OBITUARIES

Nadezhda Popova, 91, WW II 'Night Witch,' Dies

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

The Nazis called them "Night Witches" because the whooshing noise their plywood and canvas airplanes made reminded the Germans of the sound of a witch's broomstick.

The Russian women who piloted those planes, onetime crop dusters, took it as a compliment. In 30,000 missions over four years, they dumped 23,000 tons of bombs on the German invaders, ultimately helping to chase them back to Berlin. Any German pilot who downed a "witch" was awarded an Iron Cross.

These young heroines, all volunteers and most in their teens and early 20s, became legends of World War II but are now largely forgotten. Flying only in the dark, they had no parachutes, guns, radios or radar, only maps and compasses. If hit by tracer bullets, their planes would burn like sheets of paper.

Their uniforms were hand-me-downs from male pilots. Their faces froze in the open cockpits. Each night, the 40 or so two-woman crews flew 8 or more missions — sometimes as many as 18.

"Almost every time we had to sail through a wall of enemy fire," Nadezhda Popova, one of the first volunteers — who herself flew 852 missions — said in an interview for David Stahel's book "Operation Typhoon: Hitler's March on Moscow, October 1941," published this year.

Ms. Popova, who died at 91 on July 8 in Moscow, was inspired both by patriotism and a desire for revenge. Her brother was killed shortly after the Germans swept into the Soviet Union in June 1941, and the Nazis had commandeered their home to use as a Gestapo police station.

In "Flying for Her Country: The American and Soviet Women Military Pilots of World War II" (2007), by Amy Goodpaster Strebe, Ms. Popova is quoted recalling the "smiling faces of the Nazi pilots" as they strafed crowds, gunning down fleeing women and children.

But Ms. Popova, who rose to become deputy commander of what was formally known as the 588th Night Bomber Regiment, said she was mostly just doing a job that needed doing. "We bombed, we killed; it was all a part of war," she said in a 2010 interview with the Russian news service RIA Novosti. "We had an enemy in front of us, and we had to prove that we were stronger and more prepared."

As the war began, Moscow barred women from combat, and Ms. Popova was turned down when she first tried to enlist as a pilot. "No one in the armed services wanted to give women the freedom to die," she told Albert Axell, the author of "Russia's Heroes: 1941-45" (2001).

But on Oct. 8, 1941, Joseph Stalin issued an order to deploy three regiments of female pilots, one of which became the Night Witches. The Russian pilot corps clearly needed bolstering; in addition, some have pointed out, heroic women made good propaganda. The lobbying of Marina Raskova, who had set several flying records and became the first commander of the women's units, helped greatly.

Nadezhda Vasilyevna Popova was born in Shabanovka in the Soviet Union on Dec. 27, 1921, and grew up in Ukraine. Viktor F. Yanukovich, the president of Ukraine, announced her death.

Growing up, Ms. Popova told Ms. Strebe, "I was a very lively, energetic, wild kind of person. I loved to tango, fox trot, but I was bored. I wanted something different."

At 15, Ms. Popova joined a flying club, of which there were as many as 150 in the Soviet Union. More than one-quarter of the pilots trained in the clubs were women. After graduating from pilot school, she became a flight instructor.



TASS

Nadezhda Popova

Her delight at being accepted into the 588th Night Bomber Regiment gave way to steely seriousness after her first mission, in which a Soviet plane was destroyed, killing two friends. She dropped her bombs on the dots of light below. "I was ordered to fly another mission immediately," she told Russian Life magazine in 2003. "It was the best thing to keep me from thinking about it."

Ms. Popova became adept at her unit's tactics. Planes flew in formations of three. Two would go in as decoys to attract searchlights, then separate in opposite directions and twist wildly to avoid the antiaircraft guns. The third would sneak to the target through the darkness. They would then switch places until each of the three had dropped the single bomb carried beneath each wing.

The pilots' skill prompted the Germans to spread rumors that the Russian women were given special injections and pills to "give us a feline's perfect vision at night," Ms. Popova told Mr. Axell. "This, of course, was nonsense."

The Po-2 biplanes flown by the Night Witches had an advantage over the faster, deadlier German Messerschmitts: their maximum speed was lower than the German planes' stall speed, making

A Russian bomber who helped chase Nazis back to Berlin.

them hard to shoot down. The Po-2s were also exceptionally maneuverable. Still, Ms. Popova was shot down several times, although she was never hurt badly.

Once, after being downed, she found herself in a horde of retreating troops and civilians. In the crowd was a wounded fighter pilot, Semyon Kharlamov, reading "And Quiet Flows the Don," Mikhail A. Sholokhov's epic Soviet novel. They struck up a conversation, and she read him some poetry. They eventually separated but saw each other again several times during the war. At war's end, they met at the Reichstag in Berlin and scribbled their names on its wall. They soon married.

Mr. Kharlamov died in 1990. Ms. Popova, who lived in Moscow and worked as a flight instructor after World War II, is survived by her son, Aleksandr, a general in the Belarussian Air Force.

Ms. Popova was named Hero of the Soviet Union, the nation's highest honor. She was also awarded the Gold Star, the Order of Lenin and the Order of the Red Star.

"I sometimes stare into the blackness and close my eyes," Ms. Popova said in 2010. "I can still imagine myself as a young girl, up there in my little bomber. And I ask myself, 'Nadia, how did you do it?'"

More obituaries appear on Page A15.

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RIA NOVOSTI, VIA THE IMAGE WORKS

Ms. Popova, standing, with other Soviet pilots in World War II. "We bombed, we killed; it was all a part of war," she said in 2010.

Austin Goodrich, 87, Spy Posing as Reporter

By BRUCE WEBER

In the 1950s and '60s, Austin Goodrich was far from the only journalist doubling as a secret agent for the United States. Several who did so, along with some top news executives, later said that during the cold war the separation between the news media and the government was considerably more negotiable than it later became.

However, it was not until the 1970s, after the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence investigated the Central Intelligence Agency, that reports by Rolling Stone magazine and The New York Times revealed that journalists from myriad news organizations had served the agency in various capacities, sometimes with the full knowledge of their employers.

Mr. Goodrich, who died on June 9 at his home in Port Washington, Wis., at age 87, was one of the first examples of a journalist-spy to be publicly disclosed. He used his credentials as a journalist from CBS News and other organizations to establish his cover during cold war postings abroad.

The cause of death was Alzheimer's disease, his daughter Kristina Goodrich said. His death was not widely reported at the time.

The Times reported that at least 22 American news organizations, including CBS News and Time, Life and Newsweek magazines, as well as The Times itself, "had employed, though sometimes only on a casual basis, American journalists who were also working for the C.I.A.," and that "in a few instances the organizations were aware of the C.I.A. connection, but most of them appear not to have been."

Mr. Goodrich joined the C.I.A. straight out of college in 1949, two years after President Harry S. Truman signed the National Security Act, which created it. Having spent part of his college career studying in Stockholm, he was returned there by the fledgling agency.

"They said 'Goodbye, good luck, and work your way into a job in Stockholm, and take it from there,'" he recalled in a video recorded by his daughter. "I was given a slip of paper with a phone number on it, and I was told, 'If you're really in trouble, call that number. Otherwise, we've got your bank account and we'll put your salary in there, and you go out and develop your own cover.'"

He set himself up as a freelance writer and reporter, sending back dispatches, largely to Midwestern newspapers, about Scandinavia, including reports from Finland as it held on to its independence in the ominous shadow of the Soviet Union. He wrote about sports for the Paris edition of The New York Herald Tribune, contributed to The Christian Science Monitor and Yachting magazine and was a correspondent for Swedish radio stations.

Another obituary appears on Page A13.



GOODRICH FAMILY

Austin Goodrich reporting from Stockholm in 1951. He joined the C.I.A. shortly after graduating from college in 1949.

Freelancing from Sweden, and hiding ham radios in the forests of Finland.

At the same time, he was foraging among local Communists for dissatisfied party members and performing other clandestine tasks. His daughter said he told of planting ham radios in the forests of Finland so that the Finns would have access to communications devices in the event of a Soviet invasion.

"My specialty was recruiting to our service disillusioned and unhappy members of the Communist Party," Mr. Goodrich said, "people who were strongly motivated to noble purposes, which they felt had been betrayed by the party apparatus."

Mr. Goodrich began contributing pieces to CBS as a stringer in the 1950s, and for a time the network brought him back to New York as a news writer, but he was discreetly fired in 1954 after CBS learned of his C.I.A. connection. In 1958, however, he appeared as a reporter on an installment of the CBS News program "The Twentieth Century," anchored by Walter Cronkite, about Soviet propaganda in Finland.

Mr. Goodrich was born in Battle Creek, Mich., on Aug. 30, 1925, the son of Marjorie Austin and Cyrus Goodrich, a lawyer. He enlisted in the Army at 18 and served in the infantry in Europe during World War II. Afterward, he studied political science at the University of Michigan and spent his junior year in Stockholm.

His first marriage, to Eva Rosenberg, whom he met in Oslo, ended in divorce. In addition to his daughter Kristina, survivors include his wife, the former Mona Stender, whom he married in the early 1990s; four other children, Britt V. Weaver and Austin, Timothy and Sammy Goodrich; three sisters, Ethel Ackerson, Eleanor Guilbert and Helen Putnam; seven grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

After his time in Stockholm, Mr. Goodrich went on to agency assignments in the Netherlands and once again in Scandinavia, where he continued to work as a journalist. In 1964, he returned for a time to the United States. His subsequent postings, in Thailand and West Germany, did not require a cover.

Mr. Goodrich retired from the C.I.A. in 1976 and was awarded the Intelligence Medal of Merit by the future president George H. W. Bush, then the director of central intelligence. Unlike some reporters whose C.I.A. work was a sideline and who cooperated out of patriotism or, in some cases, for the money, Mr. Goodrich was first and foremost a spy.

"I think he took pride in the journalism he did, but in the final analysis that was not his full-time commitment," Kristina Goodrich said. "He really believed in the importance of the democratic way of life and the danger of any system that could lead to totalitarian control over people."

C's MS comments
March '07

1 / 2 "supposed to mean"

5 / period after sted?

16 / typos

28 / ~~war-duty medic~~? add a

116 / Knew

end 117 / football scene OK in length?

120 / 20 min in B-17 to Sweetgrass Hills?

120 / add full name?
omit cheerleaders p. 113?

122 / typo

122 / OK B-17s to be that cold?

129 / omit cripple joke?

130 / omit sentence

135 / omit the? 139

137 / omit the

#



SCOTT EKLUND / P-I

Seahawks owner Paul Allen raises the 12th man flag horing fans before the NFC Championship Game against the Carolina Panthers on Jan. 22.

12th Man war moves

Seahawks file notice; case goes to federal court

BY MICHAEL GRACZYK
The Associated Press

BRYAN, Texas – The Seattle Seahawks ran an end-around on Texas A&M, filing notice Thursday to remove from an Aggie hometown court the dispute over the "12th Man" slogan.

In a three-page "Notice of Removal" filed about two hours before a scheduled hearing in a Brazos County court just a few miles from the A&M campus, the Super Bowl-bound Seahawks transferred the case to federal court in Houston, about 100 miles away.

According to the motion, since Texas A&M is alleging a violation of its federally registered trademark by the Seahawks, a federal court has jurisdiction in the case.

"It brings everything here to a screeching halt unless the federal court decides to remand it," state District Judge J.D. Langley said.

Langley said the maneuver was fairly common for a case involving entities from different regions.

A&M spokesman Lane Stephenson said he was unaware of a hearing Thursday in federal court and declined to comment further.

The university owns the trademark to its generations-old "12th Man" reference for Aggie supporters in the stands. The school won a temporary court order in Bryan earlier this week to keep the Seahawks, who play Pittsburgh on Sunday in the Super Bowl, from using "12th Man" in their marketing.

The Seahawks have recognized their followers as a "12th Man" since the mid-1980s and even retired the No. 12 jersey in 1984. Now with Seattle in the Super Bowl, its "12th Man" promotion, which previously has aggravated the Aggies, has gained an even higher profile.

Texas A&M has been arguing the NFL team is infringing on the school's legal claim to the slogan, which it says it has used for more than 80 years. The school twice has registered trademarks for the "12th Man" label – in 1990 and 1996 – that include entertainment services and products like caps, T-shirts, novelty buttons and jewelry.

Seattle's version of a "12th Man" banner, a flag with the No. 12 on it, was flying this week from the team's hotel in suburban Detroit. So was a flag atop Seattle's Space Needle and the state Capitol in Olympia.

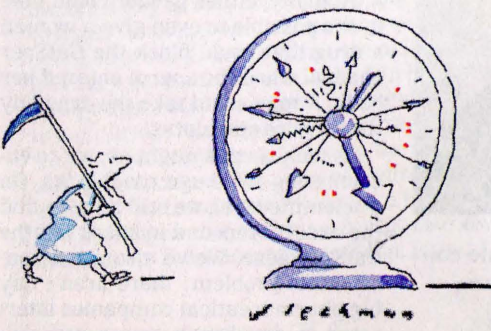
At A&M, the slogan dates to 1922 when a student, E. King Gill, was pulled from the stands to suit up for the injury-depleted Aggies as they faced top-ranked Centre College. Gill didn't play, but he was the last player standing on the sideline in reserve as the Aggies won 22-14.

A&M sent letters to the Seahawks in 2004 and 2005, protesting use of the slogan. School officials said the team never responded.

BASICS

Natalie Angier

Making Sense Of Time, Earthbound And Otherwise



More than three weeks have passed since the great Waterford disco ball dropped over Times Square, and most of us are taking 2007 in stride. The time is flying by, just as it does when we're having fun, approaching a deadline or taking a standardized test on which our entire future depends, though not, oddly enough, when we ourselves are flying, especially not when we are seated in the last row, near the bathrooms.

But before we stuff the changing of the annum into the seat pocket in front of us and hope that nobody notices, it's worth considering some of the main astral and terrestrial events that make delightful concepts like "new year" and "another Gary Larson calendar" possible in the first place. Let's think about the nature of so-called ordinary time, the seconds, days, seasons and years by which we humans calibrate our clocks and merrily spend down our lives. As Robert L. Jaffe, a theoretical physicist at M.I.T., explained in an interview and recent articles in Natural History magazine, our earthly cycles and pacemakers are freakish in their moderation, very different from the other major chronometers that abound around us, but of which we remain largely unaware.

The long and short of the universe is just that, almost exclusively long and short, with the hyperclipped quantum clickings of the atom on one end and the chasmic lollygags and foot drags of the greater cosmos on the other. We terrestrial, tweener-timed life forms are the real outliers here, the kinky boots at the party.

So what are the public and private rhythms by which we humans abide? Our prima donna of a planet twirls on its axis once every 24 hours and so gives us our days, and as it rotates it circumnavigates the sun to sketch out our 365-day years; and because the angle of Earth's spin relative to the big, flat platter of its orbit isn't

Continued on Page 3

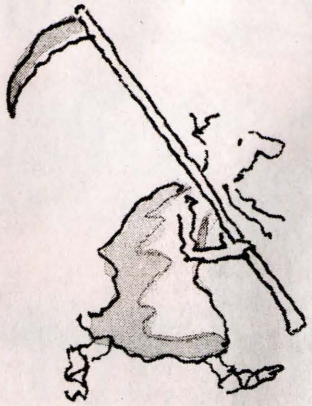
A Clockwork Strange: Making Sense of Time, Earthbound and Otherwise

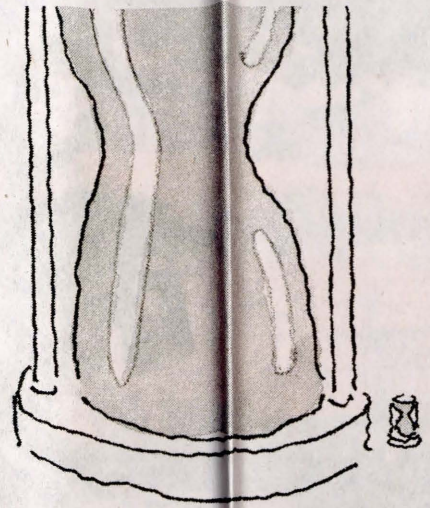
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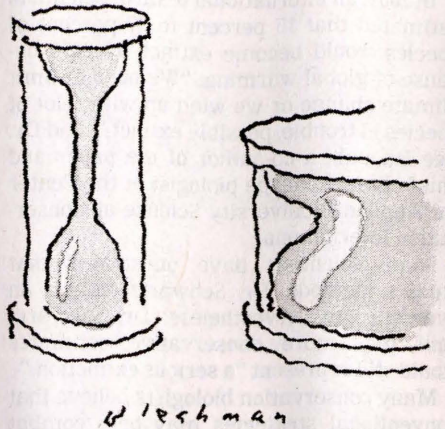
straight up and down, but instead is tipped by 23 degrees, we have our seasons, our cashmere and cotton, the heartbreak of clothing moths.

These cycles have been in place at more or less their current configurations since the birth of Earth more than four billion years ago, and they have set the dials and counters of virtually all life. Every cell of the human body pulses to a circadian beat, sucking in glucose, squirting out hormones, building up fresh proteins and breaking down stale ones, all in predictable swells and troughs throughout the day, a rhythmicity that may help explain why we love music but still does not explain the lingering popularity of Bachman-Turner Overdrive.

Elsewhere in the solar system are other worlds, taking care of their business, working their quirky times. Saturn, for example, spins as snappily as it accessorizes, completing a day in 10½ hours; but being almost 10 times farther from the Sun than we are, it needs 30 of our years to finish one of its own. Mercury, by contrast, orbits the Sun in just 88 days, but rotates a miserly one and a half times during the entire mercurial "year," which means that the side facing the sun has a chance to bake to 700 degrees Fahrenheit, while the half staring out into space turns as cold and miserable as that poor little demotee from the planetary pantheon, Pluto.







These various blends of diurnal and annual cycles are all perfectly comprehensible, if medically ill-advised. But just as the light that we humans deem "visible" represents a tiny part of the vast electromagnetic spectrum, so the collected clocks of the solar system are a meager sampling of the universal stock of tockers. Far more action is going on below the surface, in the subatomic community. There we find events occurring in increments far briefer than classic quickies like "in a heartbeat" (i.e., about a second) or "in the blink of an eye" (a tenth of a second), and down into the reals of scientific notation blessedly leaven with Marx Brothers nicknames — intervals like the attosecond (a millionth of a trillionth of a second, or 10^{-18} second), the zepto second (a billionth of a trillionth or 10^{-21} second) and, my personal favorite, the yoctosecond (a trillionth of a trillionth, or 10^{-24} second). No matter the nomenclature; the duty soup is ever astir. The time it takes a quark particle to circle around inside the proton of an atomic nucleus? Midway between zepto and yocto, or roughly 10^{-22} second. For an electron to orbit the proton to which it is madly, electromagnetically attracted? A not-quite-atto-sized 10^{-16} second.

Fleeting does not mean flaky or unstable, however. To the contrary: the fundamental quivers of the atom "are exceedingly regular," Dr. Jaffe said, adding, "They mark the heartbeat of the universe." Atomic events are so reliable, so like clockwork in their behavior, that we have started tuning our macroscopic timepieces to their standards, and our beloved second, once defined as a fraction of a solar day, is now officially linked to oscillations in a cesium atom.

Or look to the expanding firmaments, the unspeakably protracted pace of the space race. Cosmic time is as difficult to grasp as the twitchings of the atom, but it, too, is rule bound and reliable. Galaxies and clusters of galaxies are moving away from one another in defined intervals as the space between them expands like the rubber skin of an inflating balloon. They have been sailing outward from one another for nearly 14 billion years, since the staggering, soundless kaboom of the Big Bang set this and all clocks ticking, and they will continue their dispersal for tens of billions, hundreds of billions of years more.

We are poised between the extremities and homogeneities of nature, between delirium and ad infinitum, and our andante tempo may be the best, possibly the only pace open to us, or even to life generally. If we assume that whatever other intelligent beings that may be out there, in whatever alpha, beta or zepto barrio of the galaxy they may call home, arose through the gradual tragicomic tinkerings of natural selection, then they may well live lives proportioned much like ours, not too long and not too short. They're dressed in a good pair of walking boots and taking it a day at a time. And if you listen closely you can hear them singing gibberish that sounds like Auld Lang Syne.

MASTERPIECE

Anatomy of a classic



A Prince's Sicilian Legacy

Tomasi's 'The Leopard,' published after his death, may be Italy's greatest novel

By William Amelia

HIS PERSONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY was meager—a few articles in obscure Italian periodicals in the 1920s, an occasional essay, a short story and then, decades later, in 1958, just one novel. But that single novel, "The Leopard," cast in a refined and poetic style by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, an eccentric Sicilian aristocrat, was an extraordinary and lasting achievement. In a word, he had written a masterpiece that vaulted Tomasi into the first ranks of his country's and Europe's most celebrated novelists. At the same time, Tomasi's rising popularity, like a tide, lifted many other fine Sicilian writers from literary obscurity. He did not live to witness the acclaim, however, having died, at age 60, a year prior to the novel's publication. It is intriguing to consider how the enigmatic, reclusive Tomasi would have dealt with the fame.

Tomasi did not write "The Leopard" in a sprint. His production time was almost glacial. For 25 years he meditated on the novel, its theme based on his paternal great-grandfather and set in Sicily—then the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—during the period of Italian unification (1860-1871). Yet it was not until 1955, at age 58, that he began to write it. He finished it, a moving third-person narrative, only a few months before his death. At this point it was rejected, considered "unpublishable" by the publishing house Mondadori. The novelist-critic Elio Vittorini, who worked for the firm, judged it "unoriginal." Later, it was "discovered" and accepted by Giorgio Bassani for Feltrinelli and published posthumously. Feltrinelli was the firm that earlier had discovered and published Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," and Bassani is remembered for his famous novel "Il Giardino dei Finzi-Contini."

"The Leopard" was called the Sicilian "Gone With the Wind"; one reviewer couldn't resist writing "Gone With the Vento." In either language, the comparison to Margaret Mitchell's classic appears valid. Both novels, set in defining periods of war, enjoyed surging reader acceptance and best-seller status. Internationally, "The Leopard" met with an unprecedented, immediate success, selling millions of copies in more than a hundred editions and in scores of translations.

Among Tomasi's countrymen, his novel, though soon to be a classic, elicited strong opinions. There was much to like and dislike in its hero, Don Fabrizio Corbera, a man of extraordinary sexual needs, enormous wealth and the charisma to match. The novel was condemned by the Communists as reactionary and conservative, while Catholic intellectuals rejected it as anticlerical. Still it was voted by an Italian literary journal the most loved as well as the most important Italian novel of the 20th century. It was also the subject of a famous and beautiful film by Luchino Visconti in 1963, starring Burt Lancaster as Don Fabrizio, the Prince of Salina and the Leopard of the title.

IN ITALIAN, the novel and film are called "Il Gattopardo," but as David Gilmour explains in his respected biography of Tomasi, "The Last Leopard," *il gattopardo* is not in fact "the leopard" in Italian. "It can mean either an ocelot or serval. It's unlikely that Tomasi had these creatures in mind when he was thinking of an animal to represent the prince. His armorials contained a leopard, a 'gattupardu' in the local dialect, and its title is thus derived."

The novel is universally celebrated for the lyrical power of its major theme, which describes the impact of Garibaldi's Red Shirts, or Garibaldini, and the invasion of Sicily. Great change was coming: the end of feudalism and the subsequent unification of Italy—or *Risorgimento*, as the movement came to be known. At the novel's center is how these events affected the proud, aristocratic Sicilian family of Don Fabrizio, a family devoted to the Bourbon kings. Accompanying this sweeping social change are love and, of course, the Roman Catholic Church; the novel's first line—"Nunc et in ora mortis nostrae. Amen."—is from the Rosary.

Tomasi was a cosmopolitan Sicilian prince who married a Baltic noblewoman and had lived in London and Paris. Nonetheless, he kept his base in Sicily and the poetry of his novel flows not from worldly ideological content but from and into the Sicilian countryside with its earthy, telling epigrams. This naturalism enriches the weight and color of his prose. Consider Don Fabrizio on love: "flames for a year; ashes for 30." Or his view of the extended family: "Every time one sees a relative, one finds a thorn." In another instance, Tomasi employs paradox and a folksy colloquial contradiction to explain the upheaval and survival of Sicilian society. He achieves it with a single line spoken to Don Fabrizio by his favorite nephew, Tancredi: "If you want things to stay as they are, things will have to change."

"THE LEOPARD" is perhaps the greatest Italian novel and uniquely relevant to modern Italy. It has come to define Sicily and the conservative point of view. Luigi Barzini, the author of "The Italians," felt that the theme of "The Leopard" was "the inevitable decline which cannot be halted of the old graces and virtues." It was the "epoch of transition," a time of restrained old landowners and newly empowered peasants, a time when "precious things are thrown out with the old." Some critics read "The Leopard" as a historical novel, others see an autobiographical work: Don Fabrizio was an amateur astronomer, "the sublime routine of the skies," and so was Tomasi. I read it as both.

Giuseppe Tomasi, the prince of Lampedusa, died in his sleep of lung cancer on July 23, 1957, in the house of relatives in Rome, where he had gone for treatment. Sadly, a short life for "the last leopard," to borrow Mr. Gilmour's phrase. But, to balance the scale, Tomasi, redeemed in death, left behind a masterpiece. In the words of the Italian essayist Michele Parisi, "the eccentric antihero has become a sage."

Mr. Amelia, a retired public-relations executive, lives in Dagsboro, Del.

National Report

The New York Times

Homeless for Over a Century, a Tribe Awaits U.S. Redemption

By JIM ROBBINS

GREAT FALLS, Mont. — Here at the base of a rise called Hill 57, a steady, cold wind blows on a cloudless day as James Parker Shield and Russ Boham tell of life for the landless Little Shell Tribe of Chippewa Indians.

The tribe, its land taken away more than a century ago, squatted in Great Falls and elsewhere in north-central Montana through the late 1960's, living as many as 12 to a tar-paper shack without plumbing, and scavenging at the dump for scrap metal, rags and food. Parents often ran afoul of state child welfare officials. "They'd see you sleeping in a car body and take you away from your family," said Mr. Boham, who, like Mr. Shield, was among those shipped to the state orphanage when he was a child.

Today, with most of its members living in public housing around Great Falls, Mr. Shield and Mr. Boham are leading a protracted fight for government recognition of the tribe. Recognition would allow their people to gain control of federal money to buy land here for a tribal headquarters and housing, and to win back a measure of dignity.

The 112 families led by Chief Little Shell lost their North Dakota homeland to the government in 1892 when a chief of the Pembina Chippewa signed away their rights to it, without their authority and in their absence. The Little Shell had left home, in the Turtle Mountain area, to go hunting, and an Indian agent forced the other Chippewa to accept the Ten Cent Treaty — so called by Indians because it bought about 10 million acres of Chippewa land, including that of the Little Shell, for a million dollars.

Ever since, the Little Shell have known only diaspora.

Most came to Montana, where they lived near dumps and on the streets of Great Falls, Helena and other towns. In 1896, angry whites asked the government to do something about them, and the Army rounded them up at gunpoint, put them on boxcars and shipped them to Canada. "Most of them made their way back," said Mr. Shield, the vice president of the tribal council, which Mr. Boham serves as assistant.

The three other surviving Chippewa tribes from the Turtle Mountain area — the Turtle Mountain, the White Earth and the Rocky Boy — were all less scattered and received federal recognition over time; they now have reservations. But the 4,500 or so Little Shell still await official recognition from the Office of Federal Acknowledgment at the Interior Department, a quest for which they have gained the support not only of other tribes in Montana but also of the Montana governor's office, the State Legislature and Cascade County, which includes Great Falls.



Robin Loznak for The New York Times

James Parker Shield helps lead an effort by the Little Shell Tribe of Chippewa Indians to win federal recognition, which would mean money to buy land.

The recognition process was created by the government in 1978 to make reparations to tribes that had been forced to move from place to place throughout American history. There are now 562 federally recognized tribes in the United States.

Roughly 220 others have expressed interest in recognition, but such efforts are often strongly opposed. Some of that opposition comes from tribes, already recognized, that are eager to protect their vast casino gambling income, and from states that do not want recognized tribes within their borders, because a bid for recognition is occasionally a ploy of relatively few Indians with dubious historical ties simply to open a new casino.

"We're running into the ripple effects of gaming and politics," Mr. Shield contended. "But the gaming has nothing to do with us. If you take a hard look at the gaming opportunities in Montana, there's no market and no population. We want a home."

James E. Cason, an associate deputy interior secretary who oversees Indian affairs, denied that the gambling issue had been a factor in the case of the Little Shell, who first applied for recognition in 1984, who received preliminary approval in 2000 and who have spent much of the time since then engaged in assembling the documentation needed for final approval. (The final draft of their petition was sent to the government earlier this year.)

"It doesn't have anything to do with gaming — it's a nonissue," Mr. Cason said, adding that the Little Shell had been "in control of this process the last five years and have asked for extensions."

With the final draft now in hand, "we will try to do it as expeditiously as we can," he said.

But the recognition process has long been criticized by Indians as unwieldy, partly because of a requirement for extensive documentation that proves they have acted as a tribe politically and culturally over the last two centuries.

"It's extremely onerous, almost prohibitively so," said Kim Gottschalk, a lawyer for the Native American Rights Fund, a nonprofit law firm based in Boulder, Colo., that is researching the Little Shell claim. The fund estimates that it has spent more than $1 million in out-of-pocket expenses on the petition, not counting lawyers' pay.

Kevin Gover, a Pawnee Indian who was assistant interior secretary for Indian affairs from 1997 to 2000 and is now a law professor at Arizona State University, is also critical of the recognition program.

"They've been around for 30 years," he said, "and they've never managed to approve more than two a year."

Professor Gover said the Office of Federal Acknowledgment demanded far too much documentation, "and that is especially a problem for tribes like the Little Shell," who lived in a remote area and have no written records from the period.

The Little Shell band is not claiming land. But with $3.5 million held in trust for it by the federal government until recognition is achieved, it would buy 200 acres of farmland here in Cascade County, where most tribal members live, and build a headquarters, a clinic and housing.

In November, Cascade County commissioners passed a resolution calling for the county to be the home base of the tribe, even though that would mean the removal of 200 acres from the tax base.

"We support them moving forward with official recognition," said Commissioner Lance Olson. "But if they aren't going to recognize them, they should tell them."

Federal recognition would also allow the Little Shell to apply for minority contracts and to have a government-to-government relationship with Washington.

"That means they could no longer treat us," Mr. Shield said, "like someone they don't want to admit they fathered."

'Bagger Vance': mangling the metaphor of war

Sea Times, Nov. 12, 2000

BY STEPHEN HUNTER
The Washington Post

Certainly one of the most peculiar big-budget films ever made, "The Legend of Bagger Vance" sits before us radiating weirdness from every pore. Who wouldn't have loved to be the fly on the wall during the production meetings when earnest director Robert Redford sold DreamWorks bosses Spielberg, Katzenberg and Geffen on what amounts to the most spiritual racist movie ever made.

But since so many others have commented already upon that, we'll move off in a different direction. What struck me about the film was something I'd never seen before, a quality of strangeness that is so unusual it almost has no name. I mean strange-bad, not strange-good. In other words, it's found new ways of being bad. It's on the frontier of badness. Its bidness is badness and bidness is good.

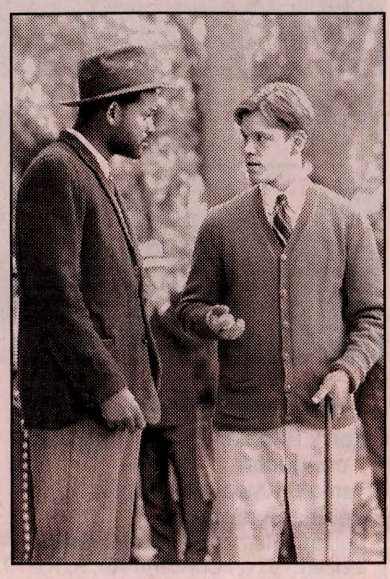
One can speculate on the reasons for this quality, but perhaps the best way to sum it up is to say that "The Legend of Bagger Vance" seems like something put together by a very stupid but powerful person to whom nobody had the nerve to say: No. Whether it was Robert Redford or his two co-producers, Jake Eberts and Michael Nozik, or one of the three kings of DreamWorks, who knows? Nevertheless, one feels the imposition of a powerful ego upon the materials, and the results are daffy.

"Bagger Vance's" nominal flaws are easily enough catalogued: its amiable racism; its heightened, exquisitely tasteful haute-bourgeois production values that push it toward parody; its fondness for Looney Tunes golf Zen; its conceit of the naturalistic black man put on Earth to help white folks be all they can be, then tastefully disappearing when the champagne is cracked.

But what makes "Bagger" seem so strange is something it doesn't have. What it lacks may not even have a name. One can only perhaps describe it: It's a quality of unity, in which the narrative's ideas have weight and consequence as they are fitted together by the storyteller; they amplify each other and give the piece a larger meaning and an artistic wholeness. Of this, "Bagger Vance" is wondrously ignorant. It has no whole. It's still unassembled up there on screen.

Let's just take one example for this exhumation. As I say, we'll pass on its tendencies to trivialize such items as racism, the Depression, the gritty reality of sports, the glory of inspiration, the triumph of grace under pressure. What rang my bell most unpleasantly was the way the movie trivialized the Great War, the war to end all wars, where all the boys got up and marched into machine-gun fire to the tune of a George M. Cohan jingle. The movie focuses on Capt. Rannulph Junuh's experiences over there, where he got blown up and won the Medal of Honor.

Junuh, played by Matt Damon, is first glimpsed as a wondrously gifted golfer, who sets the South aflame in the years before the war with a string of astonishing long, straight-as-an-arrow drives combined with enough scrambling recoveries to win victories in large amateur tournaments. (The pro tour then was quite underdeveloped.) Damon looks superb in the role, like something out of a J.C. Leyendecker advertisement for Arrow shirts. He's a kind of godlike figure, beloved and glamorous, who quite naturally is awarded (and deserves) the adoration of Adele Invergordon (Charlize Theron), daughter of the richest man in Savannah and prime beauty of the South.



DAVID JAMES/DREAMWORKS
Will Smith, *left, and Matt Damon star in Robert Redford's "The Legend of Bagger Vance"*

In the movie's doddering prologue (narrated by Jack Lemmon as he lies dying), these two beautiful young people are viewed — in dinner jacket and cocktail dress — dancing on the veranda of the country club to the admiration of the crowd. They are Scott and Zelda, possibly, so young, so pale, so beautiful, so damned, so doomed. And they are.

America goes to war and as the ordained hero of his generation, Rannulph becomes Capt. Junuh, leading his unit of the best and brightest over the top into the shellfire of the Western front.

Redford then delivers up what must be the most generic, uninspired, listless massacre in the history of war on film. The men race off into geysers of sparks and studio back-lot poofs meant to suggest artillery shells. Yet it's all so tasteful, after the fashion of the '50s, and in pursuit of the Holy Grail of that oh-so-profitable PG-13 rating. Redford wants Capt. Junuh to suffer, but not too much.

Stop and think for just a second on what our own literature tells us of the First World War and its impact upon the generation that waged it. The thing was a shattering experience and marked, in many critics' eyes, the beginning of the modern world: the sense of futility, the sense of an ignorant bureaucracy concerned with its own importance without regard to consequences, the slaughter of the naive and the innocent, the beginning of existentialism, of a counterculture, of the whole panoply of modern pathogens that haunt society to this day.

And think of the writers who echoed this sentiment: Hemingway, most notably, with his grave wound on the Italian front, and the belief that his soul was yanked out of him like a handkerchief when the Austrian mortar shell detonated under his feet and filled his legs with pieces of Krupp (not the coffeemaker) steel. Dos Passos, e.e. cummings, Ford Madox Ford, authors all of great war novels. Faulkner, who flew (but not in combat), felt it, too. Fitzgerald hated himself for not having gone, as did John O'Hara, who wrote his best novel, "Appointment in Samarra," on the theme of a young man who'd missed it.

And here's what the First World War means to Rannulph Junuh: It messes up his golf swing.

To some degree I exaggerate. Although, yes, the war does destroy his natural swing, it is clear. This is the one sophistication in the movie — that the swing is metaphoric as well as real. It stands for the perfect confidence in the universe that people of money, talent and breeding felt before encountering the horrors of war, the sense that life was an inevitable progress for the better and that the foundations of their world would stand forever. That was lost in the shambles of Belleau Wood, and the movie does, in fact, suggest that.

But that's all it suggests. It stops right there. For Redford and screenwriter Jeremy Leven, the war is a convenient plot point, without meaning in the larger sweep of the film. It was important that Junuh be shattered, because he had to fall into drunkenness and despair, so that the mystical black man, Bagger Vance, caddie and coach, confessor and healer, minister and massager, could come out of the gloaming and repair his shattered spirit.

But Redford isn't interested in portraying the weight of the war upon this survivor, the load in guilt he carries, the agonies, the nightmares. Runnulph's fall is undramatized save for a scene that sees him in dirty underclothes drinking with disreputable men and playing poker in a crib out back of his place. Nor is anyone else in the picture. The war simply vanishes from consciousness because it clearly — like the battle, or racism in the South, or the Depression — doesn't stimulate Redford's imagination in the slightest. He exiles it from his film almost entirely.

Part of the fault may be Damon's. Though his stock in trade is one-dimensional go-getters, in at least one film, "The Talented Mr. Ripley," he was able to suggest textures under that handsome exterior. Whether it's the dead hand of Redford as director or Damon's own failure of nerve, this performance is less than one-dimensional. He's like a cardboard cutout and he never, ever, once his magical healing begins (that is, once the movie starts), suggests a haunted quality, a survivor's guilt, a post-combat stress syndrome. He's just a guy who lost his swing in an accident.

In fact, the war is completely forgotten and its metaphoric meaning — the end in the belief of progress and perfection and of a natural aristocracy of talent and beauty, in exchange for the ugly randomness of industrial life and death — vanishes from the picture. Curiously, in the late going, he's isolated in the woods, and has a brief flashback to the war. And the point is . . . ? The point is: nothing. As soon as he's out of the woods, it's back to happy happy happy. He hasn't recovered, he hasn't redeemed himself, he hasn't encountered salvation or self-forgiveness or a state of grace; he (or the director and screenwriter) has just forgotten about the war again.

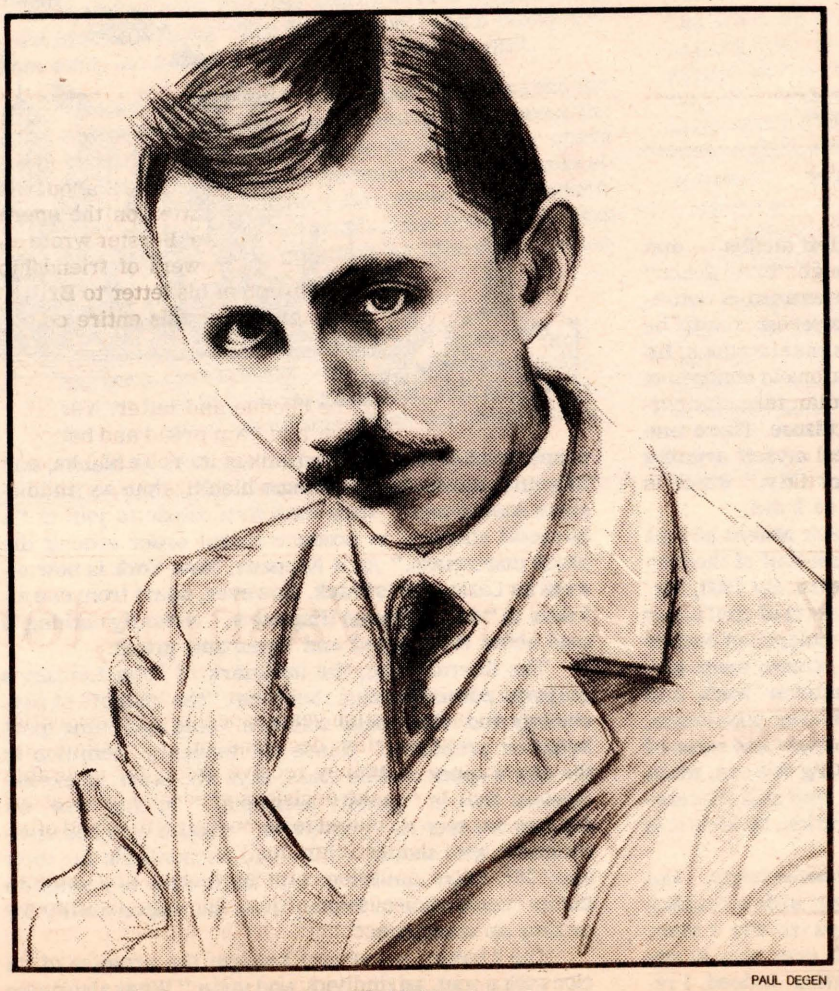
In a movie of staggering inappropriatenesses, this struck me as the most grotesque. They want the glamour of war and its impact on psychology without the ugliness. They want the legend of war without showing its consequences. They want the cool beauty of war without calculating its costs. That's the consistent craziness at the heart of "Bagger Vance"; if you wanted, you could substitute racism for war or economic catastrophe. The movie takes the great tragedies of the century and tries to make you feel good about them, and to anesthetize them into prettiness.

How Rannulph got his groove back makes for a sorry spectacle by people who should know a lot better.

'Ah Me — but Everything Is Bearable'

SELECTED LETTERS OF E. M. FORSTER
Volume Two: 1921-1970.
Edited by Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank.
Illustrated. 365 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:
Belknap Press / Harvard University Press. $20.

By Lawrence Graver



PAUL DEGEN

E. M. Forster.

THIS second volume of "Selected Letters" opens in 1921, a critical year in Forster's life. For more than a decade he had been more or less blocked as a creative writer. After the first four novels had come in that happy rush between 1905 and 1910, he completed only some stories (decent and indecent) and the unpublishable homoerotic novel "Maurice." He had gone to India and to Egypt, fallen in love, moved in and out of Bloomsbury, and written hundreds of book reviews and essays. But the successor to "Howards End" — the book that made him famous — wouldn't come; and in 1915, when he thought of going to Italy with an ambulance unit, he told his friend Malcolm Darling: "Creation's best — if I was writing properly I wouldn't worry about wounded flesh. But when creation fails one starts thinking of Vishnu."

In more than one sense, Vishnu the preserver can be said to be the presiding, often threatened diety of this admirable selection of letters spanning 49 years. From start to finish they are a fascinating set of variations on the difficulty of keeping things alive: memories, books, friendships, values, one's self. The very first of the pieces printed here reveals Forster trying to safeguard an idealized version of Mohammed el Adl, the Alexandrian tram conductor with whom in 1917-18 he had his first affair. Writing to his confidante Florence Barger in March 1921, he describes how, on the way to India, he stopped to meet Mohammed for a few "perfect hours" in the harbor at Port Said. His lover, he found, was more charming, affectionate, perceptive than ever, and since the time was so short "we decided only to speak of happy things."

Nearly a year later, on the way home from India, Forster writes of Mohammed dying, and yet, despite the horror, feels "thankful to be on the spot since my money and even presence may be of use." Later, he sends back to England appealing snatches of Mohammed's conversation and glimpses of the way he folded up his body "as only an Oriental can, so that the intelligent beautiful head seems to be resting on a pyramid of clothes."

• • •

In the decisive passage, though, romantic yearning is tempered by an awareness of limit and loss: "I am sure that I could have lived with him had he been in occupation and good health. . . . Ah me — but everything is bearable, it is the betrayal from within that wears away one's soul and I have been spared that. Happiness in the ordinary sense is not what one needs in life, though one is right to aim at it. The true satisfaction is to come through and see those whom one loves come through." Different versions of this subtle transaction — idealism qualified by humane irony and vice versa — are reflected in letters from every stage of Forster's later life.

When he went to India in 1921 to work as private secretary for the Maharaja of Dewas, Forster hoped the trip would help him to move forward with "Passage to India," and it did. In spite of fits of depression and the persistent fear that he was losing his power to make scraps of life cohere in the imagination, he did finish the novel early in 1924 and its success was enormous. Interestingly, little about the composition of his best-known book or the life imagined in it is revealed in these letters. To one correspondent he admits the difficulty of achieving a balance between personal loyalty and self-expression. To another he confesses that the novel may be more meditative than dramatic because the characters are less interesting than the atmosphere. He thanks Leonard Woolf and J. R. Ackerley for supportive talk and letters that spurred him on.

But that's about all. Nearly everything of value Forster wrote about India (and the problems of writing about India) went into his fiction, essays, journals and reportorial letters composed for eventual publication (many of which did appear 32 years later in "The Hill of Devi"). In the more casual letters reprinted here, he slyly calls secrecy a convenience and seems by turns self-protective, defensive, almost superstitious, conserving energy and not wanting to jinx the novel he seems to have known would be the best and last he would ever write. One way Forster preserved his talent was by not talking about it; and the paradoxical effect of reading urbane letters that cloak the most important activity in which the writer is engaged is to hint at some solitary, perhaps even heroic effort — Forster wrestling with his angel and in this case winning.

He was never to win in this way again, and after 1924 Forster is seen sustaining life principally in friendship, through force of example as a liberal humanist, and in fine expository rather than imaginative prose. He writes often to writers about their writing, rarely about his own. Some of the first post-"Passage" letters read like gifts in gratitude for earlier favors and efforts to prompt other people's creativity. The effect of this self-effacing generosity and discriminating concern was to make others feel that Forster was their ideal reader. For Siegfried Sassoon, the only solution to the problem of writing was to write for oneself and "someone like E. M. F. — if there are any more people like E. M. F. — & he is in the same dilemma, I suppose." Virginia Woolf, in an unusual term of praise, called Forster her "critic-friend" and valued his letters about her work more highly than those of anyone else.

Forster's few letters to and about Virginia Woolf are especially moving because he knew that her response to his work was measured and her comments on his personality cruel. But as he told his friend W. J. H. Sprott after reading "The Waves": "I have got to being bored by Virginia's superciliousness and maliciousness, which she has often wounded me with in the past, and with this boredom comes a more detached view of her work. A new book of hers affects me like a newly discovered manuscript. One unrolls the papyrus — yes! this time a masterpiece. This too I have told her."

Forster was, by contrast, very close to such of his late-life correspondents as William Plomer and Christopher Isherwood. Plomer, 24 years Forster's junior, grew up in Africa, lived briefly in Japan, and wrote books reflecting a humane cosmopolitanism and sensitivity to cultural difference. Witty and eccentric, he stimulated some of the older man's freshest epistolary responses: a sharp vignette of a rape trial in Dorset; thoughts on solitude, depression, aging, self-pity, and how to deal with them; and wry observations about the best way to end novels.

It was to Plomer that Forster memorably described a weakness in "A Passage to India": "I tried to show that India is an unexplainable muddle by introducing an unexplained muddle — Miss Quested's experience in the cave. When asked what happened there, *I don't know*. And you, expecting to show the untidiness of London [in "The Invaders"], have left your book untidy. — Some fallacy, not a serious one, has seduced us both, some confusion between the dish and the dinner."

The correspondence with Christopher Isherwood is even more various and engaging. Forster at 53 was so taken by the 28-year-old novelist that soon after they met he spoke of "unlocking myself to you" instead of confiding to the diary he had kept hidden for years. On the evidence of this volume, no other correspondent inspired Forster to give so wide and deep an account of his past and present life. Mr. Isherwood's charm, curiosity, high talent and sexual preference invited not only candor but expansiveness. There is more about homosexuality in these letters than in any of the others, and they obviously provided a valued channel of release for the Edwardian who was 22 when Queen Victoria died.

FORSTER also offers zestful gossip about old and new friends, glimpses of domestic arrangements, evidence of his tactful generosity with money. We learn more about his tastes in books, his ambivalence about Bloomsbury, his genius for analyzing the work of others. The grimness of Europe in the 1930's and 40's is always acknowledged. Life during the war is "a ladder of misery, in which each rung is tempted to keep to itself, ignore the rung below it, criticize the rung above." But there are frequent bursts of lyricism and comedy: a dream of lovely landscapes and of trying to stay awake to remember it; or the sprightly story of a Polish lady who tried to seduce him.

Only to Christopher Isherwood does Forster speak of "A Passage to India" in a way that reveals his full pride of creation: "I have also been considering what has been most satisfactory in my own life, and ruling out Bob [Buckingham, the best-loved of Forster's later friends] on the ground that he is not in a cheap edition I have come to the conclusion that it is the 'Passage to India.' It's amazing luck that one's best book should be the widest read one, and the one most likely to do good, as well. When writing the 'Passage' I thought it a failure, and it was only owing to Leonard [Woolf] that I was encouraged to finish it, but ever since publication I have felt satisfied, and find very little in it that nauseates or irritates me."

It is often, too, in the Isherwood letters that Forster sounds most like the writer of the unforgettable fiction and essays: penetrating, compassionate, tender, astringent. In 1937, a young critic whom Forster admired died in a plane crash, and he wrote one of the finest of all his letters:

"Now there is Peter Burra, killed while flying, and I keep thinking about death. The worst thing in it is that

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Lawrence Graver teaches English at Williams College and has written and edited books on Joseph Conrad and Samuel Beckett.

people seem different as soon as it has happened, and one will seem different oneself. The word 'loss' is inadequate. I have lost my fountain pen, but it does not alter.

"No doubt every thing in human beings is changing all the time; and so, under the surface, is one's feelings for them. . . . But it's so difficult to remember the change is going on, especially when one establishes what are called 'permanent' relationships in daily life. Death turns the dead person into something worse than nothing — something *deflecting* — where all one's affection for him or criticism of him becomes false. The most satisfactory dead are those who have published books."

Almost as if to buttress his own argument, Forster published four books in his last four decades. He remained active into his 70's as a journalist, broadcaster, and member of cultural councils and committees, attacking orthodoxies on the right and left and defending liberty, friendship and art. Yet throughout the letters that document his many public activities and his unflagging loyalty to friends, there is a powerful current of sadness. Forster knew clearly enough that he was fighting a rear-guard action, for the directions of contemporary history were making his Edwardian faith in liberalism, personal relationships and culture appear increasingly anachronistic. "I don't feel *of* any where," he writes a friend in the first months of the war. "I wish I did. It is not that I am déraciné. It is that the soil is being washed away."

His move back to King's College in 1946 was in part a return to an idealized version of a past that he knew was unlikely ever to quicken faith again. Visiting Chicago a year later, he located a more appropriate symbol for his midcentury world: "a facade of skyscrapers facing a lake, and behind the facade every type of dubiousness." Though vigorous, his literary activity in the 1950's was almost entirely retrospective — gathering old essays, writing "The Hill of Devi" and a memoir of an aunt, Marianne Thornton, who died in 1887.

IT comes as a pleasure and a relief, then, to read the sequence of letters from the early 1950's about his collaboration with Benjamin Britten on the opera "Billy Budd." After the premiere, Forster wrote eloquently, if haltingly, about the powers of friendship and art, and the first paragraph of his letter to Britten could well serve as an epigraph for this entire collection:

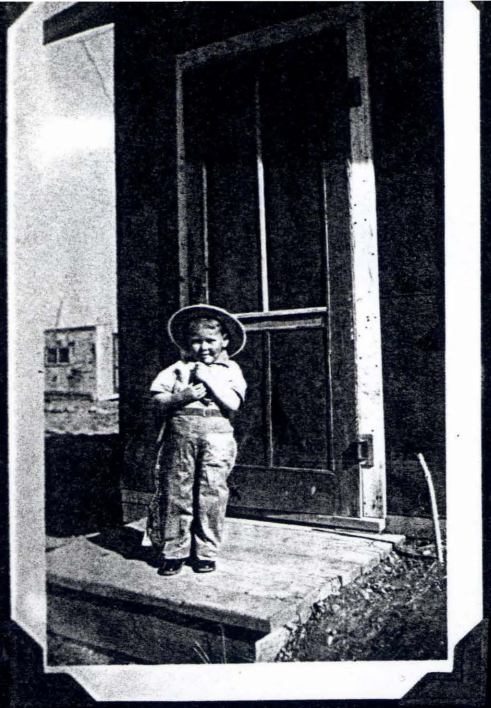
> Dearest Ben,
>
> Thank you for the cheque and letter. Yes, it has been a great event, and I am proud and happy to have been in it and to think of it. You and I have both put into it something which lies deeper than artistic creation, and which we both understand. It could never have got there but for both of us. I hope to live and write on it in the future, but this opera is my Nunc Dimittis, in that it dismisses me peacefully, and convinces me I have achieved.

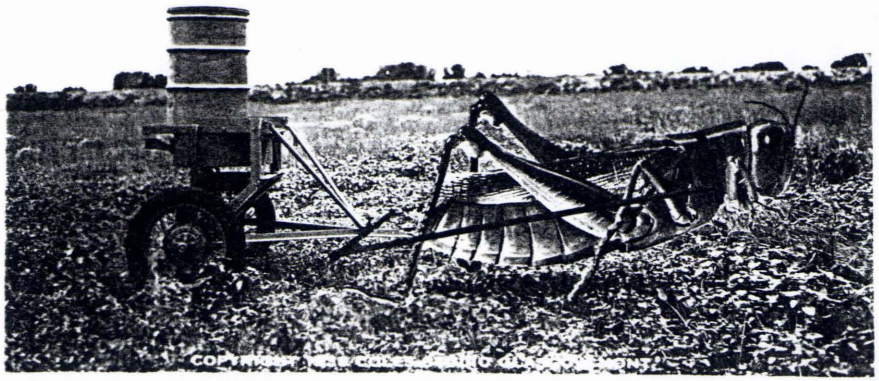
Mary Lago, who teaches English at the University of Missouri, and P. N. Furbank, Forster's biographer, have skillfully edited "Selected Letters" to reinforce the sense of pride of accomplishment in the face of erosion and loss. Their full, chiseled annotations give us just what we need to recover the texture of Forster's passing life; and they open and close with letters to women that reveal his lifelong need to affirm and console. The first, to Florence Barger, begins: "I write in great peace of mind" and the last (written at 90 to May Buckingham, the wife of the man he loved) reads in its entirety:

> Darling
>
> Silence cannot mean peace. Send me a line.
> (All right here) MORGAN

I suspect Forster would ultimately have preferred part of the last sentence of "A Passage to India" — "No, not yet . . . No, not there" to "(All right here)." But the fragile protection of the parenthesis is a nice touch, and in any event all the words are his. □

MHS - photo archives - Lorna's album





SPreading hopper Poison near Fort Peck Dam

HEAT EXPANDS IMAGINATION AND WATER IN RIVER AND BEAVER LEAVE PRONTO

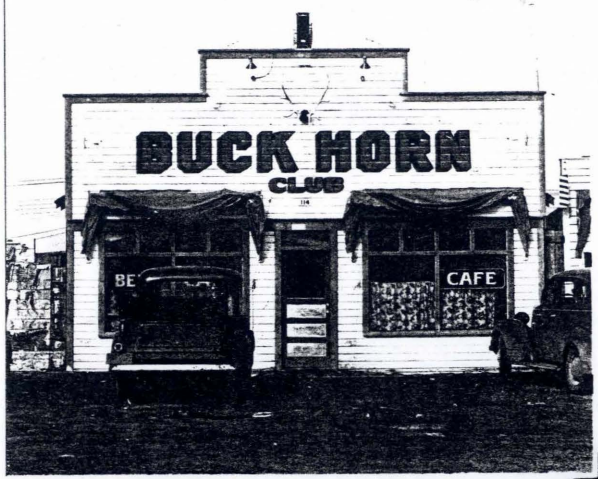
You think we have had a heat wave . . . you don't know but little of it. From Los Angeles comes the story in the Examiner that the water at Fort Peck had filled the lake that backed up to Fort Benton about 300 miles. Frank Hadley, who formerly lived at Benton, wrote the home folks to know if it was as wet as the report. He said, "I have seen the river from bluff to foothills in 1922 and they had some good liars at that time, they must have bigger ones now." The story told about beaver leaving Fort Peck, going upstream to find land that was not under water.

Then the heat stories "went to town" again with reports of 100 up or down as hot as hell and still heating. Grasshopper stories went the rounds with reports that they were so big and thick they were chasing the horses off the range near Jordan. One hopper was tied to a post and he chewed his rope halter off. They tied him with wire cable, then he pulled up the post and flew away with some of the fence and wire. He went over a high tension electric wire that contacted a string of barbed wire below, and electrocuted the hopper. When he fell he lit on a big Hereford bull and broke his back. When the heat goes to the head it's hell.

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?

A colored woman was applying for a new position. When asked about her leaving her former place, she replied:

"Yassum, day pay good, but dat was the mus redickliest place I'se ever been. Dey plays a game called bridge and last night dey was lots of folks dar and jest as I was fixin' to bring de freshmints I hears a man say to a woman, 'Tack you' hand offen my trick.' I'se just pretty near drapped my tray and 'en, bless my heart, I hears annuder man say, 'Lay down and let's see what you got.' Well I jes' ups and gets my hat 'cause I know dat ain't no place for me and jes' as I was leavin' I hopes to die if a woman didn't say, 'Well I guess I will stop now, as dis is de last rubber.' Now, man, I'se a lady and I couldn't stay.



Wheel-er Inn

RUBY SMITH, Prop.

When looking for real romance
And the snappiest place to dance,
Come to Wheel-er Inn and see
How Jolly and Happy you can be.

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY ARCHIVES



NEIL FULLERTON COLLECTION

1932-1968

Manuscript Collection 76

Biography:

Neil Fullerton, a native of Lawton, Oklahoma, was born February 13, 1903. After attending schools in Lawton he graduated from college at Iowa State University receiving a degree in forestry.

He then worked for the U.S. Forest Service in Utah, later transferring to Montana. During World War II he served three years in the Navy. After the War, until his death May 20, 1968, he worked for the Forest Service in Thompson Falls, Montana.

During his spare time Fullerton researched the history of the Thompson Falls area and northern Idaho. He helped to survey and locate the early trading post, Saleesh House on the Clark Fork River. Also of particular historical importance to him were the travels of early explorer David Thompson, the Nez Perce trek of 1877, Indian missions, and the naming of local western Montana communities.

Collection:

Collection. 1932-1968. 3.3 linear feet. The materials consist primarily of research data collected by Fullerton; clippings, article reprints, personal interviews, research notes, and maps. Included are some writings by Fullerton, as well as other western Montana amateur historians. The arrangement of the collection is by a subject file system established by Fullerton himself. No attempt was made to change this basic system, although some clarifying information was added to the subject headings. All photographs were separated to the photo archives.

NEIL FULLERTON COLLECTION

Inventory

Box-Folder		Contents	Dates
		Subject Files:	
1	1	Air wells	1961, n.d.
	2	Ashley Creek	1966-1967
	3	"Bad Rock"	1962-1965
	4	Books - references and dealers	1960-1961
	5	John Britt	1960-1966
	6	Buffalo butchering (Moise range)	1959-1967
	7	Buffalo hunt (Alaska)	1962-1968
	8	Bill Cooper (Brazillia Fonzo Cooper)	1960
	9	Custer battle - clippings	1961-1967
	10	Dams - clippings	1959-1960
	11	Dams - clippings	1960-1964
2	1	Dams - printed material	1959-1962
	2	Evelyn M. Davis writings (including Shannonville)	1954-1966
	3	Walter W. deLacy (typescript from clipping)	1937
	4	Fences	1963-1966
	5	Warren Angus Ferris - "Life in the Rocky Mountains"	1940
	6	Field notes	1950, 1964-1965
	7	Fires - clippings	1949-1967
	8	Fires - interviews, and misc.	1963-1967, n.d.
	9	Ed Fitzgerald - clippings, drawings, photographs	1958-1962, n.d.
	10	Ed Fitzgerald - financial records	1909-1916
	11	Ed Fitzgerald - interviews, and misc.	1958-1962, n.d.
	12	Flathead House	n.d.
	13	Flathead Valley Historical Society - field trip, and misc.	1965
3	1	Forest Service	1965-1968
	2	Fort Owen	1958-1965
	3	Gabriel Franchere	n.d.
	4	Dallas E. Galloway	1964-1967
	5	Patrick Gass	n.d.
	6	Grave sites (Chinese)	1961-1968
	7	Halfway House (Sanders County)	1954-1966
	8	Homer Hartman - C.H. Scribner (St. Maries, Idaho)	1965-1967
	9	D. V. Herriott	1962-1967
	10	History notes	1952, n.d.
	11	Robert Hitchman	1960-1963

Box-Folder		Contents	Dates
		Subject Files:	
3	12	Indian games	n.d.
	13	Indians	1966-1967
	14	Indians - clippings	1959-1967
	15	Indians - clippings	1959-1967
	16	Indians - Nez Perce War	1963-1967, n.d.
4	1	Inland Empire - clippings	1957-1965
	2	Kootenai Trail	1967-1968, n.d.
	3	Carl C. Krueger	1968
	4	Legends - clippings	1959-1967
	5	Lewis and Clark	1962-1968
	6	Duncan McDonald	1967
	7	Theodore McEvers	1959-1967
	8	Marie McLean	1963-1966
	9	Janet Mass	1961-1962
	10	Missions	1960-1967
5	1	Monument (to David Thompson)	1963
	2	Mountain House	1965, n.d.
	3	Mullan Road	1964
	4	Murray, Thompson Falls, Prospect Creek - mining material	1960-1967
	5	"Nigger Bill" McNorton	1961-1965
	6	William E. Nippert	1961-1965
	7	Northern Pacific - Charter Centennary	1964
	8	Oxen	1961
	9	Packing	1966-1967
	10	Packing - clippings	1962-1967
	11	Packing - Northwest Airlines wreck, 1936 (clippings)	1936-1937
	12	Pictographs	1958-1965
6	1	Place names	1932-1942
	2	Plains, Montana	1961-1966
	3	Pony Express	1960-1966
	4	Dorothy R. Powers column - clippings	1957-1966
	5	Bernadine Prince - Alaska material	1957-1967
	6	Emera Wolford Renshaw - Forest Service material	1966-1967
	7	"Rides Through Montana" - by Thomas F. Meagher	1960-1967
	8	Peter Ronan	1939, 1962
	9	Sacajawea	1961-1967
	10	St. Regis, Montana	1965
7	1	Saleesh House - food and subsistence	1960-1965
	2	Saleesh House - location	1959-1967
	3	Saleesh House - survey	1959-1963

Box-Folder		Contents	Dates
		Subject Files:	
7	4	Sanders County	1963-1964
	5	Shannonville see also: Evelyn M. Davis writings (Box 1, Folder 2)	1962-1967
	6	Steamboats	1965-1966
	7	Stevens Treaty	1962-1966
	8	Granville Stuart	1962-1965
	9	Jackson Sundown	1966-1967
8	1	David Thompson	1958-1965
	2	David Thompson - portage	1962
	3	Thompson Falls	1959-1967
	4	Thompson Falls - clippings	1959-1966
	5	Tobacco Plains	1964-1968
	6	Trout Creek	1961-1966
	7	John Vandenberg	1958-1965
	8	Thain White	1963-1966
	9	John Work	1959
	10	Wounded Knee	1963-1967
	11	Howard Wright	1966-1967
	12	misc.	1962-1966

WWII
↑ images cmpt nt to small tn folk

Sidney Herald — teens to WWII
- free subscpn to mil
- kids write to paper: travelogue

single & dislocating event of 20th c MT

find · MSU piece Dave sent me or showed me

Hillcrest #326
1201 Highland Blvd
Bozeman 59715
Tele-586-9268

Dear Ivan,

You are not getting good service on your request for information on the Magic football team of 1944.

Sonny Holland, alumni Secretary on the verge of retirement, and former highly successful ball coach, sent me the enclosed at once, and I wrote a long letter - in long hand, which I could also send to some college ~~editors~~, hoping they will get the story together and publish it. It has not had any attention except enquiries for 50 years, and we need to get the full story.

My letter needed re-writing and I laid it aside. A younger friend and I have a manuscript ready to go and I promised to proof it.

I was astonished when last night's paper had a long article on Friday's Imang - its first.

We are 90, and well, but we don't get around easily, so we cancelled early on - I sent invitations to friends in Arizona, etc.

Then I started to call you, - and I am delighted we caught you.

over - for your convenience -

I'll call Sonny and ask him to show you the plaque just inside the main door of the Field House, where these names are inscribed, and also the Bill Stern note. This is about all we know of the incident.

Sonny says he has been in groups with you and will recognize you unless you have altered your head drastically — but he will be in the middle of things and will be glad to help.

I'll send you a copy of my letter in a few days in case you want to follow up the story.

A former sports writer may have what we want. He is gone for a week or two.

Call - if you have the time - and come out if you have the time - you will be busy.

Glad, indeed, I caught you - it somewhat cancels my slowness.

Good writing on the novel. I'll keep sending bits from the Gazette, which are probably of no interest.

Have a good time in Bozeman. Those of us in history are greatly pleased that Mike was chosen president. This last Mms is the story of M.S.U.'s "love affair" with the Liberal Arts beyond most Land Grant Colleges.

Save 5+ minutes for the Museum of the Rockies. Regards, Merrill

In memory of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice in World War II.

NAME	CLS	CURR	ADDRESS
Mr Orin F Beller	43	105	FRANCE, ,
Newell Thorpe Berg	41	250	% High School, Klein, MT, 59000, 056
Lt Dana Bradford	41		, ,
Mr John F Burke	41	100	312 S D, Livingston, MT, 59047, 034
Maj Bernard S Cluzen	41	100	Lonepine, MT, 59848, 045
Capt William David Coey	35	250	20919 9th Ave S, Seattle, WA, 98148
Mr Karl R Fye	44	100	, ,
2LT John Hall	42	250	438 E Mendenhall, Bozeman, MT, 59715, 016
Mr Joseph Thomas McGeever	41	350	Anaconda, MT, 59711, 012
Mr John William Phelan	44		Butte, MT, 59701, 047
Mr Richard J Roman	39	640	% MSU Barracks, Bozeman, MT, 59715, 016
Mr Wendell Scabad	42	250	219 N Sargent, Glendive, MT, 59330, 011
Mr Alton Warren Zempel	44		Forsyth, MT, 59327, 044

SYSTEMS & COMPUTING SERVICES

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

Following the list of names: "These men played on Montana State College Football Teams of 1940-41, picked by Bill Stern, top sportscaster, as his all American Team of 1944."

Data Documents 13-418860-01 3N3 1

25 Sept. '91

Dear Merrill--

Have much appreciated your clipping service on Fort Peck and environs; never was such talent put to an inkier use!

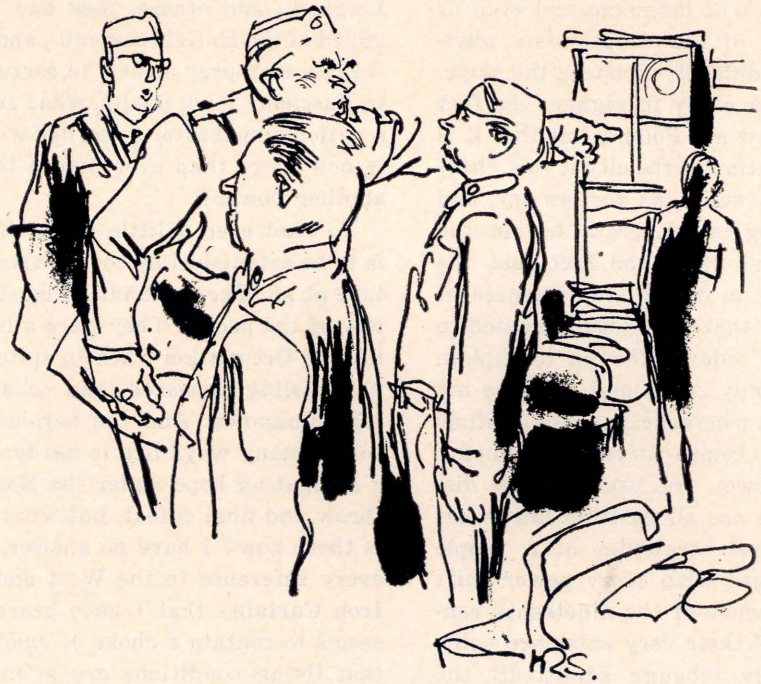
Now I need to call on your institutional memory. For the book I'm doing now about my family in the last throes of World War Two, I'd like to lay hands on a grim fact I was once referred to by Dave Walter at the Montana Historical Society library: that one of the Montana State College football teams of the era (i.e., probably the late 1930's or start of the 1940's) was colossally ill-fated in the war, every member of the team--I think it was actually twelve--dying one way or another in military service. Dave Walter at the moment can't lay his hands on the newspaper account of that team's fate, and I'm not sure where my copy is either. So, does the story ring a bell of memory for you? Would you happen to know what year's team that was? Any names of the team members? Best of all--too good to hope for?--do you know of any written version Dave and I could lay our hands on?

Am coming to Malone's inauguration, to see history at last enthroned somewhere. I'll hope to see you there, and in the meantime hope you're thriving.

all best wishes,

Dave

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The Making of a Soldier USA

by Louis Simpson

An American poet remembers how he prepared for World War II in the Army Specialized Training Program and in the end came to long for combat.

One January morning I left my steam-heated room at Columbia University and took the subway down to the Armory, a black building with castellated walls on Fourth Avenue. There I joined a line of draftees. We were loaded on trucks and transported to Fort Dix, New Jersey. We removed our clothing and stood in line. The line moved forward; supply sergeants thrust olive-drab clothing, eating utensils, and gas masks at us, and we emerged at the end of the line as soldiers.

For a few days we sluiced the barracks floors and "policed the area," picking up bits of fluff from the gravel between the buildings. Then we were divided in groups, marched to the railhead, and sent off in boxcars. All day the train clickety-clacked, hooting across a wilderness with shacks straggling away from the rails. At night, when the stopping train jerked me awake, I looked out on the stilly lights of strange cities.

My destination was a tank regiment in Texas. On the first evening in camp, for want of anything else to do, I sat in the room where men were writing letters home—how intently they bent their heads and wrote!—and looked at the tank-training manuals. There were diagrams of tank tactics, trajectories of fire, *et cetera*. It didn't look like much of a future. A bugle sounded us to bed.

Before dawn I woke, shivering with cold. I had never been so cold in my life. While it was still dark, the bugle sounded reveille. Though we had worn our long johns to bed—a garment of gray-white woolen underwear—getting out was like getting into a cold bath. The naked moment of putting your feet to the floor! Someone threw lumps of coal into the iron stove and lit it. We

experience and the lack of language and even of "common" knowledge of the country—are obvious; and at least one difficulty must be the same, or nearly the same, for every foreigner: the fact that not only is Warsaw not Poland, but that it is hardly even a continuation of the city it was (having been clinically murdered, as doctors say, and left alive only biologically). Still, to me the greatest obstacle of all is in the fact that the visitor becomes a victim of the ambivalences of the Poles themselves (that nonplussing switch to Russian at the lunch today), though to explain the statement I can only recall and compare my own feelings in Russia where, because the attitude to the Westerner is so comparatively clear, being substantiated with power, the psychological discharges of the people are all positive. But what about the psychological strategies of a people whose map has changed with every power shift and who during the whole of the nineteenth century were deprived of their very existence politically and territorially (though admittedly the ethnological problems of the territory are virtually insoluble, or soluble only by transplanting the minority populations to their demographic gravity centers)? And what of a people who when finally reconstituted at Versailles found themselves a full century behind the West (whereas before the partition, in the time of Stanislaus Leczinski and others, they had been in the vanguard of the Enlightenment), and who were therefore an easy prey at first to corruption and at last to Fascism? And, finally, what are the feelings of a nation which after a terrible war of "liberation" is now more than ever before the instrument of another power?

To read even a little in the history of Poland is to be astonished by the survival of a Polish culture at all. The explanation must lie in the integrity of the people. They were a heroic people during the Occupation when in spite of the suffering no Quisling appeared, and collaboration was almost unknown. And the heroism has continued, for in many ways life is harder now. There was a mitigating hope under the Nazis in their overthrow and final defeat, but what hope for change is there now? I have no answer, but I know that every reference to the West and "the line" (the Iron Curtain) that I have heard from the Poles seems to contain a choke of emotion. And I know that living conditions *are* grim and not merely economically. The censorship is the worst in the world. It is a prison offense for us to carry a letter out, and money sent from relatives in the West, as well as much mail both ways, is confiscated or fails to arrive. Naturally the Poles are suspicious. It is a condition of survival in the underground where, swallowed but not eaten, they still live.

Don't bomb "human nature" out of existence

by John Tagliabue

It is natural to be gloomy now and then,
doomsday must have gotten its name from many moods
in order to keep us company so long, I feel rejected, I feel like
    a failure, I wonder about the future,
I inexplainably feel gloomy, melancholy, wishy-washy,
    without even much desire,
dumb, drastic, sometimes even slightly just very slightly but
    really very slightly suicidal;
somebody says "snap out of it" but since certainly it is
    part of It
and I am part of you and we are intuitive, insiders,
    know about
    melancholy according to Burton, Keats, and Chopin
    know about hell according to Dante
    and our own damn moods,
since certainly cycles repeat this, we must re-affirm
    that nature is here to stay,
Please, Lao-tzu, don't let it go away.

Harper's Magazine, February 1966

dressed as close to the heat as we could, then fell out under the frosty stars, and were shoved and commanded by the sergeants into the semblance of a company formation.

Before dawn the tanks loomed as shadows against the sky, with high turrets and cannons like elephants' trunks. When morning filtered through the bleak sky, the shadows parted, revealing machines of a remarkable ugliness, lopsided metal boxes studded with rivets. These were the General Grants, created on a design exactly opposite to that which was needed in tanks. In a tank you want a low silhouette and a long gun; the Grant had a short gun and a high silhouette.

But I was not concerned with field problems. What troubled me was the machinery—for example, the track, a belt of iron teeth which, our sergeant informed us, would sometimes break; we would then have to kink it together again, as though it were a watch strap. My fingers, crammed into my pockets where I was trying to warm them, were anticipating being flattened between the sledgehammer and teeth of broken track. We climbed into the turret. The gun breeches, with a cold rap now and then, promised to knock our brains out. Here, the sergeant explained, shells would be stacked all around us. I could see myself being blown to smithereens, or, more likely, fried to a crisp. I have met infantrymen who wanted to be in the Air Force; for my part, I yearned for a transfer to a mere rifle company.

We were given instruction in tank driving. The idea was simple. You pulled on a lever that braked one track; the other track would keep going and the tank would lurch in the braked direction. The farm boys, fresh from tractors, had no trouble with this, neither did truck drivers from Brooklyn; but I had never driven anything but a bicycle. At one point my instructor shouted, "Jesus Christ!" and swung at my head with a monkey wrench—though I don't believe he was really trying to kill me; it was just self-defense. They listed me not as a driver, but as loader and radioman.

Meanwhile we were learning to roll a pack and march; to take apart, put together, and shoot a tommy gun, rifle, pistol, and .30 caliber machine gun. Also we did KP, the bane of enlisted men, which calls you out of bed in the freezing dark to go and serve the cook—and all cooks are ill-tempered—clearing away swill, and scouring greasy pots, and peeling potatoes, until—when it seems you will never escape—you have scrubbed down the last table, and are released to grope your way back to bed by starlight. During this period, also, we were trotted, in our heavy overcoats, from the drill field to heated rooms, where we were shown movies. I remember one about the consequences of fornication. Who was the fine actor with half a face who made such an impression on the theatergoers of Camp Bowie? He was more appalling than the Phantom of the Opera. When he told in a mournful voice how he had got that way, even the married men blanched.

Louis Simpson won the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry for his "At the End of the Open Road" (1964). He is associate professor of English at the University of California and the author of the novel "Riverside Drive." After his combat service in World War II, he took A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. degrees at Columbia University, and studied also in Rome and Southern France.

The Colonel Asked . . .

The aim of military training is not just to prepare men for battle, but to make them long for it. Inspections are one way to achieve this. When you've washed the barracks windows and floor till they are speckless, you arrange your clothing and equipment in symmetrical patterns on and around a bed made tight as a drum. You stand at attention while a colonel and your company officers pass by. Sometimes the colonel stops in front of you. He may ask you to recite one of the sacred orders of guard duty; he may look through the barrel of your weapon, or harass you in a new way.

The colonel stopped in front of me.

"Soldier," he said, "do you believe in God?"

For weeks no one had asked my opinion about anything. My vanity was roused and I seized the opportunity to star. I hesitated, then said, "No, sir."

In a moment the air seemed to have become as fragile as glass. I had already begun to be sorry. The colonel spoke again. "Soldier, look out of that window."

I looked. There was a brown glimpse of Texas and a slice of sky. There were the tanks drawn up in rows.

"Who made all that?"

Someone else might have replied, "General Motors," but I didn't. Retreating from my expressed position as fast as possible, I said, "I suppose it was God, sir."

The colonel told me that He had, and not to forget it, and proceeded on his way.

When the officers had left the barracks, my platoon sergeant stared at me and exclaimed bitterly, "Why did he have to ask *him*!"

The sergeant was a Regular Army man. The

war, which I thought of as a personal experience which was adding to my education, was just another job to him, and the only important thing was to do it right. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Where We Beat the Germans

The regiment was sent to Hood. Today, in city apartments, housing developments, offices and gas stations and supermarkets, there are hundreds of thousands of men joined by one silent name—Hood! Conceive a plain of absolute brown, broken only by clumps of thorn and stunted trees, and in the middle of this desert, white barracks laid out in perfect rectangles; a city in the middle of Nowhere, housing eighty thousand souls. The sun rises and stirs this ant heap; men march here and there; they enter machines, and the machines proceed in files into the desert, where, in clouds of dust, they dart to and fro, or stand immobile. At noon the plain is burning with heat. Then the machines return to the center; the ant files wind back to their nests. Stars swim out, and the plain is gripped with cold.

Hood was for the training of tank destroyers and a handful of tanks. The tank destroyers were open armored cars with wheels in front and tracks in the rear, mounting a cannon. They were supposed to knock out tanks with one or two well-placed projectiles, and depart at speed before they could be hit. That, at least, was the theory. Our tanks were supposed to maneuver with or against them.

We turned out in the freezing dawn. I climbed into the tank turret, put on my helmet, and strapped myself to the seat. The tank lurched with whining engines and jingling, squeaking tracks over the plain. When the sun rose, through the periscope I glimpsed jigsaw pieces of sky and earth. We traveled in clouds of dust. Dust entered by every crack; it turned our green fatigues brown and filled our nostrils. Through the earphones which as radioman I wore, came sounds of command, drawling Tennessee and nervous New Jersey, exchanged by the lieutenants and sergeants. At noon we panted in universal heat. At the end of day, we joggled home, and came to a stop. But the task was not over. The tank guns then had to be cleaned and greased—the seventy-five by pushing a ramrod down its snout—and sometimes a track had to be repaired. While the infantryman returned to barracks, cleaned his rifle, showered, and went his way to chow and a movie, we struggled with our monster, cursing, shoving, sledgehammering.

Hood! It was there we beat the Germans. There, shivering at dawn and sweating at noon, we endured the climates of Africa and pestilent Kwajalein. The iron of which those tanks were made entered our souls. Hood was our university. There we got our real education, which set us off from the men who came before and the men who came after. Sometimes in speaking to older men I have sensed there is a veil between us; and to a man of twenty-five, there are things I cannot explain.



Under certain conditions human nature can be changed into something else. A man can be changed from a political animal into a machine—articulated to climb or leap from a height, to swing a sledgehammer, to dig with a shovel. His instincts can be trained so that with fingers from which all doubt has departed he can pick apart a machine gun under a blanket and assemble it again. Turn men out of their offices, separate them from the flesh of women, and books, and chairs; expose them to the naked sky and set them drudging at physical tasks, and in a few months you can change the mind itself. Religion, philosophy, mathematics, art, and all the other abstractions, can be blotted out as though they never

existed. This is how Ur and Karnak vanished and this is how the Ice Age will return.

For recreation in the evenings I'd take a bus—you couldn't walk the distances—to the main PX, and fill myself with beer and ice cream, and smoke a cigar. Or go to the movies. At that time Hollywood was producing patriotic musical comedies; in the finale, soldiers, sailors, marines, and chorus girls marked time with a hand salute, while Old Glory spread fluttering on the screen.

On our rare two-day passes, we went on desperate expeditions. The nearest settlement, Killeen, was not a town but a street trodden into muck by boot soles, like a cattle wallow. There were no women in Killeen. So we swarmed to towns hundreds of miles away—Fort Worth, or sparkling new, skyscrapered Dallas, or Houston—there, after prowling the streets and parks, once more to enter a theater and gaze at pictures. The aroma of popcorn . . . the slumped shoulders of the soldier snoring in the seat before you . . . then the propulsion once more into the streets, the glare of afternoon, with nothing to do but eat in a greasy restaurant and return to camp . . .

Most accounts of Army life describe a variety of characters, but I do not remember any who were remarkable. My tank crew included a soft-spoken, Southern sergeant; a driver with a rugged build and a face like a boot; and a half-witted fellow named Maniscalco. When I went to town, it was usually with a fat boy from New York named Marvin and a Jersey boy named Bob. Marvin sprinkled his conversation with French words got out of books. We made a rakish threesome in the streets, threatening the virtue of stenographers, but nothing came of it.

All at once, by a stroke of good fortune, Marvin, Bob, and I were taken out of the tanks. The Army had instituted a program of specialized training in order to turn enlisted men into technicians. I applied for language training. When the orders came we were all listed for engineering. I did not quibble; I packed my bags and left.

There is an epilogue to this history of the tanks. Years later in Manhattan, when I was on the subway, I saw the face of Maniscalco, the half-wit of my crew. I asked him what had happened to the company after I left.

"We went overseas," he said. "You was lucky to get out. The tank was hit by a shell. We was all wounded, and the driver was killed."

The specialized training program was a fraction of the sum of waste, the incalculable extravagance of war. Bob, Marvin, and I were sent to Louisiana State University and housed among lawns and flowering shrubs. In the morning we marched to classes, and for an hour in the afternoon we did calisthenics. It must have rapidly become clear that most of the trainees were not qualified to be engineers, yet the program continued while, around half the world, slender battalions, gasping for relief, bore the brunt of the fighting.

We knew how lucky we were and had no qualms about it. In our spare time we loafed around the swimming pool. This easy life, together with heavy army meals, began to make us puffy. Marvin discovered that some of the Louisiana girls spoke a kind of French; his line of French patter struck them as hilarious, and in no time at all we had dates. In the evenings on the banks of the Mississippi I found myself wrestling with a young woman who smelled like a cosmetics counter. These conflicts left me weak, and it was as much as I could do to get out of bed at reveille.

"Find Your Outfit"

But, for all I know, Louisiana belles may still be as chaste as Diana, for the training program was scrapped as suddenly as it started, and I was sent off to an infantry division in Missouri. Bob and Marvin were shipped to an armored division; I congratulated myself on having the better luck.

It was the middle of winter. Somehow I got delayed in transit, and when I wandered into the headquarters of my new division, at Fort Leonard Wood, on a freezing December night, I was received with anything but joy.

"Your outfit is out there," said a first sergeant, pointing into the black Missouri woods and hills. "Find it."

Lugging my pack and rifle, I wandered through the night. It was snowing fitfully; here and there, campfires burned. Inquiring the way, at last I arrived at the right company, the right platoon, and the right squad, huddled round a fire in their blankets, with their boots practically in the embers. The squad corporal, a wiry young Italian, seemed possessed by devils. Uttering a stream of obscenity, he showed me a machine gun mounted on a tripod.

"You're the ammo bearer," he said. "Stand guard over that gun. What are you, one of those fuggin ASTP jerks? I don't want any of your fuggin crap!"

I stood over the gun in the cutting wind, with snow driving into my face. The bleak day rose. Men stirred, groaned, and got to their feet. They dragged dry branches to the fire and heated their rations in blackened mess kits. They were like a

company of the dead. I had been assigned, it seemed, to the worst fuggin company, of the worst fuggin division, in the Army.

Experience confirmed this impression. The outfit was a kind of factory for turning out infantry replacements who would go overseas. The division itself never hoped to move. On the muddy, snow-covered hills of Missouri, it stumbled to and fro, cursing obscenely. The air had a smell of coal smoke and rusty iron. I stepped along in the files of the damned, carrying ammunition boxes that grew heavy as lead. And behind me, or in front, or to one side, howled the infernal corporal, Fugg.

One day I found my name on the bulletin board; I was to gather my equipment and present myself at company headquarters. There the captain made a speech, disclaiming all responsibility for our incapacity, saluted with a final downward motion of the arm as though consigning us to hell, and released us from his jurisdiction. We were marched onto a train, and a few days later reached the Atlantic. Carrying our heavy barracks bags over one shoulder, we filed up a ramp, onto the deck of a ship, and groped our way down ladders into the hold. So, at last I went to war.

"Military servitude"—Vigny's phrase—how well it describes life in barracks! Details, drill, inspections, field problems, parades—the way of life of Regular Army men—all this was intolerable.



Action was better. In training you were always anticipating combat; you were oppressed by many anxieties. In action you confronted the worst and could hope for an end of things.

Who is the soldier with my face? He is strangely galvanized.

Holland . . . the churchyard at Veghel . . . We have turned off the road into a churchyard. It seems we are to dig in here, between the gravestones. Not at all conscious of the irony—irony and other defense mechanisms fade under pressure—we begin our excavations. I am about a foot down, when an airburst cracks over our heads and fragments of metal hum by, thwack against the tree trunks, slice into the ground.

In a wink, the company has vanished. We are lying on our faces in a hot passion of burrowing.

The airbursts follow one after the other. It's a trap, and we're caught in it. The Germans must have eighty-eights looking right down our throats.

Someone is shouting, "Medic!"

There's a tap on my left shoulder blade, and something trickles down my back. Blood. I've been hit.

I hear my name being called. It's the sergeant. I crawl out of my hole and approach him, on knees and elbows, cradling my rifle in my arms.

"Go back to Headquarters Section. Tell them that the mortars are out of ammunition."

I get to my feet and run crouching between the graves. I'm aware of explosions all around and a humming of jagged iron. But I have a strange feeling of joy. I've been tagged already—I'm safe. But, more than this, I'm exhilarated at the prospect of doing something.

I get to Headquarters, and find the first sergeant kneeling over cloverleaf containers of mortar shells.

"Take these up," he says.

A container under each arm, my rifle slung over my shoulder, I begin the return journey. More airbursts. Bullets are flying too, but I don't hear them.

I get to the mortars, and let the containers down into the hands of the crew. They look grateful. I start back for more.

And now I've lost count of the trips. As I run I feel like a broken-field runner on his lucky day.

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