Moving slowly by the city windows.
Day hums into crescendo
Rattling trolleys, and people
Stop to read the news and open doors.

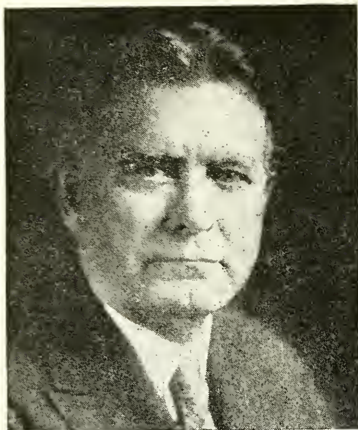
Slowly a street light
Begins its evening duty
Keeping night away from little corners.
Then the black man leans against a wall
To watch, and make a shadow.
A cab flies by and cracks a paper cup.
Neon signs read out
Hypnotic in demand.
He is alone and in the city
Where white men raise
Steel buildings in the sky.

A haunting melody,
Saxophony in light wine,
Steals into the quiet street,
Intoxicating in its lure, and warm.
The black man starts. He shivers.
Lethargically he moves into the rhythm.
Night folds away behind him
As he sinks beside a table and
Conjures up a dream liquor.
A cornet stabs the sobbing horn
And swirls the brassy laughter
From a black girl's slippered figure.
He drinks and the bluster floats in smoke.
Fingers relax his glass—
The black man is asleep.

—Gwendolyn Gay.



Lithograph
by Frances Templeton



William E. Borah--Statesman

By Margaret Coit

ONCE HENRY CLAY, the great Kentucky statesman, made a speech in which he became so fascinated by his own emotion that he dropped his notes, forgot his prepared address, and launched into an outburst so full of passion and intensity that the reporters' pencils slipped from their fingers, and they too were swept away on the waves of Henry Clay's oratory. That forgotten speech lingered in the minds of those who heard it as the greatest oration the beloved "Harry of the West" ever made.

A century later, fifteen men heard another great speech of more significance than Henry Clay's lost oration, for it changed the vote on a national issue and saved from desecration an American institution. Yet America never will hear the words which preserved the honor of the Federal Supreme Court.

In the summer of 1937, the members of the Judiciary Committee met, grim-faced and determined, to consider the unseating of the aged Judges of the Supreme Court. A straw vote had revealed that eleven Senators were against the Court.

A man stood in the doorway. The committeemen became expectant, for here was a Senator of whom they all stood in awe, yet all loved. Tall, stooped, his hair long and gray, his strong face stern, the Senator crossed the room, faced his colleagues, and spoke to them.

This man was not conspicuously useful in committee work. He had been an outstanding chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, but the petty details of routine bored him. He would listen a few minutes, restlessly pacing the floor, then leave the room. He was only interested in principles, and it was for principles that he spoke now.

No stenographer recorded his words. A Democrat recalled, "He gave the greatest speech in his career. He pleaded with them to place their political convictions above their party demands. He showed us his vision of America, that in the dark ages of communism and fascism America must be kept sacred for democracy. He opened up his heart. Every man there was in tears. That was the most wonderful address that has ever been made in Congress."

When the "Lion of Idaho" had ceased speaking, the committee balloted. Six men changed their ayes to nays. The Supreme Court endured.

That speech changed American history. William E. Borah, champion of lost causes, leader of minorities, had won a victory that proved his greatness as a personality, a statesman, and a man. He had only three years more to live; his fight for the preservation of American constitutional Democracy cost him his life. But he had secured his position as one of America's immortal leaders, and had reached the pinnacle of a career which commenced in Washington in 1907, when he was sworn in as Senator at large to the nation. An era had begun.

He was Wild Bill Borah then, tall, sturdy, with a pugnacious nose, a friendly smile, and pleasant blue eyes under turbulent brows. As he faced the reporters whose journals he dominated for thirty years, a ten gallon white Stetson on his large head, and a billowing silk tie under his square chin, he won the prophecy: "He will be the most outstanding Senator of his era."

Within two years, his colleague was "the other Senator from Idaho," and Borah was recognized as the unbending Senate independent. It is a tribute to American Democracy that the Idaho voters early realized that a great man is bound, not primarily by his state and his party, but only by his conscience, his country, and the Constitution.

They recalled that Borah had prosecuted the notorious "Big Bill" Heyward in an anti-labor mining case, but did not remember that he had supported Bryan and free silver in 1896. The Republican bosses put Borah on the Senatorial Labor Committee. The Idahoan confirmed his title of "Wild Bill" by reporting out a series of labor bills culminating in the creation of a Department of Labor. The horrified Republicans decided that Borah was a radical. But Borah was no radical. He was succeeding to the position formerly held by Daniel Webster as expounder and defender of the Constitution. He supported labor, because labor was entitled to liberty under the Constitution. Congress wondered at this interpretation, for economic liberty was not recognized as a part of political liberty.

And Washington wondered at Borah, at his dislike of society, at his intangible magnetism. He made more headlines than all the Presidents with whom he served except the Roosevelts. And Washington wondered: what made Borah, Borah?

In the mind of William E. Borah, there were memories of the small farm in Southern Illinois where as a boy he had plowed the dark earth, read Milton and the Bible, and dreamed of the day when he would become a Shakespearean actor. Instead, he had gone to Boise, Idaho Territory, where he had married the pretty daughter of Governor O'Connell. He remembered the lynching mob which he had restrained, armed only with the force of his oratory. He remembered his previous defeat for the office of Senator, by the machine politicians. He was a cowboy lawyer with the loneliness of a lonely mountain state in his soul; a quiet, shy, charmingly mannered man whose joy and art was oratory.

Borah had come to the end of the first part of his career. He had supported direct election of senators and a federal income tax. He was neither the great opposer that he became in later years, nor the champion of lost causes, nor the isolationist—nor the statesman. He was intense, serious, not yet internationally famous, but already possessed of a definite philosophy. He loved human liberty. He said, "I have an instinctive sympathy for the under-dog." The nation and the Senate already sensed that a giant once more sat in their midst.

The World War made Borah a statesman. He mildly supported American participation in the conflict, and contended that the Constitution was the shield of Democracy and held good both in peace and war. He denounced the imprisonment of conscientious objectors.

Originally he supported the idea of a World League. "If the League of Nations . . . can be made to serve justice and peace . . . I would rejoice."

But with the signing of the Versailles treaty, Borah's wrath flared that the punishment for a war which had ostensibly been fought against leaders and not against the people should fall upon the people, and leave the leaders free. Twenty years later he said, "Scarcely had the heroic story of our soldiers been written before the treaties had set at naught the principles for which our soldiers fought." He always contended that the League could be no organ of justice so long as it supported the Versailles Treaty, which he characterized as a "pronounced negation of moral law." Because he hated the treaty, Borah condemned the League which was dominated by the makers of the treaty. Versailles, he predicted, would breed another war within a generation.

On November 19, 1919, Borah sat, apparently listless and bored, in his Senate chair, his customary pose before beginning a speech. Slowly he arose. The whisper, "Borah's up," circulated through the entire capital. The Senators hurried to their places, and the galleries filled. The rumor permeated the city, and taxis began to speed toward the capitol.

The Senate Chamber became silent. Borah ran his hand through his black mane, threw back his head in his lion-like toss. Then, in a deep, musical voice and with clear enunciation, he began to speak with all the emotionalism of his Irish blood. He had the gestures of an actor; his sentences were colored by his classical background. This address broadcast his fame around the world. The Senators who listened remembered it as the greatest oration of the Twentieth Century, ranking with Webster's reply to Hayne. Not only did this speech defeat Amer-

ica's signing of the Versailles Treaty, but it formulated public opinion against the League of Nations.

Below are several of the most significant passages:

"Sir, those of us who have stood against this proposition have been taunted with being little Americans. Leave us the word American, keep that in your presumptuous impeachment, and no taunt can disturb us, no gibe discompose our purposes. Call us little Americans if you will, but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term American, however modified, still imparts. Take away that term and though you should coin in telling phrase your highest eulogy we would hurl it back as common slander. We have been ridiculed because . . . of our limited vision. Who . . . can read the future? Time, and time alone, unerring and remorseless, will give us each our proper place in the affections of our countrymen and the esteem and commendation of those who are to come after us . . . Blame us not therefore if we have seemed sometimes bitter and at all times uncompromising, for the things which we have endeavored to defend have been the things for which your fathers and our fathers were willing to die.

"Senators, . . . The foundation upon which democracy rests is faith in the moral instincts of the average man and woman. You can not yoke a government whose fundamental maxim is that of liberty to a government whose first law is that of force and hope to preserve the former. When you shall have committed the Republic to a scheme of world control based upon force you will have . . . destroyed . . . freedom. We may become one of the four dictators of the world, but we shall no longer be master of our own spirit. And what shall it profit us as a Nation if we shall go forth to the dominion of the . . . world . . . and lose confidence in the people, the soul of democracy."

After the success, Borah won what his colleague, Hiram Johnson, called "the greatest personal triumph attained by a Senator in my time," the calling of the Washington Disarmament and Economic Conference. President Harding did not appoint Borah to the American commission. The convention failed, and Borah lapsed into his dream of an international supreme court which would outlaw war.

As Foreign Relations Committee chairman, Mr. Borah advocated recognition of Russia for economic reasons. He averted by his personal negotiations an imperialistic war with Mexico. "God made us neighbors; let justice make us friends," he said. Yet he devoted much attention to domestic issues, particularly to monopoly, which he fought with his friend Robert La-Follette, Senior.

He pled for a low tariff, states' rights, prohibition, and a statue of Lee in the Hall of Fame. He refused a salary increase, because he said he had been elected to a $7,500 a year job. And through the years he continued to denounce the Treaty of Versailles.

Pierre Laval visited Borah in 1930, and suggested a cancellation of the French war debt. Borah replied that cancellation might be arranged if France and England would abolish the Treaty of Versailles, which appeared to be breeding dangerous unrest in Germany. Laval wondered if Borah were anti-French. "I have the greatest admiration for that brave and chivalrous people," the Idahoan said. "I would love the people of France if I knew them, but I am content to love and serve only America."

Borah had reached the end of the second period of his career. He was one of the attractions of Washington, riding through the park on his horse, wearing a black stetson, long coat and boots. President Coolidge, with whom he breakfasted in the morning, and fought, politically, in the afternoon, wondered how the Westerner could enjoy horseback riding. "I thought the horse and the rider had to go in the same direction," he murmured, and Washington whispered the Lion of Idaho's retort, "I'll travel with the devil if he is going in my direction."

How did Borah as a statesman compare with his great rivals, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Bryan? Borah was the first leader from the Northwest, but was never a sectionalist. As an orator, his colleagues considered that he ranked with Webster and surpassed Bryan. As a moral leader, Borah equaled Calhoun in his courage and independence. Though his oratory appealed to men's reason, he had the ability of Henry Clay to stir emotion in his audience, to win the respect and even idolatry of his colleagues, and the affection and trust of the nation. But he was indifferent to the presidential lure. "I do not want to be President," he told his friend, William Holman. "I'm happy as a Senator. I'd rather be Borah than President."

The third period of Borah's life was during the turbulent thirties. He had developed from a great statesman and personality into a great man. His oratory had developed into the simple style of the day. He walked the streets of Washington and rode the street cars daily. On free afternoons he wrapped himself in an army blanket and sat before the cage of lions in Rock Creek Park talking to the old men about him and to the children, to whom he gave the peanut brittle which filled his pockets.

And he fought more titanically than ever in his last years with such unceasing labor that his friends feared he was shortening his life. The champion of lost causes, he opposed the N. R. A., cotton and pig control, the anti-lynching bill (against which he made one of his best speeches), and the repeal of the arms embargo. This was his last major battle. "I have one more . . . . good campaign left in me." Borah asked, "Can anyone say . . . that peace could ever be advanced by a neutral nation furnishing the instrumentalities of war?"

Senator O'Mahoney and Borah wrote the Anti-Monopoly Bill, designed to curb the power of Big Business by the Federal licensing of corporations. It was with this one major piece of legislation (as yet unpassed) which bears his name, that Borah proved his greatness.

For Borah was a transitory figure. John Flynn characterized him as a man who attacked many little things, because he believed so passionately in a few big ideals; a man who loved the past, because with his gigantic intellect he was able to see the future.

He realized that economic and political democracy were both good. He knew that the attainment of political democracy was a fight of centuries, but that its destruction could be accomplished in a few days. He feared that economic democracy might take years to attain, *unless* one were substituted for the other. He saw the danger of tampering with theories which were careless of political freedom. He saw the substitution of economic for political democracy in Europe, and he realized that the American ideal was the fusion of both with the loss of neither.

He voted for all relief bills, worked on his corporation licensing bill, and clung to the Constitution as the embodiment of Democratic liberty. Any bill that he considered unconstitutional he voted against, even if he favored the principle embodied in the bill. Gracefully he accepted the charge of inconsistency, but was consistent in his belief that a temporary advantage, gained without the sanction of law, might later be exploited into a destroyal of the liberty which law defends. Hence he fought for the Constitution, for concurrent minorities.

His last speech ended with a warning to America to guard her liberty. He said, "Not long ago a traveler from a totalitarian state, after spending months in America, said to his people, 'Before any progress can be made in breaking down American institutions a way must be found to discredit the American bill of rights.' I have said it is a sacred document. If human liberty is sacred, this document is sacred."

On his desk, at his death, was a speech, attacking England's seizure of mails. To Robert Allen he expressed his plan to tour the nation in behalf of isolation, but he feared that America would be lured into another "blood bath." "I doubt very much that our form of government can survive another war," he said sadly.

Isolation. Monopoly. Lost causes. It was only Borah's titanic personality that kept them alive so long. The spirit of the age is for monopoly. The age demands that America police the world, that our independent destiny be over. A soldier once said, "The whole South is in the grave of Calhoun." The old America of the Fathers, of small farmers and small business men, of rugged individualism and isolation is in the grave of William E. Borah.

But not all of Borah's battles are buried with him in the West. His greatest service, the interpretation of America through his unique personality, is as immortal as Borah Peak, itself.

For he was very American, with all of America's love for personal and national independence, with America's idols and prejudices, and pity and hatred of tyranny, with faith in Democracy and in the people. Dorothy Thompson characterized him thus: "Senator Borah was the most representative American of his age . . . Shrewd, skeptical, idealistic, humorous, and with just a touch of the crank . . ." He was elemental. He had no enemies, for he had both agreed and disagreed with every group, and he never attacked personalities, only issues. His name was respected in both Communists and Bankers Conventions. Everyone was his friend, and no one

his intimate, for he knew the loneliness that so often characterizes men of the fiber of Calhoun and Lincoln.

Borah's death was strangely appropriate for so great a man. There had been no decline of his mental genius, no lingering illness, nor diminishing of his personal glory. He fell like a thunderbolt. His last hours showed both the humanity and the grandeur of the man. Constantly he spoke the name of Mary, his beloved wife. He tried to arise, to go once more to the Senate. Mrs. Borah was only able to restrain him by assuring him that he could return to congress the next day.

He died when the nation most needed him to explode false propaganda, to defend with his viligance American rights against enemies from within and without. There was no one to fill his place.

A public death had not been so deeply felt since the passing of Will Rogers. Reverberations sounded even in Europe, where Chamberlain read of the tightening of American isolationist sentiment in an effort to preserve peace, as the people of the nation adopted as a creed the pledge, "Keep faith with Borah."

In Congress, Senators Norris, Vandenburg, and Glass, among others, wept unashamed. The oppressed peoples of the nation, the unemployed youth, the small business men, the tenant farmers, and the laborers of the entire nation had lost a powerful champion. The heart of America bowed down.

The Senate galleries were filled at his funeral. Hundreds of people stood in lines outside the capitol. The leaders of the nation were there, and the poor and the lowly.

The press mourned, too. Borah had been their favorite subject. During his last years he had held his press conferences while lying on his sofa wrapped in a blanket, like the aged Pitt. For thirty years Borah had been a friend of the press. Newspapers of the entire nation paid tribute, ranking Borah as a truly great and colorful figure in history, ranking as statesman and orator with Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

A sadness shadows the face of the nation. In an Idaho grave, under the shadow of the great mountain, rests the heart of old America. An American statesman lies dead.

> ". . . imitate him if you dare,
> World-besotted traveler, he
> served human liberty."—*Yeats.*

WATERCOLOR
by Pearl Highfill

Summer Saturday

By Margaret Coit

PA AND I live in Bushrod County, Georgia. Bushrod County is a big county, and there ain't many towns in it. We live down in the Southern part near the Alabama border. The land is very flat there, and the pine trees are tall and black, and only have branches at the top. Pa grows cotton, but he owns his own land, and so he raises vegetables, too. Every Saturday morning in summer we hitch the mule to the cart, and drive into Clayburn, the county seat.

Whenever I come to Clayburn I always think what a good name it is for the town. The streets are so red that they just burn your eyes to look at 'em. All the streets run one way, and the avenues the other; and they're all numbered. There's a high bell-tower, made of gray, unpainted wood in front of Mr. Burks' hardware store. Whenever there's a fire, somebody rings the bell; five strokes, then six, maybe, meanin' that the fire's at 5th Street and 6th Avenue.

Pa and I drove up 1st Street, and there was hardly anybody there. That was funny for a Saturday. On the last step of the square, sandstone courthouse with the flat roof were two white men in overalls. They didn't move when we went by, and their heads was hangin' on their chests. I reckon they was asleep. There wasn't a nigger in sight, not a single nigger. It didn't seem natural.

Pa left me with the wagon while he took the vegetables into the market. He was gone a long time. I almost went to sleep. After a while, Pa came back, and we drove on to Mr. Burks' hardware store.

We tied the mule to the hitching post. Mr. Burks stood in the doorway, looking just the same as always. He's a big, fat man, and he wears a black silk flowing tie like a Senator. He hasn't got no hair at all, and his face is always red and smiling. Even when he scowls, his lips turn up at the corners.

It was cool and dark in his store, and there wasn't nobody in there except him and us. He slapped Pa on the back, and said he sure was glad to see us. Then he went around to his chair behind the counter and put his feet up on the wood top. Pa sat down on a barrel beside him and pulled out his tin of chewing tobacco. Mr. Burks took a big wad. He used to live down near Pa until he lost his land. He wouldn't become a tenant, so he came to Clayburn and opened a hardware store.

I walked around, and then I went to the back to see if he'd gotten any new knives, and he had, a long blade kind, with silver around the black handles. Mr. Burks and Pa was talking, and he told Pa that sure was a nice corn crop he was raisin' and how much did he expect to get to the acre, and Pa said he reckoned about twenty gallons.

Outside in the street I heard a light wind, and it began to rise and rise. It sounded like the tail of that hurricane that blew up from Mobile last year, and swished off some of the pine heads. Then I could hear the sounds of feet, booted feet, slapping against the clay road outside. The wind sound grew louder, only it wasn't wind, just the wind that hundreds of folks make, running. I hurried to the door and looked out.

The whole street, the whole length of the street, was jammed full of people. You couldn't step out. Men, women, and children were squeezed right against the walls of the buildings. And still, I didn't see a nigger.

Pa put his warm, heavy hand on my shoulder and looked out, and then looked back at Mr. Burks and asked him what was happening, and Mr. Burks said he reckoned they was gettin' ready to lynch the niggers. And Pa said what niggers, and Mr. Burks said them niggers that attacked that white woman about ten miles out of town on Monday. Pa said he hadn't heard. Mr. Burks said one of the niggers had confessed, and the other one hadn't.

The crowd was still. Nobody said a word nor made a sound. We couldn't see nothin,' so Mr. Burks said why didn't we go upstairs. We went upstairs, and into a long, hot room under the eaves, without any furniture in it. There was a window at each end. Pa was all wet by the time we got to the window. Mr. Burks walked ahead of us and opened the window and we all stood at it looking down into the street.

I never saw so many people in my life, except the time when Gene Talmadge in his red galluses

was running for Senator and spoke at a rally out to the ball field. The Ledyard boys, Joe and Lin, were standing in a doorway across the street, and they weren't wearing their straw hats, although the sun was hot. Old man Whitlow was leaning up against the side of the bell-tower, his short, tobaccer-yeller beard waving a bit in the breeze. The only sound I could hear in that whole crowd was Mr. Whitlow's knife scraping against a piece of wood. He never does nothing but whittle anyhow; he's the laziest white man I ever did see. There were people crowding the court-house windows up the street, but nobody was looking out the upstairs windows in the rest of the buildings across the street, because all the buildings had false fronts.

Pretty soon Mr. Forest climbed out on the upstairs railing of the bell-tower. Mr. Forest is the base-ball umpire. He's a little bit of a man, real skinny, and he has a big, black mustache. He wasn't wearing any shirt when he climbed out, and his chest and back was gleaming like Mr. Burks' head. He had a thick grass rope in his hands. He fastened it around one of the big roof posts, and tied a noose, and threw the rope over the side. In a minute he threw over another rope just like the first, and then he came down.

All at once the crowd parted. The people began to shrink back against the sides of the buildings. Six men came leading the two niggers by ropes tied around their hands. Roak Stephens in his new white shirt walked behind one of them, and he had his pistol pushed into the nigger's back. Both niggers was wearing overalls.

One of the niggers was almost white. His skin was yellowish like the face of the Chinaman I saw the time I went to Savannah on an excursion to Tybee Beach. His eyes were blue and glittered when he looked up towards us. Mr. Burks said that was the nigger who'd confessed, and that Mr. Doore, who owns the big tenant plantation up near us, was his father. This nigger was hollering and whimpering and wiggling, but the other one, who was black as a swamp bottom, kept still. He held his head up high and didn't move.

The men pushed the niggers under the ropes which were swaying a little in the breeze. Joe and another man reached up and pushed the niggers' heads into the nooses. Then all the heads of the crowd turned upward, and their faces looked like flat, white poker chips scattered on a table. Three tall men were standing in the bell-tower now, and their fat, muscular arms reached out and pulled at the yellow nigger's rope. Everyone was quiet. The light nigger gave one yell, and then a choking sound, and he writhed and kicked his legs above the heads of the silent crowd as he swung up into the still air.

Mr. Burks and Pa, one on each side of me, pushed against my body, and we stuck together. We leaned forward. We watched the other nigger go up, but he didn't make any sound and didn't move, just hung there, black and still, with his head on his chest like he was asleep.

The quiet crowd swayed a little. Mrs. Whitlow lifted her new tow-headed baby high in the air to see and then jerked it back as a shot snapped through the air. Every man in that crowd had a pistol, and the bullets sounded like fire-crackers you set off on Christmas day. The men filled the niggers with holes, and the blood ran out, so the hanging bodies were red all over, with little dark splotches underneath.

After a while the three fat men in the bell-tower let the niggers down, and the crowd swooped onto them like buzzards. We all went down-stairs and outside and elbowed through the crowd. Roak Stephens and Mr. Forest were cutting up the ropes and overalls and giving away pieces for souvenirs. I got a little piece of rope from off the yellow nigger, and it was red and wet and warm.

Pa and me and Mr. Burks began to move with the crowd along the street. It was already afternoon. The crowd was thinner now. Roak Stephens dashed through on his black horse. The red dust blew up into our eyes, and some of it floated onto Pa's hair, where it didn't show no more. Pa's a big man, and he's got hair red as the clay in the corn-fields when it's fresh-plowed and there's been rain in the night.

At the end of 1st Street was the ball-field. There were two sections of bleachers built on cement steps. The ticket office was between the benches with a red path winding around each side of it.

Pa and I went inside and climbed the steps almost up to the top row. A nigger boy began to walk along between the seats. He was walking stiff; his smooth black face looked like it was dusted all over with white chalk. Yet he hollered, "Ice cold drinks, ice cold drinks," same as always. His white jacket was all stained dark along the strap of his drink kit that was slung over his shoulder and back.

The teams, ours in the gray striped uniforms, Crossway's in white, now ran out on the green field. I hadn't seen any of the boys before; they hadn't been playing and practising out front like they usually do. Mr. Forest blew his whistle. A bat cracked against a ball.

I wasn't looking at the game. Mr. Ledyard and Joe and Lin were sitting a couple of rows down front, and they were all lickered up and howling like fury. I could see their blue overall legs hanging down, with the dried, red clay all around the bottoms of the trousers and caked on their big feet. Next to them was old man Whitlow, waving a whiskey bottle over his dirty head.

It was a good game, I reckon, but awful close, and the umpire had to make a final decision. He hollered it through a paper amplifier, that Crossways had won the game. Mr. Forest is an awful polite man.

Well, a sort of murmuring went over the crowd. Joe Ledyard wove to his feet. I could see a little piece of yellow rope hanging from the strap of his overalls. He lifted his shotgun, and with a shaking, red hand fired it into the air. He shouted:

"Let's lynch him."

Well, a hollering boomed out of the crowd, and the wind started again as the folks began to run down the steps and towards the field. Mr. Forest jumped off the little square platform near the gate and scurried toward the ticket office. He was out in the street running like a rabbit towards the sheriff's house, for the doors was broken off the jail. I saw Roak Stephens' black head rise over the top of the running crowd and his pistol snapped. Three or four pistols sounded now, and the bullets kicked up flying dust that hid Mr. Forest's feet. He ran up the steps of the sheriff's new, two-story, brown-stone house. Mrs. Leiber already had the door open. I heard it slam after Mr. Forest had darted in. I reckon she locked him in the cellar for protection, because that's where Mr. Lieber puts prisoners when the jail's out of order. Old man Whitlow and three other poor-white tenants knocked on Mrs. Lieber's door and cussed, but she never did come out. A rock struck the door. After a while everybody began to go away.

"Let's get the mule and go home," Pa said. He reached for my hand, and stopped.

"What's that you got in your hand?" he said.

"Nothing," I said.

"Let's see it," Pa said.

I opened my hand. The little piece of rope was stiff, and it wasn't red any longer; it was rusty like the iron on our well bucket.

"Throw it away," Pa said.

"But Pa—"

"Throw it away," Pa said, and his lips became a tight blue line. I stood still a moment, rolling the rope between my fingers. Then I threw it into the ditch where I couldn't see it any more.

Watercolor
by Anna Wills

Johannes Gutenberg

By Jean Bertram

FIVE hundred years ago, in south Germany, a nobleman was laboring over a strange device. He labored on for nearly forty years. He let nothing deter him. Though he was driven from his home town, forsaken by nearly all his relatives and friends, betrayed by a business partner, and robbed of fame, he persisted until he made the invention perfect. Few of the townsmen who cast curious glances at his workshop suspected the great power of the thing he was creating. Even the man himself could not have conceived of all its remarkable effects. With every tedious hour of work, Johannes Gutenberg brought the printing press closer to perfection, closer to becoming the force that smashed the ecclesiastical monopoly on learning and made public opinion more formidable than any king.

Despite all that Gutenberg has done to build the world of today, little is known of the man himself. Had he not appeared in court many times as defendant or plaintiff, and had he not signed a great number of promissory notes, we would know absolutely nothing of him. No authentic likeness is extant, although a portrait of him in his middle years is sometimes printed. It is known, however, that Gutenberg was born in Mainz at the close of the fourteenth century. His youth was passed in the midst of struggle, for the burghers of Mainz had begun to contest the right of the noblemen to lead in all governmental affairs. The movement was resisted by the noblemen, among whom was one Frielo Gensfleisch, Johannes' father. Whether Gensfleisch took any personal action against the burghers or was maltreated by them is not known. But sometime in the year 1429, he fled with his family, probably to Strassburg. About this time, Johannes assumed his mother's maiden name, Gutenberg, for then it was the German custom that the eldest son take his mother's family name if the name were in danger of becoming extinct.

Not until the 1430's, did Gutenberg begin printing. It is believed that a copy of the *Donatus,* the only block-book without cuts published before 1440, was given to him by a friend. Gutenberg must have perceived the imperfection of block printing, and realized that the sudden insatiable demand for books could never be met by the crude method. Accordingly, he set out to find a way to publish books rapidly enough to meet the desire of the masses.

In a small room in the ruined monastery of Saint Arbogastus, Johannes began his work in 1438. There within the narrow walls of his "shop" he conceived the idea that the types must be made of metal if the press were ever to reach the highest degree of usefulness. Then he called in Hans Duenne, the goldsmith, and Conrad Saspach, the joiner, to assist in the construction of the press. By daylight and by candlelight, Gutenberg pondered and worked over the press.

The first ten years of his work on the printing press brought Gutenberg temporary triumph and renown. Shortly after he began work, three friends, Andrew Dritzehn and Andrew and Anthony Heilmann, implored Gutenberg to take them into a partnership. He finally consented, and the four drew up a contract in which they agreed that should one of the partners die, his heirs should be paid one hundred guilders within five years. Working intensely on the printing press, Gutenberg and his helpers hastened to finish it that they might offer the press for sale at the great fair in Aix-la-Chappelle during the summer of 1439. But then an announcement was sent out that the fair had been postponed until 1440. Another year to wait before they could sell the press and get money to continue their experiments and improvements. "God, give us courage" must have been their prayer. And they were to need courage, for it was not long after the announcement that Gutenberg's most conscientious helper, Andrew Dritzehn, died.

Almost before the last shovel of dirt had been thrown on his grave, Dritzehn's two surviving brothers began to heckle Gutenberg for their claim. Greedy for fame and money, Georg and Claus Dritzehn insisted that Gutenberg take them into his service, or account to them for the money which Andrew had invested in the enterprise. Gutenberg was unwilling to do either, so the two brothers took the case to court. Up to this time Johannes had succeeded fairly well in keeping his work on the press a secret, but now all knew of the "black art." In court, Gutenberg contested that he was not obliged to take the brothers into his service, for, in the contract which the four partners had drawn up, it was agreed that at the death of a partner, the

others should not be expected to instruct his heirs in the "secret." Gutenberg further contended that he should not be compelled to account to the brothers for Andrew's investment, since Dritzehn had not paid into the partnership the full amount required of him. After Gutenberg's testimony and presentation of evidence, the attacks made by the Dritzehn brothers seemed to be nothing more than petty cupidity. Georg and Claus Dritzehn lost the case, and Johannes Gutenburg was acclaimed as a man of great scientific knowledge.

The last eighteen years of the inventor's life were years of poverty, deception, and obscurity. Financially embarrassed shortly after the Dritzehn trial, Gutenberg borrowed from friends, relatives, and monasteries until they refused to assist him any longer. In despair and blind determination, he went to a professional money lender in Mainz. As Lacroix has said: "Heaven or hell sent him the partner John Fust." A literal translation of Fust is fist, a symbol of all that is jealous, merciless, and aggressive. Sometime in August, 1450, a strict contract consummated the partnership, and Gutenberg was expected to have completed and perfected the printing press within five years.

In swift succession the five years hurried by, and Gutenberg still had not done all he wanted to the printing press. By this time, however, he undoubtedly had invented the composing stick, or tray on which letters can be arranged into words, and words into sentences. He had not yet published any books, although he had started on one which would take a year to finish. Suddenly, on November 6, 1455, between eleven and twelve o'clock noon, Jacob Fust presented to the notary in the dining-hall of the Convent of Barefooted Friars an account demanding the payment of 2,020 guilders which Johannes Fust had loaned to Gutenberg. The suit was a shock to Gutenberg, especially since Fust had enforced the claim before the book was published and money obtained from the sale. Gutenberg did not even go to court, but left the pleading of his case to his fellow workmen. And yet, what could he have said? He could have shouted to the court that had Fust paid him the eight hundred guilders he promised him in the first year, the publication of the book would not have been delayed. He could have told the court how Fust with profuse verbal promises changed the entire deal. But what was the use of saying anything? Fust was vigorous and adamant; and one of his relatives, Jacob Fust, was a judge in the case. What kind of justice could Gutenberg expect to receive? Fust easily won the case and carried all the materials used by Gutenberg to his own house. Even the workmen, with Peter Schoeffer at the head, went with the types, presses, and books.

Though he was almost sixty years old, Gutenberg had lost none of his vigor, determination, and power of persuasion. He resolved to open another shop. Conrad Humery, a physician and clerk of Mainz, gave him money, and a few of his more faithful old workmen came to help him begin anew. Some of the tools which Fust had taken Gutenberg was able to recreate. One year later, he had his printing press with its movable types in operation. The *Calendar of 1457* is believed to be his first edition from the new press.

Gutenberg's last years were not filled with complete injustice and obscurity. When Archbishop Adolf II sacked Mainz in October, 1462, Fust's house was burned, and the printing materials destroyed. Three years later, Gutenberg was made a Gentleman of Adolf's court "for agreeable and voluntary service rendered to us and to our bishopric," and was assisted in setting up another printing office in the Village of Eltville, the birthplace of his mother.

In the course of these thirty-odd turbulent years, Gutenberg managed to print a number of books. Nearly fifty are ascribed to him. We do not know precisely what books he printed, for the fear of being drawn into court again kept him from attaching his name to any of his editions. The following, however, are usually credited to him: the *Bible of thirty-six lines*, the *Bible of forty-two lines*, the *Catholicon*, *An Appeal to Christianity against the Turks*, *Letters of Indulgence*, a typographic edition of the *Donatus*, and *A Treatise on the Celebration of the Mass*.

No one disputes the claim that Gutenberg printed the *Bible of forty-two lines;* and it is for this work more than any other that he is most famous.

Gutenberg's waning days were gentle days. Adolf's court cared well for the old inventor until his death. Each year, he was given a suit of new clothes, "twenty mount of corn," and "two voer of wine" on condition that he would neither sell the gifts nor give them away. Having spent his last days in leisure and comfort, the

great inventor died early in 1468, without relatives or old friends near him. But for his tragic qualities of blissful confidence in all men and complete concern for his work only, he might have died famous and much-mourned. He was buried in the Franciscan Church; and over his grave Adam Gelthus had a tombstone erected with this inscription:

"To Johannes Gensfleisch (also called Gutenberg), inventor of the art of printing, and deserver of the highest honors from every nation and tongue, Adam Gelthus places this tablet in perpetual commemoration of his name. His remains peacefully repose in the Church of St. Francis of Mainz."

Had Gutenberg lived eight years longer, he would have seen his invention established throughout most of Europe. Almost at the time of his death, printing presses were set up in five German cities. From Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and France came the clamors of citizen and king alike for the strange device that produced books not in years, but in hours.

TEMPERA
by Hazel Olson

Benzine Rinsings

By Gwendolyn Gay

Words may be used as a painter uses his brush, or the musician his musical notes. In the gallery of the mind, each word has a special place, some vivid as if picked out by spot lights, others dwindling away into shadows. It is the poet that sets the words in order and gives them personality, experience, and thought.

This vividness and strength of reality dominates the works of Hart Crane and reflects the personality of the man. His was not a "pretty" life. His extreme sensitivity led him through a miserable existence to his dive into the Gulf of Mexico, an act of suicide.

Early possessed with the desire to write a national epic, he started work on "The Bridge," a symbol to which he clung. It was as if the bridge was the span from his entrance into the world to his departure. He looked out from it, sometimes as a part of it, with the turbulent river forever flowing beneath him.

At times the river would rise up and engulf him. In his poem "The River," man is carried past the bill boards of our modern country on to the farm lands.

"The River, spreading, flows—and spends your dream.
What are you, lost within this tideless spell?
You are your father's father, and the stream—
A liquid theme that floating niggers swell."

And too, he likens the flow of the river to the rush of the train:

"So the 20th Century—so
Whizzed the Limited—roared by the left
Three men, still hungry on the tracks, ploddingly
Watching the tail lights wizen and converge, slipping gimleted and neatly out of sight."

He is a painstaking writer, conscious of each word and syllable he uses. Each word is definite and points up an image to a studied degree. He forms idioms by interrelation, playing deep meanings of words on one another. Effects are gained that only Hart Crane could handle, for they are peculiarly his. Any other hand would find them awkward and unintelligible. "Lachrymae Christi" is a strong example of Hart Crane's strange use of words:

"Whitely, while benzine
Rinsings from the moon
Dissolve all but the windows of the mills
(Inside the sure machinery
Is still
And curdled only where a sill
Sluices its one unyielding smile)

Immaculate venon binds
The fox's teeth, and swart
Thorns freshen on the year's
First blood. From flanks unfended,
Twanged red perfidies of spring
Are trillion on the hill."

But also in these idioms we see why Hart Crane has been called a great failure. Often the strain for effect desired is so great that it breaks, and we are left confused. This, too, was probably the reason for his various attempts at suicide and for his ultimate end, for he was always searching and striving for something we find a hint of in "The Bridge."

"I think of cinemas, panoramic sleights
With multitudes bent toward some flashing scene
Never disclosed, but hastened to again,
Foretold to other eyes on the same screen;

"And Thee, across the harbor, silver-paced
As though the sun took step of thee, yet left
Some motion ever unspent in thy stride,—
Implicitly thy freedom staying thee!"

He gathers a power into his poetic lines that is felt like the essence of an electric shock. His colors are the glare of a busy Broadway, and just as daring. Humor finds a satirical and subtle place in "The Marriage of Faustus and Helen"—particularly, but not only, in the following lines:

"Greet naively—yet intrepidly
New soothings, new amazements
That cornets introduce at every turn—
And you may fall downstairs with me
With perfect grace and equanimity.
Or, plaintively scud past shores

Where, by strange harmonic laws
All relatives, serene and cool,
Sit rocked in patent armchairs."

His rhythms are as interesting as any found in a modern jazz orchestra in this poem where he has consciously worked out the meter to follow a syncopated rhythmic appeal.

Even in Hart Crane's country-sides and gardens there is little of peace and quiet. There is always beauty, but brittle beauty that exquisitely evades the conventional romanticism. Such is shown in "My Grandmother's Love Letters," "Garden Abstract," "Stark Major," "Pastorale," and many others that make us wonder at the classicist who scoffs and holds himself aloof.

His poetry needs familiarity with the man to fully appreciate the beauty and strength of his presentations. In the "Voyages" we find six poems that contain the tangy salt air, the powerful beat of the ocean waves, the fathoms where currents disturb the lazy fish, the sea change from calm to fury. These writings must come from the sensitivity of experience.

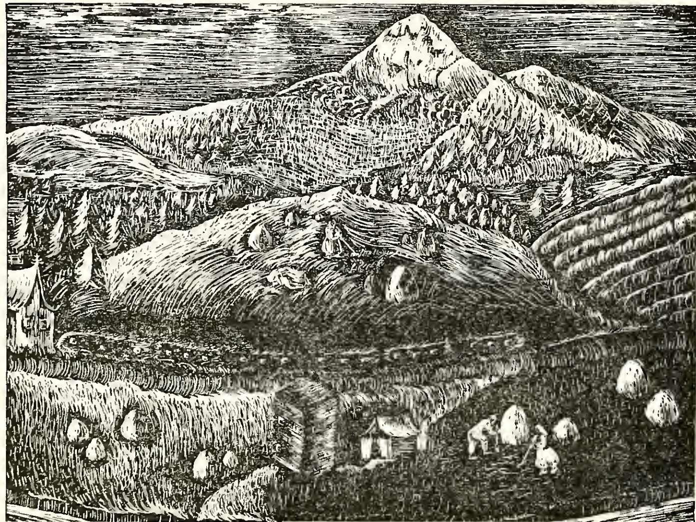
In his early impressionable years Crane lived on and absorbed the beauty of the Ilse of Pines, off the southern coast of Cuba. The color and strangeness of the tropical isle gave him an outlet for his energies and drew him back many years after his first visit. In the collection of poems called "Key West: an Island Sheaf," he reverts to the tropical isle and presents it in various striking forms.

His writings are not just pictures, but contain a philosophy that is often bitter. He is an artist and steps into the world to look for beauty and finds the smokestacks of industry. Even from his bridge the sky seldom takes on a brighter hue. He sees the "tarantula rattling at the lily's foot," lumbering trucks, and drunken stevedores.

And in the last two verses of "Voyages" (No. II), he makes a bid for death in the roll of the ocean, and thus it seems that even then he knew what his death would be:

"Mark how her turning shoulders wind the hours,
And hasten while her penniless rich palms
Pass superscription of bent foam and wave,—
Hasten, while they are true,—sleep, death, desire,
Close round one instant in one floating flower.

"Bind us in time, O Seasons clear, and awe.
O minstrel galleons of Carib fire,
Bequeath us to no earthly shore until
Is answered in the vortex of our grave
The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise."



Scratch board
by Angelina Andreatte

CORADDI

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March, 1940 Volume 44, Number 3

The New Imperialism

When the present administration had a committee draw up a report some months ago on the economic conditions of the South, this region was the subject for a great deal of discussion and comment, especially among people who knew nothing of actual conditions and were guided almost wholly by prejudices and misinformation. The name "Number One Economic Problem" became as well known and widely used as the old name "Dixie." Naturally the South reacted strongly and tried to defend herself and explain. Soon the term "Number One Hope" was substituted for "Number One Problem." The new name was a little more truthful. That is, to a discriminating person, this phrase is a key to the present and future of the South.

The South is well off as far as people and natural resources are concerned. The great limitation is the lack of capital and credit. Because of this, we can not develop our natural resources or support our own business enterprises. So we have absentee ownership with all of the accompanying evils.

The economic problems facing the South have their roots in history, but as this background is fairly well-known, we might go on with just one comment. At least, our grandfathers could clearly see their way of life crumbling and recognize and struggle against those who were forcing the change. To-day, the South is being invaded imperialistically, and, worse than that, is being sold out to the highest bidder by some of our politicians. While the agricultural interests are being stifled with tax burdens, industrialists are being offered every conceivable bait to move South. Louisiana, for example, offers each incoming industry exemption from taxation for ten years. Cheap, unassertive labor, plentiful resources, and the kind offers of state governments have started the rapid industrialization of the South. The people are not protected by very ideal labor laws, and certainly the existence of laborers in states where these laws are more stringent is not to be envied. When the South is controlled by outside monied interests our politics will also be controlled by these absentee owners.

If the people in the South keep the South in their own control and struggle to develop and improve it, the South is the Nation's Number One Hope. If the people sell out their own region and their own people, the South's real problems have only started.

Reviews

The Hundredth Year

By Philip Guedalla. Doubleday, Doran. $3

Here in the style that has made him one of the greatest living historians, Mr. Guedalla records for us the events of 1936, from the funeral of George V to the abdication of Edward VIII. 1936, the hundredth year since Queen Victoria came to the throne, marked for every nation the close of the post-war period and the beginning of the unsettled, turbulent present. Hitler militarized the Rhineland; Italy conquered Abyssinia; General Franco began the Spanish Civil War; President Roosevelt was re-elected; and Edward VIII left the throne of England.

Guedalla's style is entirely familiar. He presents a large canvass upon which actuality is intensified and most of the background is blotted out. His characterizations are very original. Describing the collapse of German morale after the Armistice, he says, "An ignoble liquefaction submerged the nation's self-respect." President Roosevelt is shown riding "with his academic Valkyries along the rainbow into the pale pink Valhalla of 1933." Hitler is "endowed with the certainties of the uneducated" and "viewing any form of modernism with the austere disapproval of a pavement artist."

1936 was the one and only year of His Majesty King Edward the Eighth. Although it would not have been tactful to write about a forgotten reign, in telling about Spain and Ethiopia and Stalin it was impossible not to mention the man who at that time was King-Emperor of Great Britain. Mr. Guedalla reveals to us the strange case of Edward and the story of his Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin. It is the brief chronicle of a monarch who fulfilled his function with a clear idea of the pretenses of those around him. In the end, the question arises whether the King let the nation down, or the Prime Minister let the King down.

The mood of the book is clearly one of the defeated liberal looking at triumphant conservatism with discreet cynicism, so that Guedalla is able to read into this background the shape of things to come. His foresight prompts him to place the words of Galsworthy at the very beginning of history: "You must remember that you always have to give England time. She realizes things slowly."

—Peggy Holman.

The contest announced in the fall issue will include the material submitted for the last issue. The awards will be five dollars for each of the following: the best story, the best poem, the best critical article, and the best news article. Staff members and non-staff members are eligible. The awards will be announced in the May issue.

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in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum, famed sports writer and columnist

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking — slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books ...pictures...and *Camels* —*slow*-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler — and thriftier," he says.

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BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding — Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! *(The panel at the right explains the test.)*

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*