Alonzo Pettie, 93, Creator of a Black Rodeo

By DOUGLAS MARTIN

Alonzo Pettie, Colorado's oldest black cowboy, who after being barred from white rodeos helped start one for blacks, died on Aug. 2 in Denver. He was 93.

Mr. Pettie lived in Denver, which was a relatively small town that still had some dirt roads when he went to Colorado as part of his service in the Army in World War II.

"I've seen it all from cowboys and horses to cars and folk in suits," he said in an interview with The Associated Press in March.

In his later years, Mr. Pettie, who gave speeches about the experience of being a black cowboy, was a model in an advertising campaign for European jeans and lent his voice — joining Harry Belafonte, Danny Glover and others — in an oral history of American blacks.

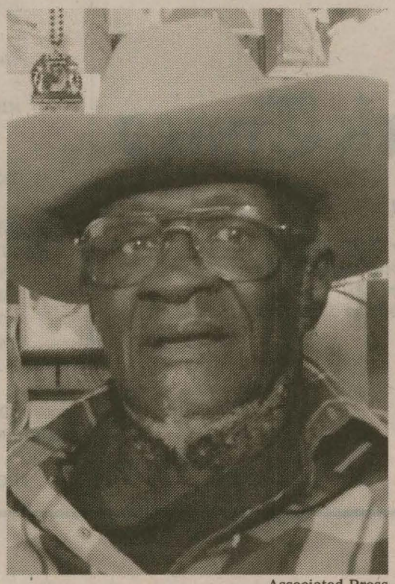
In between, he rode wild broncos and angry bulls.

Despite the rarity of black cowboys in Hollywood Westerns, historians estimate that as many as one-quarter of real-life cowboys were black. Bill Pickett, a black rodeo star who was honored with a postage stamp and who was the subject of several biographies, was the best known, not least for inventing bulldogging, a rodeo event in which a man wrestles a steer to the ground.

Mr. Pettie suffered a succession of serious injuries during his career. At one rodeo in 1929, Mr. Pettie was bucked from a bronco and dislocated his shoulder. He went on to ride a bull with his arm in a sling. The next year he broke his pelvic bone.

"You just get back in there, get moving and get on that bull," he told The Associated Press.

Mr. Pettie was born on June 18, 1910, and named after a grandfather who was born into slavery. His father, Jim, was a farmer and lumberyard worker, and his mother, Annie, a midwife.



Associated Press

Alonzo Pettie

His mother died in 1919 and his father died in 1926. After his father's death, Mr. Pettie began to break horses to support himself.

Survivors include his daughter, Earnestine Himes of Donaldsville, Iowa; his brother, the Rev. Johnny E. Pettie of Fort Worth; his sister, Virgie Jones of Longview, Tex.; four grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren; and a great-great grandchild.

"I did not go to school too much," Mr. Pettie told the oral history project, HistoryMakers. "I did my learning working. Working. That was all I did."

He worked on a West Texas ranch in his late teenage years, and the rancher saw his skill with horses and taught him to ride.

He began to ride in rodeos where blacks were used as preshow entertainment. In a 1990 interview with CBS News, Mr. Pettie said he was paid "mounting money": the $2 or $3 that blacks received just to get on top of a bull and come out of the chute. The entertainment was supposed to be watching them being thrown from the animals.

"If you was a good rider, well, you would go ahead and ride," Mr. Pettie said. "And if you would get bucked off, you'd get your $2 or $3 or whatever."

"You could make $10 or $12 a day like that," he added.

Mr. Pettie served in the Army from 1942 to 1944, and then returned to the rodeo circuit in Colorado, Oklahoma and Texas.

In 1947, he and a friend began Colorado's first black rodeo. Mr. Pettie again broke his pelvic bone and spent three months in a body cast. After that, he stopped riding broncos and bulls.

In 1962, Mr. Pettie began working in the maintenance department at a Sears, Roebuck & Company store in Fort Worth. The next year, he tied for first place in a best-dressed cowboy competition. He transferred to Denver in 1965, and retired from Sears, Roebuck 10 years later.

He continued to ride horses until 1995, and, in 1996, was chosen by the London advertising agency for Levi Strauss to be a model in its Red Tab heritage campaign. Dozens of European magazines ran a photograph of Mr. Pettie holding a lariat in his black-gloved hand.

This year Mr. Pettie told The Associated Press that if his legs were what they had been, he would never have stopped riding in rodeos.

"There ain't nothing like a good, solid ride," he said. "I don't care where you are or who you are. It's just like music — smooth and perfect if you do it right."

The New York Times
Book Review
April 21, 1985
Section 7 ©The New York Times

Frank Rich on two portraits of Tennessee Williams. Page 3.

'A Negro Way of Saying'

COURTESY ROBERT HEMENWAY

Zora Neale Hurston in the 1930's. She sought to rewrite the "self of the race."

DUST TRACKS ON A ROAD
An Autobiography.
By Zora Neale Hurston.
Edited and introduced by Robert Hemenway.
348 pp. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Cloth, $22.95. Paper, $8.95.

MOSES
Man of the Mountain.
By Zora Neale Hurston.
Introduced by Blyden Jackson.
351 pp. Urbana: University of Illinois. Paper, $6.95.

By Henry Louis Gates Jr.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON'S last encounter with her dying mother, as described in "Dust Tracks on a Road" (1942), is one of the most moving passages in autobiography. "As I crowded in, they lifted up the bed and turned it around so that Mama's eyes would face east," Hurston writes. "I thought that she looked to me as the head of the bed reversed. Her mouth was slightly open, but her breathing took up so much of her strength that she could not talk. But she looked up at me, or so I felt, to speak for her. She depended on me for a voice." We can begin to understand the rhetorical distance that separated Hurston from her fellow writers if we compare this passage to a similar scene depicted just three years later by Richard Wright, who was dominant among Hurston's black male contemporaries and her chief rival. In "Black Boy," a memoir of his childhood, Wright wrote: "Once, in the night, my mother called me to her bed and told me that she could not endure the pain, and she wanted to die. I held her hand and begged her to be quiet. That night I ceased to react to my mother; my feelings were frozen."

Hurston represents her final moments with her mother as a search for a voice. Wright attributes to a similar experience a certain "somberness of spirit that I was never to lose," one that "grew into a symbol in my mind, gathering to itself . . . the pov-

Continued on page 43

Henry Louis Gates Jr. is a professor of English at Cornell University and the co-editor of "The Slave's Narrative."

Physics and Fiction: Order From Chaos

By John Banville

TODAY most laymen and indeed many scientists would regard as startling Sir Arthur Eddington's notion that "Science aims at constructing a world which shall be symbolic of the world of commonplace experience." Surely what science does is not construction, but reduction, the dismantling of wholes into smaller and smaller parts. Surely its aim, if it has a general aim, is to explain the world, not manufacture symbols. And what has commonplace experience to do with particle accelerators, with genetic engineering, with the probing of the dark edges of the universe?

But Eddington's view was essentially that of a 19th-century humanist with values firmly rooted in the great Renaissance tradition of "natural philosophy." The lectures that make up his book, "The Nature of the Physical World" (1928), were delivered in the mid-1920's, at the very moment when the new physics of quantum theory was overturning some of the most dearly held beliefs of classical science. In that upheaval many reputations suffered, Eddington's among them. Today his inheritors, strapped firmly into their specializations, would consider his view hopelessly simple-minded. And they are right, in a way. The dream of certainty, of arriving at a simple, elegant, and above all concrete answer, has had to be abandoned. Experiments now produce not "yes" or "no," but a sort of drift of probabilities. There seem to be no conclusions. We arrive at what looks like a fundamental point — the quark is isolated, DNA is mapped — but at once the seeming unit begins dividing and subdividing. In science, as in all human affairs, everything ramifies.

Humankind, says T. S. Eliot, cannot bear very

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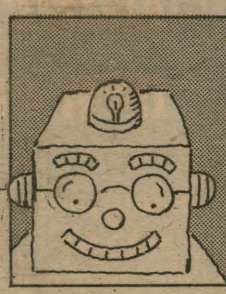
John Banville, an Irish novelist, has written on science and scientists in "Dr. Copernicus" and "Kepler" and in the forthcoming "Newton Letter."



Special Section
Science and Technology
Pages 27 to 40

'A Negro Way of Saying'

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erty, the ignorance, the helplessness." Few authors in the black tradition are more dissimilar than these two. Wright reigned as one of the predominant authors of the 1940's; Hurston's fame reached its zenith in 1942 with a cover story in The Saturday Review of Literature proclaiming the success of "Dust Tracks on a Road." In 1950 she was discovered working as a maid in a fashionable section of Miami; in 1960 she died penniless in a welfare home in St. Lucie County, Fla.

HOW was Hurston — the recipient of two Guggenheim Fellowships and the author of four novels, a dozen short stories, two musicals, two books on black mythology, dozens of essays and a prizewinning autobiography — lost from all but her most loyal followers for two full decades? There is no easy answer to this question. It is clear, however, that the enthusiastic responses Hurston's work engenders today were not shared by several of her black male contemporaries. In reviews of "Mules and Men" (1935), "Their Eyes Were Watching God" (1937) and "Moses: Man of the Mountain" (1939), Sterling A. Brown, Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison condemned her work as "socially unconscious" and derided her "minstrel technique." Of "Moses," Ellison concluded, "for Negro fiction, it did nothing." Hurston's mythic realism, lush and dense with a lyrical black idiom, was regarded as counterrevolutionary by the proponents of social realism, and she competed with Wright, Ellison and Brown for the right to determine the ideal fictional mode for representing Negro life. She lost the battle but may yet win the war.

In a marvelous example of what Freud might call the return of the repressed, Hurston has been rediscovered in a manner unprecedented in the black literary tradition. Several black women writers, among them some of the most accomplished in America today, are repeating, imitating or revising her narrative strategies. In the same way that Leon Forrest, James Alan McPherson, Ernest Gaines, Ishmael Reed, John Wideman and David Bradley are literary heirs of Ralph Ellison, so Alice Walker, Toni Morrison, Toni Cade Bambara, Gloria Naylor and Jamaica Kincaid, among others, seem to have grounded their fictions in the works of Zora Neale Hurston. While black male writers have ardently denied a connection to those who came before them, Hurston's daughters acknowledge her influence. They are a tradition within the tradition — voices that are black and women's.

Alice Walker's choice of diction and character development in "The Color Purple," published in 1982, extends potentials Hurston registered in her 1937 novel "Their Eyes Were Watching God." Since 1975, when Miss Walker published "Looking for Zora," a moving account of her search for and discovery of her own literary lineage and Hurston's grave, contemporary readers have been treated to a feast of the formerly forgotten writer's words in re-edited versions of her works and in two sustained literary biographies. Of these publications, none are more important to reassessing Hurston's standing than Robert Hemenway's new edition of "Dust Tracks on a Road" and Blyden Jackson's edition of her third novel, "Moses: Man of the Mountain."

Mr. Hemenway, a professor of English at the University of Kentucky and the author of a superb Hurston biography, has restored three chapters that were either heavily revised for or deleted from the autobiography when it was first published. In these chapters

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Richard Wright believed Hurston "pandered to a condescending white readership."

Hurston gives us, among other things, her full critique of racial chauvinism, imperialism, neocolonialism and economic exploitation.

• • •

Even Hurston's most devoted readers have had difficulty understanding some conservative aspects of her politics — particularly her disapproval of the United States Supreme Court decision outlawing racial segregation in public schools. However, the restored version of the chapter entitled "Seeing the World as It Is" reveals that Hurston questioned "race consciousness" — "It is a deadly explosive on the tongues of men" — because she viewed it as being on a continuum with Nazism. She also argued that Hitler's transgression in subjugating neighboring countries was that he treated Europeans just as Europeans had treated their colonial subjects in Africa, Asia and Latin America. She devotes much of this chapter to a critique of neocolonialism: "One hand in somebody else's pocket and one on your gun, and you are highly civilized. Your heart is where it belongs — in your pocketbook. . . . Democracy, like religion, never was designed to make our profits less." Virtually overnight Hurston's politics have become so much more complex and curious. One wonders what Wright would have thought had he read this restored material.

Not only was Hurston more "political" than we believed, but — according to this edition — she was a decade older as well. When she enrolled in Howard University in 1918, she was not 17 years old; she was 27. And when she died broken in spirit and health in 1960, she not only looked to be a woman of 69, she *was*. These two facts are certain to generate all sorts of reconsiderations of Hurston's place in the black literary tradition, most, I would imagine, to her benefit.

Mr. Hemenway, in an introduction that is much too brief, explains that "Dust Tracks" is full of lacunas, silences and political compromises that are at odds with sentiments expressed in Hurston's private correspondence and elsewhere. Hurston, he maintains, dons a mask of style that "dazzles, capturing the subtlety, energy, and rhythm of southern black idiom." But even her capacity to capture the black vernacular voice in her writing fails, Mr. Hemenway argues, because "style . . . becomes a kind of camouflage, an escape from articulating the paradoxes of her personality." In Mr. Hemenway's opinion, the book fails as an autobiography because "the private Zora Neale Hurston . . . never actually becomes one with the famous black novelist and anthropologist" and "because it is a text deliberately less than its author's talents, a text diminished by her refusal to provide a second or third dimension to the flat surfaces of her adult images."

Rereading Hurston, I was struck by how *conscious* her choices were. The explicit and the implicit, the background and the foreground, what she states and what she keeps to herself — these, it seems to me, reflect Hurston's reaction to traditional black male autobiographies (in which, "in the space where sex should be," as one critic says, we find white racism) and to a potentially hostile readership. As Lyndall Gordon says of Virginia Woolf, "the unlovable woman was always the woman who used words to effect. She was caricatured as a tattle, a scold, a shrew, a witch." Hurston, who had few peers as a wordsmith, was often caricatured by black male writers as frivolous, as the fool who "cut the monkey" for voyeurs and pandered to the rich white women who were her patrons. I believe that for protection, she made up significant parts of herself, like a masquerader putting on a disguise for the ball, like a character in her fictions. Hurston *wrote* herself just as she sought in her works to rewrite the "self" of "the race." She revealed her imagination as it sought to mold and interpret her environment. She censored all that her readership could draw upon to pigeonhole or define her life as a synecdoche of "the race problem."

"Black male writers caricatured Hurston as the fool. For protection, she made up significant parts of herself."

HURSTON'S achievement in "Dust Tracks" is twofold. First, she gives us a *writer's* life — rather than an account of "the Negro problem" — in a language as "dazzling" as Mr. Hemenway says it is. So many events in the book were shaped by the author's growing mastery of books and language, but she employs both the linguistic rituals of the dominant culture and those of the black vernacular tradition. These two speech communities are the sources of inspiration for Hurston's novels and autobiography. This double voice unreconciled — a verbal analogue of her double experiences as a woman in a male-dominated world and as a black person in a non-black world — strikes me as her second great achievement.

Many writers act as if no other author influenced them, but Hurston freely describes her encounter with books, from Xenophon in the Greek through Milton to Kipling. Chapter

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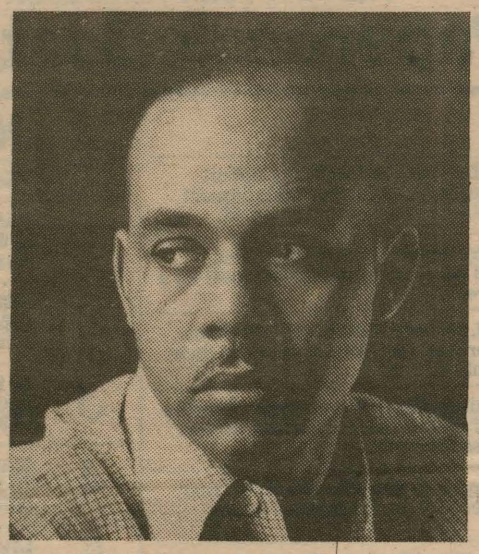
'A Negro Way of Saying'

Continued from page 43

titles and the organization of the chapters themselves reflect this urge to testify to the marvelous process by which the writer's life has been shaped by words. "The Inside Search" and "Figure and Fancy" reveal the workings of the youthful Hurston's mind as she invented fictional worlds, struggled to find the words for her developing emotions and learned to love reading. "School Again," "Research" and "Books and Things" recount her formal education, while "My People! My People!" — printed in its original form for the first time — unveils social and verbal race rituals and customs with a candor that shocks even today. Hurston clearly saw herself as a black woman writer and thinker first and as a specimen of Negro progress last. What's more, she structured her autobiography to make such a reading inevitable.

HERE is an example of the verdant language and the twin voices that complement each other throughout "Dust Tracks": "There is something about poverty that smells like death. Dead dreams dropping off the heart like leaves in a dry season and rotting around the feet; impulses smothered too long in the fetid air of underground caves. The soul lives in a sickly air. People can be slave-ships in shoes." Elsewhere she analyzes idioms used by a culture "raised on simile and invective. They know how to call names," she concludes, then lists " 'gator-faced," "box-ankled," "puzzle-gutted," "shovel-footed." "It is an everyday affair," she writes, to hear someone described as having "eyes looking like skint-ginny nuts, and mouth looking like a dish-pan full of broke-up crockery!"

Immediately after the passage about her mother's death, she writes: "The Master-Maker in His Making had made Old Death.



Ralph Ellison in the 1950's. He condemned Hurston's work as "socially unconscious."

Made him with big, soft feet and square toes. Made him with a face that reflects the face of all things, but neither changes itself, nor is mirrored anywhere. Made the body of death out of infinite hunger. Made a weapon of his hand to satisfy his needs. This was the morning of the day of the beginning of things."

Language in these passages is not merely "adornment," which Hurston called a key black linguistic practice; rather, sense and sound are perfectly balanced. She says the thing in the most meaningful manner without being cute or pandering to a condescending white readership, as Wright thought. She is "naming" emotions, as she says, in a private, if culturally black, language.

The unresolved tension between Hurston's two voices suggests that she fully understood the principles of modernism. Hers is a narrative strategy of self-division, the literary analogue of the hyphen in "Afro-American," the famous twoness W. E. B. Du Bois said was characteristic of the black experience. Hurston uses the two voices to celebrate both the psychological fragmentation of modernity and the black American. Hurston — the "real" Zora Neale Hurston whom we long to locate in this book — dwells in the silence that separates these two voices: she is both and neither, bilingual and mute. This brilliant strategy, I believe, helps explain why so many contemporary critics and writers can turn to her works again and again and be repeatedly startled at her artistry.

I wrote at the outset that Hurston's works have served as models that a new generation of black women writers have revised. Who in the black tradition did Hurston revise? Who were her formal influences? Blyden Jackson's insightful introduction to "Moses: Man of the Mountain" not only restores to us this important allegorical novel but helps us understand much about Hurston's influences.

The novel translates the Moses myth into the black tradition, creating a Moses who is an accomplished hoodoo man. Though allegorical, the novel is also a satire of, as Mr. Jackson writes, the "regrettably wide and deep division in loyalties among [the black] upper class, its black bourgeoisie, and the Negro masses from whom [Hurston's] folklore came." Mr. Jackson, a professor of English at the University of North Carolina, writes that "Moses" is unique in the black tradition because mythology not only informs the structure of the novel but assumes that structure as well. In other words, Hurston creates, or re-creates, a myth, the myth of a black Moses. She *signifies* on the Moses legends — she parodies and revises them, making them at once black and an allegory of black history in the West. The myth and allegory in "Moses" protect her tale from reduction to propaganda, just as her disguise in "Dust" shields her life from the same fate. These tactics would later change the direction of the black literary tradition.

RALPH ELLISON wrote of "Moses" that "Green Pastures," the melodramatic, widely popular play that depicted an all-black heaven, had challenged Hurston to do for Moses what it had done for Jehovah. But Hurston did it artistically rather than melodramatically. Mr. Hemenway reminds us that Freud published two controversial essays on Moses' Egyptian origins a year before Hurston wrote her "Moses." Perhaps these shaped her writing. I believe, however, that Hurston's ultimate source was another black woman writer, Frances E. W. Harper, who published her own account in "Moses: A Story of the Nile" in 1869. Both works are allegories, both stress Moses' identity as a conjurer, and both utilize multiple voices.

If a generation of splendid writers has turned to Hurston for their voices, it is fitting that she herself quite probably turned to a black female literary ancestor. But Hurston's lasting and most original contribution is that she always found, as she put it, "a Negro way of saying" a thing and appropriated the English language and Western literary forms to create the black and female perspectives that her texts so splendidly embody. The publication of Hurston's complete uncollected works is what we actually need. But with the republication of these two books, we will not lose Hurston again. □

'My People, My People!'

Say that a brown young woman, fresh from the classic halls of Barnard College and escorted by a black boy from Yale, enters the subway at 50th street. They are well-dressed, well-mannered and good to look at. . . . They are returning from a concert by Marian Anderson and are still vibrating from her glowing tones. They are saying happy things about the tribute the huge white audience paid her genius and her arts. Oh yes, they say, "The Race is going to amount to something after all. Definitely! Look at George W. Carver and Ernest Just and Abram Harris, and Barthe is getting on right well with his sculpture. . . . Paul Robeson, E. Franklin Frazier, Roland Hayes, well you just take them for granted. There is hope indeed for the Race."

By that time the train pulls into 72nd street. Two scabby-looking Negroes come scrambling into the coach. . . . There are plenty of seats, but no matter how many vacant seats there are, no other place will do, except side by side with the Yale-Barnard couple. . . . They woof, bookoo, broadcast . . . from one end of the coach to the other. They consider it a golden opportunity to put on a show. Everybody in the coach being new to them, they naturally have not heard about the way one of the pair beat his woman on Lenox Avenue. Therefore they must be told in great detail what led up to the fracas, how many teeth he knocked out during the fight, and what happened after. . . .

Barnard and Yale sit there and dwindle and dwindle. They do not look around the coach to see what is in the faces of the white passengers. . . . Yale and Barnard shake their heads and moan, "My People, My People!" . . .

Certain of My People have come to dread railway day coaches for this same reason. They dread such scenes more than they do the dirty upholstery and other inconveniences of a Jim Crow coach. . . . So when sensitive souls are forced to travel that way they sit there numb and when some free soul takes off his shoes and socks, they mutter, "My race but not My taste." When somebody else eats fried fish, bananas, and a mess of peanuts and throws all the leavings on the floor, they gasp, "My skinfolks but not my kinfolks." And sadly over all, they keep sighing, "My People, My People!"

— From "Dust Tracks on a Road."

NYT Dec 6 '02

NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF

Love and Race

In a world brimming with bad ws, here's one of the happiest nds: Instead of preying on people different races, young Americans e falling in love with them.

Whites and blacks can be found olling together as couples even at e University of Mississippi, once e symbol of racial confrontation.

"I will say that they are always ven a second glance," acknowlges C. J. Rhodes, a black student Ole Miss. He adds that there are ll misgivings about interracial ting, particularly among black men and a formidable number of hite Southerners who view this ce-mixing as abnormal, frozen by ar to see Sara Beth bring home a otha."

Mixed-race marriages in the U.S. w number 1.5 million and are ighly doubling each decade. About percent of Asian-Americans and 6 rcent of blacks have married ites in recent years.

Still more striking, one survey nd that 40 percent of Americans d dated someone of another race.

In a country where racial divisions main deep, all this love is an enorously hopeful sign of progress in dging barriers. Scientists who dy the human genome say that ce is mostly a bogus distinction lecting very little genetic differce, perhaps one-hundredth of 1 rcent of our DNA.

Skin color differences are recent, sing over only the last 100,000 ars or so, a twinkling of an evolunary eye. That's too short a period substantial genetic differences to erge, and so there is perhaps 10 nes more genetic difference within race than there is between races. us we should welcome any trend at makes a superficial issue like or less central to how we categoe each other.

The rise in interracial marriage lects a revolution in attitudes. As cently as 1958 a white mother in nroe, N.C., called the police after r little girl kissed a black playate on the cheek; the boy, Hanover ompson, 9, was then sentenced to years in prison for attempted pe. (His appeals failed, but he was eased later after an outcry.)

In 1963, 59 percent of Americans ieved that marriage between cks and whites should be illegal. one time or another 42 states nned intermarriage, although the preme Court finally invalidated se laws in 1967.

...@nytimes.com

Typically, the miscegenation laws voided any interracial marriages, making the children illegitimate, and some states included penalties such as enslavement, life imprisonment and whippings. My wife is Chinese-American, and our relationship would once have been felonious.

At every juncture from the 19th century on, the segregationists warned that granting rights to

Cupid is becoming colorblind.

blacks would mean the start of a slippery slope, ending up with black men marrying white women. The racists were prophetic.

"They were absolutely right," notes Randall Kennedy, the Harvard Law School professor and author of a dazzling new book, "Interracial Intimacies," to be published next month. "I do think [interracial marriage] is a good thing. It's a welcome sign of thoroughgoing desegregation. We talk about desegregation in the public sphere; here's desegregation in the most intimate sphere."

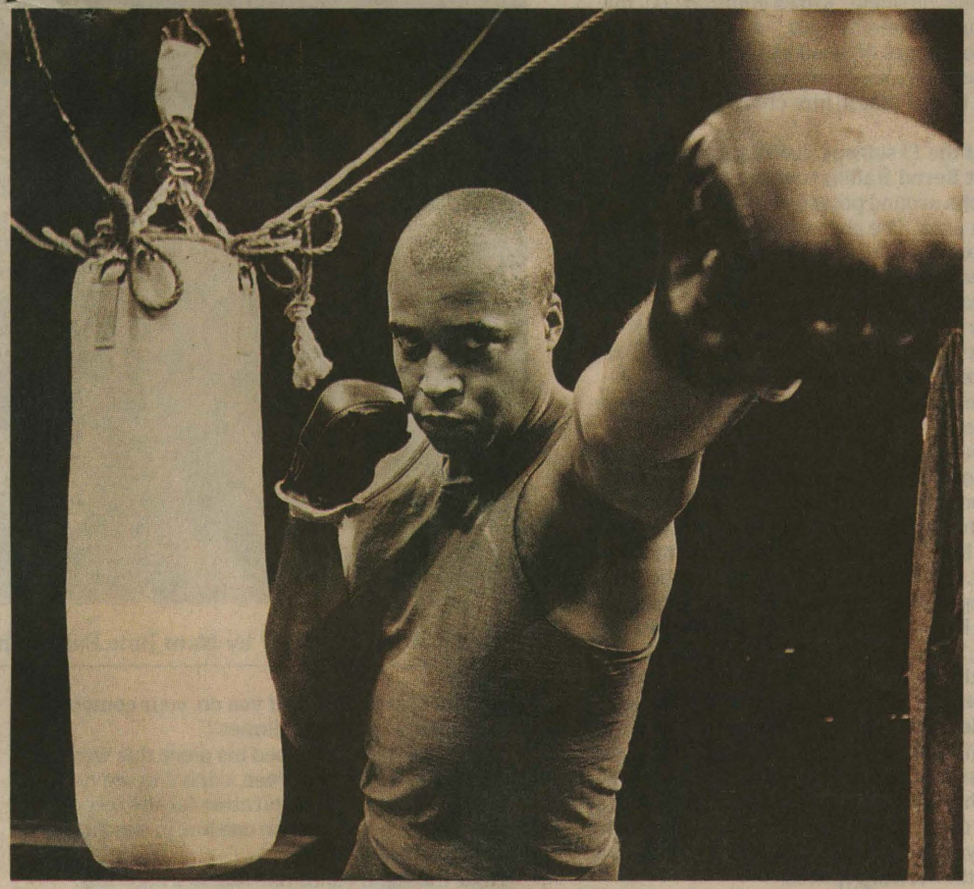
These days, interracial romance can be seen on the big screen, on TV shows and in the lives of some prominent Americans. Former Defense Secretary William Cohen has a black wife, as does Peter Norton, the software guru. The Supreme Court justice Clarence Thomas has a white wife.

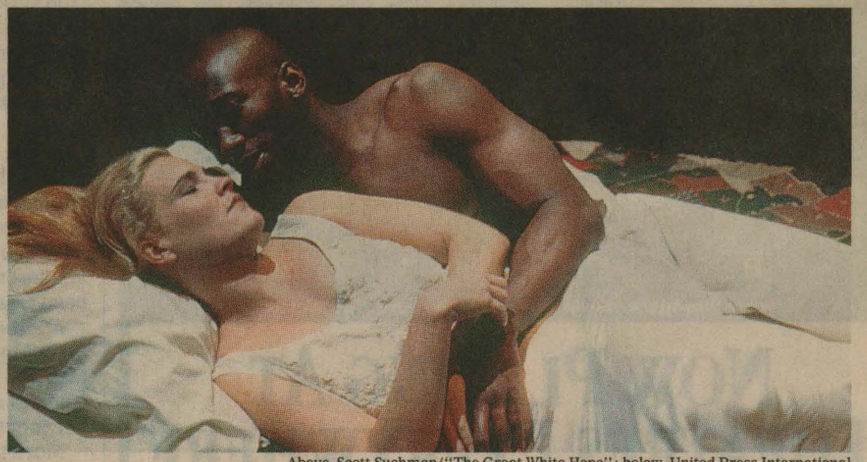
I find the surge in intermarriage to be one of the most positive fronts in American race relations today, building bridges and empathy. But it's still in its infancy.

I was excited to track down interracial couples at Ole Miss, thinking they would be perfect to make my point about this hopeful trend. But none were willing to talk about the issue on the record.

"Even if people wanted to marry [interracially], I think they'd keep it kind of quiet," explained a minister on campus.

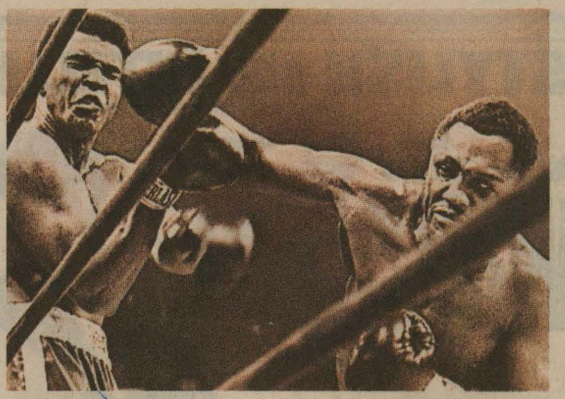
For centuries, racists warned that racial equality would lead to the "mongrelization" of America. Perhaps they were right in a sense, for we're increasingly going to see a blurring of racial distinctions. But these distinctions acquired enormous social resonance without ever having much basis in biology. □





Above, Scott Suchman/"The Great White Hope"; below, United Press International

Clockwise from lower left, the boxer Jack Johnson; James Earl Jones in "The Great White Hope" in 1967; Kelly C. McAndrew and Mahershala Karim Ali in the revival; and Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier in 1971.



Power, Pitfalls and 'The Great White Hope'

A Washington Company Revisits a Shining Moment From a Decidedly Different Era

Above, Associated Press; top, George Tames/The New York Times

By BRUCE WEBER

Critic's Notebook

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9 — When Arena Stage, the leading nonprofit theater here, presented the world premiere of "The Great White Hope," the regional theater movement was in its infancy even though Arena itself, founded by Zelda Fichandler in 1950, was already a teenager. It was December 1967, and the show, directed by Edwin Sherin and starring James Earl Jones and Jane Alexander, and financed partly by the fledgling National Endowment for the Arts, made history.

Written by Howard Sackler, it is set just before and during World War I, but it was very much a play of the moment, rife with the righteous anguish of the civil rights movement and the ire of liberal opposition to the Vietnam War. It was based on the life of the boxer Jack Johnson, the first black heavyweight champion, who was forced to flee the country on a trumped-up morals charge because of his romantic liaison with a white woman. But the spirit of the play — its flaming indignation — was fueled by a coincidence: the contemporary plight of Muhammad Ali, who in April 1967 was stripped of his heavyweight title when he refused to be inducted into the Army, having claimed conscientious objector status and famously declared: "I ain't got no quarrel with the Vietcong. No Vietcong ever called me nigger."

With a mammoth cast of 62 actors (including Ned Beatty, Antonio Vargas, Robert Prosky and Hector Elizondo), a virulent anti-racist theme often evoked by characters mouthing the vilest language of bigotry, a narrative that chases the characters all over the United States, to Europe and back to Mexico and Cuba, and a towering performance by Mr. Jones as the proud and beleaguered champ (he's called Jack Jefferson in the play), this was not a work to be contained by the theatrical provinces.

And indeed, the following October Herman Levin, best known as the producer of "My Fair Lady," moved the show — including the director, the two stars and much of the supporting cast — to the Alvin Theater on West 52nd Street (now the Neil Simon), making it the first production ever to transfer from a nonprofit resident theater to Broadway. There it ran for more than 500 performances and won three Tonys — best play, best actor and best actress. The play, which also won the Pulitzer Prize, has rarely been staged anywhere since.

All of which makes the rousing, provocative and fascinatingly problematic revival of "The Great White Hope" now at the Arena through Oct. 15 an event of significance. Directed

Continued on Page B5

Power and Many Pitfalls In 'The Great White Hope'

Continued From Page B1

by Molly Smith, beginning her third year as the Arena's artistic director, it is the first production of the theater's 50th anniversary season, and it is perfectly chosen as a celebration of its history.

It is also a potent reminder of the vast changes that have been wrought in the American theater landscape over the past three decades, particularly at a time when the most prominent American plays and musicals are developed in the regional houses before they ever come to Broadway and when commercial producers and nonprofit theaters routinely engage in financial and artistic partnerships. It is astonishing to recall that in 1968 such arrangements were so new that the Arena let "The Great White Hope" — still the most important production in its history, and at the time its most expensive — go to Broadway (and the movies) without claiming any financial interest in it or any artistic credit.

The play itself is a monster, a narrative with an epic arc, tracing the rocketlike rise of Jefferson and the long, agonizing persecution that costs him his livelihood, kills the woman he loves and in the end unmans him entirely. "The Great White Hope" is replete with mob scenes, party scenes, court hearings, gym workouts and family gatherings, with settings in a German beer garden, a Budapest cabaret and a barn in Juárez, among other exotic locales. There are monologues by white and black characters who address the audience with the rhetoric of race warfare, and there is one sizzling bedroom encounter. It is a work of colossal immodesty that even admiring critics of the original found occasionally overstuffed with bluster. But it was theatrically outrageous in the service of grand spiritual outrage, and in that, critics to be a symbol of black pride. But the rhetoric of the early 20th century is so blatantly and viciously uncomplicated that many of the white characters sound clownishly villainous, the black ones embarrassingly defeated.

And without the palpable current of racial violence that was running through society in the 1960's — Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated between the play's original run at the Arena and its opening on Broadway — it's tough for actors to find credible readings for some implacably racist lines. Such an attitude no longer seems dramatic or even reasonably realistic as a widely held or expressed position; it's merely dismissible stupidity. It's a real problem when an actor's boldest, most earnest efforts in a period role turn him into a buffoon for the audience.

Then, too, the idea of a prominent black athlete who is a wealthy, self-assured and even arrogant man and might well be a sex symbol is not only no longer shocking or threatening, it's familiar and even cool. Ali, announcing his conversion to Islam at a news conference in 1964 at which he was accompanied by Malcolm X, was to many white Americans a threat. Today he's our benign and grandfatherly hero.

Mr. Sherin, the director of the original production, said the playwright, who died in 1982, "didn't have Ali in mind at all; he had Jack Johnson in mind."

"Howard chose this character because he reminded him of a Shakespearean hero," Mr. Sherin said. "What he wanted you to think of was Coriolanus. I was with him through much of the writing and all of the rewriting, and the name Ali never came up. That was just happenstance. That was just hitting on a historic wave. But I was present when Ali saw the production. He ran up on stage — this was when it was over and everybody'd left — and said: 'It's me. It's me. This is my story.' "

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MUSIC REVIEW

Reclusive

By JON PAR

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An Ali-era story, playing in Michael Jordan's time.

agreed, lay its power.

The play, Walter Kerr wrote in The New York Times, is "about a man who is afraid of nothing written by a man who is not afraid of the theater."

"Two kinds of boldness blinking, throat open for a cockcrow, come together to create a blood-stained circus," Kerr wrote, "the most unabashed dramatic outburst we have had since 'Long Day's Journey Into Night.' "

This is precisely the spirit that Ms. Smith's vigorous staging seeks out, often successfully. Indeed, a circus is the controlling metaphor for her production, with the stage painted in bright icons that suggest a Big Top — the Arena's mainstage is a theater in the round — and calliope music introducing the Jefferson saga as a savage tale of show business. She makes full use of the auditorium, with characters parading down the aisles and around the top tier of seats as well as entering from beneath the stage through sliding panels in the floor. Pageantry abounds; the period costumes are elegant. Props and scenery drop from the rafters on rope and wire. And the cast, reduced to 28 actors, most in multiple roles, seems to be in perpetual motion.

Over all, it's terrific in its enthusiasms, even in the scenes — like the Budapest cabaret, where Jefferson is humiliatingly reduced to performing in a burlesque of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" — that Ms. Smith can't reclaim from the playwright's overindulgence. That particular scene is a real squirm-inducer, played here for egregious grotesquerie, but even so, like the rest of the production, it has the director's bravado imprinted on it.

One effect of this is that the spectacle overwhelms the story. This may be purposeful, and it may be unavoidable. The race relations depicted in Sackler's script are thorough, in a way; Jefferson is criticized by some black characters (not all of whom are noble or even likable) for his aspirations to success in the white world, and he himself refuses to see his expressed position; it's merely dismissible stupidity. It's a real problem when an actor's boldest, most earnest efforts in a period role turn him into a buffoon for the audience.

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I didn't see the original, but to judge from the 1971 film, James Earl Jones played Jefferson as a supremely confident man, intimidating in both his physical grace and the persistent rumble of his self-possession. He was very much like the young Ali, albeit pitched to a lower octave. Mahershala Karim Ali, the young actor who plays Jefferson in the current production, strikes a much more modern pose. He has a breathtaking physique, Nautilus-buffed, with cobblestone abs and wide shoulders, but he's not the man-mountain that Jones was. He's lithe. With his shaved head and sinewy muscles, he calls up the image of Michael Jordan.

His performance, too, seems purposely derived from the contemporary athlete, fickle and moody, the self-assurance flickering. His Jefferson can intimidate with his anger and barbed humor, the implicit threat of brawn, but it's a learned demeanor, concealing the insecurity of youth. His most affecting scenes are with the woman he loves, Ellie Bachman (Kelly C. McAndrew), when they're alone, away from the world that demands so much of him.

The inevitable effect of all of this is to render Jefferson less heroic, less of a symbol. Watching "The Great White Hope," you can't help but will yourself back into the past to find its potent drama. Michael Jordan hasn't suffered like Ali, after all, and he hasn't changed the world.

In the last scene, Jefferson is finally compromised, lured back into the ring with the promise that if he loses to the white challenger, his legal persecution will end. Whether he throws the fight is unclear. At the final bell, sad and stoop-shouldered, he tells a reporter: "He beat me, dassall. Ah juss din have it." Meanwhile, the victorious challenger, his face awash in sweat and blood, stands ebullient, draped in the American flag. The metaphorical suggestions — that black America has been evilly sublimated and that white America, if triumphant, has been bloodied — seem almost quaint in their ardor.

Thirty-three years after its premiere, "The Great White Hope" is more than quaint; it's a theatrical monument, really, a historical marker in more ways than one. This estimable revival at the Arena Stage is very much at home.

WSJ May 18 199

Time Off: Diversions and Excursions May 18-31

ART

New Orleans

Degas and New Orleans: A French Impressionist in America

"One does nothing here, it lies in the climate, nothing but cotton, one lives for and from cotton," wrote Edgar Degas after arriving in New Orleans to visit his relatives—and he was there during the cool season (October 1872 to March 1873). His mother had been born in the city, and his two younger brothers moved there and became businessmen. The New Orleans Museum of Art has put together 17 paintings and drawings done by Degas during his stay, along with earlier and later works and related objects from the Degas and Musson families. The highlight of the show (and the only work by Degas to be purchased by a museum in the artist's lifetime) is "A Cotton Office in New Orleans," which depicts Degas's brothers and their uncle, Michel Musson, along with clients, in the family offices of Musson & Co., Cotton Factors and Brokers.

☞ New Orleans Museum of Art. Through Aug. 29. (504) 488-2631.

Princeton, N.J.

The Embodied Image: Chinese Calligraphy From the John B. Elliot Collection

Maybe Princeton University has changed its mascot from a tiger to a dragon—its museum is currently devoted to Chinese art. "The Embodied Image" includes 55 examples of calligraphy collected by Princeton alumnus John Elliot, along with other works on loan from various collections and museums. In China the act of writing itself is considered an art, at least as important as its content, and this show gives an overview of the development and differing styles of calligraphy from earliest Chinese history through the modern period. The exhibit will travel to the Seattle Art Museum and the Metropolitan Museum of Art next year. Also on display are two smaller shows—"Chinese Painting and Calligraphy: In Memory of John B. Elliot, Class of 1951," which looks at another aspect of the Elliot collection; and "From Ritual Simplicity to Imperial Splendour," which offers more than 40 works of ceramics from the collection of Nelson Chang, dating from the third millennium B.C. to the 18th century. (Both shows run through Sept. 26.)

☞ The Art Museum, Princeton University. Through June 27. (609) 258-3788.

FILM

Chicago and U.S. Tour

Classically Independent Film Festival

Sundance has the snow and celebrities, but for the rest of us (though only New York and Los Angeles get the "star-studded galas" treatment) there is this film festival, which started in New York earlier this month, and after its stay in Chicago will move on to San Francisco (June 4-7), Los Angeles (bearding the lion in its den June 25-28) and Minneapolis (July 23, 24, 30, 31). Each city gets panel discussions, and the films will be introduced by their casts and directors. In a sort of retrospective of classic "indies," the festival will screen "Paris Is Burning," "My Dinner With Andre," "Choose Me," "One False Move," "The Unbelievable Truth" and "Five Corners." It will also spotlight the next generation with four new films: "Broken Vessels," "Drylongso (Ordinary)," "On the Ropes" and "Restaurant."

☞ Music Box. May 21-24. (773) 871-6607.

LECTURE

San Marino, Calif.

The Harlem of the West: African American Literature and the Culture of Los Angeles

We've all heard of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s and '30s. But just as the Italian Renaissance happened in other cities besides Florence, so the African-American intellectual ferment could be found outside of New York. The Huntington Library is famous for its research collections and spectacular gardens, and houses the papers of various Afro-Angelenos who contributed to a Los Angeles Renaissance. In this Haynes Foundation Lecture, Douglas Flamming, associate professor of history at the Georgia Institute of Technology, will look at the work of poet Elizabeth Laura Adams, architect Paul R. Williams and writer/composer Harold Forsythe.

☞ Huntington Library. May 27. (626) 405-2100.

MEMORIAL DAY

Dearborn, Mich.

Civil War Remembrance Day

Since Memorial Day was started just after the Civil War, when Southern women began decorating the graves of soldiers who had fallen on both sides of the conflict, it is fitting that Greenfield Village will commemorate the holiday with military and civilian activities of that period. Henry Ford's museum and town created out of historical buildings from various locales will have a display of old battle flags and weapons from Michigan regiments, a concert of popular music of the era, 19th-century games for children and a narrated demonstration of tactical maneuvers provided by historical re-enactors in uniform. And while the high-water mark of the Confederacy was considerably south of Detroit, Greenfield Village does boast an antebellum plantation house removed from Maryland, whose mistress will complain of the Yankee occupation to anyone who will stop and listen.

☞ Henry Ford Museum & Greenfield Village. May 30-31. (313) 271-1620.

—Stuart Ferguson

REVISIONS

Margo Jefferson

Labels Change, Carrying Different Emotional Baggage

Warning: What follows neither prescribes nor prohibits. There is too much of that wherever racial facts and fictions are found. It is part confession, part justification, part proposal: a modest proposal to revive the word "Negro," not as an exclusive term but as one that does justice to a group whose histories and bloodlines are too varied and contradictory for any one, all-encompassing definition.

Names matter, especially to those whose status is perpetually subject to debate or attack. It's easy for others to roll their eyes and snicker. ("*Queer* studies? I remember when gay people didn't want you to use that word." "Am I or am I not supposed to hold the door open for a lady? Oh, pardon me, I mean a woman.") Bad jokes are a sure sign of defensive anxiety. After all, if names didn't matter, the groups with power wouldn't have so many insulting names for the groups without it. The deadly earnest name game can be wearing, I admit, even from the inside. We will get fussy and sanctimonious about our own term of choice, at least until it falls from favor.

Because I came of age in the late 1960's, I still tend to use "black" in everyday conversation. And now that a younger generation has made "African-American" the respectable term of choice, I tend to use it in formal and public settings. And I love to use "Negro" in private, with those (blacks, Hispanics, whites, Asians and "others") who share my appreciation of its tonal variety.

"Black" sprang forth in the mid to late 60's as a war word, assaulting the social and political power of "white." Using it was a psychological exorcism, too, a way to help rid the word of all those shameful, degrading connotations. Its highbrow companion term was Afro-American (a descendant of Aframerican), and together they birthed the current "African-American."

"African-American" is a deliberately formal term, useful in broad historical and political contexts, along with terms like Euro-American, Hispanic-American and Asian-American. And of course as the most recent marker on the long road to respectful nomenclature, it seems to carry the fewest derogatory associations. But it just doesn't suffice. It doesn't capture all the edges and shadings.

Ne•gro (nē′grō) *n., pl.* **-groes. 1.** A member of a major human racial division traditionally distinguished by physical characteristics such as brown to black pigmentation and often tightly curled hair, especially one of various peoples of sub-Saharan Africa. **2.** A person of Negro descent: *"Discrimination is a hellhound that gnaws at Negroes in every waking moment of their lives to remind them that the lie of their inferiority is accepted as truth in the society dominating them"* (Martin Luther King, Jr.). See Usage Note at **black.** [Spanish and Portuguese *negro*, black, Black person, from Latin *niger, nigr-*, black.] **—Ne′gro** *adj.*

American Heritage Dictionary

> Your chosen word, and the way you pronounce it, says who you are.

At a recent jazz seminar I heard the singer Abbey Lincoln say that she was of African, Cherokee, Irish and English descent and then add (after a short, well-timed pause) that the Africans were the only ones who claimed her. Turn the thing around, and if my great-uncle Lucius were still living, he could say that he was of African, Cherokee, Scottish-Irish and English descent, and then add that the Scottish-Irish and English were the only ancestors he claimed when he grew up and chose to pass for white.

From the moment Negroes appeared in the New World, terms proliferated. By the late 16th century "blacks" (small and capital b), "Negroes" (small and capital), "Moors" and "blackamoors" were in use, along with "Africans" and "Ethiopians."

"Negro" means black or dark in Spanish and Portuguese; an adjective became a noun, a color, a racial classification and, as the United States worked to legally confine and categorize the people so named, the word became positively omnivorous. A Negro could be someone with two "African" parents, someone with one white and one black parent (also known as a mulatto) or someone with the tiniest smidgen of what was called, in hushed and stricken tones, "black blood." With her part-African great-grandfather from Martinique, the French novelist Colette would have had to pass for white here in the United States or take her chances as a Negro writer.

As a term, African-American carries more political weight and resonance than it does either anthropological or even biographical exactness. And the same is true of European-American. Not only are the so-called races more mixed than had been once thought, there are multiple divisions and subdivisions that matter to people in their daily lives. Two centuries ago, when trying to describe the mix of Europeans found in the New World, the French-born writer Crèvecoeur put it this way, "From this promiscuous breed has risen that race now called Americans."

Identity is largely an invention. And black, brown and beige Americans are an invented people, put together, forced together, improvised from the most varied African, American Indian and European elements. "Negro" is a word that can be improvised on almost endlessly. It can be lofty, even mighty, as when the great labor leader A. Philip Randolph said, "Negro principles are not for sale." It can be excruciating, as it often was in the 1950's and 60's when politicians and journalists pronounced it with slightly squeamish precision, as if using a pair of verbal tongs to keep the people behind the word at a safe distance.

Black Power radicals demeaned it by pronouncing it "NEE-grow," while for whites growing up in the South it remained a threatening Yankee word. "Colored people" was the genteel term. "Nigger," the nationwide insult of choice has now been renovated. Rappers have turned it into "nigga" with the same defiance that Black Power advocates once bestowed on "black." Rappers' multiracial fans have made it the term they most want to be known by.

But back to "Negro." It can be affectionate or rueful as when one exclaims, "My Negroes!" upon encountering some name, expression or hairdo that runs the gamut from ingenious to entertaining to embarrassing. And I find it old-fashioned and chivalric when we speak of the Negro national anthem ("Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing") or of Negro life and history.

Scientists have recently reported that children are more likely to have perfect or near-perfect pitch if they speak tonal languages, in which pitch and inflection can shape meaning. The word "Negro" is a tonal word. When intellectuals like W. E. B. DuBois and James Weldon Johnson used it alongside "African" and "colored," their ease and fluidity acknowledged that the language of race is a complex tonal one. We all need some ear training. We need to be working for as near-perfect pitch as we can get.

But what about alternative names for whites? Suggestions have ranged from the slangy ("pinkies," not to be confused with lefties) to the politically rigorous ("whites of imperial or refugee descent"). My favorite so far is *Blancos*, the Spanish companion to *Negro*. Please. Make your preferences known.

Sanctuary

In Gayl Jones's novel, a black woman truck driver helps establish a new underground railroad along the Rio Grande.

MOSQUITO
By Gayl Jones.
616 pp. Boston:
Beacon Press. $28.50.

By Henry Louis Gates Jr.

ROB SHEPPERSON

EASILY the most striking development in the history of African-American literature since the end of the civil rights movement is the emergence of the writing of black women. While the black literary tradition was inaugurated in the 18th century by a book of poems published by a slave woman, Phillis Wheatley, it has until recently been dominated by men. Now, however, novels and memoirs by Maya Angelou, Terry McMillan, Toni Morrison and Alice Walker routinely are national best sellers. Walker, Morrison and the former poet laureate Rita Dove have won Pulitzer Prizes, and Morrison, in 1993, became the first African-American (and the first black woman) to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature, a feat scarcely conceivable two decades ago.

We can trace several reasons for this change, including the growing number of women in the black middle class and the powerful effect of memoirs such as Maya Angelou's "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" (1970) and its popular sequels. Often overlooked, however, is the midwife role that Toni Morrison performed as a senior editor at Random House, from the late 60's through the 70's, and how she nurtured several young women writers, including Toni Cade Bambara, Angela Davis and Gayl Jones, and in the process helped shape the contemporary black woman's voice.

Jones has the distinction of introducing both fellatio and oral castration into the pages of African-American literature, the former in her first novel, "Corregidora" (1975), the latter in her second novel, "Eva's Man," published a year later. "Corregidora" was hailed as a masterpiece by no less than James Baldwin, who called it "the most brutally honest and painful revelation of what has occurred, and is occurring, in the souls of black men and women." John Updike admired the novel for its "unpolemical" ability "to explore exactly how our sexual and emotional behavior is warped within the matrix of family and race" and for its powerful ability to "speak" its narrative, to capture the poignancy of the blues singer — the narrator's chosen profession — and to embody the seeming spontaneity of the black oral tradition in written form.

"Eva's Man" is a study of the intertwining of eros and evil, culminating in its protagonist's ironic "liberation" by poisoning her sadistic lover and then biting off his penis. Eva Canada narrates her tale — fragmented, circular, repetitious and disjointed — from a hospital for the criminally insane.

Jones's early work was as bold and daring in its themes as it was assured in its narrative authority. Formally, her most important contribution was to invent a vernacular voice at once rooted in the blues and the speech patterns of working-class blacks, just as Zora Neale Hurston had done in the 30's. And the excitement that this new voice generated in the mid-70's, especially the sense it generated that no subject for a black writer was now taboo, inspired a new generation of black women writers to testify about being black and female in a wide variety of forms, such as Ntozake Shange's "choreo-poem" "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide / When the Rainbow Is Enuf" and even Alice Walker's epistolary novel "The Color Purple."

Not only was Jones daring, she was also prolific: within three years she published two novels and a collection of short stories, "White Rat" (1977), and rumor had it that she had completed several more novels as a graduate student at Brown University under the direction of the poet Michael S. Harper. But then, just as mysteriously as she had arrived, Jones stopped publishing fiction for the next 21 years. She taught at the University of Michigan, and then, after her husband, Bob Higgins (he eventually changed his name to hers), got into an altercation with police officers at a gay rights parade in 1983, abruptly fled with him to Paris. After five years abroad, the couple returned to Lexington, Ky., where Jones's mother was gravely ill. When Jones's third novel, "The Healing," appeared in 1998, a Newsweek article hailing it as "a major literary event" alerted a Lexington policeman to the connection between Bob Jones and Bob Higgins. The rest was a nightmare, straight out of one of Jones's novels: police officers, seeking to serve a 15-year-old warrant, were greeted at the door by Jones holding two knives at his throat. Within hours, he had slashed his own throat with such force that the knife "lodged in his spine," according to one press report, and his wife was in a mental hospital under "emergency detention." "The Healing," ironically a tale about a faith healer as concerned with treating the mind as the body, would later that year be named a finalist for the National Book Award.

Jones's fourth novel, "Mosquito," was published earlier this year. Would it yield any clues to Jones's feelings about the recent tragic events of her personal life? If it does, they're hard to discern. "Mosquito" is a sprawling 616-page meditation on the capacity of black vernacular speech to narrate a novel, a word I use advisedly to describe a text that is far more an imitation of actual oral storytelling — "the way true stories is," as the narrator tells us, pausing for breath — than it is a linear narrative with a beginning, a middle and an end. It is as if Jones wanted to deliver a dissertation about orality in literature by transcribing hours of tapes from a loquacious storyteller.

Sojourner Nadine Jane Johnson — nicknamed Mosquito — is an African-American woman from Kentucky who drives a truck on the border between Texas and Mexico. Along the way, she becomes an unwitting agent of the contemporary underground railroad, as she puts it — the Sanctuary movement, dedicated to the safe passage of illegal immigrants from Mexico to the United States. The plot of the novel turns on Mosquito's rambling discourses with a cast of characters including her homegirl, Monkey Bread; a remarkably erudite bartender, Delgadina; Maria, a very pregnant immigrant whom Mosquito accidentally rescues and transports to safety; and Ray, her lover, who is a principal in the movement. But these characters and their actions are merely devices that enable Mosquito to riff seemingly endlessly in breathless sheets of sound that call to mind John Coltrane's late avant-garde period.

The metaphor of riffing is not an idle one. Early on in her tale, Mosquito muses about the possibility of creating a new mode of narration, one based on jazz: "I be wondering if it be possible to tell a true jazz story, where the peoples that listens can just enter the story and start telling it and adding things wherever they wants. The story would provide the jazz foundation, the subject, but they be improvising around that subject or them subjects and be composing they own jazz story." This sounds more like a digest of reader-response criticism than a practical way to tell a story. The text is full of such self-reflexive digressions on the novelist's art — so many, in fact, that "Mosquito" often reads more like Jones's "Theory of the Novel," her encyclopedic version of Jamesian prefaces, than like any of Jones's previous works. It's a late-night riff by the Signifying Monkey, drunk with words and out of control, regurgitating half-digested ideas taken from USA Today, digressing on every possible subject, from the color of the Egyptians to the xenophobia of the Great Books movement, from the art of "signifying" and the role of Africans in the slave trade to the subtleties of Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man" ("that still my favorite book").

THE challenge of representing the illusion of speech in literature is to convince a reader that he or she is overhearing a speaker, experiencing the spontaneity of speech, but in a written language. Zora Neale Hurston called this paradox an "oral hieroglyphic." At her best, Jones's narrator is as original and compelling as the very best black vernacular narrators — Langston Hughes's Jesse B. Semple; Hurston's Janie Starks; Al Young's Sidney J. Prettymon. Far too often, however, Mosquito's diction is inconsistent, seemingly infiltrated by Jones's own, as in sentences like the following: "So then she's saying something about only those types of books that whites can put into the category of entertainment are popular, novels, autobiographical writings, popular essays, mostly about race or white man done us (or me, for those writing from a personal rather than a collective ethos) wrong scenarios, poetry, but that ain't the same as building an intellectual literary tradition." And the book's several moments of sublime articulation are marred by a tendency that Mosquito herself admits to: "I writes as many words as I wants and digresses as much as I can to get the ideas to the listeners." And then again: "I know there's a lot of y'all that ain't used to hearing conversations that jumps back and forth between real time, the past, the future and virtual time.... 'Cause a lot of them novels you reads, them narrators always explains to you where they is." Would that an editor like Morrison had helped Jones locate where she wanted her narrator to be, and to bridle in this sprawling, formless, maddening tale. □

Henry Louis Gates Jr. is the co-editor of "Africana: An Encyclopedia" and the author of "Wonders of the African World."

e radio spectrum as a natural public resource: students at the Ethical Culture School Manhattan listen to a historical dramatization on "The American School of the Air."

Is Democracy Still on the Dial?

NYT March 3 '01

By ROBERT WORTH

These are dark days for local radio. The number of independent stations falls every year, and in December Congress all but killed a federal plan to license hundreds of new noncommercial low-power stations throughout the country.

Does it matter? So there may not be a broadcast of whale noises 24 hours a day from a recording device on the ocean floor off the Alaska coast, which was the plan of one proposed station.

But there is more at stake in the low-power debate than bringing some more diversity to the FM dial. For some scholars and advocates, Congress's action has revived an 80-year-old debate about the role that radio plays in a free society. Which promotes democracy better: a government guarantee of broader public access to the airwaves or letting free market forces reign?

To low-power advocates, radio deserves special government protection because it is or ought to be the ultimate grass-roots medium. Even in the age of the Internet and cable television, radio remains the cheapest way (short of a bullhorn) to be heard by your friends and neighbors. You can start a pirate station if you have the $800 to buy a simple transmitter, an antenna and the cable to connect them. It is also the most accessible: you don't even have to be literate to listen to it. And while some low-power stations might be too small and eccentric to make a difference, many others could offer community news and special programming that small towns and ethnic enclaves would otherwise not get.

"I think radio should be carved out as the people's medium," said Robert W. McChesney, a professor at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign who has written widely on radio history.

Radio was instrumental, for example, in bringing democracy to the former Communist bloc, where dissidents often relied on Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe for information about their own countries. "If my fellow citizens knew me before I became president, they did so because of these stations," the Czech president, Vaclav Havel, said in 1990.

Some East Europeans see a parallel between radio's role in their countries and the low-power movement in the United States. Peter Molnar, a former member of the Hungarian Parliament, recently wrote in the online magazine at www.mediachannel.org that if the Congressional decision to scale back low-power radio is final, opponents of free radio "will point to the United States with a dark smile and ask why idealists are talking about civic access to radio and television frequencies when the leading democracy in the world fails to guarantee that opportunity to its own citizens."

Clearly, radio's local role has dwindled as big media chains have bought out their

Continued on Page A17

EVISION REVIEW

Is Democracy Still on the Dial?

Continued From Page A15

smaller competitors. The Federal Communications Commission hoped to reverse that trend when it introduced the low-power plan in January 2000. But the major broadcasters, joined by National Public Radio, argued that the new stations would interfere with existing signals, and in December Congress dealt its blow to the plan by setting new technical standards and withdrawing some of the F.C.C.'s regulatory power. (On Wednesday, Sen. John McCain introduced a bill to restore part of the plan, but industry analysts agree that it is unlikely to succeed.)

Most people appear to have forgotten, Mr. McChesney said, that when radio first appeared in the 1920's, many politicians said corporations should not be allowed to profit from advertising. The broadcast spectrum was considered a natural resource, like the air, to which every citizen had a claim.

In 1922 a conservative like Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover could say of radio: "It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service to be drowned in advertising chatter."

Even after commercial broadcasting gained a foothold in the late 1920's with the founding of CBS and NBC, there was a strong movement, joined by organized labor, religious and civil liberties groups, to reserve a significant part of the radio spectrum for noncommercial broadcasting.

Many of these allies hoped that President Franklin D. Roosevelt would side with them. But by the mid-1930's the broadcasters had powerful allies in Congress, and Roosevelt was reluctant to fight them. When Roosevelt signed the Communications Act of 1934, the resistance to commercial broadcasting died, and the new industry tried hard to erase the notion that there had ever been an alternative, according to accounts in Erik Barnouw's multivolume history of American broadcasting and Mr. McChesney's "Telecommunications, Mass Media and Democracy (Oxford, 1993).

By 1937 the president of CBS, William S. Paley, declared of broadcasting that "he who attacks the American system attacks democracy itself."

The notion that commercial radio stifled democracy rather than nourishing it was not entirely dead. It was behind the passage of the 1967 Public Broadcasting Act, followed soon by the creation of the Public Broadcasting Service and National Public Radio.

But in recent years that idea has fared poorly. After the Telecommunications Act of 1996 removed limits on the number of stations a single corporation could own, big media companies engaged in a feeding frenzy. The result has been a drastic decline in the number of independent stations on the dial. By the end of 1999, two companies, Clear Channel Communications and Infinity (a division of Viacom), controlled about a third of the $15.5 billion annual revenue of the radio industry, said James Duncan Jr., president of Duncan's American Radio Inc., which publishes and analyzes industry data.

Critics of commercial radio like Jason Loviglio, an assistant professor at the University of Maryland, argue that this is proof that the advocates of noncommercial radio in the 1920's and 30's were right: big business is killing radio's democratic promise, severely limiting the number of voices that can be heard.

Some conservative scholars argue that less government protection is the way to free up the airwaves. "If you want to advance democratic values through policy, said Thomas Hazlett, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, "the way to get there is opening markets to additional competition."

But to others, the problem with the American system is not too little democracy but too much.

"If you look at the earliest reliable public opinion polls, you'll find antipathy to broadcast advertising is strongest among the well off and well educated," said Clifford J. Doerksen, a visiting professor at the University of Illinois who is completing a book on the early years of radio. "Lower down the socioeconomic scale, people mind it less, even like it. Culturally and economically speaking, the system we developed is the system most people like."

Meanwhile, emerging technologies could transform the debate about radio and democracy. Internet radio stations are already becoming popular, and digital and satellite technology could also expand options available to the average listener.

What many critics of the American system really want, contends Mr. Doerksen, is not so much more democracy as a system more like the one that evolved in Britain, where the British Broadcasting Corporation had a monopoly from its founding in 1927 until the 1950's. The BBC was financed with a tax on receivers, avoiding the need for advertising.

The BBC, however impressive its cultural and political programming, was hardly democratic, Mr. Doerksen said. Its directors refused to survey listeners, rooting their choices in what the BBC's legendary first director, Sir John Reith, called "an active faith that a supply of good things will create a demand for them, not waiting for the demand to express itself." That made for high standards, but listeners grew frustrated with the BBC's austere programming, and its monopoly gradually eroded.

Michele Hilmes, a professor at the University of Wisconsin at Madison who is writing a book comparing public and commercial radio systems throughout the world, said: "You do run into a contradiction. The BBC is very elitist. Commercial radio is very popular, but not in a way that would lead to public service standards. How do you separate out what is popular from what we might like to prescribe in the public interest, which unfortunately the public isn't very interested in?"

Underwood & Underwood

A fox trot at the Vanderbilt Hotel's first wireless concert in 1922.

WNET

Zora Neale Hurston is recalled tonight in "A Walk Through Harlem."

TELEVISION REVIEW NYT Dec. 7, '99

A Stimulating Trip Uptown Without Taking the A Train

By WALTER GOODMAN

A WALK THROUGH HARLEM

Public television stations; check local listings for times and dates

Produced by James Nicoloro. For WNET: Michael A. Fields, executive producer of local programming; Ward Chamberlin, executive in charge.

Harlem — its history and its personalities, its buildings and its neighborhoods — is on vibrant display in "A Walk Through Harlem." If you don't mind the occasional burst of effusiveness, tonight's guide, the architecture historian Barry Lewis, makes as informed a companion as anyone could wish. He is assisted by David Hartman, who helps to keep the conversation moving along with the camera, and by an array of Harlemites with stories to tell.

These 100 minutes start with bucolic photographs, taken in the middle of the 19th century, of what was then, when New York City did not extend much north of Greenwich Village, a suburb for well-to-do whites. The animated Mr. Lewis, who concentrates on North and West Harlem, gives us a look into an elegant house, circa 1880, complete with Tiffany window, mahogany mantelpiece and tile floors.

The coming of the first subway incited a building boom that brought in what Mr. Lewis calls "two groups that the respectable didn't want to be around," blacks and Eastern European Jews. A brisk history of the ever changing neighborhoods introduces luminaries of the Harlem that developed over the years as a cultural center for black America.

Meet Dr. Walter Turnbull, who started the Boys Choir of Harlem in the 1960's and the girls choir the following decade; Arthur Mitchell, who started Dance Theater of Harlem; the jazz pianist Billy Taylor, who recalls the great jam sessions; the widow of James VanDerZee, the noted photographer, examples of whose work enhance the program; and Marcus Garvey Jr., whose father generated the back-to-Africa movement of the 1920's.

And there are tributes to Arthur Alfonso Schomburg, founder of the invaluable Schomburg Library, and eminences of the Harlem Renaissance like Langston Hughes, Claude McKay and Zora Neale Hurston, not to forget Madame C. J. Walker, who made a fortune with her formula for growing hair. "Hope in a jar," Mr. Lewis calls it.

Churches and newspapers, theaters and dance palaces (in which black customers were not always welcome) flourished when Seventh Avenue, as Mr. Lewis exults, was "the great black way." He calls Micheaux's Bookstore "a mecca for black intellectuals," and he reports that when the Hotel Theresa opened its rooms to blacks in 1940, it became the "Waldorf Astoria for Harlem." The Apollo Theater was swinging away on 125th Street, of course, and elegant apartment houses along Edgecombe Avenue in Sugar Hill attracted an elite that included Roy Wilkins and Thurgood Marshall.

It's a bountiful excursion, full of scenes of beauty and energy. No, you will not see much of the less appealing neighborhoods. But given the attention often attracted by bad news, there is something to be said for an upbeat tour.

Downtown, Uptown: Opening Party for the Dark Tower, 1928.

At the peak of the Harlem Renaissance and Prohibition, a hair-straightening heiress named A'Lelia Walker Robinson opened her 136th Street mansion, christened the Dark Tower, as a literary salon and dining club. It was the perfect site for discovering, as Ann Douglas put it, "the potent combination of stimulants and strangers." Rothschilds, rebels and writers, including Langston Hughes and Countee Cullen, drank Ms. Robinson's exquisite Champagne, ignored her reportedly banal conversation and generally "stretched themselves to be as sophisticated as New Yorkers have since casually become," said David Levering Lewis, author of "When Harlem Was in Vogue" (Penguin, 1997).

"If modernism is the metaphor for the 20th century, you couldn't think of a better site for it, for the new mix of things, than Harlem," he added.

Ms. Robinson, a daughter of Mme. C. J. Walker, one of the first black millionaires, hoped her Georgian-style double town house, with its bow front and French interiors, would be a haven for writers and painters. But soon after the Dark Tower opened, something went awry. The place was fabulous, but so were the prices, Mr. Lewis wrote, and there was too strict a door policy, effectively shutting out the very people Ms. Robinson had seemed intent on welcoming. In their place were mainly "the rich, the prominent and the striving," Mr. Lewis wrote, adding, "The artists left hungry."

A Block Party and an Angry Mayor: S

NYT Dec 27 99

ON HER OWN GROUND: The Life and Times of Madam C. J. Walker, *by A'Lelia Bundles. (Lisa Drew/Washington Square/ Pocket Books, $15.)* According to this generous portrait by her great-great-granddaughter, Walker (1867-1919), the inventor of a hair-straightening product that allowed black women to wear the popular styles of the day, overcame a poor childhood to become a brilliant entrepreneur and philanthropist, and an early advocate for women's economic independence. "Bundles's well-paced and well-written book . . . is as much social history as biography, filled with the detail and texture of culture and politics," Margo Jefferson wrote in these pages last year.

ED SWIATKOWSKI

CRAZY RHYTHM: My Journey From Brooklyn, Jazz, and Wall Street to Nixon's White House, Watergate, and Beyond . . . , *by Leonard Garment. (Da Capo, $18.)* Most of this memoir revolves around the author's complex relationship with Richard Nixon, whom he served as adviser, lawyer (in the late stages of the Watergate crisis) and late-night confidant. The result is a "beautifully written book" that "mingles the psychological underworld with the world of power politics," David Brooks wrote here in 1997.

ISLAND, *by Jane Rogers. (Mariner/Houghton Mifflin, $13.)* A girl abandoned at birth vows, at the age of 28, to track down and murder her mother, a quest that takes her to a remote island in western Scotland. Last year our reviewer, Bliss Broyard, found this an ambitious, if flawed, novel whose narrator "catalogs her grievances and failings with such accuracy and lack of sentimentality that you can't help falling under her spell." SCOTT VEALE

Biography

The Strenuous Life

THEODORE REX
By Edmund Morris
Random House. 864 pp. $35

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Edited by H.W. Brands
Cooper Square. 464 pp. $32

Reviewed by by Michael Lind

"Experiences had flashed by him in such number that he was obviously destined to travel a larger landscape of life than were his fellows," Edmund Morris writes near the beginning of *Theodore Rex*, the second volume of his epic three-part biography of Theodore Roosevelt.

"He had been a published author at eighteen, a husband at twenty-two, an acclaimed historian and New York State Assemblyman at twenty-three, a father and a widower at twenty-five, a ranchman at twenty-six, a candidate for Mayor of New York at twenty-seven, a husband again at twenty-eight, a Civil Service Commissioner of the United States at thirty. By then he was producing book after book, and child after child, and cultivating every scientist, politician, artist and intellectual of repute in Washington. His career had gathered further speed: Police Commissioner of New York City at thirty-six, Assistant Secretary of the Navy at thirty-eight, Colonel of the First U.S. Volunteer Cavalry, the 'Rough Riders,' at thirty-nine. At last, in Cuba, had come the consummating 'crowded hour.' A rush, a roar, the sting of his own blood, a surge toward the sky, a smoking pistol in his hand, a soldier in light blue doubling up 'neatly as a jackrabbit.' . . . When the smoke cleared, he had found himself atop Kettle Hill on the Heights of San Juan, with a vanquished empire at his feet."

Passages like these make it clear that, in Edmund Morris, a great president has found a great biographer. This sequel, whose title was coined by Henry James (whom TR detested), is every bit as much a masterpiece of biographical writing as Morris's first installment, *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, which won the Pulitzer Prize and the American Book Award. Among other things, this book makes it clear that Morris's controversial authorized biography of Ronald Reagan, *Dutch*, was the result of a mismatch between subject and author rather than any waning of Morris's ability to transfigure documentary material into literature of the first order.

Like the first volume, this installment of the trilogy is free from disfigurement by experimental literary devices—such as the invention of fictional characters in Morris's life of Reagan. Morris uses the approach of traditional biography with an artistry matched in few recent books about TR other than David McCullough's fine *Mornings on Horseback* (1981). To cite one of many well-chosen anecdotes, Morris observes that, on becoming president, TR had the State Dining Room decorated in keeping with his interests as a hunter and a naturalist: "A disgruntled-looking moose, and some dozen other North American game mammals, stared glassily out from the walls, bracing for years of presidential monologues."

Of course, it is difficult to write an uninteresting biography of Theodore Roosevelt. He was Thomas Jefferson—*and* Lewis and Clark. If his life before the presidency was crammed with incident, his presidency, which began when President William McKinley was assassinated by an immigrant anarchist in 1901, was characterized by innovation and conflict, even in the absence of a single, defining event. With a novelist's instinct for the significant scene and the symbolic detail, Morris recounts Roosevelt's great-power diplomacy (including the detachment of Panama from Colombia and the construction of the Panama Canal), his battles to impose national regulation on big business, his successful crusade to make environmentalism a central concern of the federal government and his struggles to deal with the perennial crisis of race relations, during which he was torn between his humane instincts and the prejudices of his upbringing. TR was a master of the theatrical gesture; when a Moroccan rebel leader, Ahmed ben Mohammed el Raisuli, took Ion Perdicaris, a U.S. citizen, hostage, TR had the State Department send a cable that read: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." (Perdicaris was released.)

Morris deftly embroiders his own narration with the responses of contemporaries to the first American president who became a media celebrity (inspiring, among other pop culture phenomena, the Teddy Bear). His acquaintance Henry Adams turned to metaphysics to describe him: "Roosevelt, more than any other man living within the range of notoriety, showed the singular, primitive quality that belongs to ultimate matter—the quality that medieval theology assigned to God—he was pure act." A French authority on Whitman and Thoreau who wrote a book about TR declared: "To live, for him, has no meaning other than to drive oneself, to act with all one's strength. . . . Those who remain on the sidelines he sees as cowards, and consequently his personal enemies." TR's contemporary and sometime geopolitical rival Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany provided a dubious compliment when he declared, "Thank Heaven, the Anglo-Saxon Germanic race is still able to produce such a specimen." TR's best man, the British diplomat Cecil Spring Rice, put it best when he remarked, "You must always remember that the President is about six."

Like his cousin Franklin in the 1930s, this patrician reformer was considered a traitor to his class by many rich conservatives, who spread the rumor that he was insane, not without some evidence. According to Morris:

"On 28 May, [1902] he was seen hanging from a cable over the Potomac, presumably in some effort to toughen his wrists. Owen Wister caught him walking behind [Secretary of State] John Hay on tiptoe, bowing like an obsequious Oriental. This might or might not have been connected with the fact that Roosevelt was currently studying *jujitsu*. White House groundsmen, unaware that he was a published ornithologist, were puzzled by his habit of standing under trees, motionless, for long periods of time. Hikers in Rock Creek Park learned to take cover when he galloped by, revolver in hand; he had a habit of 'popping' shortsightedly at twigs and stumps with live ammunition."

TR's brilliance and energy radiate through his still-readable books of history, biography and nature study, as well as in his letters. H.W. Brands, the author of *T.R.: The Last Romantic* and a professor of history at Texas A & M University, has edited *The Selected Letters of Theodore Roosevelt*, a one-volume selection from the out-of-print eight-volume edition.

Samples can no more than hint at the sheer diversity of Roosevelt's interests and the power of his mind and personality. Here is TR in 1898, during the Spanish-American War: "The morning after the fight we buried our dead in a great big trench, reading the solemn burial service over them, and all the regiment joining in singing 'Rock of Ages.' The vultures were wheeling overhead by the hundreds. They plucked out the eyes and tore the faces

©BETTMANN / CORBIS
Theodore Roosevelt and the Panama Canal (1905)

and the wounds of the dead Spaniards before we got to them, and even one of our own men who lay in the open." TR in 1901, defending his controversial White House dinner with Booker T. Washington: "The very fact that I felt a moment's qualm on inviting him because of his color made me ashamed of myself and made me hasten to send the invitation." In 1908, in a letter to his son Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., he describes Randolph and Winston Churchill: "I can't help feeling about both of them that the older one *was* a rather cheap character, and the younger one is a rather cheap character. Recently I have been reading my usual odd variety of books, including for the last three or four nights Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks*, which gave me much comfort." TR in the same year, on capitalists: "The criminal and violent poor and the criminal and corrupt rich are in the essentials of character alike." TR in 1908, defending an essay in Colliers in which he had criticized Jack London's novel *White Fang*: "In my article I stated and proved (see page 1325) that London knew nothing whatever about wolves or lynxes. . . . The female lynx up there weighs barely twenty pounds; and London describes such an animal as tearing to pieces the huge fighting wolf six or seven times its weight. As a matter of fact, any capable fighting bull terrier would be an overmatch for such a lynx." TR in 1911, to the British ambassador James Bryce: "I am really pleased that you liked my Dante article. . . . I must say I should thoroughly enjoy having a Dante write of a number of our present-day politicians, labor leaders, and Wall Street people!"

TR's family correspondence shows the consistency between the public figure and the paterfamilias where civic duty was concerned. To his son Quentin, serving in World War I, he writes on March 17, 1918: "Why do'n't [*sic*] you write to Flora, and to her father and mother, asking if she wo'n't [*sic*] come abroad and marry you?? As for your getting killed, or ordinarily crippled, afterwards, why she would a thousand times rather have married you than not have married you under these conditions; and as for the extraordinary kinds of crippling, they are rare, and anyway we have to take certain chances in life." After Quentin was killed, TR writes to a relative: "It is no use pretending that Quentin's death is not very terrible. It is most so for poor Flora who is staying here with Ethel, as we are. But it is almost as hard for Mother. . . . Evidently Archie is crippled, at least for many months to come, and I wish he would come home. . . . Ted has apparently recovered from the gassing, and will soon recover from the bullet wounds in his leg; I am so glad he is with Eleanor." It is easy to imagine what TR would have thought about the diverse gambits by which George W. Bush, Bill Clinton, Al Gore and Dan Quayle avoided combat duty in the Vietnam War.

Comparing Roosevelt to his contemporary successors in American politics, it is easy to conclude that presidential history, as Henry Adams remarked of the sequence from Washington to Grant, refutes the theory of evolution. But TR would have dismissed such demoralizing nostalgia. In a letter of April 27, 1906, he berated his friend the novelist Owen Wister: "You also continually speak as if we have fallen steadily away from the high standard of our past. . . . My forefathers, northerners and southerners alike, fought in the Revolutionary army. . . . But while they had many excellent qualities I think they were lacking as a whole in just the traits in which we are lacking today; and I do not think they were as fine, on the whole, as we are now. . . . Thirty years ago politics in this country were distinctly more corrupt than they are now, and I believe that the general tone was a little more sordid and that there was a little less of realizable idealism." This final period of TR's life should make the third book in Morris's biographical trilogy as fascinating and entertaining as *Theodore Rex* and *The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, which seem to illustrate an aphorism by William Blake: "Energy is eternal delight." The life and letters of Theodore Roosevelt are evidence that greatness is always rare—and always possible. ■

Michael Lind, a senior fellow at the New America Foundation, is the author, with Ted Halstead, of "The Radical Center: The Future of American Politics."

When Europe Went to War

By Eric Felten

When Glenn Miller joined the Army Air Forces in World War II, his first assignment was to lead a military band at Yale, playing for cadets marching around the New Haven green. Playing tired marches wasn't exactly what Miller had had in mind when he formed an Army band made up of stars from the best dance bands of the day. Soon he had Ray McKinley out on the field drumming out a hybrid swing-march beat to "The St. Louis Blues." The commander of cadets was not amused. "Look, Capt. Miller," he said. "We played those Sousa marches straight in the last war and we did all right, didn't we?" "You certainly did, Major," Miller replied. "But tell me one thing: Are you still flying the same planes you flew in the last war, too?"

Ismael Roldan

The major's mistake wasn't just in trying to limit Miller to "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Not every Army band was playing it straight in the Great War. The most celebrated military band of World War I was led by Lt. James Reese Europe. Famous for its ragtime syncopation, blues and jazz, the band of the all-black 369th Regiment even performed "The St. Louis Blues"—that is, when it wasn't fighting in the trenches.

Before the war, Jim Europe was at the top of the society music business in New York. After spending most of the aught-years on the road with a black theater troupe, in 1910 Europe settled in New York, where he helped to found the Clef Club, a sort of booking agency/union for black musicians. He organized and conducted the Clef Club Symphony Orchestra, which made its Carnegie Hall debut to a sold-out house in 1912. By the next year, Europe was the bandleader for Vernon and Irene Castle, the Fred and Ginger of that decade. Among the musicians performing with Europe were Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle, who would become prominent songwriters in the 1920s. According to Reid Badger's excellent 1995 biography of Europe, "A Life in Ragtime," the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Astors, Harrimans "and even Diamond Jim Brady" danced to Jim Europe's Society Orchestra.

When the New York National Guard began to organize a Harlem regiment in 1916, Europe was one of the first to join up. "Our race will never amount to anything," he told his friend Sissle, "unless there are strong organizations of men who stand for something in the community." He persuaded Sissle to enlist too. When the regiment's colonel learned he had the city's best bandleader in his outfit, he handed Europe a baton and sent him out to get a regimental band on parade.

Within a year, U.S. soldiers were headed Over There. But when the 15th Regiment arrived in France on New Year's Day, 1918, the U.S. Army wasn't ready for an all-black combat unit commanded by black officers. And so it was attached to the French army, and renamed the 369th Infantry Regiment. It didn't take long for the Harlem unit to earn its reputation and nickname—the "Hellfighters."

Lt. Europe was one of the first African-American officers to lead men in combat in World War I. Patrolling the "no man's land" between the trenches, he was shelled and shot at, and was nearly mowed down by friendly fire. A German barrage of poison gas landed Europe in a field hospital.

When Sissle came to visit the wounded Europe, he found the lieutenant sitting up, writing music. The song was "On Patrol in No Man's Land," which would become one of the Hellfighters Band's signature songs. Europe's arrangement was complete with the heavy wallop of bass drums for the exploding "Boche" shells and the sharp report of snare drums mimicking the machine guns. Sissle can be heard singing it on a CD released in 1996 by the Memphis Archives label, a disc that brings together the 24 tunes the band recorded in 1919 for the French Pathé record company.

Those recordings capture the mix of music the Hellfighters Band played. There were ragtime marches, sentimental "plantation" medleys, novelty songs, W.C. Handy blues tunes, and—with swooping slidehorns on "That Moaning Trombone"—an early sort of big-band jazz. Writer Irvin Cobb described the band's effect on drilling soldiers: "The music poured in at their ears and ran down to their heels, and instead of marching they literally danced their way along."

In August 1918, the Hellfighters band came to Paris to play at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, where, Europe told a New York newspaper, "Before we had played two numbers the audience went wild." The Army brass took notice and kept the band in Paris for two months, playing at hospitals, camps and parks. The Hellfighters started the jazz craze that would later seize Paris.

Lt. Europe had been shot at, shelled and gassed by the time the Armistice was signed, 87 years ago tomorrow. But the band's triumphant homecoming tour would prove to be his most hazardous mission.

By May 9, 1919, he and his band were in Boston. The Hellfighters put on more than just a band concert. The show featured a variety of acts from within the band's ranks—a vocal harmony group, a trombone choir, a string duo. One of the band's drummers, Herbert Wright, had a habit of wandering across the stage during the feature acts, and of being nowhere to be found when it was time for the drum-section spotlight. During intermission that night in Boston, and not for the first time, Europe had to correct Wright's stage manners. "Lt. Europe, you don't treat me right," the drummer protested, launching into a litany of gripes. But Europe had turned to talk to some backstage visitors. That's when the drummer screamed, "Jim Europe, I'll kill you!"

Europe turned and saw that Herbert Wright was armed, just barely, with a pen-knife. He just waved the drummer off: "Herbert, get out of here." Before he could say more, Wright lunged across the room, his knife going for Europe's throat. As the drummer was dragged away, Europe wrapped a handkerchief around his bleeding neck and sent his assistant conductor out to lead the second half of the concert. Noble Sissle sat backstage with Europe as they waited for an ambulance. Leaving for the hospital, Europe reminded Sissle to have the band at the Massachusetts State House the next morning for a concert.

There would be no concert there: Europe died during the night.

Mr. Felten is a jazz singer and trombonist. His first PBS concert special was "The Big Band Sound of WWII." He writes the biweekly "How's Your Drink?" column for the Journal's Pursuits section.

…per . . . and Salt

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

for governor and members of the legislature was held, and William G. Brownlow, who had been nominated by the convention, was elected. He was inaugurated on April 5, and Tennessee again came under a civil government.

CHAPTER III

THE CIVIL WAR IN EAST TENNESSEE

IN THE preceding chapters the progress and success of the secession movement were described. It will be recalled that, although secession became an accomplished fact in June, 1861, this was accomplished only as a result of the victory of a numerical majority over the forces of a vigorous, influential, and well organized minority. In Middle and West Tennessee the members of this minority group, who had been drawn largely from the old Whig party, almost without exception acquiesced in the result of the June election, found their way into the Confederate forces, and became valiant defenders of the Southern cause. There was no significant body of organized and articulate Union sentiment in these sections subsequent to June, 1861. In East Tennessee, however, the situation was entirely different. There the Unionists, alleging that the decision at the polls on June 8 was fraudulently obtained, refused to abide by its results. They allied themselves with the new Republican party and continued, with fierce and unrelenting hostility, their opposition to the forces that had disrupted the Union. As a consequence civil war with all of its horrors broke out in East Tennessee, and the animosities and hardships which were then created were long remembered. They bore a very significant and important influence upon several of the leaders of the subsequent period of reconstruction in Tennessee.

As the supporters of the Confederacy in East Tennessee were largely of the wealthy and aristocratic classes in the cities, while the Unionists came from the non-slaveholding classes in the rural and mountainous region, the war in that region assumed the character of a class strug-

gle as well as a political and military contest.[1] The contempt of the Unionists for the members of the aristocracy was very accurately expressed by William G. Brownlow when he described the latter as "descendants in direct line from some old foreigners who had been sold out upon shares to pay their passage to this country . . . who had taken their start in life by peddling upon pins and needles, by spading up gardens for other people, or by entering other people's lands, and, by hook or crook, securing their titles."[2] These two classes were innately and fundamentally incapable of understanding each other, chiefly because of their divergent social and economic interests. Inhabiting a region unsuited for the production of cotton, the Unionists of East Tennessee owned few slaves, and they followed William G. Brownlow in refusing to aid in inaugurating "a new reading of the Ten Commandments, so as to teach that the *chief end of Man is Nigger.*"[3] On the other hand there was a disposition on the part of the slaveholders of the region to regard the Unionists as levellers, dangerous to the security of the institutions of the country.

To these fundamental social and economic differences must be added, as circumstances engendering animosity and distrust, the political and religious dissensions which were inflamed among the people by a group of clergymen, orators, and journalists. "No class of churchmembers," declared the Knoxville *Whig,* "have been so intemperate and as proscriptive as those preachers who have entered into this contest. The result is, that in all of the congregations of the country, there is a division in sentiment, and a portion of the congregations are unwilling to hear these men preach."[4] Among these agitators no one ex-

[1] Thomas W. Humes, *The Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee,* p. 61.
[2] Knoxville *Whig,* Feb. 20, 1864.
[3] William G. Brownlow, *Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession,* p. 29.
[4] Knoxville *Whig,* Aug. 31, 1861.

ceeded in force and vituperation the man who was here denouncing them, William G. Brownlow, and in force and acrimony he was followed closely by his sometime associate, Andrew Johnson.

Both of these men were active in the campaign against secession in 1861. A fair specimen of this activity is given in the account of an eye witness of Johnson's speech at Jonesboro, on May 6, 1861,

> Such a time has never been since I have lived in the place. J[ohnson] rose to speak. The crowd at once commenced *booing, booing,* until it finally deafened you. He gave back for a little while, and then came forward and commenced. Such groans and cursing you never heard. They cursed him for a *God Damed Traitor*—told him he was hired by Lincoln to make speeches, asked how much he got—he again sat down. The crowd said Nelson might speak, but he should not. Nelson came forward and commenced. Some groaned for him a while, but he went on and did not speak long until a shower came up and he quit. A few went down into the basement story of the courthouse (which has been used as a *necessary* for a year or so), and Johnson spoke to a few old sore back union shriekers. The boys would occasionally thrust through the window a secession flag, and ball for him. When he went to start out to Nelson's they raised the shout, groaned and *booed* him out of town. . . . You never saw such a time. Men on horses ripping up and down the streets, screaming upon the top of their voices, "you damed traitor, you damed traitor."[5]

The character of the oratory and procedure indulged in by Johnson during this campaign was calculated to arouse rather than to allay animosity. On June 7 he spoke at Kingston, and the scene was vividly described by John Bell Brownlow, the son of William G. Brownlow, who had gone to warn Johnson that an attempt would be made upon his life if he boarded the train for Knoxville that night. "When I reached Kingston," said Brownlow, "Nelson, Johnson, and Trigg were speaking. Nelson was sitting on the stand asleep, and there was a large bucket

[5] Letter of W. H. Crouch to L. C. Haynes, May 6, 1861, in Nelson Papers.

all the water-courses in America flow up stream; when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves; when birds talk, and beasts of burden laugh; when damned spirits swap hell for heaven with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whiskey; when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed,—you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats!

I join the Democrats! Never, so long as there are sects in churches, weeds in gardens, fleas in hog-pens, dirt in victuals, disputes in families, wars with nations, water in the ocean, bad men in America, or base women in France! No, Jordan Clark, you may hope, you may congratulate, you may reason, you may sneer, but that cannot be. The thrones of the Old World, the courts of the universe, the governments of the world, may all fall and crumble into ruin,—the New World may commit the national suicide of dissolving this Union,—but all this, and more, must occur before I join the Democracy!

I join the Democracy! Jordan Clark, you know not what you say. When I join Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church. When Jordan Clark, of Arkansas, is President of the Republic of Great Britain by the universal suffrage of a contented people; when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert by a county court in Kansas; when Congress obliges, by law, James Buchanan to marry a European princess; when the Pope leases the Capitol at Washington for his city residence; when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected Senators in Congress from New Mexico; when good men cease to go to heaven, or bad men to hell; when this world is turned upside down; when proof is afforded, both clear and unquestionable that there is no God; when men turn to ants, and ants to elephants,—I will change my political faith and come out on the side of Democracy.[10]

Brownlow's editorials in the Knoxville *Whig* displayed his intense hatred of the Confederacy. The following is characteristic of the general tenor of these editorials,

> If we had the power, we would arm and uniform in Federal habiliments all the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea—every wolf, panther, catamount, and bear in the mountains of America—every tiger, elephant, and lion in Europe—every

[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 62-64.

> rattlesnake and crocodile in the swamps of Florida and South Carolina—every negro in the Southern Confederacy, and every devil in Hell, and turn them loose upon the Confederacy. Nay, we would poison the very air they breathe, the water they drink, and the food they eat. We would convert Hell itself into one great torpedo, and have it exploded under the very center of the Confederacy. Aye, we say put down the rebellion, and force rebels to lay down their arms, if, in so doing, we have to exterminate from God's green earth every living human being South of the Mason and Dixon's Line.[11]

Concerning Forest and Hardee, two prominent Confederate officers, he wrote on one occasion,

> Had we our wish, we would throw Hell wide open, and place all such beastlike men and officers upon an inclined plane, at an angle of forty-five degrees, grease the plane with hog's lard six inches thick, with a wicket at the bottom, and send them, as one stream of traitors, robbers, and assassins, into the hottest part of the infernal regions.[12]

Likewise he was adept in appealing to the freedom-loving and democratic instincts of the Anglo-Saxons of the East Tennessee highlands. He constantly urged upon them the fact that,

> We can never live in a Southern Confederacy and be made hewers of wood and drawers of water for a set of aristocrats and overbearing tyrants. . . . We have no interest in common with the Cotton States. We are a grain growing and stock raising people, and we can conduct a cheap government, inhabiting the Switzerland of America.[13]

His pen was extremely active in calling upon the Unionists of the region to speak out "in these times that try men's souls."[14]

Another cause for discontent in East Tennessee was the physical and material devastation wrought by the contending armies and by the depredations of camp followers and guerrillas on both sides. These "bush-

[11] Knoxville *Whig*, Aug. 10, 1865.
[12] *Ibid.*, Jan. 30, 1864.
[13] *Ibid.*, Jan. 26, 1861.
[14] *Ibid.*, Dec. 15, 1860.

whackers'' and ''partisan rangers'' especially deserve the most severe condemnation. Of them, Daniel Sullins, an East Tennessee clergyman, wrote,

> There were many good men who were Union men in the country, but they were powerless to prevent the state of things. They might have done a little better than they did, maybe, if they had tried hard. But let it be written as history that it was not the men who wore the blue and the gray and stood on the firing line in the day of battle who did these cowardly things. No, it was whelps from another kennel, who cowardly came out after the killing was over, with the instincts of a hyena to get what they could out of the offal. I will not particularise the fiendish acts that characterized and disgraced the time. Let them go unnamed and be forgotten.[15]

At first the people of East Tennessee were disposed to occupy a neutral position, but experience soon demonstrated that this was impossible. Because of the strategic value of the region, it was inevitable that both the North and the South would attempt to occupy it. The Richmond *Enquirer* called it the ''Keystone of the Southern arch.'' Not only did its passes afford avenues for the armies to pass between the upper and the lower South, but it was also a great storehouse of salt and bacon, scarce and precious necessities of the soldier's life. Its tremendous value, thus, justified almost any measure calculated to secure it.

The attention of statesmen and military men in the North was early directed to East Tennessee. This fact, together with the urgent requests for aid which came from the region, should have brought the Union forces into East Tennessee during the first few weeks of the struggle. The government, however, moved with disastrous slowness. As early as May, 1861, Andrew Johnson and Horace Maynard besieged the President for prompt aid, and in October William Blount Carter wrote to General

[15] Daniel Sullins, *Recollections of an Old Man; Seventy Years in Dixie*, pp. 195-96.

Thomas that ''whoever is the leader of a successful expedition into East Tennessee will receive from these grateful people a crown of glory of which anyone might be well proud.''[16] A Southern sympathizer wrote to Jefferson Davis in November that these people ''look for the establishment of the Federal authority with as much confidence as the Jews look for the coming of the Messiah, and I feel quite sure when I assert that no event or circumstance can change or modify their hope.''[17] Moreover, the President was, from the beginning, impressed with the importance of occupying the region, and in this view he was supported by General Thomas, then operating in Kentucky. Some supplies and arms were sent in June,[18] and in October Lincoln pressed upon the war department the necessity of occupying Cumberland Gap, the outlet from East Tennessee to Virginia and Kentucky. When McClellan became commander-in-chief in November he assigned this task to his personal friend, General Buell, who was unfortunately bent upon striking at the center of the Confederate authority at Nashville. Johnson and Maynard telegraphed him that ''our people are oppressed and pursued as beasts of the forest; the government must come to their relief,''[19] but Buell remained inactive, maturing his own plans, and meeting the importunities of Lincoln and McClellan with evasive replies until the Confederate occupation of East Tennessee was complete.[20] As a result the Union objective failed, and these faithful people were forced to undergo two years of extreme privation before deliverance came.

[16] *O.R.*, series I, vol. IV, p. 230.

[17] Letter of A. C. Graham to Jefferson Davis, Goodspeed, *History of Tennessee*, p. 485.

[18] *O.R.*, series I, vol. LII, part II, p. 115.

[19] *Ibid.*, series I, vol. VII, p. 480.

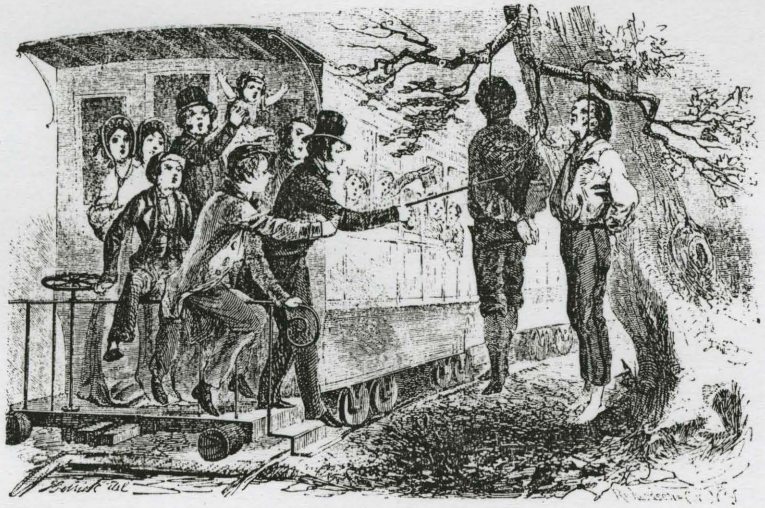
[20] C. R. Hall, *op. cit.*, p. 18. This is the administration view of Buell's conduct. Historians have differed as to the advisability of his plans; some claim that his plan to strike at the enemy's main force was better calculated than that of Lincoln and McClellan. It is certain, however, that the lack of candor in Buell's dispatches put him in bad odor with the administration.

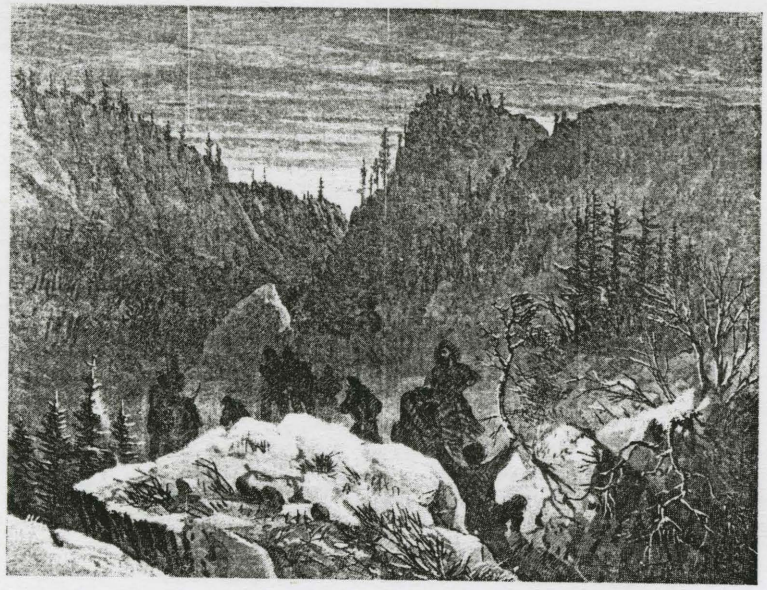
Meanwhile the Confederates had been much more keenly aware of the advantage of possessing the region. Many of the accounts of their brutality and outrages are doubtless exaggerated, but it is certain that they were determined, by fair means or foul, to control the eastern part of the state. In August General Felix K. Zollicoffer was designated to reclaim it for the Confederacy. In an address to the people of East Tennessee he promised moderation and conciliation. "The military authorities," he said, "are not here to offend or injure the people, but to insure peace to their homes, by repelling invasion and preventing the horrors of civil war. Treason to the state government cannot, will not, be tolerated. But perfect freedom of the ballot-box has and will be accorded and no man's rights, property, or privileges shall be disturbed."[21] This policy failed, however, to effect the desired results, and more stringest measures were adopted. Crops were confiscated and sent South, and the Confederate conscription act was put into operation, tearing many Unionists from their homes for unwilling service in the ranks of the enemy.

One of the most important aspects of these stringent measures was the harsh treatment accorded to those persons suspected of bridge-burning. In many respects the burning of the East Tennessee bridges was one of the most hazardous events of the whole war. The execution of this attempt was arranged by the Rev. William Blount Carter,[22] after consultation with Lincoln, Seward, and

[21] Knoxville *Whig*, Aug. 10, 1861.

[22] Carter was a Presbyterian minister living at Elizabethton. He received from the Federal Government the sum of $20,000 for his activity in arranging the scheme for burning the bridges. The plans were carried into upper East Tennessee by his wife disguised as a mother going to visit a wounded son. William Blount Carter was the brother of General Samuel P. Carter. The latter was a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and was serving in the navy when the war broke out. Upon the urgent request of President Lincoln he resigned from the naval service and took command of the Federal forces in East Tennessee, with the rank of brigadier-general. After the war he reëntered the navy and rose to the rank of rear-admiral.





Top: CONFEDERATE SYMPATHIZERS REVILING THE CORPSES OF FRY AND HENSIE WHO HAD BEEN HANGED FOR BRIDGE BURNING. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

Bottom: EAST TENNESSEE UNIONISTS ESCAPING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO JOIN THE UNION ARMY. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

McClellan, and the plan was to burn, on the same night, nine bridges between Stevenson, Alabama, and Bristol, thus rendering useless 265 miles of railway and impeding the transportation of troops and supplies to the battlefields of Northern Virginia. On the appointed night five of the bridges were burned, and, although Carter escaped, five of his associates were hanged under instruction from Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate secretary of war.[23] The execution of two of these men, Fry and Hensie, was particularly fiendish and brutal. According to the current report they were hanged upon the same limb of an oak tree close by the track of the East Tennessee Railroad, and the trains were ordered to pass by them slowly, so that the passengers could see, kick and strike with canes their dead bodies, from the front and rear platforms of the cars, as they passed. After two days, however, such natural processes developed that the bodies had to be taken down in order that the passengers might pass the spot without offense. The military authorities also directed that many prominent Union men, suspected of various acts, ranging from uttering "Union talk" to bridge-burning, should be imprisoned at Knoxville or sent to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where they suffered greatly.[24] Brownlow's *Whig* was suppressed, and the editor was committed to jail.[25]

Becoming restive under this condition of things and hoping for relief from the North, the Unionists began to organize military forces. As early as July Brownlow stated that there were 10,000 of them under arms,[26] and

He is said to have been the only man in the history of the United States to rise to such eminence in both branches of the service.

[23] *O.R.*, series I, vol. IV, p. 231.

[24] These events are recounted in some detail in Brownlow's *Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession.* See especially pp. 311-12. Other good accounts will be found in Humes, *The Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee,* and Temple, *East Tennessee and the Civil War.*

[25] Knoxville *Whig,* Oct. 24, 1861. Brownlow might have avoided this inconvenience merely by taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy but this he refused to do.

[26] *O.R.*, series I, vol. IV, pp. 365-66.

by November they had grown bold enough to avow their purpose to resist the authority of the Confederacy. "The Union feeling in this county is intense," wrote T. J. Cannon from Loudon, "and all they want, in my opinion, to induce a general uprising is encouragement from the Lincoln armies. They have a great many arms, and they are actually manufacturing Union flags to receive the refugee Tennesseans when they return."[27] "A worse state of feeling never prevailed in East Tennessee than at the present moment," wrote R. G. Fain to Judah P. Benjamin. "The belief that the enemy are about to enter our borders has emboldened them to such an extent that there is no telling what they may do."[28]. A Southern sympathizer wrote to Jefferson Davis,

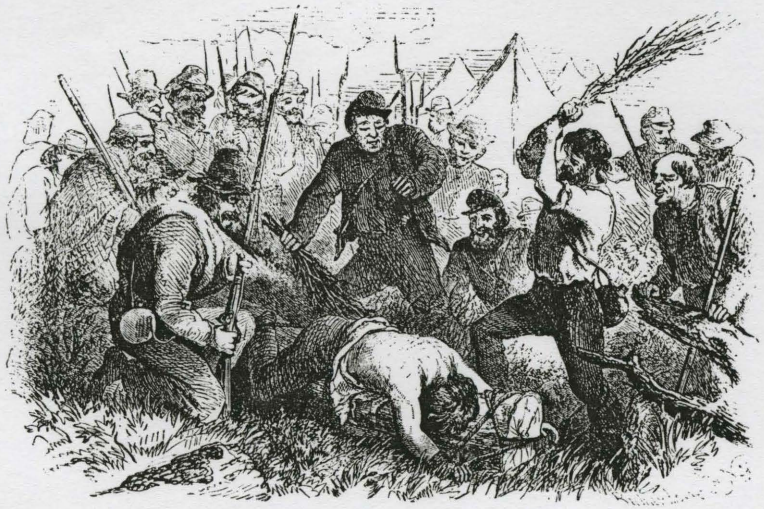
> In my passage through East Tennessee I found a much more hostile and embittered feeling toward the Confederate Government than I had supposed to exist. I found the emissaries of the Lincoln Government actively and constantly engaged in exciting hatred and animosity towards our government. I believe the people only await the occasion to revolt against the Confederate Government.[29]

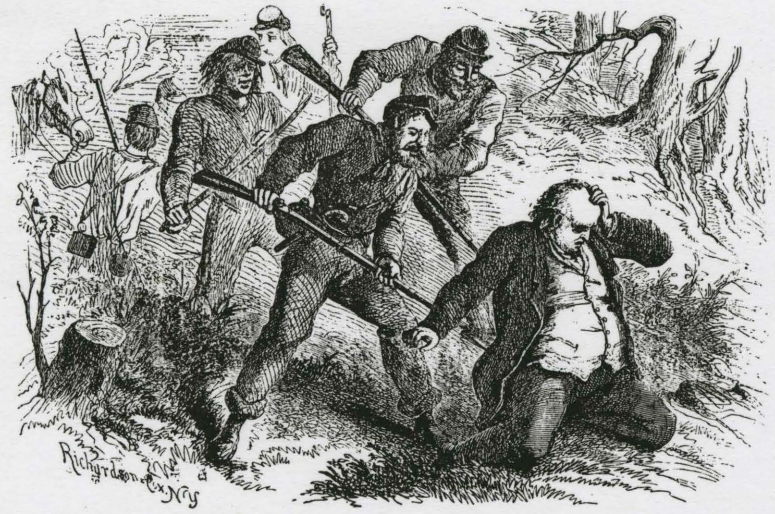
A similar view was expressed in the correspondence of the Union Men. William Blount Carter wrote from Kingston that,

> This whole country is in a wretched condition; a perfect despotism reigns here. The Union men of East Tennessee are longing and praying for the hour when they can break their fetters. The loyalty of our people increases with the oppressions they have to bear. Men and women weep for joy when I merely hint to them that the day of our deliverance is at hand.[30]

In Morgan County the same writer found the Union people "firm and unwavering in their devotion to our government, and anxious to have an opportunity to assist in saving it." The Confederates, he found, were continuing "to arrest and imprison our people."[31]

[27] *Ibid.*, p. 233.
[28] *Ibid.*, p. 231.
[29] *Ibid.*, pp. 369-70.
[30] *Ibid.*, p. 329.
[31] *Ibid.*, series II, vol. I, pp. 889-90.





Top: REBELS WHIPPING A MAN FOR EXPRESSING UNION SENTIMENTS IN EAST TENNESSEE. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

Bottom: BRUTAL TREATMENT OF THE REV. WM. H. H. DUGGAN BY THE REBELS. DUGGAN WAS A METHODIST MINISTER AND HAD PRAYED FOR THE UNION. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

Many went North to join the Union armies. Camp Dick Robinson in Kentucky offered them a convenient rendezvous, and Dan Ellis, "the great Union guide," piloted hundreds of loyalists across the mountains to this post.[32]

Determining to hold the region at all costs the Confederates inaugurated a reign of terror. Vigilance committees prowled over the country, armed to the teeth, arresting men on suspicion of hostility to the new government, and shooting others down. The Unionists then, despairing at length of relief from the North and regarding their houses and lives in danger, formed themselves into secret "bushwhacking" societies, shot Confederates from ambush and destroyed their property. This is turn maddened the Confederates and provoked them to savage retaliation. A civil and guerrilla war was thus begun, the horrors of which almost defy description. The fact that the Confederate armies were composed largely of Tennesseans, who were bitter political enemies of the Unionists and who keenly realized that, in the event of failure, they had to expect the penalty of treason at the hands of vindictive local enemies, tended to intensify their cruelty. On the other hand, the Unionists, deprived of the stabilizing force and discipline of a regular military organization, were unrestrained in their acts. The Confederates, operating from their center at Knoxville, terrorized the country. In October Robertson Topp wrote that,

> More than one hundred persons have been arrested in East Tennessee, without warrants in some cases, marched great distances, and carried into court on no other charge than that they were Union men. In one case an old man named Duggan, a Methodist preacher, was arrested and carried 50 miles on foot—he a large fleshy man—refused the privilege of riding his own horse, and all they had against him was that in February last he prayed for the Union. . . . Arrests are made by W. G. Swan, William

[32] These exploits were described, in a somewhat exaggerated manner, by Ellis himself in, *Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the Great Union Guide of East Tennessee.*

Churchwell, John Crozier, John Crozier Ramsey, and others. . . . It is said that these men have private griefs and malice to gratify, and that they mean to bring down the avenging arm of the government to satisfy their passions.[33]

The Union leaders were silenced, and their papers were suppressed. The Confederate press waged an active propaganda, however. The Knoxville *Register* became the organ of the Confederate government, and a violent campaign was launched against the Unionists through its columns. In December, 1861, the *Register* stated that,

The time has come when their devotion to the memories of the past must yield to the exigencies of the present. The Union is now finally dissolved; the Federal Government is no longer administered according to the principles of the constitution, and each day's developments reveal more clearly the ultimate designs and fell purposes of the Northern people and government to crush out the most cherished institution and the most sacred rights of the South. The government at Washington has declared its purpose to abolish the institution of slavery and to subjugate the South to the military despotism which now rules supreme over all the states of the North; and the time has come for the people of East Tennessee to awake to a full consciousness of the part their interest and honor alike require them to take in the pending contest between the North and South, between liberty and despotism.[34]

In October of the following year the same paper stated that,

There breathes not a sane man in East Tennessee who will not acknowledge that the tastes of our people have been corrupted; that a radicalism in politics and religion has not been engendered; that feuds have not been created by the violence and acrimony with which politicians and parties have conducted their struggle for the ascendency in this portion of the state. We have been driven by the force of circumstances to give utterance to feelings embittered by the assaults of a press which once existed in this city, that did more to destroy the harmony of

[33] *O.R.*, series I, vol. IV, pp. 476-77.
[34] Knoxville *Register*, Dec. 20, 1861.

our people, to sow dissension in churches and among families and friends than any other publication ever issued in our country.[35] It never addressed itself to the reason of its readers but to the worst passions of men. It never argued any proposition, but was filled with fiercest denunciations, the most ribald jests, the vilest slanders. It spared neither the living nor the dead. The private character of no one escaped pollution; the very gravestones of departed statesmen and heroes were lifted up, and shafts of malice and hate were leveled at the reeking corpses of the entombed.[36]

Thomas W. Humes, who was living in East Tennessee at the time, wrote that,

Words of bitterness and wrath against the "yankees" and against Union men under several opprobrious names were freely used. Alienations of close kinsmen and ruptures of friendly relations were widened and deepened. Other swords there are besides those of steel wielded in civil wars, quite as sharp and effective as they in wounding feelings and cutting through social ties, as are metallic blades in severing limbs and piercing bodies.[37]

More serious and moderate men, however, lamented and regretted that such a state of affairs should have come to pass. David Deaderick wrote in his diary that,

God is doubtless punishing the whole people North and South for their sins. The nation had forgotten God, had magnified herself against Him. Had prospered as never nation had prospered before, and had never in thankfulness looked to the great source of all these blessings. Had deserted God's sabbaths, and in many ways repudiated his authority, and he has permitted the vile passions of men to rule them, and a cause of quarrel, which could have been, and should have been, adjusted peacefully, has brought on this terrible war.[38]

The following year, 1862, brought no relief. "Disloyalty increases here," wrote J. G. M. Ramsey to Gov-

[35] Clearly a reference to Brownlow's *Whig*.
[36] Knoxville *Register*, Oct. 10, 1862.
[37] Thomas W. Humes, *op. cit.*, p. 122.
[38] David Deaderick, Diary, p. 53. Deaderick was a Knoxville merchant, and his diary runs from 1825 to 1872. Typewritten copy in the Lawson McGhee Library.

ernor Harris. "Smith is in an enemy's country. You and the Richmond government never would believe how much of Lincolnism is spread over all East Tennessee."[39] Under such circumstances the Confederates met with little success in enforcing their conscription act. In April General E. Kirby Smith wrote to the Confederate adjutant-general that,

> Every effort made by the state authorities to call out the militia of East Tennessee has proved unavailing. The county officers chosen in the recent state elections are generally open advocates of the Federal Government. The people only await the appearance of a Northern army to range themselves under their banner.[40]

At the same time Smith wrote to Major R. A. Washington, the assistant adjutant at Richmond, advocating the application of martial law in the region. He was firmly of the belief that this measure was an absolute necessity, since,

> But six counties in East Tennessee are friendly to us; the others are disloyal; many in open revolt, in which there are organized armed bands that oppress men of Southern principles. In the recent state elections open and avowed supporters of the Federal Government have been elected to almost every office, and they will be installed on Monday next. Under their administration little justice will be meted to loyal citizens.[41]

With the introduction of martial law the Confederates were able to maintain a nominal ascendancy in East Tennessee for a time. In this they were facilitated by the heroic action of the Knoxville *Register* and by the resentment which the Emancipation Proclamation caused among the slaveholders of the region. When Thomas A. R. Nelson, formerly a strong and avowed Unionist, saw this document he issued an "Address to the People of East Tennessee" in which he affirmed that,

[39] Letter of J. G. M. Ramsey to Harris, Mar. 18, 1862, in Harris Papers.
[40] *O.R.*, series I, vol. X, part I, pp. 385-6.
[41] *Ibid.*, p. 390.

> The last link is broken which bound me to the government for which my ancestors fought, and, whatever may be the course of others, I shall feel it my duty to encourage the most persevering and determined resistance against the tyrants and usurpers of the Federal administration who have blasted our hopes and are cruelly seeking to destroy the last vestige of freedom among us.[42]

In February, 1863, the *Register*, in a spirited editorial, issued a statement of "The Demands of the Crisis," declaring that,

> It is time for every one who has the least spark of patriotism in his heart—every one who professes himself a citizen of Tennessee, and every one who would rather be a southern freeman than a bond slave of a yankee taskmaster, to be bestirring himself to see what he can contribute, either in personal services, money, or moral support, for the rescue of Tennessee from the grinding oppression of the foe that seeks her subjugation. Every city, every town, hamlet, and country cross-roads should be ablaze with the fire of indignant patriotism; the air should resound with the notes of the spirit-stirring drum, with the clang of arms, and the shouts of defiance to the invaders.[43]

What this enthusiasm would have resulted in can only be conjectured, for in September, 1863, the Union army under Burnside entered East Tennessee and occupied Knoxville. The situation was now reversed, the status of the Confederates changing from that of occupiers to that of invaders. On the whole, however, conditions were not improved, and in many cases they grew even worse. Daniel Sullins wrote that,

> The worst elements of society were aroused, and bad men took occasion to vent their spite on such as they did not like. Old family feuds broke out afresh, and the land was full of murders and robbery. Bands of the worst men seized the opportunity, scoured the country by night, calling quiet old farmers to their doors and shooting them down in cold blood. This caused other bands to unite and retaliate. It was the reign of terror—war at every man's door, neighbor against neighbor. Neither property or life was safe by day or night.[44]

[42] *Ibid.*, series I, vol. XVI, part II, pp. 909-11.
[43] Knoxville *Register*, Feb. 13, 1862. [44] Daniel Sullins, *op. cit.*, p. 262.

Many lawless acts were committed by the Federals on persons and property. There was a determination to retaliate upon the Confederates for the treatment which the Unionists had received at the hands of the former. In his diary David Deaderick described the state of affairs in and around Knoxville in December, 1863,

> Citizens were arrested, in many cases Union men, so called, at the instance of a personal enemy or on some frivolous charge and put in prison. The county jail was used, and the house at the northwest corner of Main and Prince Street near the Courthouse. In many cases the prisoners were left ignorant of the charges made against them. Some have lain in jail for weeks or months, who were finally discharged, nothing having been established against them. No redress could be had by the sufferers in such cases or outrages. The property of citizens, both union and secession, has been taken from them by the military and doubtless without authority often. Some of it has been paid for at their own price, but in numerous instances no payment has been made. The plea of military necessity must satisfy the sufferer.[45]

Many refugee Tennesseans now returned, eager to recoup their lost fortunes and to take vengeance upon their former oppressors. Among these refugees was the implacable Brownlow. In October, 1861, his newspaper had been closed and he committed to prison. After remaining in the Knoxville jail until December, where, according to his journal, he was grossly ill-treated, he wrote to Judah P. Benjamin the Confederate secretary of war, "You are reported to have said to a gentleman in Richmond that I am a bad man, dangerous to the Confederacy, and that you desire me out of it. Just give me my passports, and I will do more for your Confederacy than the devil has ever done—I will quit the country."[46] Benjamin accepted this gratuitous proposal, and Brownlow was shortly afterward sent through the lines

[45] David Deaderick, Diary, p. 69. Dec. 30, 1863.

[46] William G. Brownlow, *Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession*, p. 318.

to the North. His family was sent after him with little ceremony, and although he made considerable money by lecturing in the North, he was a heavy financial loser in the war.[47] Although he was accused of having a desire to profit materially by the success of the Union army and the confiscation of property, there seems to be little evidence to show that he was guilty of this. It is true, however, that, remembering his ill-treatment in the Knoxville jail, he desired revenge upon those who had been active in securing his imprisonment. His wrath was especially directed toward John Crozier Ramsey and the Confederate district attorney, John H. Crozier. Through his instrumentality the latter was committed to the chain gang where he died of ill treatment and humiliation.[48]

Brownlow re-established his newspaper under the title of the Knoxville *Whig and Rebel Ventillator* and began anew, and even more fiercely, his attacks upon the Confederate government. The following excerpt from one of his editorials is typical of his style:

> Keep it before the people that it is proper and right for union men to shoot down upon sight, each and all of these murderers [those who had court martialled union men in 1861] and that it is the duty that East Tennessee union men owe to their country, to their God, and to their abused relatives to see that these men, each, anyone of them, or all, die violent deaths, if they shall

[47] John Bell Brownlow wrote in the margin of a file of his father's newspapers: "The rebellion suspended and destroyed the editor's newspaper property, the most valuable in the whole southern confederacy, bringing him an income of about $10,000. Besides this he recovered in a lawsuit real estate to the value of many thousands by the verdict of the Rebel supreme court of Tennessee. This property was sold by order of the court just after he went north and the proceeds deposited by the rebel clerk of the chancery court with the rebel officers of the branch bank of Tennessee, who speculated with the money during the war; and the aforesaid clerk tendered to the editor confederate money after Burnside took East Tennessee, when said trash was worthless. The editor was a heavy loser by the war." Margin of the Library of Congress file of the Knoxville *Whig*, issue of June 11, 1864.

[48] Brownlow always wrote the names of these two men in his paper as John *Crow* Ramsey and John *Hoopee* Crozier.

dare to show themselves in East Tennessee during the present century.[49]

On another occasion he wrote in his paper,

We endorse all that Lincoln has done, and we find fault with him for not having done more of the same sort. The Federal Government has been too slow and lenient to punish rebels, and to crush out this wicked, abominable, and uncalled for rebellion from its very commencement. The mediation we shall advocate is that of the cannon and the sword, and our motto is—no armistice on land or sea until *all* the rebels, both front and rear, in arms and in ambush, are subjugated or exterminated.[50]

It is a well known fact that Brownlow was an extremist, and due allowance must be made for this fact; but it is also true that many prominent men, ordinarily of less extreme views and sentiments, shared these radical sentiments. This fact is well illustrated in a speech delivered by Nathaniel G. Taylor in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on February 10, 1864. In this speech Taylor said,

East Tennessee has drunk the fierce cup of suffering and nothing seems left to her now but to drain the bitterness to its very dregs. She has sacrificed everything but loyalty and honor; she has suffered everything but dishonor and death; and now destitution and famine, followed by despair and death, are tramping upon the thresholds of her sad homes, are entering their very doors, ready to consummate the sacrifice and to complete the offering.[51]

Then speaking of peace, he added,

Can we get peace by quibbling over questions of constitutional law and talking about violated rights, and the rights of traitors, if they will come back into the Union, while they are pointing their daggers at the very heart of our nationality itself? No, sir, . . . There is but one way I know of. Let it gleam upon the bristling points of 1500,000 bayonets; let it blaze upon the glittering steel of 500,000 swords; let it leap from the mouths of

[49] Knoxville *Whig*, Apr. 9, 1864.
[50] *Ibid.*, Nov. 11, 1863.
[51] Edward Everett, *Account of the Fund for the Relief of East Tennessee*, p. 35. The East Tennessee Relief Association was organized in Boston, and thousands of dollars were spent by it in alleviating the sufferings of the Unionists in East Tennessee.

10,000 cannon, and the echo of that thunder will bring peace to every home and house and heart throughout the length and breadth of our ruined country.[52]

The economic, social, and intellectual life of East Tennessee suffered greatly during the war. As the contest advanced, shops and mercantile houses were forced to diminish their stocks or close their doors entirely. Prices gradually increased until they became almost prohibitive. Many articles, in frequent or habitual use by the people, could not be had at any price. Coffee increased from fourteen cents to one dollar per pound; salt rose from two and one-half cents to thirty cents; brown sugar from twelve and one-half cents to seventy-five cents. Common calico increased eightfold, and wearing apparel of all kinds rose correspondingly. Gold and silver passed completely out of circulation. Then bank notes gradually disappeared. As the rate of interest and salaries continued on the same level, those who depended for maintenance upon incomes from loans or upon stipends for regular services suffered from this derangement of affairs. Debtors became increasingly anxious to pay their debts, as they could do so in the depreciated paper currency, which a citizen of loyalty to the Confederacy would not refuse or a citizen of loyalty to the Union dared not refuse.[53]

The intellectual life of the region was seriously restricted. The newspapers dwindled in size and sometimes did not appear at all. Even after the restoration of the Federal power in 1863 Brownlow was repeatedly forced to suspend publication of the *Whig* because of a lack of paper and ink. Moreover, any news from outside had to be shorn in its proportions and its color changed to suit the requirements of the political and military censors. The Richmond *Examiner* appears to have been the chief *foreign* paper in circulation, and its popu-

[52] *Ibid.*, p. 35.
[53] Thomas W. Humes, *op. cit.*, pp. 176-77.

larity was enhanced by its occasional criticisms of the Davis administration. Even its dimensions were reduced to one-half sheet of very inferior paper. If, by any chance, a few newspapers were smuggled in from the North and came into the hands of a Unionist citizen they were regarded as worth their weight in gold. Their contents were eagerly devoured, and they were then passed covertly to other Unionists; and so they would continue their rounds. Current literature, periodicals, and new books found almost no access to the region. The only books which had circulation were Bulwer's *A Strange Story* and a translation of Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables.* These had been reprinted at Richmond and were remarkably inferior in their mechanical execution. The paper upon which they were printed vied in poverty and unhappiness. The covering was of wall-paper with very large figures, the mutilation of which, in adapting the binding to its use, added to the grotesque appearance of the book.[54]

In the great majority of cases friendly social intercourse between people of hostile opinions ceased. In some instances, however, citizens of Unionist sympathies who had influence with the military authorities performed services for their Confederate friends and neighbors. This, it seems, was not always a labor of love, however, for instances are said to have occurred where a charge of ten dollars was made for introductions to General Carter.[55]

In Knoxville, especially, there was a great scarcity of food, both for men and live stock. A number of horses and mules left in an open field ate the manes and tails of each other, and it was reported one night, facetiously of course, that "the mules had eaten the fifth wheel of a caisson." Fuel was exceedingly scarce, and fences and buildings were frequently requisitioned to supply this need.[56]

[54] *Ibid.*, pp. 198-99. [55] *Ibid.*, pp. 230-31. [56] *Ibid.*, pp. 272-73.

These conditions were somewhat relieved after the entrance of Burnside in 1863. In 1864 Brownlow spoke of the disappointment of the green flies "who are returning this year under the apprehension that the rebels are still holding the country."[57]

That the Unionists were keenly alive to the hardships which they had suffered, but which they had endured for the sake of the Union, is shown in a memorial which they sent to congress in 1864,

> Their arms and ammunition were seized, before they could organize, by the rebel soldiers; and though the government, which owed them protection, did not protect them, yet their hearts clung to the government and they prayed for the union. Five thousand of their men have seen the inside walls of rebel prisons, and hundreds of them, covered with filth, devoured with vermin, famished with hunger, have died martyrs to their country there. Their property has been seized, confiscated; their houses pillaged; their stock driven off; their grain consumed; their substance wasted; their fences burned; their fields laid waste; their farms destroyed by friends as well as foes. The Rebels robbed them; the Federals devoured them; for they had short supplies, and our women broke their last biscuit, and gave them the biggest half, out of the mouths of hungry children. They gave up the last horse, mule, cow, sheep, hog, everything they had to the soldiers that neded them, because they were union soldiers, or were plundered out of them by the enemy. Their young men have been hunted like wild beasts, by soldiers, by Indians, sometimes by blood hounds, and when caught, tied two-and-two to long ropes, and driven before cavalry—thin-clad, barefooted, and bleeding—over frozen roads and icy creeks and rivers. Some have been beaten with ropes, with straps, and with clubs. Some have been butchered, others shot down in their own homes or yards—in the highroad, or the fields, or in the forests; others still have been hung up by the neck to the limbs of trees, without judge or jury. I have heard of no single neighborhood within the bounds of East Tennessee, whose green sod has not drunk the blood of citizens murdered.[58]

[57] Knoxville *Whig*, Apr. 30, 1864.
[58] Edward Everett, *op. cit.*, pp. 6-7. Memorial of N. G. Taylor to Congress.

These conditions, although they may have been slightly exaggerated by some of the writers who have been quoted, did exist, and they form the background of reconstruction in Tennessee.

Chapter IV

THE INAUGURATION OF THE BROWNLOW ADMINISTRATION

Attention has already been called to the intrepid and eccentric character of the governor-elect. A more detailed description of this singular person will be instructive, for it was his character and personality that dominated the history of Tennessee during the entire reconstruction period. William Gannaway Brownlow was born in Wythe County, Virginia, on August 29, 1805. Left an orphan at an early age he was bound out to serve an apprenticeship at the trade of house-carpenter. During the period of this apprenticeship the value of industry and the dignity of labor were so thoroughly impressed upon him that he never forgot them. Years later he wrote, "Though a Southern man in feeling and principles, I do not think it degrading to a man to labor, as do most Southern disunionists. Whether East or West, North or South, I recognize the dignity of labor and look forward to a day, not very far distant, when educated labor will be the salvation of this vast country."[1]

His education was somewhat imperfect and irregular, even in the subjects taught in the common schools of the country, but it was sufficient to admit him to the Methodist travelling ministry. Upon the completion of his apprenticeship, having removed to Tennessee in the meantime, he left the carpenter's trade and entered the ministry.[2] Here he remained for about ten years, and during the time availed himself of his position to study and improve his limited education. This study, however, was confined entirely to the English branches of knowl-

[1] William G. Brownlow, *Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession*, p. 17.

[2] John B. McFerrin, *History of Methodism in Tennessee*, III, 325.

"The evening brings all home," the last ringleted girl had finished off the ballad on a hopeful note--she would have given her ears for a praising word from Miss Duff--and now night and quiet had come to the house. Regular as the curtain of nightfall was Susan Duff's routine in closing away her teaching day. The hour of lesson noted into the account book she kept handy atop the piano, then the ~~resounding~~ doors of the music parlor were slid shut. A stop in the hallway bath, face freshened with a rinse of cold water; her chestnut hair shaken down. Onward to a quick stovetop supper, which Susan devastated as if making up for her late father's famous habit of three-mile graces. Now she could ascend.

As fixed as a star, the telltale glow of her gable window appeared over Helena with the first of dusk and burned on past respectable bedtime. The hours beyond dark she counted as her own, free and clear of beginner lessons and quavery approximations of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." The room was expansive--it had been the loft quarters for a married pair of servants--and Susan used it like a cottage within the larger house. You might think a woman of her time, unmarried by choice, found little to do. Not Susan. Letters to former students. (Tonight's to 00, who had lost out on the role of 00) Still secretary of the Montana chapter of the Susan B. Anthony League. She was determinedly attempting the novels of D.H. Lawrence. The time went. Now it was nearing midnight, she had just begun to salt away another day between diary covers, when she heard the turn of a key in the front door and then the rhythm of him coming up the stairs to her for the first time in four years.

18 May '99

Dear Liz--

Been a bit delayed with this book proposal--second knee surgery, an IRS audit, projects on this new house; hey, the time just goes when you're having fun--but here it is for you to take a look at.

When we pondered an earlier version of this before I decided to do MOUNTAIN TIME first, I believe you rightly had some concerns about the racial component in this story idea; white guy writer trying to make something of African-American turf, the inviolate Harlem Rennaissance. I still don't expect to get off Scot-free for trying my hand in that territory, but I think emphasizing a couple of angles of character may help with that problem. First, Monty Rathbun will be very much a small-town Westerner despite the darkness of his skin; Montana-born and -accented, as was his real-life counterpart, Taylor Gordon. I have copies of Taylor Gordon's letters and a book he wrote about his experience of entering 1920's Harlem from the West, and can draw from those to create an appropriate voice and viewpoint. Secondly, Susan Duff will be the primary lens of the story, the Scotch-born sensibility who will play much of the role in this book that Angus McCaskill did in DANCING AT THE RASCAL FAIR. (Susan is, in effect, Angus's protege from that one-room school on the South Fork of English Creek; the country there, and the feel of RASCAL FAIR, will very much be part of this book.) Lastly, I believe I see how to end this book without cataclysm or tragedy, but with a sort of musical elegy, a bit along the lines of that last scene in Joyce's "The Dead," lingering and wafting the time ahead at the same time.

So, let me know what you think, stuff I should and shouldn't do. I can of course reshape or expand this proposal if necessary before you approach Susan and Nan; all I've told Nan about this idea is that it would go back toward RASCAL FAIR territory. Over to you.

all best,

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

Writing About Race and Walking on Eggshells

NYT June 18, '99

By MARGO JEFFERSON

The topic was "Blasphemy: What You Can't Say Today in America." The setting was a panel sponsored by the writers' organization P.E.N., and blasphemy was being quite broadly defined as irreverent or insulting treatment of anything held sacred. But we are such a disparate, segmented society that there is no such thing as one standard.

One group's blasphemy is another's piety. Trouble comes when you offend someone with the legal, financial or cultural power to censor and ostracize you.

American writers have come up against the power of the law, but what they usually run into is the power of the dollar or the powers that make and break reputations. And all writers worth reading come up against the power of their private censors.

The panel took place at New York University last month. The moderator was a law professor interested in the legal boundaries of censorship. But the panelists (three writers, a filmmaker and a theologian) were more suited to talk about what happens when one is left alone with the constraints the psyche imposes on the imagination, and with anxieties about how one's audience will respond.

The Rev. Peter Gomes, a minister at Harvard University, relished displaying his admiration for George III and his conviction that the basic tenets of the Declaration of Independence were, in fact, untenable. The author Cynthia Ozick was extremely nervous, she said, given her respect for public civility and the presence of Mr. Gomes, about declaring that the moral progress embodied by the story of Abraham and Isaac had been eradicated when Christianity returned human sacrifice to the center of religion with the story of the Crucifixion. (Mr. Gomes did not respond.)

Francine Prose, the writer, observed that often one can write and publish what one wants, only to have it ignored or misread by critics and those who depend on critics. Call it censorship via benign or malign neglect.

Which brought to mind my favorite example of the malign sort, found in a newspaper review of "The Awakening," Kate Chopin's 1899 novel of female lust and infidelity. Faced with those distasteful subjects, the critic simply pulled back and announced, in a perfect union of arrogance and ignorance: "A fact which we have all agreed not to acknowledge is as good as no fact at all."

Ken Regan/Camera 5 for Touchstone Pictures

Danny Glover and Oprah Winfrey in a scene from "Beloved," which failed at the box office.

This, in turn, got me thinking about what critics don't say or, more precisely, feel they can't say, what facts and feelings they do not acknowledge when they — when we — write.

For instance: I saw a shelf full of "Beloved" videos at my local Blockbuster the other day, and flashed back to my own review, which had been enthusiastic, even impassioned, and quite naïve about the cultural detritus that surrounded the whole enterprise.

"Beloved" was a box-office failure when it opened last October despite a media extravaganza that included cover stories in Time and Vogue and virtually free advertising on Oprah Winfrey's television show. Ms. Winfrey even offered audiences the chance to dine with her and the other stars if they bought tickets during opening week and wrote essays about the film.

All of this was offset a scant week after the opening by a blitz of doomsday reporting. Look how badly it did in that crucial opening weekend compared with "Bride of Chucky"!

Hollywood producers and directors, some of whom didn't want their names used, issued gloomy assessments about what a tough sell serious black films would be in the future. It looks pretty grim, they said, as if they weren't exactly the ones who had the power to make it look otherwise.

Leaving mogul hypocrisy behind, it's clear that Ms. Winfrey made a mistake by starring in the film as well as producing it. She tied it too closely to her own audience appeal. If you were tiring of her show's incessant focus on self-help and spiritual development, for example, you were that much more likely to nix her movie.

It's very tricky to filter a movie about the horrors of history through a triumphantly successful celebrity power broker. And it gets even trickier if that celebrity is black and the film is about slavery.

Whenever I write a column about some cultural wrong or double-dealing that harms blacks, I get letters insisting that Ms. Winfrey's success proves me wrong. On top of that, we all know (yes we do) that women with great power must deploy great tact.

Surely some of those same moguls who so quickly branded the film a loser (making it instantly less appealing to undecided viewers) had been longing to tell Miss Producer and Star to stick to her television show, her cable network for women and occasional appearances in other people's movies.

And now for the audiences that stayed away, both white and black. Many whites stayed away, some said, because they are still in a state of denial about our troubled racial past. Absolutely. There are also whites who don't live near blacks, who don't generally visit big cities, and can limit their media access to blacks. They probably didn't go because they aren't interested in our troubled racial past unless it gets in the way of their present or future. Call them the "suppose we had a national conversation on race and nobody came?" crowd. (More white characters might have brought in more white viewers, but "Beloved" just doesn't have many.)

So what about the black audiences who, in the end, would have made the difference? They didn't turn out either. Was this another form of denial? Shame instead of guilt?

Plenty resent the fact that movieland blacks are usually confined to shootouts or slave ships. So they punished "Beloved" as they had punished "Amistad." (Why do I say "they"? Because I think blacks, a k a "we," should have turned out in droves for both; they were strong movies.) Slavery just isn't image-enhancing enough. At the N.A.A.C.P. Image Awards this year, Ms. Winfrey was firmly rebuked when top honors went to those frolicsome soul sisters who showed us how Stella got her groove back.

We are always affected by what we happen to be feeling about a group when it becomes the subject of a movie. These feelings don't have to be violent or constant, they just have to shoot in and out of our thoughts and conversation. It is no leap of the imagination to hear some whites saying: " 'Beloved?' I am so tired of hearing about black wrongs and white guilt. Slavery was terrible. Let's worry about crime and affirmative action now. Anyway, I'm sure it's going to be very P.C. No, I haven't read the book. But do you think Toni Morrison really deserved the Nobel Prize?"

And now for a little black dialogue. "Fine, call it the rage of the black middle class. I do not want to see any more black people in rags talking ebonics. Whites always go out of their way not to show people like us in movies. We're the real threat — they can't patronize us. As far as I'm concerned, 'Beloved' is just another minstrel show."

I didn't write any of this while the movie was still in circulation. I did hear people talking. No, let me be more precise. I heard plenty of black people talking in the ways reported here. The kinds of white responses cited were passed on to me by friendly white informants.

If I had hoped my intellectual approach might counter some of these reactions I was wrong. More to the point, I disliked the thought of getting mail or calls from whites telling me I was defensive and presumptuous about their reactions, and from blacks telling me that, besides airing private talk in public, I had mocked and trivialized their criticism.

Sometimes, writing about race can make you feel you are about to choke on disdain and despair. And turning those feelings into lucid prose? Well, it's always tricky, especially if you pride yourself overmuch on your good manners. In this case, the result was a courteous and utterly useless silence.

1 & 2

The Living Arts

The New York Times

Y B1

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1999

The face of Aleksandr Pushkin is everywhere in Moscow: on billboards, on vodka bottles and in these flowers planted by municipal workers.

Associated Press

ARTS ABROAD

Nobody Doesn't Like Aleksandr Sergeyevich

There's Poetic Justice in Russians' Rush to Celebrate Pushkin's Bicentenary

By CELESTINE BOHLEN

Not all of me is dust. Within my song,
safe from the worm, my spirit will survive.

MOSCOW, June 1 — With days to go before the 200th anniversary of the birth of Russia's greatest and most beloved poet, it is a wonder that Russians are not sick of Aleksandr Pushkin.

Take Moscow, the city of his birth. Every other billboard carries a picture of his puckish face or sloping profile, accompanied by his verse. Theaters and concert halls are running back-to-back productions either of his works or of reworked interpretations of his life.

A national television program has been marking off the days until the birth date itself, on Sunday. Newspapers and magazines delve daily into his importance for Russia, its literature, its culture, its troubled soul.

But if there is one thing that Russians never tire of it is Pushkin, no matter how often his image has been used and abused: by a czarist regime that glorified him as a loyal son of imperial Russia, by a Stalinist system that cast him as an atheist and rebel, and now by a crass commercialization that shamelessly puts his name on everything from chocolates to vodka.

There are some who fear that all this idolatry could kill Russia's love for Pushkin, just as Boris Pasternak once wrote that Vladimir Mayakovsky, the bard of the Russian Revolution, died a second death when Stalin issued a decree declaring him Russia's best poet.

Certainly overkill is a danger. "It always seems to us that by accepting Aleksandr Sergeyevich into our company, we are bestowing honor upon him, but my God, how vulgar all this makes him," wrote the literary critic Stanislav Rassadin in a recent article, "Our Privatization of Pushkin."

But Pushkin is too much part of the national psyche to risk displacement or debasement. By age 7 most Russian children already know at least one of his poems by heart, not just because his verse is part of the national curriculum but because it is so accessible, so clear and so human that it slips effortlessly into memory, like a child's prayer.

"Love for Pushkin — not so easy for foreigners — is a genuine sign of a person who is a bearer of Russian culture," Lydia Ginzburg, a Russian philologist, wrote recently. "Any other Russian writer may be loved or not — it is a matter of taste. But Pushkin, as a phenomenon, is a must for us. Pushkin is the backbone of Russian

Continued on Page B2

ARTS ABROAD

Continued From Page B1

culture, holding together all the previous and subsequent links. Remove the backbone — all the links will collapse."

First and foremost, there are his writings, varied and voluminous for one who died at 37, starting with the early folkloric epics like "Ruslan and Ludmilla," on through the masterpiece of spurned love "Eugene Onegin" and in his later years prose, like the novel "The Captain's Daughter."

Then there is his life: the dashing young nobleman with African lineage who, as with so many Russian writers, was toyed with by the authorities and picked at by the censors, embraced one day by the Czar, pushed into internal exile the next.

Finally there is his death: a duel fought in the snow over the honor of his beautiful, careless wife, then a lingering death scene at his home in the imperial capital of St. Petersburg, with mourners crowding the street outside, keeping vigil.

A Recurring Theme In Russian History

Stripped of its old-world romance — the balls, the country estates, the gambling and that old Russian standby aristocratic ennui — the story of Pushkin is one that has recurred again and again in Russian history. The poet loved by the people (or at least those who love poetry), feared by the authorities, is officially adopted after death as a secular saint. It is a story line that picks up again with figures like Anna Akhmatova, and in a more populist vein Vladimir Visotsky, the actor-bard whose funeral in 1980 was a rare occasion when Soviet citizens could, by honoring a poet, show their disdain for his tormentors.

Like Russian history, the Pushkin story has been pulled in different directions by different rulers. "The state model of Pushkin was introduced in 1899, on the 100th anniversary," said Sergei A. Fomichev, the resident Pushkin scholar at the Pushkin House museum in Moscow (not to be confused with the memorial Pushkin apartment or the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts). "Then it was explained that he was a monarchist and a believer. In 1937, on the 100th anniversary of his death, the opposite model was given."

The year Stalin's great terror began, 1937, was an ominous one for Russia and for its intelligentsia,

Jacqueline Mia Foster for The New York Times

Russians are counting the days to the 200th anniversary of Aleksandr Pushkin's birth on Sunday. A Moscow school group visits his grave.

whose members were killed, exiled and sent to labor camps by the hundreds of thousands. It was also the year that the Communist authorities, with perverse timing, laid claim to Pushkin by marking the 100th anniversary of his death with a gala ceremony and with celebrations at his family estate in the Pskov region.

It was also the year of "My Pushkin," the title of a poem by Marina Tsvetayeva but also a way of signifying the many varied and deeply private interpretations of the man and his works, kept safe from the state's crude grasp.

All this is enough to explain the extraordinary flood of Pushkiniana that continues to pour through Russian publishing houses into libraries and bookstores. Hundreds, maybe even thousands, of books by and about Pushkin have been readied for this year's anniversary.

Among them is "Pushkin's Hidden Love," a collection of scholarly guesses about the identity of the woman, known in Pushkin's notes only as "N.N.," believed to have been his one true and secret love.

Also new is yet another piece of historical detective work about the origins of the fateful duel with the man all Russians are brought up to hate, the arrogant Frenchman Georges d'Anthès, who never expressed regret for firing the fatal shot.

It is a Russian tradition to celebrate jubilees; by neat historical symmetry, this year also brought the 100th anniversary of the birth of Vladimir Nabokov, a Russian-born writer whose works were banned in his homeland during his lifetime.

By Tradition, A Last-Minute Rush

But for all the advance warning, the celebrations of the Pushkin bicentenary have the feel of a last-minute rush job, another Russian tradition. Only in the last few weeks did work pick up for the restoration of the lovely Church of the Ascension in Moscow, where Pushkin married Natalya Goncharova in 1831. With the city's gala celebrations just days away, the churchyard is still full of building materials.

At Pushkinskiye Gory, the town in Pskov where Pushkin lived alone and in exile from 1824 to 1826 and lies buried at the Svyatgorsky monastery, the authorities are bracing for hundreds of thousands of visitors during the official ceremonies. Both President Boris N. Yeltsin and Aleksy II, the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, are expected.

In the 1980's the flow of visitors to the "Pushkin Places," a trio of charming and surprisingly modest wooden houses typical of the early-19th-century Russian gentry, peaked at 600,000 a year. (There is Mikhailovskoye, where Pushkin lived; Trigorskoye, the home of his friends and neighbors, the Osipov-Wulfs, and Petrovskoye, built by the son of Hannibal, Pushkin's maternal great-grandfather, the Ethiopian prince who was adopted and brought to Russia by Peter the Great.) Since the collapse of the Communist system, which had organized tourism, the numbers have plunged to about 100,000 a year.

The struggle to preserve the Pushkin legacy while making it appealing to a more worldly Russian tourist is a challenge that the directors of the Pushkin sites share with the country as a whole.

Of the $5 million allocated this year for the restoration of the various estates, one-quarter had to be spent fixing up a museum built in the center of town to handle the overflow of Pushkin pilgrims. It looks more like a North Korean mausoleum than a shrine to a 19th-century Russian poet, and seven years after its completion it is already falling apart.

The rest of the money has gone toward restoring the three estates (one of them is still closed) and their surrounding parks to a pristine state that elicits a shudder from Pushkin purists.

"The park was never so tidy as it is now," said Mr. Fomichev. "They cleared away everything. It looks good. But so many trees have been cut down."

The Pushkinskiye Gory museum-park's director, Georgi Vasilevich, stands his ground, noting that the buildings have been destroyed and rebuilt several times since Pushkin's time, during the revolution and again during World War II.

That anything was preserved at all, he said, is due only to Russia's reverence for its dead poets.

"After the revolution the estates of the Russian gentry were of no interest to anyone, and many were destroyed," he said. "It was only because of names like Pushkin, Tolstoy, Chekhov and Turgenev that that part of our history was saved for us."

Fireflies

Susan & Archie have an affair in Europe; she's ostensibly gone to Samuel's grave; they go on to Parthenon

They continue affair to Helena; A is blackmailed out of governor's race by a foe who's had him tailed, from Mont. Club to S's.

- A taps his glass eye w/ his pipe or a pencil
- has a blind side

- make Archie a Williamson?
  - ~~A.~~ 70, R Fair - Warren Wmson
  - A. has to serve as fam's businessman & soldier, both.
  - S. interrogates him on some business deal or that; how he squares it w/ Progve politics.
  - A. was to run for Gov & Dixon for Senate, until blackmail

S: "I thought you had sworn off me."

- "(How is) of delicate ~~tender~~ Merrinell? [Is/she] well? ✓ (can't name)

Archie: revenge? do-good? Does he know?

Susan, who 1st came into my pp. as

Archie @ end does lv his wife, to "make up" to S giving up M?

I lk frwrd to making them an incandset ~~set~~ of characters

OOed her voice

"The evening brings all home," the last ringleted girl had ~~sung~~ finished off the ballad

on a hopeful note
~~with hopefully~~--she would have given her ears for a praising word from

Regular as curtain of night/all

Miss Duff--and now night and quiet had come to the house. was The routine

of Susan Duff

Regular as the curtain of nightfall was Susan Duff's routine
the routine SD followed. away her ~~situats~~ in closing of ( ) the day.

The OO doors of the music parlor were slid shut. (food) which Susan

picked at impatiently.

A quick ~~stove/up~~ supper, " the devastated ... 3-mile graces

her late father's famous habit

account book

hair shaken down

~~Then she~~ Now ascended

She was determinedly ~~trying~~ attempting novels of OO D.H. Lawrence

still Secretary of OO League ...

Letters to former students

A woman, single by choice,

Susan, God's gift to gossips
the musically inclined,

Of all the things said of Susan Duff, the truest was that she was liberal w/...

The woman from Scotch Heaven was...

The woman of this was liberal...

where the last curlew of evening was curfew,

An accumulation of nocturnes was not the life she had set out to lead,

but with a voice built on a thousand hymns and an outlook to match,

she was not overly surprised.

A nocturnal side...

but with a voice built on a thousand hymns and

In her OO voice, built on a thousand hymns and

Now that she no longer dined friends frequently, and the voice built

on a thousand hymns

She would have taken exception to being described as noctural as
the description that she was

the moon,

Teacher that she was, she had learned

As fixed as a star, the glow of her gable window ~~in the turret room~~... city Last Chance Gulch

appeared at dusk and burned on until ~~no certain hour~~ past respectable bedtime.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.
The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog's back.

Ivan Doig

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

Fireflies at the Parthenon lead and synopsis:

Susan Duff, God's gift to the musically inclined, was liberal with the night. As fixed as a star, the telltale glow of her gable window appeared over Helena with the first of dusk and burned on past respectable bedtime. The hours beyond dark she counted as her own, free and clear of beginner lessons and quavery approximations of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." Now it was nearing midnight, she had just begun to salt away another day between diary covers, when she heard the turn of a key in the front door and then the rhythm of him coming up the stairs to her for the first time in four years.

He is Wesley Williamson, the business and political scion of a cattle-empire family. Wes--"incurably married," in Susan's phrase for him--was forced out of a governor's race, and his public career ended, by foes within his own party who uncovered his affair with Susan. This night in the mid-1920s, he says he has a singing pupil for her, whose tutelage he will pay. Susan studies Wes, the window behind him framing the state capitol dome and his limousine with his black chauffeur, Monty, waiting outside in the flurry of the winter's first snowfall, and she skeptically asks who in this world means that much to him. He looks stunned at her question, obviously not having thought of it that way, but he half turns toward the scene outside and tells her: "Monty."

Ivan Doig

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9

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By day she kept her hours as furled as a suffragette's umbrella, but Susan Duff was liberal with the night. As fixed as a star, the telltale glow of her gable window appeared over Helena with the first of dusk and burned on past respectable bedtime. The hours beyond dark she counted as her own, free and clear of beginner lessons and quavery approximations of "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." Now it was nearing midnight, she had just begun to salt away another day between diary covers, when she heard the turn of a key in the front door and then the rhythm of him coming up the stairs to her for the first time in four years.

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The music mistress was liberal with the night. As fixed as a star, the telltale glow of her gable window appeared over Helena with the first of dusk and burned on past respectable bedtime. The hours beyond dark Susan Duff counted as her own, free and clear of beginner lessons and quavery approximations of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton." Now it was nearing midnight, she had just begun to salt away another day between diary covers, when she heard the turn of a key in the front door and then the rhythm of him coming up the stairs to her for the first time in four years.

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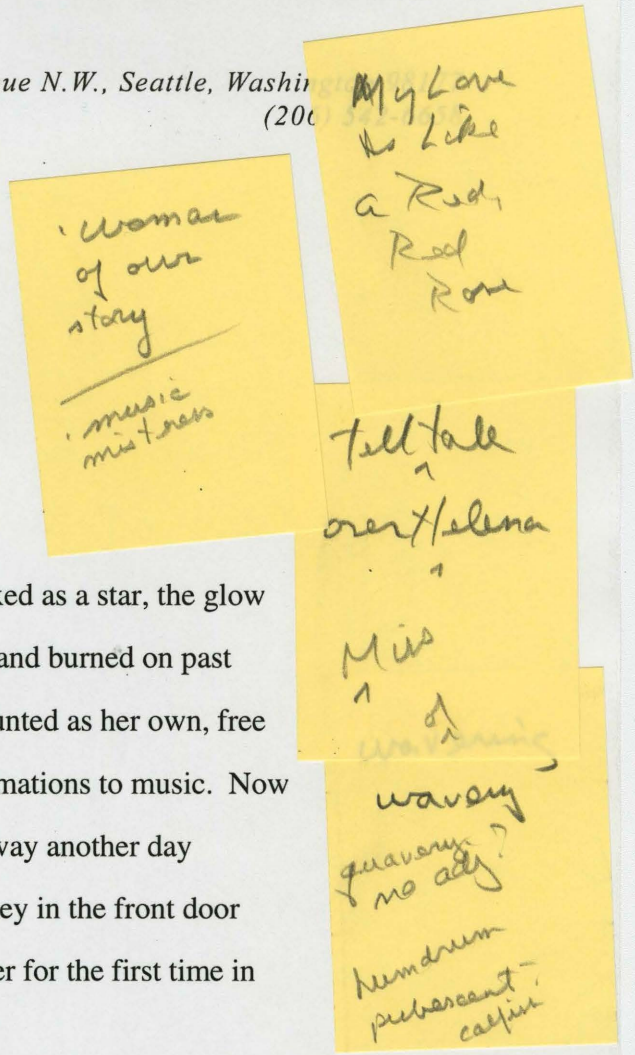
Catch a firefly, crimp it under the ring on your finger, and you wear a live, pulsing jewel until its glow gradually extinguishes. The flare of involvement that Wes sets off here, in Susan's domain of night, lights the saga of these three characters all the way from Montana's ins-and-outs of striving and power to New York and the Harlem Renaissance. Monty, fully named Montgomery Rathbun, is distantly known to Susan from their growing-up years in the Two Medicine country--he is the descendant of a "buffalo soldier," the black troopers sent west to fight Indians--and yet an enforced stranger because of the racial divide. When she realizes he possesses a singing voice of rare splendor, untrained but vibrantly born of spirituals, Susan joins Wes's Pygmalion-like project to launch Monty on a performing career. And so, from the political corridors and attained drawing rooms of

by Ivan Doig

17277 15th Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washi
(20



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Helena, by way of a harrowing scene of a snowed-in train on Wes's branch-line railroad in the Two Medicine country, the three go east to try to affix Monty's star in the musical firmament. Their crossed fates, as Susan and Monty must cope with their growing attraction to each other across the era's dangerous barrier of color, as the motives of Wes unsettle everyone including himself, will make a deeply longitudinal novel, into everlasting questions of allegiance, the hold of the past, and the costs of love and career.

As with **This House of Sky**, this is a story whose shoulder I have peered over for most of my life. Monty's real-life counterpart, Taylor Gordon, was the only black man in my Montana hometown and his singing voice did carry him to Harlem, and for that matter Carnegie Hall, briefly in the 1920s. I tape-recorded his memories of those times not long before he died, familyless, in 1971, and his papers and other Harlem Renaissance archival holdings are rich with detail. The baronial West, the Wesley Williamsons of the world, I see as a haunting counterpoint to a life such as Monty/Taylor's, endowed with simply talent. As for Susan Duff, who will be the central voice and distinctive sensibility of this novel, she first came into my pages as a bossy indomitable schoolgirl with a golden voice of her own in **Dancing at the Rascal Fair** and has demanded her own book ever since. I look forward to making this trio into the central cast of characters of **Fireflies at the Parthenon.**

Chuck — boring anew!
— 88 yr-old #

— Liz: Dec. 21, 195
reps Taylor Br — Parting • Waters
2nd installmt

--note to myself: Liz in this phone conversation was obviously a little leery of the Harlem/racial element, i.e. whether it's too far afield from my previous work, and while she didn't say so, maybe doubts whether I can bring it off.

NYTBR, Nov. 26, '95

ESSAY/Louis Begley

A Man Without Luck

FORTUNE'S judgment: Virgil tells Dante that it lies hidden in the grass like a snake. Its permutations are swift and know no truce, so numerous are those who must be made and unmade for one tribe to prosper while another languishes. Virgil is expounding on the punishment the highest wisdom metes out to misers and spendthrifts, but he might as well be speaking about the rise and fall of literary reputations. Within one generation, celebrity and commercial success are often seen to repose on small artistic merit. Thus the work of an Eugène Sue (who outsold Balzac, Dumas *père* and Victor Hugo) turns into stuff to be cleaned out of an attic; at most, it survives as a historical curiosity. Or a change in taste, without diminishing the respectability of Thackeray or William Dean Howells, deprives them of readers. Conversely, just such a change may bring Trollope back into fashion and cause forgotten novels and new biographies to be published posthaste, as though news of Tolstoy's dictum — that this was among the greatest of English novelists — had just been received by the general public. Sometimes an entire genre (19th-century epic poetry) goes into eclipse while another is rediscovered (English metaphysical poetry) or a work later recognized as a masterpiece so offends the current critical canon that for a time it stops an author's career dead in its tracks. Such was the effect of "Moby-Dick" on Melville.

But individualized rotten luck, more like the bite of a snake in the grass than a majestic revolution of the wheel of fortune, also preys on writers: tuberculosis or insanity; blindness; drug or alcohol addiction. There may be ostracism, or worse, on account of political views or activities that may be extraneous to the work or central, may be noble or despicable. The list of notable victims and their afflictions is endless. Occasionally, tragicomic elements intrude, like the seizure of the first printing of Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts" by creditors of his publisher, precisely at the moment of peak demand stimulated by a series of rave reviews.

The occasion for these ruminations is the case of Pierre Jean Jouve (1887-1976), a French writer of immense talent. Although his fiction is as good as the best of André Gide, François Mauriac or André Malraux, Jouve's reputation is undeservedly anemic in comparison with theirs, or with the reputations of many lesser French writers. Are the asperity of his characters and his truculence at fault? This is undoubtedly the case. But, in addition, he had no luck: his success stumbled over his own curious misjudgment about the part of his work that deserved the most attention.

Jouve believed that he was first and foremost a poet. His literary entourage and the French critics agreed; Jouve's name may even be heard in Harold Bloom's roll call of this sector of the canon. Jouve stopped writing prose fiction in 1935, when he was only 48 (except for a unique genre in which he excelled, short prose pieces midway between prose poems and minimalist short stories), while his last volume of poetry was published in 1965, when he was 78. But Jouve's novels, novellas and prose pieces are more original and more exciting than his poems, and stand on a higher rung on the ladder of genius. Had Fortune chosen him, she would have focused attention on them. Quality aside, Jouve's output of poetry was excessive. Even if one doesn't count his version of "Paradise Lost," the pre-1925 poetry (which he later disowned) or his verse translations, Jouve wrote more than 1,100 pages of lyric poetry — in our time, an unsustainable effort. His best poems lie drowned in this vast production. "I have always envied poets who have written only one book," Jouve admitted. "The demon inside me disposed otherwise." The devil's urging was, as usual, pernicious.

MARTINI-VIOLLET

Pierre Jean Jouve, 1948.

Paradoxically, Jouve's initial success came early. He published a novel and a book of poems in 1911, when he was only 24. In 1925, Jouve's third novel, "Paulina 1880," a whirlwind, deceptively Stendhalian romance with a nasty twist to it, narrowly missed winning the Prix Goncourt — in all likelihood because Jouve's previous association with the controversial writer Romain Rolland and his antiwar movement, as well as Jouve's own vociferous pacifism during World War I, had antagonized certain members of the jury. Even so, his place in the French literary establishment had become secure. The novels that followed were even better, but most critics didn't like them as much: hoping for another seductive "Paulina," they found Jouve's later fiction jarringly modern, flawed by his preoccupation with Freudian theory.

JOUVE is no longer read by the general public in France. Fortunately, translations of "Paulina 1880" and his 1934 novella "Hélène" (originally published under the title "Dans les Années Profondes") have recently been published by the Marlboro Press, which plans future translations of "Vagadu," "Hécate" and "Le Monde Désert." Is it Quixotic to try to interest American readers in Jouve and his work? Probably, in spite of the exciting news that these translations are available or forthcoming. Nevertheless, I am convinced that Jouve's modernity — the extraordinary wit, speed, purposeful freedom and hard edge, bordering on cruelty, of his fiction — would appeal tremendously to contemporary readers and possibly set off important esthetic reverberations.

More bad luck or survivors' discretion? Although Jouve's life and milieu were fascinating (among his friends were Rainer Maria Rilke, Max Jacob, Stefan Zweig and the painter Balthus), there is no biography of Jouve, and I am not aware that any is planned. However, in 1954 Jouve published "En Miroir, Journal Sans Date," a short, pitiless autobiographical text analyzing his life in relation

Louis Begley's most recent novel is "As Max Saw It."

to his work. For its lucidity and lyric strength, for the startling boldness of its revelations and silences alike, it deserves comparison with Chateaubriand's vast "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe."

In his personal life, things went badly for Jouve from the start. He was born in the depressing northern city of Arras, into a family of *"bourgeoisie probe et sévère."* Of his mother he said nothing in "En Miroir," except that she had taught the piano and that music created a strong link between them. A vignette appears in the prose piece "Gribouille," published in 1932 in a collection entitled "Histoires Sanglantes": "Mme. Gribiche, a pianist, was a self-effacing woman; she seemed to have been gone over with a rubber eraser and there remained only a few traces of her; for no reason at all, she would begin to cry." (All the translations here from Jouve, by the way, are my own.)

THE father is also mentioned only once in "En Miroir," and then it is in connection with the tendency to quarrel violently and break with one's family, which Jouve thought was hereditary. Jouve's father had fought and broken with his own father and sisters; the pattern was repeated when Jouve in turn severed relations with his father, and then with his only son. A chilling portrait of the repressive father appears in another prose piece, "Le Père et le Revolver," published in "Proses" in 1960:

"It is banal that your father should not understand you at all. This father was a businessman, massive, precise, honest and authoritarian. But he had given up long ago trying to grasp the son's bizarre nature, requiring only that family appearances be respected, that the child prove submissive when paternal prestige was at stake — a concept that could take you rather far. His son was thought to be sick? That was not a justification. He, the father, had occasional relations of an amorous nature with the maid, but that fact, regrettable though it might be, could not serve to excuse the insolence of the son."

Jouve was, in fact, sickly. An illness contracted in early adolescence, then a major operation, probably for a ruptured appendix, were followed by a long period of fatigue and depression. Some five years later, a second, unidentified malady required treatment in Geneva and caused Jouve to be exempted from military service. In the meantime, he was undergoing his literary initiation: he read Baudelaire, Rimbaud and Mallarmé; with a group of friends, he founded in Arras a little magazine that they moved to Lille and later to Paris. He was also profoundly marked by a passionate but unconsummated attachment to a woman of 40, who came to be known in his work as *la belle Capitaine.*

The experience with this woman was a prelude to a series of three "real" liaisons, spaced over many years. The first was with the mother of one of his school friends, a woman even older than *la belle Capitaine.* The second, which was to be Jouve's major inspiration, involved a woman who appears in his work most often as Lisbé or Hélène. Jouve met her in Paris in 1909. They were both staying at a small hotel near the Boulevard Raspail, Lisbé accompanied by her mother. "After some games that were harmless and yet, perhaps, grave, the girl was taken from me, returned to the provinces," Jouve wrote in "En Miroir." Twenty-four years later, when Jouve was already married to his second wife, Blanche Reverchon, the "girl" was miraculously, unexpectedly, set before him again at the corner of the street where the hotel had once stood, "the young beauty of the time gone by, golden haired." She turned out to be married, like *la belle Capitaine,* to an army officer: she wanted to accomplish with Jouve in haste all they had previously forgone. Instead, they embarked on a clandestine correspondence. Soon thereafter, Lisbé wrote to the horrified Jouve that she was pregnant by her husband — for the first time, after her 18 years of marriage. He fled to Switzerland, for a summer vacation in the Engadine and to patch up matters with Blanche; meanwhile, Lisbé unsuccessfully tried to provoke a miscarriage.

Lisbé carried the child to term, but it was stillborn, strangled by the umbilical cord. Thereupon, Jouve finally slept with her — and felt a lump in her left breast, which turned out to be a cancer. He returned to Switzerland, wrote a magnificent novella, "Dans les Années Profondes" ("Hélène" in the Marlboro Press translation), and sent Lisbé a letter breaking off their liaison. But sexual encounters with her recommenced furiously two years later; Jouve claims it was "because she wanted them." Her breast had been amputated, she was horribly sick. Soon she was dead, as Jouve had foretold in "Dans les Années Profondes."

"Does the imagination dwell the most / Upon a woman won or a woman lost?" The postponed or half-achieved conquest of Lisbé — and her mutilation and death — played into Jouve's curious psyche. Take, for instance, this passage, clearly about Lisbé, from "Les Beaux Masques," a posthumously published collection of Jouve's prose pieces: "In the Bois de Boulogne she spoke to me of the future and the endurance of her love, face sad, her eyes of an intense heat; but under the thick tweed skirt her heavy hip was advancing toward me with an obscene purpose, and I, who was afraid of committing myself to her too closely by words, seeing this hip, loved her."

IT may not come as a surprise that both of Jouve's marriages (to Andrée Charpentier and Blanche Reverchon) were to considerably older, intellectually powerful women. Indeed, Blanche was fully nine years his senior. We find her assuming the enigmatic role of a worldly mother when she presides over the third and last of Jouve's great love affairs. Its object was a young prostitute by the name of Yanick, whom he met, probably in the early 1950's, on the Champs-Élysées, when he was over 60. The encounters with Yanick were at first infrequent. Then she consented to give him her telephone number; she was available and kept appointments punctually. Jouve found he was in love. He began to think of inducing Yanick to abandon her profession, a suggestion she rejected. Yanick had a feeling for poetry; she knew by heart certain poems of Baudelaire and Gérard de Nerval.

Jouve confessed that initially "I did not make full use of her body. Everything was very reserved, and she

Continued on next page

A Man Without Luck

Continued from preceding page

always imposed on me the comedy of turning out the light." When he finally "possessed" her for the first and practically only time, it seemed to him that the act brought Yanick pleasure. Jouve eventually revealed the affair to Blanche. She did not merely acquiesce. "B. was enamored of Yanick," he wrote. Some time later, the girl disappeared. Jouve observed laconically, "Either she is dead, or she went abroad to ply her trade — which comes down to the same thing."

Jouve's marriage to Andrée Charpentier, a strong-willed, brilliant suffragist, took place in 1910 (one year after the first meeting with Lisbé). Andrée was assigned to teach history in a *lycée* in Poitiers, and Jouve followed her there from Paris. Shortly after the outbreak of World War I, he became a civilian volunteer nurse in a military hospital for contagious diseases, three of which he caught in the space of a single year. Jouve was obliged to leave for a period of convalescence in the Swiss mountains. Afterward, in Geneva, he and Andrée formed close friendships with Romain Rolland and his literary and political circle. When Jouve left Andrée and their child for Blanche (whom he had met through Andrée), Rolland and his disciples took Andrée's side. The resulting sense of loss and rejection made for a spiritual crisis that seems to have begun in 1922 and was not resolved until 1925, when Jouve married Blanche. It contributed to his decision, made public in 1928, in an afterword to a collection of his poems, to disavow everything he had written and published before 1925 as insufficient, *manqué*.

COMMENTING in "En Miroir" on the consequences of the crisis, Jouve observed that he found himself in "a state of drift that little by little and yet definitively put a distance between me and all literary movements and scribes." He had been exiled "because of my nature, temperament, form or thought or way of life. One can be in a state of complete exile in the midst of one's own family; I feel that I have not lived differently." He came to see in the quarrel with Rolland a repetition of the family pattern of inevitable rupture with the father. His rejection of his early work had been misunderstood, eliciting from critics a hostile reaction; rightly or wrongly, Jouve thought this was a further cause of his isolation.

A Freudian psychiatrist of note, Blanche was an early member of the Société Psychanalytique in Paris. Jouve's relationship with her was almost symbiotic; he became deeply involved in her work. Freudian theory seemed to him at once revelatory and singularly aligned with his own thought: "What I was learning was so considerable and so compelling, so revealing of matters I have previously sensed, so much the annunciation of a future, that I believed I was discovering a continent inside me." Of greatest importance was the primacy Freud accorded to dreams; it validated the Symbolist perception of their role as well as Jouve's own sense that the unconscious was the source of artistic creation. Pre-World War II France was not hospitable to Freud or psychoanalysis. Jouve's preoccupation with Freudian thought and his insistence on the place it occupied in his work may have been more nails driven into the coffin of his success.

Jouve's reaction to the rise of Fascism and Nazism was one of prescient and unambiguous loathing. He and Blanche fled Paris before it was occupied by the German Army. For a while, they lived in the south of France. Finally, they were able to escape to Switzerland and settled in Geneva. During this period, Jouve became, together with Louis Aragon, an acknowledged poet of the French resistance movement; in the words of General de Gaulle, he was "the interpreter of the French soul."

The fabric of Jouve's postwar years in Paris was thin. Except for a small circle of admirers, he was neglected. His difficulties with publishers over keeping his work in print were considerable, and he had no independent income. The Jouves' life of distinguished austerity was financed by Blanche's earnings from her psychoanalytic practice, later supplemented by a small pension paid by de Gaulle from his own funds.

Writing in "En Miroir" about his conception of the novelist's craft, Jouve asserted that "there was nothing I wanted less than 'poetic' novels. I took as my goal novels written in a language of pure prose, absolutely different from the language of poetry. I wanted the means and the ends of the novel, where tension does not result from systems of images but from the reality and nature of the characters. A strong desire for the 'real' did not find all its release in poetry."

Indeed, the power to create characters of extraordinary density, whose reality instantly convinces the reader, links Jouve in a straight line to Dostoyevsky and Kafka. His ability to compress description is dazzling. A sentence or two is enough to plant the reader solidly in a landscape or a social milieu; his violent foreshortenings make one think of Balthus, whose painting "Alice" hung over Jouve's bed. For instance, in the novel "Hécate," we are told that Catherine Crachat is "very beautiful." She is in a train, "arriving in Paris from I don't know where, from Basel or from Marseilles. . . . The train had traveled all night, but it was in second class, and no one was pretty to look at. But there were two men in Catherine's compartment. One of the men (solid, dark, energetic, I remember it vividly) had not closed his eyes since departure so as to lose nothing of the sleeping Catherine.

"Nobody on the platform for Catherine; a movie actress returning from a shoot in the mountains or at the seaside isn't someone to be waited for. With her beautiful legs, Catherine quickly leaped to the platform and disappeared at once. The dark gent had tried in vain to follow. Catherine was left with a regret or, let's say, a bizarre feeling."

But the dark man does catch up, some hours and less than a page later. From her balcony, Catherine notices him, deep in conversation with the concierge. At nightfall, she goes to a cafe on a neighboring boulevard. She sits down on the terrace:

"And naturally she saw crop up the dark gent who took the chair beside her.

"Catherine asked his name and said: 'I am supposed to spend the evening at a friend's. Will you come with me? We will end up knowing each other.' They went to the house of a very proper lady living on the Avenue de Valois, by the name of Marguerite de Douxmaison. She introduced him as her cousin or who knows what. During the one or two hours there, they observed and touched each other lightly. Then he took her home. They talked, drinking tea, about travel, transactions on the stock exchange and family feelings. Afterward, she did rather gross things with that man until the morning."

In such passages, Jouve moves with the daring of a trapeze artist. The narrative voice can change without warning (as in "Hécate"); excerpts from journals and letters are used to achieve abrupt insights (as in "Paulina 1880" and "Le Monde Désert"). Most novelists feel compelled to labor over tasks like getting a character who is needed in Bangor on the right bus from Philadelphia, and making sure the character has the exact change for some crucial telephone call. Jouve's freedom from the drudgery of such logistics is total.

I have already written about Jouve's work "Le Monde Désert" in my own novel "The Man Who Was Late," stressing there, because it suited my purposes, that its subject is defilement. But Jouve's book is also, to paraphrase his own remark in "En Miroir," about the destructive power of sexuality. This is embodied in a deadly row that results from the clash of irreducible sexual drives — heterosexual and homosexual, Jacques de Todi's and Luc Pascal's — intersecting at the body of a woman Jouve calls Baladine.

The intensity of Jouve's treatment of Jacques's eros, as in the encounter between him and a 12-year-old boy grazing his cows in an Alpine meadow, makes the games Gide and his friend Ali play in the desert sand near Sousa seem a dull business.

The boy is whittling a stick. Jacques strikes up

a conversation:

"They speak for a long time, tenderly. Jacques no longer feels fear or doubt. Whatever may happen, he is happy as the sun. Whatever the danger, impatience and desire are chained together by a pure love that he offers to Nature. Because the face Nature shows to him is adorable.

"If Jacques paid more attention to his conscience, he would feel something tear profoundly (a certain calm, an acquired virtue), and he would see in his mind a sort of shipwreck, of a shape entirely opposite, lip red, flaming hair, that has followed him to this meadow — only to disappear. Alone. At last. With him. The child. After the shipwreck a great agitation in the elements, then equilibrium is restored. Jacques experiences his own nature. He is proud. The love he gives to the cowherd is well accorded with the Universe . . . but with a sweetness more extraordinary, with greater madness and a magnificent sense of the Forbidden. The child receives, as though it were a secret he understands, a mysterious invitation. Desire and the gift turn the mountains purple. These moist forests will be favorable to us. I touch him on the back between the shoulders, more delicious to the hand than the skin of a fruit. He is happy. Charles, you love the sun, do you love me? I lead him by the hand to the hut. He laughs."

About Baladine, the narrator tells us that she is "one of those acquaintances one acquires" without quite catching the family name:

"There is something provocative about Baladine's person. If one has noticed certain movements her large body is capable of, one can no longer stop watching her. A rather accurate epithet would be 'female bird.' Legs long and sturdy and agreeable to look at, arched feet, hips and breasts very much in evidence, but a waist that's supple. . . . As for her hair it is also provocative, a bit dark, sensual."

JOUVE explains in "En Miroir" that Jacques was the portrait of someone Jouve had seen "succumb under the weight of his inverted erotic constitution," while Baladine had been invented with the help of a young woman, slightly *fatale*, whom he himself had occasionally frequented. Luc Pascal is very much Jouve's self-portrait. He is a poet — like Jouve, dry and aloof: "If Luc Pascal approaches another being it is always with the feeling that between him and the other there will remain a small distance, impassable and therefore infinite."

Luc tells Baladine:

"I have been engaged for 20 years in a process of rupture. When I was a child, my life resembled a wall that cast its shade on the yard of our house, an enormous, humid wall, without an opening; my father, a provincial notary, beat my mother before my eyes. As an adolescent, I learned love through onanism, then through a long adulterous relationship (with the mother of one of my schoolmates). As a man, I am not loved. . . . My work encounters no favor, not a single success."

The author-narrator claims that Luc's taste runs exclusively to women. The homoerotic side of Jouve's look-alike is not developed; after all, it is 1912 or 1913, an era that accepts exalted and yet chaste masculine friendships. A somewhat more conventional triangle develops. Baladine loves Jacques; he is vulnerable and she tries to mold him and protect him as though he were a child. Jacques acquiesces — because Baladine is maternal. Meanwhile, the attraction Luc feels toward Baladine turns into passion. In the ensuing cycle of betrayal and defilement, Baladine and Luc sleep together, although they both understand that knowledge of the betrayal will destroy Jacques's delicate emotional equilibrium. Jacques's revenge is a sort of flight into shame: he is alternately Baladine's gigolo and child, dissolute or in search of a mystical unity.

A cycle of punishment follows. Jacques drowns himself in the Rhône at the point where, traversing Geneva, it flows most fiercely. Baladine bears a child; Jacques is the father, she assures Luc. Luc and Baladine become lovers once more and, some time later, they marry. Has the wrong been repaired, the trinity they formed with Jacques reconstituted, with the child taking the place of Jacques, consecrating their love for Jacques? Luc's egotism runs too deep; he breaks the promise made to Baladine that he will love Jacques in the child, thus betraying Jacques once more. Is this a flight into abstinence? Directly after the marriage, Baladine disappears, taking the child with her.

Luc returns to Paris, to an apartment overlooking the garden of the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, like the one where Jouve lived until 1933. In vain, he searches for Baladine, his *"rose génitale,"* throughout Paris, where the train she is known to have taken was headed. Reclusive, writing rarely, Luc "will see his work, the last living part of his soul and the reason for which he was placed on earth, sink progressively before his eyes into the region of oblivion." More than 30 years later, Jouve was to wonder in "En Miroir" whether these lines were not expressing a dreadful premonition.

It would be wrong to introduce a reader to Jouve without stressing that he was a master of erotic writing; I doubt that he has had many equals. Some of the passages I have quoted may have given a glimpse of his power; I will add another example. A reader desiring ultimate proof and delight is directed to the collection of fragments published posthumously as "Les Beaux Masques." The reader should also be assured that Jouve's eroticism stands at an opposite pole from pornography, that miserable literature of obsession, and from the writing of Sade, whom Jouve called "the clockmaker of sanguinary sexuality, a lugubrious automaton who furnishes no experience, only the indefatigable repetition of a disorder as hard as iron."

The piece that follows is from "Dans les Années Profondes." Léonide, the 16-year-old protagonist and narrator, has left his home in Jouve's beloved valley of Bregaglia on a journey to other regions — "more ordinary, less dangerous." Lingering in a meadow, he meets a lady dressed in white mousseline "as abundant as a cloud." She is old enough to be his mother. Aware of his "erotic condition," he perceives "the cause of all this, glowing like the halo of a saint, through the wind and the heat, a substance that was silver or black or violet: her Hair."

The lady is Hélène de Sannis: an amalgam of memories of *la belle Capitaine*, the schoolmate's mother who was Jouve's first real mistress, and of Lisbé. An elaborate sexual initiation follows. Léonide obtains the right to touch and then to kiss her hair. He sends Hélène letters enclosing the petals of flowers he has pressed against himself; she responds in kind. Finally, the sexual act takes place. Hélène opens the door to her bedroom. She is entirely naked, and so beautiful that Léonide joins his hands in prayer:

"I knew her shoulders, I knew well her hands, but I did not know her naked body. I had always loved the Hair, but the Hair was so much more savage and glowing with red when it leaned against the reality of the naked body. I did not know her breasts at all: they were rather small, but not far apart, perfectly full and strong, the two fawns of the Canticle. I did not know her hips, a little wider than I had dreamed them, and I saw for the first time her fleece, its color warm, and at last there were her legs like superb beasts, horses or hounds, that one sees painted in frescoes."

In 1965, Éditions Grasset decided to celebrate the 80th birthday of François Mauriac at a large lunch at the Paris Ritz. Venerated, at the summit of literary and moral prestige, Mauriac was asked if there were any men of letters he particularly wanted to be present. Only two, he responded in the thinnest of whispers (his vocal cords had been damaged during the removal of a cancerous tumor): Louis Aragon and Pierre Jean Jouve.

Aragon declined at once, on the ground that he never attended banquets. When Bernard Privat, the head of Grasset, approached Jouve he obtained an initial yes. Then Jouve changed his mind. Impossible, he said, listing with terrible false modesty the titles of other guests who were also writers: Nobel Prize winner, ambassador, member of the French Academy. Where would he fit in such a brilliant assembly? He was assured that lunch would be served at small tables, precisely to avoid problems of protocol caused by official rank. But Jouve refused to budge. It's no use, he told Privat, *"je suis un homme implaçable* . . . you won't know where to put me." □

August 6, 1996

Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

I have read most of your books, and they seem to touch a spot so near and dear to me that I felt compelled to write to you of my father's autobiography, which, among other things, recalls his experiences homesteading with his brother in Eastern Montana. The book (unpublished) is entitled, *Ed Lister: An Autobiography...As Told to Shari Linjala.*

The year was 1913, the homestead was located about 20 miles out of Belmont, and my dad was a lad of 15. Dad's homesteading venture lasted until, at age 20, he registered for the draft in Rapelje and moved to Portland, Oregon to enlist. The war ended November 11, 1918--before Dad's induction--but he didn't return to Montana to live until retirement. Instead he opted to stay in Portland, immersing himself in the automobile repair business, where he worked until offered a job in St. Louis, Missouri working on the railroad. His railroading career was off and running when he delivered his first locomotive for the Northern Pacific running out of Centrailia Washington in November of 1929. To make a long story short, Dad was part of the elite group who put the original diesel-electric locomotives on American railroads, and a pioneer of what was to become Electromotive Division of General Motors.

I worked with Dad for three and one-half years to record this history, and feel grateful to have completed the project before his death in 1991. Those who have read this autobiography have commented on their delight at discovering a special slice of history, as he recalls his experiences in Eastern Montana, working and surviving in Portland before the during the depression and building and putting diesel locomotives into service from coast to coast. I would love to send you a copy of this account if you are interested in reading it. Please let me know your thoughts. We have 100 copies in print, including one in the archives at Mansfield Library at The University of Montana--I have no idea how Dale Johnson became aware of my project, but felt quite complimented with his request for a copy.

Again, I want you to know how much both my husband and I have enjoyed your books. Our summer has been quite hectic, so I've yet to read the copy of *Bucking the Sun* you autographed for me when you were in Missoula this spring. To date, I'd have to say my favorite is *This House of Sky.*

Should you choose to respond to this, I'd be delighted to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Shari Linjala

Shari Linjala
4900 Blue Mountain Road
Missoula MT 59804
(406) 251-2571 - home
(406) 243-5281 - work

3 Sept. '96

Dear Shari Linjala--

Sorry about the tardiness in replying, but I've been on a practically endless bookstore tour. Your offer of your dad's book is tempting, but I've really hit a shelf shortage here (winter project is another wall of bookcases) and I believe I ought to simply make a note that the book is available at the U. of Montana library, where I fairly regularly come and do research. So, your dad's career is now very much on file with me, and I wish you well with the book; the Montana Historical Society in Helena might also prize a copy?

Thanks for thinking of me in this connection; I may write a novel with some railroading in it, but it's a ways into the future.

sincerely,

B
EF42 Two-Story Biscuits – Ellià, Fern

p. 33 -36

C. McLean Lit
MHS, SC

M.R. Montgomery, SAYING GOODBYE--

p. 11--Montana Sedition Act of 1918 "first in the nation"?

p. 13--still unrepealed?

p. 12--Council of Defense etc.

The New York Times

Master Classes: The Play vs. 3 Recent Realities

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

ABOVE Leontyne Price, right, advising Laura Tucker in a class. RIGHT In the play, Zoe Caldwell, left, plays Maria Callas, with Audra McDonald as her student.

Jay Thompson/"Master Class"

For an aspiring singer, the mystique of the master class is understandably enticing: within the space of an hour a renowned artist is supposed to size up your problems, impart secret remedies and send you on the sure path to operatic greatness.

The truth — and all music students secretly understand this — is that the process of becoming a fine singer and performer is a painstaking effort, and the best support students can have are teachers who stick by them week in and week out for years. For the most part, master classes are better at opening a window to the master's art than at helping young artists in lasting ways.

This was amply demonstrated in actual master classes given here recently by three renowned singers, Roberta Peters, Régine Crespin and Leontyne Price. Their efforts were vastly different from what takes place on stage in Terrence McNally's hit play, "Master Class," loosely based on Maria Callas's public classes at the Juilliard School in 1971-72. Mr. McNally's portrayal of Callas, mesmerizingly played by Zoe Caldwell, is a dramatic fabrication: Callas as a catty, withering, arrogant, self-pitying diva-demon. The reality was quite different.

Over five months Callas spent 42 hours with a select group of students, and the record shows that she was from start to finish utterly professional, more like a senior colleague than an oracular presence. She went through the music phrase by phrase, dealing with matters of text, diction, portamento, vocal projection, characterization. Her criticisms were often sharp but never personal. Although she was not always articulate, she made her points in the most revealing way possible: through singing, though her voice by then was sadly ravaged. But the points were made.

Within the limitations of the master class format, some artists manage to work effectively, offering insightful reactions, fresh perspectives and inspiration. Ms. Peters demonstrated those skills on Nov. 18 at Weill Recital Hall, Ms. Crespin on Nov. 19 at the Mannes College of Music and Ms. Price on Nov. 20 at Carnegie Hall.

Ms. Crespin's master class was the culmination of a week's residency at Mannes, where she worked in private sessions with five selected students. So by the time the classes were opened to the public, close working relationships had been established between the legendary French soprano, now 68, and the excited students. Ms. Crespin arrived at her class dressed for work: flowery blouse, casual slacks and sensible shoes. Seated at an onstage table from which she seldom moved, she listened intently, following along in the students' own scores, which she freely marked up with penciled notations.

Ms. Crespin's critiques were unfailingly offered as suggestions. When Jennifer Arnold, a mezzo-soprano singing Charlotte's great aria from Massenet's "Werther," questioned Ms. Crespin's objection to a somewhat restless interpretation of an arching phrase, Ms. Crespin said: "I only propose; if you feel it differently, you do it differently. But you must convince me."

Most of Ms. Crespin's suggestions involved issues of idiomatic French vocal style, phrasing, nuance, voice placement — matters that the students would need time to absorb. But some of her comments

Continued on Page B4

Master Classes: The Play Vs. Three Recent Realities

Continued From Page B1

produced immediate results. After Mary Petro had sung "Mi chiamano Mimi" from "La Bohème," Ms. Crespin said, "You know, when Mimi tells Rodolfo in an aside, 'I live all by myself,' she is flirting." With a glint in her eye, Ms. Petro did it again, and what had been a bit sappy became sassy.

For all the intensity of the work, there was much banter as well. When one singer regretted having had lunch too soon before the class, Ms. Crespin said: "You have to burp? Go right ahead. Burp." Then she shared a story about a colleague, the tenor Franco Corelli, who swore that eating raw garlic was good for the voice. But this meant that during performances he was always having to tap his chest and burp before he sang.

Ms. Peters's presentation was part of a workshop sponsored by Carnegie Hall for voice and chorus teachers from middle schools and high schools. Although she worked briefly with two students from Columbus High School in New York, most of her session was devoted to sharing her own approach to vocal technique and repertory development. Remarkably fit at 65, she demonstrated her technique of holding a heavy medicine ball in her outstretched arms as she sings to channel bodily tension into the ball. The previous day had been the 45th anniversary of Ms. Peters's Met debut. The arias and songs she sang to demonstrate her points, from Bellini's "Casta Diva" to Harbach and Kern's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," were a testimony to her vocal durability.

At Ms. Price's class, sponsored by the Richard Tucker Foundation, the singers who performed were emerging artists with professional experience. Looking radiant at 68, Ms. Price listened with rapt attention to each of them, seldom glancing at the scores on her table. Her comments were refreshingly direct.

"It needs more juice," she told Robert Perry, a robust baritone who had just sung Iago's "Credo." "You don't mind if I'm not too fancy in my explanations, do you?" When she wanted Mr. Perry to make the phrases more menacing, she asked him to "use the language" more vividly. "Italian is the greatest language in the world," she said, "though you'd never know with my down-home accent that I feel that way." To Jennifer Aylmer, a striking mezzo who had just sung Carmen's "Habanera" without, Ms. Price felt, the requisite steaminess, she said: "I don't have your equipment, if you know what I mean; I had to do it only vocally." She wanted Ms. Aylmer to rejoice in her voice: "You must be totally nuts about your own sound."

"Always learn the entire score," she advised Laura Tucker, a soprano who had just sung Susanna's last-act aria from "The Marriage of Figaro." "Know the instruments that lead into your part," she said; "Boy, does that impress conductors." She gently admonished Kevin Bell, a stentorian bass, when he sang a phrase of an aria from "Simon Boccanegra" with an emotive catch in his throat: "Don't be pitiful; it's not masculine."

Though Ms. Price was effusive in her enthusiasm for all the singers, it was Tichina Vaughn, a young black mezzo whose sumptuous voice filled Carnegie Hall with the arching phrases of "My Man's Gone Now" from "Porgy and Bess" with whom she bonded.

"The voice is extraordinary," Ms. Price said after Ms. Vaughn had finished singing the music Ms. Price has more or less made her own for 40 years. "It's so very moving. When Gershwin wrote this, he knew where the bodies were buried. I'm out of control," Ms. Price added, looking like she really was.

A song from 'Porgy and Bess' unites two singers.

All Ms. Vaughn's performance lacked, Ms. Price said, was the deep expressivity that comes from the "cultural texture" that is captured in the music. "You don't mind my getting sisterly about it?" Ms. Price, who is from Laurel, Miss., asked Ms. Vaughn, a North Carolina native. "I can tell from the way you answered 'Yes, ma'am' that you know what I'm talking about."

The song's sighing refrains must be "like moaning in church," Ms. Price said. The lofty final phrases "up in nosebleed country," as Ms. Price called it, must proclaim despair: "She's not scared of dying; she's scared of living without her man."

To make the point, Ms. Price sang a few phrases with an emotional fervor and vocal character that elicited frenzied cheers from the audience, although her voice was inadvertently (and unflatteringly) amplified through the microphone she wore to make her spoken comments audible.

With all the singers, Ms. Price necessarily passed over some important matters that should eventually be attended to, like instances of poor English diction. But she provided an inspiring example of musical honesty and vocal charisma. What lasting benefits this particular master class will have is hard to say. But for three exciting hours, nobody was thinking about that.

 NYT Dec. 20, 195

Black Identity and a Lifetime of Reflection

By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

If truth be told, Ralph Ellison, whose novel "Invisible Man" is one of the indisputable classics of American literature, has faded from the public mind, occupying what might be called a highly respected position on the sidelines of the general consciousness. This is a shame, as any reader of this new and elegant collection of his nonfiction articles will immediately see. And yet, paradoxically, the collection serves contradictory purposes. It reminds us just how subtle, deeply cultivated and searching Mr. Ellison's mind was. At the same time, it suggests why that mind seems, sadly, to be underappreciated these days.

Mr. Ellison, who was born in Oklahoma City in 1914 and died in New York in 1994, always identified himself as an "American Negro writer." The essays in this collection represent a sustained, lifelong reflection on issues that are still so much with us: race, racism and African-American identity. But while Mr. Ellison clearly took the oppression of blacks as an essential and irreducible fact of American life, he also waged an untiring intellectual war against those "who regard blackness as an absolute, and who see in it a release from the complications of the real world."

Words like complexity appear often in Mr. Ellison's nonfiction essays, along with conscience and consciousness, as well as a quality he called roundedness. He refused to participate in the emotionally satisfying cult of black rage or the reduction of black people to a category of oppression. He also repudiated all notions of a separate black culture, insisting throughout his life that the black identity was inseparable from the American identity, and that indeed there is literally nothing in the American identity that does not partake of its quotient of blackness. Mr. Ellison was integrationist in his very marrow, and in these times of intense identity politics and multiculturalism, that puts him outside the contemporary trendy mainstream.

One of the most famous of the essays in the Modern Library edition, "The World and the Jug," is a reprise of one of the central arguments among black intellectuals, although Mr. Ellison wrote it in refutation of the ideas of Irving Howe, the liberal-socialist literary critic who was Jewish (and therefore, Mr. Ellison stresses, familiar with historic oppression) and white. Mr. Howe had published an essay in "Dissent" that compared both Mr. Ellison and James Baldwin unfavorably with Richard Wright, author of "Native Son." It was Wright and his fictional creation Bigger Thomas who, in Mr. Howe's phrase, expressed "a pain and ferocity that nothing could remove," and that contrasted favorably to the "more modulated tones of the younger Negro novelists."

Mr. Ellison's response, showing him at a moment when anger burst through the usual courtly tranquillity of his writing, hinges on the idea that he needed no lessons in what makes for "a good Negro." If one didn't know better, he says, one might believe that for Mr. Howe a Negro was "not a human being but an abstract embodiment of living hell." The more complex reality, Mr. Ellison continued, is that life for black Americans is "a discipline teaching its own insights into the human condition." Believe it or not, he writes, "there is a fullness, even a richness here."

"Howe seems to see segregation as an opaque steel jug with the Negroes inside waiting for some black Messiah to come along and blow the cork," Mr. Ellison writes. "But if we are in a jug it is transparent, not opaque, and one is allowed not only to see outside but to read what is going on." And what we see and read is not the product of a segregated culture. "I understand a bit more about myself as a Negro," Mr. Ellison writes in a remark that seems veritably archaic today, "because literature has taught me something of my identity as a Western man, as a political being."

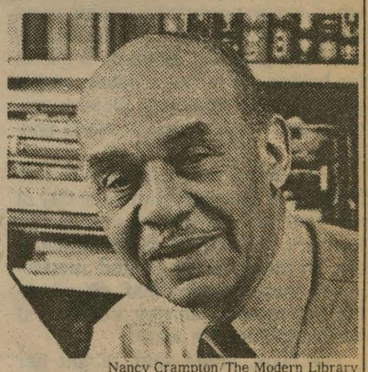
The Modern Library edition, edited by John F. Callahan and with a preface by Saul Bellow, has some 60 essays, including a dozen or so never published before, all of them adorned by Mr. Ellison's usual quiet intelligence. There is an elaborateness to Mr. Ellison's style that adds to the archaic feel of much of this writing, as if it had been produced in a different century. The essays include some journalism, like "The Way It Is," a 1942 visit to a family in Harlem, one of whose members has been drafted into the Army. But literature is the main theme. There are essays on other writers, Stephen Crane, for example, and a brilliant critique of the absence of "Negro characters possessing the full, complex ambiguity of the human" in the novels of Steinbeck, Hemingway and Faulkner. There are many passages that belong in any collection of great quotations:

> A writer who saw oppression as an essential part of American life.

"In the beginning was not the shadow but the act, and the province of Hollywood is not action, but illusion," Mr. Ellison writes about the depiction of blacks in the movies. "As I see it," he told an audience of Harvard alumni in 1974, "protest is not an end in itself, but an effort in the direction of responsible and creative participation." Writing 30 years after the publication of "Invisible Man," Mr. Ellison describes the kind of main character he strove to create:

"I decided that it would be one who had been forged in the underground of American experience and yet managed to emerge less angry than ironic. That he would be a blues-toned laugher-at-wounds who included himself in his indictment of the human condition."

There is nothing easy about these essays, which show no compromise in the direction of simplification. The forces that pushed Negro Americans (the term that Ellison usually used) in the direction of a caged, prefabricated identity were almost irresistible. And yet he saw it as the duty of the writer to resist them. It was sadly true, as he put it in that essay on "Invisible Man," that "Afro-Americans were usually defeated in their bouts with circumstances" and yet, "there was no reason why they, like Br'er Rabbit and his more literary cousins, the great heroes of tragedy and comedy, shouldn't be allowed to snatch the victory of conscious perception from the forces that overwhelmed them."



Nancy Crampton/The Modern Library

Ralph Ellison, who died last year.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF RALPH ELLISON

By Ralph Ellison. Edited by John F. Callahan.

856 pages. Modern Library. $20.

Reflections of Travel on the WSSYPRR
The Rev. Dr. Orville E. Lanham
September 1954, March-April 1955
For Dr. Ivan Doig

I arrived in White Sulphur Springs on June 30, 1954. I began work as pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church on 1 July 1954, and work as a Sunday School Missionary under the Presbyterian Church Board of National Missions. This relationship lasted until October of 1964 when I resigned to work on a Master's Degree at Montana State College (later University).

The work in the parish allowed a young green pastor from an urban metropolitan area the opportunity to explore many areas blocked by that urban environment. I lived fouir blocks from the Wabash Railroad mainline from Detroit to Kansas City, and beyond. There was a water tower at 10 1/2 street and Laurel. My home was at 1121 E. Laurel. The stream engines (configurations 2800 had to stop for water. So, I spent some hours waiting at the crossing, but also listening to the many thumps, hisses, bells, whistles of the trains. I think most boys my age always yearned to ride in the engine. So, when I came to WSS, I had a chance to ride in the engine. Harold Clay was superintendent of the line. At that time Fred Coburn was the engineer, with Vernon (Blackie) Ransier the assistant engineer, and fireman when Fred was at the throttle. Because Supt. Clay was a member of the parish, I had received permission to go on a "run" to Ringling.

The WSSYPRR was a joint venture between the Milwaukee Railroad and Dick Ringling, of the Ringling Circus family. The Ringling's had purchased a lot of land in Meagher County, and where the WSSYPRR joined the Milwaukee, the town was called Ringling. The Milwaukee was electrified from Harlowton Montana, 55 miles to the East, and to Avery, Idaho. The distance from Harlow as it was and is called to Avery was over 400 miles. I am not sure when Ringling was founded, but I suspect in the era between 1900 and 1910. An earlier railroad had existed in the area before the Milwaukee came through. This was the Montana Rail road, or referred to as the Jawbone as script was use to pay employees and creditors as the railroad ran out of cash due to the problem with Free Silver in the elections of the 1890's. East of Ringling about 15 miles was Loweth, the highest point on the Milwaukee between Chicago and Seattle. Ringling was a thriving community until the late 1920's. As the depression began to overcome the economy,for some reason there were a number of towns in Montana disappearing, or almost disappearing because of fires. I recall Maurice Holmes, a resident of WSS for years telling to making a trip to the "east" in the summer or fall of '29. Ringling was there when they left, but when they returned only a few places remained.

Ringling in the early 50's consisted of the depot of the railroad, three homes for railroad section hands and their families, the closed Ryan store, a shell of the Ringling Bank, a Bar, Schuyler's garage, the former

Congregational Church, a grade school, and several homes in various states of repair. The school met in the lower or 1st floor. There was a High School, but due to the decline in population, it was closed. The building had an upper story which was to be used for the increase in students. But, with the fire, and the depression, it was never Completed. There were three tracks at Ringling. So, the WSSYPRR came in, switched cars to the appropriate east and west bound tracks for the Milwaukee freights to pick up. In 1945-55 Ringling had passenger service with 1 east and 1 west bound train per day. The crack stream- liner from Chicago, the Olympian Hiawatha did not stop there. It came rolling off the Loweth hill at speeds of 55 plus and thundered through Ringling.

The WSSYPRR was a venture of Dick Ringling. The name, White Sulphur Springs and Yellowstone Park Rail Road was to run from WSS to Yellowstone Park. I supposed it would hook into the Northern Pacific branch line at Wilsall some 40 miles south of Ringling. The NP line went from Wisall through Clyde Park to Livingston, thence to Gardiner. The right of way extended 22 miles from Ringling to WSS. There was a Y at Ringling where the engine could make a turn around for the return trip, sidings at Calkins about 10 miles from Ringling, andthe yards at White Sulphur Springs. The trains ran on a sporadic schedule, that is whenever there was enough freight to take to Ringling, or bring from Ringling to WSS.The consists were mixed with cattle during the shipping season, and other freight such as gasoline, fuel oil, coal, feed, even Chevrolet cars for the Berg Garage in WSS. There was also "pulp" for Wisconsin paper mills. The Yards at WSS were dominated by the Stockyards, and the Stockyards Y. In the fall of each year this was a busy place. Thousands of head of cattle and sheep were shipped from WSS. The cars from WSS were then taken to Ringling for pick up by the through Milwaukee freights. Some went east, others west.

Now to my trip!. There were 15 cars of cattle to be shipped. They had all been loaded, and we proceeded to Ringling. The road bed was not very solid, as were many of the Milwaukee branch lines. Mostly dirt, not a lot of sold rock ballast. So, speed was limited! The trip took 3 hrs! Fred chewed tobacco! Every once in a while he leaned out the window to spit! Vern was busy shoveling coal. If memory is correct it took 10 tons of coal for the trip. This was probably where Vern got the nickname "Blackie". It was a hot, dirty job. Fred would glance at the right of way, pull the whistle cord for the 6 crossings, wave at ranchers along the way, and add water to the boiler. He straddled the "Johnson Bar" This was the lever that changed direction for the engine from forward to reverse, and also allowed the engineer to change the stroke for more power, etc. It was a bumpy,boring ride after we started. But Fred always had stories to tell. At Calkins, the siding, a town had been platted at one time, and lots were sold to unsuspecting "rubes" from the ast. He told of one elderly couple to had met the train at Ringling, and asked to get off at Calkins. The WSSYPRR then ran an engine and coach to Ringling each day. The engineer

told them that there was nothing at Calkins. But, they had to see for themselves. They went on to WSS. Fred did not know what they did after that. We arrived at Ringling, set out the cars, and then made the return trip. When I got home I had to shower extensively to remove the soot, ashes, etc. But, it was fun.

The WSSYPRR had the only two steam engines on the entire Milwaukee line in 1954/55. They received loving care from Fred, Blackie, and others. The "roundhouse" consisted of a shed large enough to house the two engines and their tenders. Coal bunkers were adjacent to the "roundhouse". the tenders were watered with a firehose from a nearby hydrant. In early 1955 the Milwaukee notified Superindent Clay that they two engines had to be retired, and the road deseilized. The flues in their boilers were defective, and there were no facilities on the entire line for repairs. So, two new engines arrived in February of 1955. They were General Electric 44 tonners, with engines at both ends, the cab in the middle. They were more efficient, buring only 1/3 of the equivalent fuel for the 44 mile round trip. They were also much shorter. The two steamers were then placed on passing tracks, their boiler fires allowed to cool, and water drained from their boilers and tenders.

I the sping of 1955, the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the WSSYPRR was to ship 12 cars of cattle to Butte for Ed McReynolds. Ed was a local cattle buyer. The cars were to arrive in Butte for the Monday morning cattle auction. I had my sermon prepared, and was making the trip in the "new diesels". The cabs were clean, had heat, and not as noisy as the old steamers. But, the speed was the same! We left WSS about 11 am. It was a cloudy day, temperature about 30. There had been some snow earlier in the week. Not much, about 2". On Friday, they had taken the diesel to Ringling to pick up some cars, but on the return found that the engine lacked the power of the steamer and had to leave 4 cars on the mainline about 6 miles north of Ringling. This was to have disastrous consequences as you will see.

The trip south was uneventful until we got to Calkins. There we ran into a real Montana Spring Blizzard. Wind, and Snow. The visibility was about 50 feet! We were snug in the car though. As we passed Calkins there was some discussion abouth whether we had enough power to pull through the cut on the Loweth Martins dale road. They decided not to set out some of the cars at Calkins, which would have meant proceeding to Ringling and then returning for the cars at Calkins, then back to Ringling.There was also some discussion about what to do when they came to the stretch where the cars had been abandoned. They would have to be pushed back to Ringling!

As we approached the cut near the crossing on the Ringling Martinsdale Road we noticed that the cut was full of snow! About a foot and a half. The train gradually began to loose speed as it was an uphill grade! Soon we made no progress at all! The 44 ton engine sat on the rails with the

wheels spinning! Just like a car in a snow drift! So, the decision was made to cut off the stock cars, proceed to Ringling, then return and take them back. This would mean taking only a few at a time. So, the cars were cut off and we began to make progress up the hill. About 20 minutes later we were in sight of the 4 cars left on the main line. The wind was blowing about 40 mph, snow covered the tracks. I did not realize how helpless a railroad engine or railroad car is when there is snow on the track. The flange on the wheels is seldom more than 4 inches. That is all that keeps the train on the track! With the track covered, the engine and train could easily go on "the ground" or derail. So, Blackie and the other fireman took their grain shovels,(which fortunately were standard equipment) and began to flange the track. They could only do this for about 10 minutes at a time. We then proceeded to knock the cars over the top of the grade. It took about an hour. After we knocked them through, we could then push them to Ringling, and set them out there. The goal was then to return to the 'cut' and begin the laborious trip of bringing the other cars back. When we cut out the cars the cows were really bellering.

Superintendent Clay met us at the Ringling Y. After reviewing the situation, we then proceeded back to WSS. The crew stayed with the Engine at Ringling because it had to be left with the engine running.Food and other sustenance was brought for the crew.

Palm Sunday in WSS was a white Xmas card scene. Lots of snow. I thought about the cattle spending the night in the crowded cars, with no food or water. I also wondered what the plan was for solving the problem.

Superintendent Clay decided that one of the steamers had to be "fired up". It had been drained of water, so water had to be put into the tender, and the fire started. This usually took several hours before steam could be built up. The fire was started early Sunday morning. By 11 o'clock the steamer was ready to roll. It was no problem betting through the cuts filled with snow. There was a snow plow/cow catcher. And the weight of the engine was spread out over half a city block.. And steam had unlimited power! They proceeded to the cut, pulled all of the cars back to Calkins, made a run around to get in front of them, then proceeded to Ringling. When they came to the cut,Fred opened the throttle. The hunge steamer with the weight of the cars made quick work of the drift. They snow was very light and it; must have been a sight to see the steamer hit the drift with snow flying everywhere. I went with Supt. Clay to Ringling to see them come in. Ed McReynolds as also along. He did not believe that they could bring the cars in! But, they came with huffs, puffs, steam escaping, whistle blowing, rods clanking, cows bellering. When the engine passed, I could see Fred with his head out the window, probably letting go with a wad of chew! Ed was disappointed. The cattle would not make itto the Monday auction in Butte. Superintendent Clay replied that this fit the "acts of God" clause in the contract for unseen delays.

There was one problem with breaking through the drift at the cut! The engine had such force, that when it hit the drift, the snow built up and destroyed the front coupler on the engine! As the engine was to be retired, the Milwaukee was in no hurry to send a crew to repair the coupler. The engine sat on the siding at Ringling for at least a week. Then a crew came from Harlowton and repaired the coupler. It had to be replaced!. Without the coupler, the idled engine could not be attached to a train for its last journey to the scrap yard.

Susan Duff was liberal with the night. The hours beyond dark dusk she counted as her own, free and clear of

Meeting myself on the long road, I took the chance to ask:

"Am I who I think I am?"

The answers ran various.

possible plot turn for There's No Better Trouble...:

Susan Duff has a daughter who turns out as strong-willed as herself: their clash, and ultimate accommodation(?), over these identical self-strengths.

NYT, Sept. 29, '95

Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times

Classic Pose

A reproduction of the Parthenon was the perfect spot for a little reading in Nashville yesterday, a day that itself deserved to be reproduced: a high temperature of 83 and low humidity. The reader was Bill Haymes, a singer and songwriter. The reproduction was first built for the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in 1897, then rebuilt in 1931.

Nashville '95

To many across the country the word Nashville evokes images of rhinestone cowboys and sequined guitarists. Most are unaware, however, that the $300 million music business in Music City, U.S.A., is only Nashville's fourth largest industry, following insurance, banking and printing.

Nashville was founded on Christmas Day 1779, when James Robertson, under the authority of the governor of North Carolina, established a settlement on the west bank of the Cumberland River and called it Fort Nashborough in honor of Francis Nash, a Revolutionary War general. Sixty-four years later Nashville became the state capital.

Union forces took Nashville in 1862. Three years later, shortly before the surrender at Appomattox, the Confederates attempted to regain control in the Battle of Nashville. Badly outnumbered by Union troops, they were defeated in a 2-day battle that is believed to have been the last of the Civil War.

Nashville's size and its central position and proximity to the Cumberland River dictated its importance as a trade and transportation center. Prosperity in the river trade increased with the arrival of the first steamboat in 1818. The economy got another boost when the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway was completed in 1854, providing important connections to Atlanta and Louisiana.

The printing industry, especially the production of Bibles, is of major importance in Nashville. The city is home to more than 700 churches and also is the headquarters of the Southern Baptist Convention. Because of its strong religious ties, Nashville is sometimes referred to as "the Protestant Vatican" or "the buckle on the Bible Belt."

The city's devotion to education and the arts began in the early 1800s and creates yet another image: "The Athens of the South." This side of Nashville is most evident in its architecture, which reflects a strong preference for Greek

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Police (non-emergency): (615) 862-8600

Time and Temperature: (615) 259-2222

Hospitals: Baptist Hospital, (615) 329-5555; St. Thomas Hospital, (615) 386-2111; Vanderbilt Hospital, (615) 322-5000.

Where to Look

Newspapers

Nashville has two daily papers, *The Nashville Banner* (afternoon) and *The Tennessean* (morning). *The Nashville Record,* a legal and financial paper, is published on Thursday.

Radio and TV

Nashville radio station WKDA (1240 AM) is an all-news/weather station; WPLN (90.3 FM) is programmed by National Public Radio.

The major network TV channels are 2 (ABC), 4 (NBC), 5 (CBS), 8 (PBS) and 17 (FOX). For a complete list of radio and television programs, consult the daily newspapers.

Visitor Information

A weekly publication, *This Week Key,* lists information on dining, recreation, entertainment and events.

Maps, brochures, calendars of events, lists of sightseeing companies and hotel location maps are available at the Nashville Area Chamber of Commerce, 161 4th Ave. N., Nashville, TN 37219; phone (615) 259-4700. The Nashville Tourist Information Center, I-65 and James Robertson Parkway, exit 85, is open seven days a week and also offers tourist assistance; phone (615) 259-4747.

What to Wear

Nashville has four distinct seasons. Temperatures average between 30 and 45 December through February, with an average low of 29 in January. Spring offers temperatures in the high 60s and low 70s, with nighttime temperatures in the 40s and 50s.

Summer maximums are in the 90s, with an occasional high of 100 in July. Fall is characterized by warm days and cool nights, with daytime temperatures similar to those in spring. Snowfall averages 11.3 inches annually; rainfall is 46 inches.

symmetry. The most outstanding example of this is the full-size replica of the Parthenon *(see attraction listing)*.

Among the more than 15 institutions of higher education are Vanderbilt University; Fisk University, one of the first private black schools in the South; and Meharry Medical College, the first black medical school in the nation. The Tennessee Performing Arts Center, home of the capital's symphony, ballet and visiting theatrical companies, is further testimony of Nashville's diverse cultural interests.

Insurance, banking and Bibles seem rather dull when compared to the legendary Grand Ole Opry, the country's longest running radio program which began in 1925 as the WSM Barn Dance. Because the broadcast followed a segment featuring classical music from the Grand Opera, announcer George D. Hay could not resist introducing his homespun country music show as the Grand Ole Opry—a name now legendary.

It was during the city's economic boom in the 1960s that Nashville became *the* place to record, and Music Row was born. According to the Country Music Association, more than half of all single records produced in the United States come out of Nashville.

Present-day Nashville is the result of extensive urban renewal projects to renovate highways, parks and buildings. For example, the cast-iron and masonry facades on many of the buildings in the warehouse district were restored or re-created and now front offices, shops and restaurants.

One interesting historical spot in Nashville is the Old Cemetery at 1001 Fourth Ave. S. It is the burial place of many of Nashville's most memorable figures, including its founder, Gen. James Robertson, and Capt. William Driver, who nicknamed the U.S. flag "Old Glory." Driver's grave is one of the few places that the flag is permitted, by an act of Congress, to fly 24 hours a day.

Though Nashville has much to offer, it is the image of the Country Music Capital of the World that dominates in the hearts of many. Whenever we think of Nashville, it is not Andrew Jackson, Andrew Johnson, James K. Polk, Sam Houston or Thomas Hart Benton—native sons—who spring to mind, but such 20th-century superstars as Dolly, Loretta, Chet, Tammy, Johnny and Hank.

Approaches

By Car

Three major interstates pass through Nashville. Near the heart of the city these highways combine to form a circle around downtown with a little help from I-265 and I-440. Convenient exits provide easy access to major city streets.

The main north-south route is I-65. Closely parallel is the US 31 corridor, which divides into US 31E and US 31W north of Nashville, US 31 and Alt. US 31 to the south, and I-24 to the west.

East-west access comes primarily from transcontinental I-40. A close companion is US 70, another route that spans a considerable portion of the nation; east of Nashville it splinters into US 70N and US 70S.

I-24 runs on a northwest-southeast axis, bringing traffic from other routes in Chattanooga and southern Illinois. A close relative on part of its journey is US 41 and Alt. US 41.

SR 155 (Briley Parkway/Thompson Lane), a bypass, swings in a wide, fairly lightly traveled arc around the east side of Nashville, connecting with I-65 on the north and south.

By Plane, Train and Bus

Nashville International Airport, 15 minutes from downtown, is served by many commercial airlines. Opryland *(see attraction listing)* has commuter bus service from the airport, and most major hotels provide courtesy cars to and from the airport. Airport shuttle service to downtown is $8 each way per person. Rates vary to major hotels outside downtown. Shuttle service runs according to demand; phone (615) 275-1180. The Greyhound bus terminal is at 200 8th Avenue S.; phone (615) 256-6141.

Getting Around

Street System

Nashville is a fairly easy city in which to navigate, given that the downtown area is ringed by four major interstates: 40, 265, 440 and 24. The key to deciphering the street system is to remember that the Cumberland River runs north to south, bisecting the heart of the city. The numbered *avenues* run north to south, *west* of and parallel to the river. The numbered *streets* run north to south, *east* of and parallel to the river. East-west streets are generally perpendicular to the river on both sides.

Four bridges connect the east and west sections of downtown: the Memorial Bridge, Woodland Street Bridge, Shelby Avenue Bridge and Jefferson Street Bridge. Broadway (US 70), Charlotte, Church and Jefferson streets are the principal crosstown routes.

US 41 is the main north-south thoroughfare, though it is separated by the Robertson Parkway for about a half mile in the area around the State Capitol. The Robertson Parkway also is the link with Memorial Bridge. South of Demonbreun Street, US 41 (also called Eighth Avenue) divides, and the Eighth Avenue S. part of the fork becomes US 31. US 41 continues south as Lafayette Street.

Broadway and Jefferson, Charlotte, Church and Demonbreun streets are all downtown access exits off the I-40 loop of the circumferential highway. On the eastern side of the river, Jefferson, Main and Woodland streets and Shelby Avenue are exits off the I-24 loop of the highway.

The average speed downtown is 30-35 mph. The minimum age for drivers is 16, 15 with a

learner's permit. Right turns at red lights are legal unless otherwise posted.

Parking

On-street parking is convenient at meters, with a rate of 25c per half hour. Parking garages and outdoor parking lots average $1 for each half hour.

Rental Cars

Hertz, (615) 361-3131 or (800) 654-3080, offers discounts to AAA members; other local companies are listed in the telephone directory.

Taxis

Cab fare is $1.50 to start and $1.50 per mile. Cabs are not easy to hail but can be ordered by phone. The major cab company is Yellow, (615) 256-0101. Others include Allied, (615) 883-2323; Checker, (615) 256-7000; Nashville, (615) 242-7070; and Rivergate, (615) 865-4100. See the telephone directory for listings of companies offering limousine service.

Public Transportation

Metropolitan Transit Authority has about 36 city routes, including an airport connection. Exact change is required. The fare is $1.15; over 64 with Medicare card 55c; ages 10-18 with a commuter connection card and ages 5-9, 55c; transfers 10c. Express bus fare is $1.45. For schedules phone (615) 242-4433, Mon.-Fri. 6:30 a.m.-6 p.m.

The Nashville Trolley Co., (615) 242-4433, provides transportation in the downtown area for 75c. The trolleys travel to popular downtown destinations every 15 minutes. A wheelchair lift-equipped van is available for physically impaired persons; phone (615) 351-RIDE.

What To See

BARBARA MANDRELL COUNTRY is 1½ blks. s. of I-40 exit 209B, across from the Country Music Hall of Fame. Highlights include an audio-visual show and a recording studio in which visitors may record their endeavors. Allow 1 hour minimum. Daily 9-7, Memorial Day weekend-Labor Day; 9-5, rest of year. Closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $3.25, under 12 free. AE, DS, MC, VI. **Discount.** Phone (615) 242-7800.

BELLE MEADE PLANTATION is 7 mi. s.w. on US 70S (Harding Rd.) at 5025 Harding Rd. The

1853 Greek Revival mansion is noted for its curving stairway, 14-foot ceilings and classic proportions. The 1890 carriage house displays 20 carriages. Also on the grounds are a 1790 log cabin, an 1820 smokehouse and an 1884 creamery.

Allow 1 hour minimum. Guided tours Mon.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5. Last tour begins at 4. Closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $6; over 65, $5.50; ages 13-18, $4; ages 6-12, $2. **Discount.** Phone (615) 356-0501.

BELMONT MANSION, on the Belmont College campus, is reached via the Wedgewood exit off I-65; follow Wedgewood 2½ mi. w. to Magnolia Ave., then ⅛ mi. s.w. via 18th St. to the campus entrance. Belmont is an ornate Italian villa built in the 1850s for Adelicia Acklen, one of the country's wealthiest women. Exterior features include elaborate cast-iron balconies and an octagonal cupola.

Spacious rooms, including an arched-ceiling ballroom, contain a grand staircase, heavy marble mantels, period furnishings and artworks collected by the original owners. The mansion's history and restoration are described in guided tours. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Mon.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 2-5, June-Aug.; Tues.-Sat. 10-4, rest of year. Closed major holidays. Admission $5; ages 6-12, $1. **Discount.** Phone (615) 386-4459.

CAR COLLECTORS HALL OF FAME, 1534 Demonbreun St., 1½ blks. s. of I-40 exit 209B, displays classic automobiles, including Elvis Presley's Cadillac, the Batmobile and Batcycle from the TV series and the Tucker used in the motion picture about that inventor. Other exhibits include a post-World War I doctor's parlor. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8 a.m.-9 p.m., Apr.-Oct.; 9-5, rest of year. Admission $4.95; ages 6-11, $3.25. **Discount.** Phone (615) 255-6804.

CHEEKWOOD-TENNESSEE BOTANICAL GARDENS AND MUSEUM OF ART is about 8½ mi. s.w. off Harding Rd., between Belle Meade Blvd. and SR 100, next to Percy Warner Park and Golf Course. The 55 acres contain show gardens, native woodlands, four greenhouses featuring camellias, orchids and cloud-forest plants, and Botanic Hall, which contains horticultural exhibits. The Museum of Art, in the former 1920s Georgian-style Cheek family mansion, houses a permanent collection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings and Worcester porcelain, and presents traveling exhibits. Special events include flower shows, concerts and the extensive Trees of Christmas display, which begins the second Saturday after Thanksgiving and continues through December 27. Food is available.

Allow 2 hours minimum. Mon.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 24-25 and 31. Admission $5; over 65 and college students with ID $4; ages 7-17, $2. **Discount.** Phone (615) 356-8000.

★**COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM,** at 4 Music Square E., 1½ blks. s. of I-40 exit 209B, honors singers and writers who have contributed to country music. Displayed are costumes, films, instruments and records, Grand Ole Opry memorabilia and personal items of the country stars, including Elvis Presley's "solid gold" Cadillac and gold piano. RCA's Studio B offers a behind-the-scenes look at the recording process.

Allow 1 hour, 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8-7, June-Aug.; Mon.-Thurs. 9-5, Fri.-Sat. 8-6, Sun. 8-5, in May and Sept.-Oct.; daily 9-5, rest of year. Closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $7.50; ages 6-11, $2. **Discount.** Phone (615) 255-5333.

COUNTRY MUSIC WAX MUSEUM is 2 blks. w. of I-40 exit 209B at 118 16th Ave. S. Figures of more than 60 country music stars are displayed in 26 dioramas, including one of a performance at the Grand Ole Opry. Stage costumes and personal memorabilia of some performers also are exhibited. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 9-9, June-Aug.; 9-5, rest of year. Closed Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $5; over 55, $3.50; ages 6-12, $2. Phone (615) 256-2490.

★**CUMBERLAND SCIENCE MUSEUM** is reached via I-40 exit 210C (2nd and 4th aves.) or off the I-65S Wedgewood exit, following signs to 800 Fort Negley Blvd. Exhibits and programs explore astronomy, physical science, natural history, human health, recycling and world cultures.

Highlights include the Curiosity Corner, featuring many hands-on displays for children; the Old Country Store, exhibiting late 19th-century kitchen implements and grocery items; the Japanese Room, a re-created Japanese living room; live animal programs; daily science programs; and weekly planetarium shows.

Allow 1 hour minimum. Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 12:30-5:30, June-Aug.; Tues.-Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 12:30-5:30, rest of year. Admission $6; over 65 and ages 3-12, $4.50. Planetarium only admission $3; shows $1 with regular admission. Phone (615) 862-5160.

DOWNTOWN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Church St. and 5th Ave. N., is an example of the Egyptian Revival style popular during the 19th century. The 1849 church served as a Union hospital during the Civil War. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Tours are offered Mon.-Fri. 10-3, during DST. Open Mon.-Fri. 9-3:30; closed holidays. Free. Phone (615) 254-7584.

FORT NASHBOROUGH is downtown at 170 1st Ave. N. between Broadway and Church sts. on the bank of the Cumberland River. The blockhouses and stockade—a reproduction of the 1780 log fort—appear as they did in the days when the fort withstood American Indian attacks. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Tues.-Sat. 9-4, Apr.-Nov. Closed holidays. Free. Phone (615) 862-8424.

GRASSMERE WILDLIFE PARK is off I-65; take Harding Place exit 78A e. 2 mi., then n. to 3777

Nolensville Rd. This 200-acre park offers a ¾-mile trail that features animals indigenous to Tennessee, including wolves, bears, otters and cougars. Other exhibits include a two-story aviary, an aquarium and indoor exhibits on anthropology and endangered animals. Picnicking is permitted. Food is available.

Allow 1 hour, 30 minutes minimum. Daily 10-5, Memorial Day weekend-Labor Day; 10-4, rest of year. Closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $5.50; over 65 and ages 3-12, $3.50. Phone (615) 833-1534.

HANK WILLIAMS JR. MUSEUM, 1524 Demonbreun St., 1 blk. s. of I-40 exit 209B on Music Row, chronicles the lives and careers of both Hank Williams Sr. and Jr. On display are two vintage cars, Martin guitars used by Hank Sr., and costumes worn by both stars during performances. Daily 8 a.m.-9:30 p.m., May 15-Oct. 31; 8-6, rest of year. Closed Dec. 25. Admission $4, under 16 free. Phone (615) 242-8313.

JIM REEVES MUSEUM, exit 14B off Briley Pkwy., then ½ blk. w. on Joyce Ln., is housed in a 1794 mansion and contains photographs and memorabilia chronicling the life of Jim Reeves—from his stint on a minor league baseball team through his career in music. Displays include Reeves' many music awards, guitars and instruments, costumes, turquoise collection and tour bus.

Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 9-5; closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $4; over 62, $3; ages 6-12, $2. MC, VI. **Discount.** Phone (615) 226-2065 or 226-2062.

KITTY WELLS AND JOHNNY WRIGHT FAMILY COUNTRY JUNCTION, I-65 n. to Madison/Old Hickory E., includes a museum with awards and memorabilia of Kitty Wells' and Johnny Wright's careers. Displays include videotapes of performances, a recording studio and a scale model train layout of the Tennessee Central. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 10-4; closed major holidays. Free. Phone (615) 865-9118.

MUSEUM OF TOBACCO ART AND HISTORY, 4 blks. n.w. of the Capitol at 8th Ave. N. and Harrison St., portrays the history of tobacco through art and photograph displays and exhibits a collection of antique pipes, tools, tobacco jars and boxes, cigar store figures, snuffboxes and other related items. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Mon.-Sat. 9-4; closed major holidays. Free. Phone (615) 271-2349.

MUSIC VALLEY WAX MUSEUM OF THE STARS, exit 12B off Briley Pkwy. to McGavock Pike W., houses 52 stage sets with life-size wax figures of country music stars. The Sidewalk of the Stars features more than 200 handprints and signatures of many country music stars. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8 a.m.-10 p.m., May-Sept.; 9-5:30, rest of year. Closed Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $3.50; over 65, $3; ages 6-12, $1.50. AE, DS, MC, VI. **Discount.** Phone (615) 883-3612.

Music Valley Car Museum, next to the Music Valley Wax Museum of the Stars, displays more than 50 cars, some belonging to country music performers, including many stars of the Grand Ole Opry, and some antiques and special interest cars. Allow 1 hour minimum. Daily 8 a.m.-10 p.m., Memorial Day weekend-Labor Day; 9-5:30, rest of year. Closed Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $3.50; over 65, $3; ages 6-12, $1.50. AE, DS, MC, VI. **Discount.** Phone (615) 885-7400.

NASHVILLE TOY MUSEUM, exit 12B off Briley Pkwy. to McGavock Pike, displays thousands of antique toys from Europe and North America. Collections include toy and model boats, toy soldiers, German and English bears from the early 1880s and rare antique dolls. A train room contains one of North America's most extensive collections of live steam, clockwork and electric trains dating to the 1890s.

Allow 1 hour minimum. Daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m, May-Sept.; 9-5 rest of year. Closed Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $3.50; over 60, $3; ages 6-12, $1.50. MC, VI. **Discount.** Phone (615) 883-8870.

NASHVILLE ZOO, I-24W to exit 31, then 2 mi. n. on US 41A to Ridge Circle Rd., has more than 800 animals on 135 acres. Highlights include the Children's Petting Zoo, the Reptile House, the African Savannah and the Valley of the Cats. Picnic facilities and food are available. Allow 2 hours minimum. Daily 9-6, Memorial Day weekend-Labor Day; 10-5, rest of year. Closed Jan. 1 and Dec. 25. Admission $5.50; over 64 and ages 3-12, $3.50. **Discount.** Phone (615) 370-3333.

★**OPRYLAND USA** incorporates a collection of entertainment, hospitality and broadcasting attractions 9 mi. n.e. of downtown; access to its various components is via the Opryland USA and Music Valley Dr. interchanges on Briley Pkwy., which connects I-40 and I-65. Opryland USA River Taxis ply the waters between the Opryland complex and downtown Nashville. Hourly departures from the complex are daily 9 a.m.-midnight; departures from Nashville's Riverfront Park are on the half-hour 9:30a.m.-12:30 a.m. The round-trip fare is $9.95; ages 4-11, $6.

The complex includes the Grand Ole Opry; Opryland, a theme park; a paddle-wheel showboat; The Nashville Network (TNN), a cable-television network; a stage show at the Acuff Theater; the Opryland Hotel; and Grand Ole Opry Sightseeing Tours.

TNN television shows often are produced in front of studio audiences with free admission. "Music City Tonight,"a musical variety and interview show, is taped Mon.-Fri. at 5 p.m. Admission to "Music City Tonight," is $6; reservations are required. Phone (615) 889-6611. For information on other shows in production phone TNN Viewer Services at (615) 883-7000.

Grand Ole Opry Sightseeing Tours offers various tour itineraries throughout Nashville and the surrounding counties. Among the highlights are Music Row and homes of the stars. Some tours include backstage visits to the Grand Ole Opry House. Tours lasting 3-3½ hours leave daily at 10 and 2. Fee $17. Phone (615) 889-6611.

The $89.95 Opryland USA Passport includes 2-day admission to Opryland theme park, a day cruise on the *General Jackson,* a performance at the Grand Ole Opry, single concert admissions to two Nashville On Stage performances, and a Nashville sightseeing tour. AE, DI, DS, MC, VI. Parking $3 per private vehicle; kennel $1. For information or reservations write Opryland USA Reservations & Ticketing, 2808 Opryland Dr., Nashville, TN 37214, or phone (615) 889-6611. *See color ad p. 110.*

The *General Jackson* is a four-deck paddlewheel showboat that departs Opryland's Cumberland River dock for morning, afternoon and evening cruises. Among the cruises offered is a 2-hour daytime cruise featuring an musical entertainment and an optional buffet meal. A 3-hour evening cruise includes a music stage production and a banquet-style dinner. Cruises daily Memorial Day weekend-Labor Day; otherwise varies. Two-hour cruises $15.95; ages 4-11, $9.95. Dinner cruise $38.95; ages 4-11, $29.95. Reservations are recommended; phone (615) 889-6611.

★**Grand Ole Opry,** the country's longest-running continuous radio program, has not missed a broadcast since its beginning in 1925. The 2½-hour shows are divided into 15- and 30-minute segments and are performed in the 4,400-seat Grand Ole Opry House. Shows Fri.-Sat. at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., early May-late Oct.; Fri. at 7:30 p.m., Sat. at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m., rest of year. Matinees Tues. and Thurs., late May.-early Sept. Evening tickets (reserved seating) $16 main level, $14 upper balcony; matinees $14 and $12.

Most seats for each performance are sold in advance. A schedule of performers is not available until the Friday before each weekend's shows. Order tickets (weeks in advance for peak summer weekends) by sending check or money order with date and show requested to Opryland USA Reservations & Ticketing, 2808 Opryland Dr., Nashville, TN 37214, or phone (615) 889-6611. Any remaining seats go on sale Tuesday for the upcoming weekend's shows.

Rather than contacting AAA Auto Club South for Grand Ole Opry tickets, members should contact Opryland USA Reservations & Ticketing at the address and phone number above. *See color ad p. 110.*

★**Opryland** is a 120-acre theme park presenting more than a dozen live shows highlighting America's musical heritage, including country, bluegrass, Broadway, gospel and rock 'n' roll. Complementing the shows are many rides, crafts demonstrations, restaurants, special events and the Grand Ole Opry Museum. During Christmas in the Park a larger-than-life nativity scene, stage productions, themed areas and more than 40 miles of holiday lights add to the festive atmosphere.

Daily 10-9, early May-early Oct.; Sat.-Sun. 10-9, late Mar. to early May; Fri.-Sun. 10-9 mid-Oct. through Oct. 31. Daily 4 p.m.-10 p.m. day after Thanksgiving-Dec. 31. Admission $25.95; ages 4-11, $15.95. Two-day admission $36.95; ages 4-11, $21.95. Christmas in the Park admission $8.50; ages 4-11, $5.50. Parking $4. AE, DS, MC, VI. Phone (615) 889-6611. *See color ad p. 110.*

The Opryland Hotel, one of the nation's largest hotels, features two interior garden spaces under glass roofs, each 2 acres in size. The Conservatory is a botanical garden with more than 10,000 tropical plants, and the Cascades is a lushly planted area with a waterfall and fountain. The Dancing Waters fountain is the site of a nightly light show synchronized to live harp music. Visitors are welcome to stroll through the hotel, which is lined with restaurants, lounges and shops. Phone (615) 889-1000. *See color ad p. 110.*

OSCAR L. FARRIS AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM is at 440 Hogan Rd.; off I-65 at Harding Rd. exit, e. 1 blk. to Trousdale, then s. 2 mi. Set on 200 acres, the museum displays more than 2,600 farm implements and rural household items dating from the time of the pioneers to that of rural electrification. A special exhibit is the state Agricultural Hall of Fame. Each May the museum presents the Rural Life Festival which offers demonstrations of sheep shearing, butter churning, and other skills and crafts as well as wagon rides.

Allow 1 hour, 30 minutes minimum. Mon.-Fri. 8-4:30; closed state holidays. Donations. Phone (615) 360-0197.

THE PARTHENON, 2 mi. w. on West End Ave. in Centennial Park, is a full-size replica of the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens, Greece. The only such replica in the world, the Nashville Parthenon is the home of the city of Nashville's permanent art collections. Included within the Parthenon is a 42-foot-high sculpture of the goddess Athena. Allow 1 hour minimum. Tues.-Sat. 9-4:30, Sun. 12:30-4:30, Apr.-Sept.; Tues.-Sat. 9-4:30, rest of year. Admission $2.50; over 62 and ages 4-17, $1.25. Phone (615) 862-8431.

PERCY AND EDWIN WARNER PARKS, 7 mi. s.w. via US 70S and SR 100, encompass 2,681 acres of rugged hills, ridged hollows, meadows and fields. Some areas are wildlife preserves. A nature center features a natural history museum, an organic garden, a wildflower garden and a nature trail. Scenic drives, hiking trails, and bridle paths

can be traveled; horse rentals are not available. The parks are open daily dawn-11 p.m.; nature center open Mon.-Fri. 8-4:30. Free. Phone (615) 370-8051 (park), or 352-6299 (nature center).

RYMAN AUDITORIUM, 116 5th Ave. N., was the home of the Grand Ole Opry 1943-74. The 1891 building was renovated in 1994 and contains a small museum and 2,000 seat performance hall. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8:30-4:30; closed Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $2.50; ages 6-12, $1. Phone (615) 254-1445. *See color ad p. 110.*

STATE CAPITOL, next to Capitol Plaza on Charlotte Ave., is a fine example of Greek Revival architecture. Designed by William Strickland, the 1859 building has been renovated to reflect the period. Statues and markers on the grounds include an equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson and statues of Sam Davis and Alvin York. Also on the grounds are the tombs of James K. Polk, the 11th president, and his wife.

Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8-5; some areas closed Sat.-Sun. and holidays. Free. Phone (615) 741-2692.

TENNESSEE STATE MUSEUM is housed in the lower level of the James K. Polk Cultural Center on Deaderick St. An operating gristmill is the centerpiece for a wide variety of exhibits depicting Tennessee's history. Highlights include Davy Crockett's rifle, Sam Houston's guitar, Andrew Jackson's inaugural top hat, a Conestoga wagon, a reconstructed log cabin and exhibits on Mississippi Valley Indians, the Civil War and antebellum Tennessee.

Dec. 10, 1994 through March 5, 1995, China's traveling exhibition "Genghis Kahn: Treasures from Inner Mongolia" will be in the museum on one of only three stops in the United States. The exhibit presents 3,500 years of Mongolian History using a timeline of cultural artifacts, including some weaponry created by Genghis Kahn. Tickets for the exhibit may be purchased in advance.

Allow 1 hour minimum. Tues.-Sat. 10-5 (Kahn exhibit also Fri.-Sat. 5-8), Sun. 1-5; closed Jan. 1, Easter, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Museum admission free. Genghis Kahn exhibit $8.50. Phone (615) 741-2692.

TRAVELLERS' REST is 6 mi. s. on I-65; use exit 78, then 3 mi. s. on US 31 (Franklin Rd.), following signs via Farrell Pkwy. The original four-room house, later expanded to 16 rooms, was built in 1799 by John Overton, law partner and presidential campaign manager for Andrew Jackson. The Battle of Peach Orchard Hill was fought on the grounds. The house contains pre-1840 Tennessee-made furniture. The smokehouse is restored to its original appearance.

Allow 1 hour minimum. Tues.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; closed Jan. 1, Thanksgiving and Dec. 25. Admission $5; ages 6-18, $3. Phone (615) 832-2962.

★**UPPER ROOM CHAPEL AND MUSEUM,** 1½ blks. off 21st Ave. S. at 1908 Grand Ave., is in the Upper Room Building where the devotional booklet by that name is published. The chapel is of Georgian design. The chancel is an adaptation of the upper room of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," with a ceiling of heavy timbers and fine tapestries on the side walls. On the rear wall is Ernest Pellegrini's woodcarving of that Da Vinci painting.

The Upper Room Museum offers seasonal displays which include an Ukranian egg display March through May and 100 Nativity scenes December through January. Mon.-Sat. 8-4:30; closed major holidays. Donations. Phone (615) 340-7207.

What To Do

Sightseeing

For viewing the city from above, the restaurants located on the top floors of the Hyatt Regency and Regal Maxwell House hotels offer fine views of the city while dining.

Bus Tours

The following companies operate half-day, full-day and evening sightseeing excursions with stops at the major attractions and/or tours of the stars' homes: Grand Ole Opry Tours, 2810 Opryland Dr., (615) 889-9490; Gray Line Country Tours *(see color ad p. 117)*, 2416 Music Valley Dr., (615) 883-5555 **(discount)**; and Johnny Walker Tours, 97 Wallace Rd., (615) 834-8585.

Boat Tours

THE *BELLE CAROL* RIVERBOAT COMPANY operates cruises on the Cumberland River aboard stern paddle-wheel boats from 2 blks. e. on 1st Ave. between Broadway and Church sts. at Riverfront Park. Sightseeing cruises of 1½ hours board daily at 1:30 June-Oct.; Tues.-Sun., Mar.-May; Thurs.-Sun. in Nov.; Sat.-Sun., in Dec. Closed Dec. 25.

Dinner, Sunday brunch (Mar.-Oct.), late-night party and holiday cruises are offered by reservation. Tickets must be purchased at the time reservations are made; no refunds are given. Sightseeing cruise $10.95; ages 4-11, $8.20. Dinner cruise $34.45; ages 4-11, $23.15. Brunch cruise $19.95; ages 4-11, $14.30. AE, DS, MC, VI. Phone (615) 244-3430 or (800) 342-2355.

Sports and Recreation

No major league team calls Nashville its home, but Nashvillians come out in record numbers to see the minor league and college teams.

Baseball fans root for the Nashville Sounds, a AAA team affiliated with the Chicago White Sox. Tickets to their games at Herschel Greer Stadium, near I-65 and Wedgewood Avenue on Chestnut Street, are available; phone (615) 242-4371.

Stock-car racing and special racing events take place at the Nashville Motor Raceway on the Tennessee State Fairgrounds at Wedgewood Avenue between 8th Avenue S. and 4th Avenue S.; from I-65 use exit 81. Phone (615) 726-1818.

Vanderbilt University's **football** team, the Commodores, has attracted a faithful crowd to Dudley Stadium for years. The Vanderbilt **basketball** team is usually a contender in its conference, making tickets a valuable commodity; phone (615) 322-3544.

The J. Percy Priest and Old Hickory reservoirs *(see Recreation Chart)* and a network of inner-city parks are the mainstay of many area sports.

Swimming is enjoyed at either J. Percy Priest or Old Hickory reservoirs and at Montgomery Bell State Park *(see Recreation Chart)*, all easily accessible from Nashville. Four YMCA's within the city also offer swimming facilities. The Metro Park System maintains eight outdoor and three indoor pools for public use; phone (615) 862-8424. Simulated waves offer a seashore setting at Wave Country, Briley and Two Rivers parkways, Memorial Day weekend through Labor Day; phone (615) 885-1052.

Boating marinas are at both J. Percy Priest and Old Hickory reservoirs. **Water skiing** also is popular on these lakes. The Harpeth Scenic River, southwest of the city off US 70, is popular with canoeists. For information on **canoeing** trips in the Nashville vicinity contact the Tennessee Department of Tourist Development, 320 6th Ave. N., P.O. Box 23170, Nashville, TN 37202; phone (615) 741-2158.

Fishing for crappie, bass, catfish and perch in the lakes around Nashville is a favorite pastime. For non-residents, a 3-day fishing license costs $20.50, while a 3-day fishing license excluding trout is $10.50. A 10-day fishing license is $30.50, or $15.50 excluding trout. For licenses write Fishing, Tennessee Wildlife Resources Agency, P.O. Box 40747, Nashville, TN 37204. Phone (615) 781-6500.

Indoor and outdoor **tennis** courts are at Sportsplex Tennis Center, across from Centennial Park, March through October; phone (615) 862-8490. Metro Parks offer free public courts on a first-come-first-served basis; phone (615) 862-8490. Courts also are available at local high schools and universities.

Nine-hole **golf** courses open to the public include Percy Warner, (615) 352-9958, and Riverview, (615) 226-9331. Eighteen-hole courses include Harpeth Hills, (615) 862-8493; Nashboro Village, (615) 367-2311; Riverside, (615) 847-5074; Shelby, (615) 862-8474; Ted Rhodes, (615) 242-2336; Two Rivers, (615) 889-2675. McCabe, (615) 862-8491, offers 27 holes.

Ice skating is popular mid-June through mid-May at Sportsplex, (615) 862-8480. Rambling Breeze Ranch, (615) 876-1029, off Knight Road in north Nashville, and Riverwood Recreation Plantation and Riding Academy, (615) 262-1794, off Cooper Lane in east Nashville, offer **horseback riding.**

Where To Shop

The main shopping district in the downtown area is along Church Street, where such major department stores as Castner Knott, smaller chain stores and numerous boutiques are the popular places to shop. Within the Church Street Centre, connecting with Castner Knott, are three levels of shops, several restaurants and a food plaza.

Rivaling the downtown district are the suburban malls. Hickory Hollow Mall off I-24 at Bell Road is the largest, with approximately 150 stores and an assortment of fast food and gourmet restaurants. Rivergate Mall, on Two Mile Pike off I-65, serves north Nashville. Bellevue Center, 11 miles south of downtown on US 70S, offers 125 stores, including Abercrombie and Fitch, Castner Knott and Dillards.

White Way Antiques Mall, one block off Music Row at 1200 Villa Place, features dealers offering antiques from various eras and periods.

Souvenir shops run rampant on Demonbreun Street where your choices range from recording a Christmas song to purchasing an Elvis tree ornament. For the ultimate Nashville souvenir, try a pair of cowboy boots. Discount shoe stores in the area can make the purchase relatively painless. The five Genesco outlet stores in the metropolitan area carry overstocked and irregular merchandise. In Clarksville, 40 miles northwest of Nashville, the Acme Boot Co. has prices that can make the drive worthwhile.

If what you really enjoy is haggling over prices, don't miss the Nashville Flea Market, held the fourth weekend of each month at the Nashville Fairgrounds.

For unconventional shopping visit Nashville's specialty shops and shopping centers. Topping the list are the stores catering to country music fans. Collectors or just lovers of country music can find goods selections of recordings at the Conway Twitty Country Store, the Ernest Tubb Record Shop and the Mel Tillis Store. These establishments will special order any recording not in stock.

A store geared to the country look in clothing is Loretta Lynn's Western Wear Store on Music Valley Drive near Opryland.

More sophisticated are the exclusive theme centers on the outskirts of the city. The Bandywood Complex and Bavarian Village, in the Green Hills district of Nashville, stocks the most expensive in luxury items. Jewelry, gourmet foods and designer clothes are some of the popular buys. Carter's Court, a multi-shop complex in Franklin, is fashioned on a Colonial American village theme. A variety of antique and furniture shops, fashion boutiques and a bakery are patronized by the well-to-do.

Where To Dine

Nashville's restaurants reflect its many images. Something that most other metropolitan areas do not have is a Nashville hallmark: good Southern cooking. If biscuits and sausage entice you, then wait until you get to a dinner of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, lima beans and apple pie.

Many reasonably priced, family-run restaurants can be found throughout the city. Some popular ones are Cock of the Walk, 2624 Music Valley Dr., (615) 889-1930; the Elliston Place Soda Shop, known for its '50s-style atmosphere, 2111 Elliston Pl., (615) 327-1090; and the Loveless Cafe, 8400 SR 100, (615) 646-9700

Others noted for excellent Southern food are the Satsuma Tea Room, 417 Union St. downtown, (615) 256-5211 or 256-0760, a favorite for lunch; and Uncle Bud's, 714 Stewart Ferry's Pike, (615) 872-7700, and 1214 Lakeview Dr., (615) 790-1234, which specialize in barbecue and catfish.

If you would like to run into a country music star, then try your luck at the restaurants or diners around the Music Row-Belmont-West End Avenue areas, especially Tony Roma's on Elliston Place. Another popular restaurant near Music Row is Sunset Grill on Belcourt Avenue.

Some of the better Oriental restaurants are the Golden Dragon, on N. Gallatin Rd., (615) 865-6854, and at 81 White Bridge Rd., (615) 356-1110, for Chinese. Kobe Steaks, near Centennial Park, (615) 327-9081, is a favorite for Japanese cuisine.

Italian cuisine also is popular, and topping the list are Mario's, 2005 Broadway, (615) 327-3232, and the Old Spaghetti Factory, 160 Second Ave. N., (615) 254-9010. Other styles of cooking represented are German at The Gerst House, 228 Woodland St., (615) 256-9760, and Southwestern cuisine at The Iguana, 1910 Belcourt Ave., (615) 383-8920.

The city's most elegant Continental dining rooms include Arthur's, in the historic Union Station Hotel, (615) 255-1494; the Crown Court, atop the Regal Maxwell House Hotel, (615) 259-4343; The Hermitage Grill, in the Hermitage Hotel, (615) 244-3121; and The Hunt Room, in the Doubletree Hotel, (615) 747-4860.

Specializing in steak and seafood are the Fifth Quarter Steak House, 295 E. Thompson Ln., (615) 366-4268; Jimmy Kelly's Steak House, 217 Louise Ave., (615) 329-4349; and Sperry's, 5109 Harding Rd., (615) 353-0809.

Great spots for eating and dancing are Boots Randolph's, on Printers Alley in the heart of the nightlife district, (615) 256-5500; the Nashville Palace, 2400 Music Valley Dr., (615) 885-1540; and the Stock Yard, 901 Second Ave. N., (615) 255-6464.

The trendy dining places patronized by the college or "happy hour" crowds are Rio Bravo, (615) 329-1745, directly across West End Avenue from Houston's, featuring Mexican cuisine; O'Charley's, with American-style food, and the Cooker, serving sandwiches and veggies, each with several locations; and T.G.I. Friday's, 2214 Elliston Pl., (615) 329-9575, and at Hickory Hollow Courtyard at 895 Bell Rd., (615) 731-7355.

For an extensive list of dining establishments check the telephone directory or the dining section of the weekly *This Week Key* magazine.

Nightlife

With all the talent that crowds into Nashville—musicians, singers and dancers hoping to hit the big time—high-quality entertainment exists in abundance. This is Music City, U.S.A., home of the Grand Ole Opry, and most visitors come here looking for a taste of country music. On the way they also encounter blues, jazz, bluegrass, swing, gospel, disco, rock 'n' roll and Gay '90s music.

In Nashville you don't have to sit in a stiff chair at a concert hall to listen to good music. Instead you can relax with friends, food and drink at a small bar or nightclub and listen to some of the best in the business. The honky-tonks on lower Broadway are known for their uncommercialized country music.

If you like to bar hop, then head to the hub of the city's nightlife, Printer's Alley, between Third and Fourth avenues. Not only is country music prevalent, but also jazz, comedy and slick Las Vegas-style acts. Nightclubs in vogue are Boots Randolph's, the Captain's Table and Printer's Alley. Country at Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, at 422 Broadway across the alley from the Ryman Auditorium, is a Nashville tradition.

If you are fond of country music, don't miss the Midnight Jamboree on Saturday nights at the Ernest Tubb Record Shop location at 2414 Music Valley Dr., (615) 889-2474; there you will find some of the better talents in country music. Country and folk singers and writers perform their original music nightly at the Blue Bird Cafe, 4104 Hillsboro Rd., an insiders' hangout; for reservations phone (615) 383-1461.

Western-type dancing is popular at The Bullpen Lounge in the Stock Yard Restaurant. While you won't encounter J.R. here, you will meet devotees of country line dancing at the Southfork Saloon, 2265 Murfreesboro Rd.; phone (615) 361-9777.

Rock 'n' roll visits Nashville occasionally and usually arrives in the form of huge concerts at the Municipal Auditorium and the Starwood Amphitheatre. If you prefer a more low-key setting, take in the folk and bluegrass bands at the Bluegrass Inn and the Station Inn. Piano bars, usually the specialty of hotel lounges, are scattered throughout the city.

To find out exactly who is appearing at what club and when, consult the newspapers or the *Nashville Visitor's Guide.*

Note: The mention of any area or establishment in the preceding sections is for information only and does **not** imply endorsement by AAA.

Theater and Concerts

One of the most important events in Nashville's history was the building of the Ryman Auditorium. The home of the Grand Ole Opry for 31 years, the stage of the Ryman Auditorium also has been graced by the likes of Enrico Caruso and Sarah Bernhardt.

Built in east Nashville along the Cumberland River in 1974, the multimillion-dollar Grand Ole Opry House at Opryland is a center for country music shows and for the taping of TV programs and specials. Tickets for television tapings at Opryland are available through The Nashville Network; phone (615) 883-7000.

In the heart of town, the Tennessee Performing Arts Center has three showcases for performances where top-name shows and artists have performed before capacity crowds: the Andrew Jackson Hall for concerts; the Andrew Johnson Theater for theater-in-the-round; and the James K. Polk Theater for dramas, operettas, dance and chamber concerts. The Nashville Symphony performs September through May in the Andrew Jackson Hall. Phone the Nashville Access Information line at (615) 883-9536 for information or reservations.

The many colleges and universities in Nashville also offer their share of music, dance and drama productions. Many of the programs are free. Performances are at Vanderbilt's Blair School of Music, (615) 322-7651. Nashville's Academy Theater, 724 Second Ave. S., specializes in children's productions; phone (615) 254-9103. Chaffin's Barn, 8204 SR 100, stages plays in a dinner theater setting; phone (615) 646-9977.

Concerts take place on weekends, mid-May through September at Centennial Park. For more information phone (615) 862-8400.

Especially for Children

The Opryland entertainment complex is the main attraction for youngsters. Not only will they enjoy the rides and musicals but also the good-time, relaxed atmosphere of the Grand Ole Opry House. As an extra treat, parents should try to get some of the free tickets available for the tapings of TV shows and specials at the Opryland Studio.

Also at Opryland is a 120-acre theme park, which is the unquestionable favorite with children. More than 20 rides, a petting zoo, craft demonstrations and live shows will entertain children for hours.

Youngsters may enjoy a trip along Music Row for a behind-the-scenes look at the music industry. They will see recording studios, publishing houses, talent agencies and promotional businesses.

Also in this vicinity are the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum and the Country Music Wax Museum, with dioramas of the top names in the industry as well as such memorabilia as elaborate rhinestone costumes and Elvis Presley's gold Cadillac. Studio B in the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum shows all the budding young country stars how recording is done.

To take a break from the country scene visit the Cumberland Science Museum, where hands-on exhibits allow children to investigate scientific phenomena. Planetarium shows and live-animal demonstrations also are entertaining and educational.

Another attraction for children is the Nashville Academy Theater, where shows are performed October through May and once during the summer.

For a day outdoors pack a picnic lunch and head for Percy and Edwin Warner parks. Their wildlife preserves, horseback riding facilities and hiking trails are a delight for those of all ages. Radnor Lake, 1050 Otter Creek Rd., is another local recreation area. The wave pool at Wave Country is always a popular children's attraction *(see Sports and Recreation)*.

Special Events

The events highlighting the calendar year are true to the city's first loves and traditions and celebrate the best of what Nashville has to offer. The Tennessee Crafts Fair in May attracts artists and craftsmen from around the state. The Tennessee State Fair in mid-September also is well attended.

One of Nashville's finest traditions is the Iroquois Steeplechase. This classic event, held the second Saturday in May, has been a major festivity since 1941. Attracting crowds of approximately 50,000—most notably the champagne, caviar and Rolls Royce set—the steeplechase features seven races. It is held in Percy Warner Park; for ticket information contact Vanderbilt Children's Hospital at (615) 322-7284.

Music festivals are popular among locals and tourists alike. The Opryland American Music Festival is held in April and May. Summer Lights is a week-long music festival held the first week in June.

The International Country Music Fan Fair, celebrated the second week in June, includes shows, concerts, softball games and barbecues as well as the opportunity for fans to meet their favorite stars during autograph sessions. The climax of this celebration has become an event in itself: the Grand Masters Fiddlers Convention.

Closing out the year is the December Nashville Country Holiday at Cheekwood, the mansion at the Cheekwood Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Museum of Art. A different Christmas theme is presented each year.

NATCHEZ TRACE PARKWAY (F-3)

The Natchez Trace Parkway, angling southwest to northeast across Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, is being developed by the National Park Service to commemorate the Old Natchez Trace. The trace evolved from an Indian trail into a post road and pioneer trail. Extending 500 miles from Nashville to Natchez, Miss., the trace was instrumental in linking the lower Mississippi Valley to the Union in the early 1800s. It was once the most direct route between Natchez and the nation's capital.

Wayside exhibits, interpretive markers and self-guiding nature trails highlight locations that illustrate the history of the Natchez Trace. A 12-minute audiovisual program at the Tupelo Visitor Center, Milepost 266 in Mississippi, relates the story of the trace. The center is open daily 8-5; phone (601) 680-4025. Emerald Mound, one of the largest Indian temple mounds in the country, is 11 miles northeast of Natchez, Miss., on a county road about a mile off the parkway at Milepost 10.3.

Two segments of the parkway are open: a 79-mile stretch from US 61 north of Natchez to I-20 west of Jackson, Miss., and a 330-mile section from I-55 north of Jackson, Miss., to SR 96 west of Franklin. There are picnic areas along the route. Gas is available on the trace only at Milepost 193, or in neighboring communities.

Note: The points of interest below are listed in order, from north to south. All are free.

MERIWETHER LEWIS SITE, Milepost 385.9 at jct. SR 20 and the parkway, 7½ mi. e. of Hohenwald, is a tribute to the Western explorer. He and Lt. William Clark led the first expedition through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

Lewis was made governor of the Louisiana Territory, and while on the Natchez Trail on a trip to Washington, D.C. in 1809, he died from a gunshot wound thought to have been self-inflicted. Lewis was buried at the site and in 1848 Tennessee erected a monument to him. A rustic log building houses a museum which depicts his life. Allow 30 minutes minimum. Daily 8-5. Free. Phone (601) 680-4025.

CHICKASAW VILLAGE SITE, n.w. of Tupelo, Miss., between US 78 and SR 6 at Milepost 261.8, was the location of a massive Chickasaw village. Foundation markers and interpretive panels explain the site. An exhibit shelter and audio station tell the story of these American Indians; a nature trail identifies some of the plants they used for food and medicine. Allow 30 minutes

There's No Better Trouble You Can Have

by Ivan Doig

in November. An international committee, headed by Charles G. Dawes of the United States, recommended that a new financial system be adopted by the Germans and that reparations claimed by the Allies be scaled down, and this Dawes Plan was adopted in 1924. But the inflation wiped out savings, worked great hardship on the German middle classes, and helped to prepare the way for Adolf Hitler's seizure of power in 1933. And, to a lesser extent, financial disturbances worked hardships on the middle classes all over Europe and thus strengthened the tendency toward government of and for the masses.

Psychological Effects of the War.—If the war's economic consequences were narrower than contemporaries predicted, its psychological effects were profound and were quite different from what most people of the time foresaw. During the war politicians and publicists spoke of the great days to come, when there would be no more wars, no more armaments, no more clashes between nations, and no more want. The actuality of the harsh compromises in the treaties, coupled with continued violence in eastern Europe, the Balkans, the Middle East, and Asia, mutual distrust among the victors, and a sharp recession following the immediate postwar boom, produced a widespread sense of disillusionment. Some felt that the peacemakers had not been sufficiently idealistic; others, that they had been impractical. Still others concluded that the outcome of the war had proved all governments incapable of acting in the interest of common men or had proved man's fate to be something altogether beyond man's own control. From these various moods emerged an increasingly strong pacifist movement, violent nihilist movements like that of the Nazis in Germany, an escapism that gave great popularity to esoteric poets, novelists, and painters, and a brooding fatalism that found reflection in such writings as those of Oswald Spengler and Søren Kierkegaard.

World War I had been modern civilization's most hideous experience. In some parts of western Europe it had taken the life of one young man out of four, and in the generations that matured in the 1920's and 1930's few could understand for what reason it had been fought. The experience formed a trauma in the consciousness of most of the peoples who had taken part in it, and this fact is of cardinal importance for the understanding of the events that took place in the decades after it.

See also TWENTIETH CENTURY; WORLD ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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17. Chronology

A chronological outline of the more important events leading up to World War I, the principal occurrences during the course of the war, and postwar developments are presented under the following headings: (1) prelude to war, (2) declarations of war, (3) western front, (4) eastern front, (5) Italian front, (6) colonial and Japanese campaigns, (7) Turkish campaigns, (8) Balkan campaigns, (9) naval operations, (10) peace negotiations, and (11) postwar settlements.

PRELUDE TO WAR

1870

July 19—Franco-Prussian War begins.
Sept. 2—French surrender at Sedan.
Oct. 27—French surrender at Metz.

1871

Jan. 18—William I is proclaimed German emperor.
May 10—Treaty of Frankfurt; French lose Alsace and part of Lorraine; vow war of revenge.

1878

July 13—Treaty of Berlin; Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro become independent, and Bulgaria partly independent; Russia acquires Bessarabia, Batumi, Kars, and Ardahan, and Rumania Dobruja; Bosnia and Hercegovina are placed under Austrian administration.

1879

Oct 7—Austro-German alliance is formed.

1881

June 18—Three Emperors' League (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia) is formed; lasts until 1887.

1882

May 20—Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy form Triple Alliance.

1883

Feb. 4—German colonial expansion begins with note to Great Britain on South West Africa.

1887

June 18—Reinsurance Treaty between Russia and Germany replaces Three Emperors' League; lasts until 1890.

1890

July 1—Great Britain cedes Helgoland to Germany.

1894

Jan. 4—Franco-Russian alliance is completed.
Aug. 1—Sino-Japanese War begins.

1895

April 17—Treaty of Shimonoseki ends Sino-Japanese War after Chinese defeat.
May 8—Cession of Liaotung Peninsula to Japan is reversed in final Treaty of Shimonoseki as a result of intervention of the powers, particularly Germany, who arouses Japanese emnity.

1899

May 18—First Hague Conference opens; ends July 29.
Oct. 11—South African (Boer) War begins; there is an outbreak of German Anglophobia.

1900

June 12—German Reichstag passes bill to double fleet.

1902

Jan. 30—Anglo-Japanese alliance is formed.
May 31—South African War ends with Boer defeat.
Nov. 1—Italy and France secretly agree that the former will remain neutral if the latter goes to war with Germany as a result of a German attack on Russia.

1904

Feb. 8—Russo-Japanese War begins.
April 8—Entente Cordiale is concluded by Great Britain and France.

1905

Schlieffen Plan is formulated for war against France.
March 22—Emperor William II states at Bremen: "God has called us to civilize the world; we are the missionaries of human progress. . . . [We are] the salt of the earth."
March 31—Visit of William II to Tangier precipitates Moroccan crisis.
June 6—German pressure forces removal of French foreign minister, Théophile Delcassé.
Sept. 5—Treaty of Portsmouth ends Russo-Japanese War.

1906

Jan. 16—Algeciras Conference on Morocco opens; ends April 7 with an agreement favoring French position, which was supported by Great Britain.

1907

June 15—Second Hague Conference opens; ends Oct. 18.
Aug. 31—Anglo-Russian agreement completes Triple Entente.

1908

Oct. 5—Bulgaria becomes independent.
Oct. 6—Austria-Hungary proclaims annexation of Bosnia and Hercegovina. European crisis ensues; ends March 1909.

1909

August—German Chancellor Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg makes overtures to secure British neutrality in the event of a Continental war.

Oct. 24–Italy and Russia conclude a secret agreement on Balkans and other areas.

1911

July 1–German gunboat at Agadir provokes a new Moroccan crisis.
July 15–Germany demands territorial compensation from France, including all of French Equatorial Africa and French preemptive rights to Belgian Congo.
July 21–A speech by David Lloyd George in London serves as a warning to Germany.
Nov. 4–France cedes two strips of French Equatorial Africa to Germany in return for recognition of its protectorate in Morocco.

1912

March–Germany endeavors to obtain an unconditional pledge of neutrality from Great Britain during any war into which Germany "might be forced." British offer a naval holiday, but a new bill is published that increases the Germany Navy.
May-June–Italy occupies the Dodecanese.
Oct. 8–First Balkan War begins.

1913

May 30–Treaty of London ends First Balkan War; Turkey cedes territory.
June 1–Greece agrees by treaty to send troops to Serbia if the latter is attacked by Bulgaria.
June 29–Second Balkan War begins; ends Aug. 10 with Treaty of Bucharest; Rumania gains territory at expense of Bulgaria.
Aug. 7–Three-year military service bill is enacted in France.
Dec. 14–Gen. Otto Liman von Sanders arrives in Turkey as head of German military mission.

1914

June 28–Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his wife are assassinated by a Serb at Sarajevo, Bosnia.
July 5–William II assures Austria-Hungary that he will support her and wage war against Russia and France if Russia aids Serbia.
July 7–Austro-Hungarian Council of Ministers decides to send Serbia a 48-hour ultimatum.
July 20–French President Raymond Poincaré and Premier René Viviani arrive in St. Petersburg; state visit ends July 23.
July 22–Germany warns Great Britain against outside interference between Austria-Hungary and Serbia.
July 23–Austria-Hungary sends its ultimatum to Serbia.
July 25–Conciliatory Serbian reply is rejected; Austria-Hungary breaks off relations with Serbia and orders partial mobilization.
July 26–British propose a conference; proposal is rejected by Germany July 27.
July 28–Austria-Hungary and Serbia are at war.
July 29–Russia begins to mobilize.
July 31–Russia orders general mobilization; Germany proclaims state of the danger of war; Austria-Hungary orders general mobilization.
Aug. 1–Germany mobilizes.
Aug. 2–Germany sends ultimatum to Belgium; secret treaty between Germany and Turkey provides for subsequent entry of latter on side of Central Powers.
Aug. 3–Italy proclaims neutrality.
Aug. 4–Great Britain sends ultimatum to Germany.

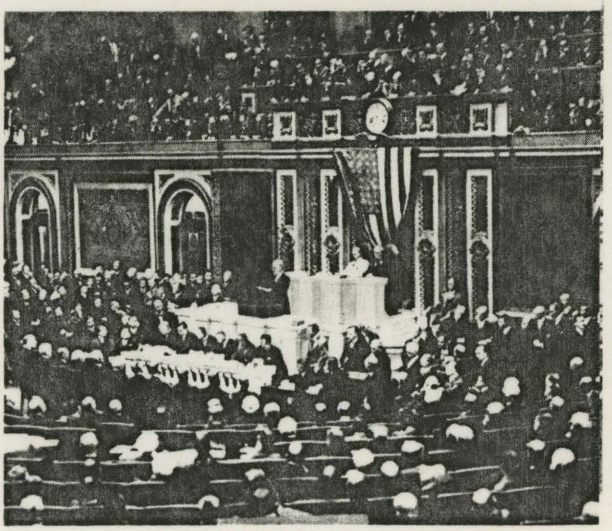
DECLARATIONS OF WAR

1914

July 28–Austria-Hungary against Serbia.
Aug. 1–Germany against Russia.
Aug. 3–Germany against France.
Aug. 4–Great Britain against Germany at expiration of ultimatum at midnight; Germany against Belgium.
Aug. 5–Montenegro against Austria-Hungary.
Aug. 6–Austria-Hungary against Russia; Serbia against Germany.
Aug. 9–Montenegro against Germany; Austria-Hungary against Montenegro.
Aug. 12–Great Britain against Austria-Hungary.
Aug. 13–France against Austria-Hungary.
Aug. 22–Austria-Hungary against Belgium (received Aug. 28).
Aug. 23–Japan against Germany.
Aug. 25–Japan against Austria-Hungary.
Nov. 1–Russia against Turkey.
Nov. 2–Serbia against Turkey.
Nov. 5–Great Britain against Turkey; France against Turkey.

1915

May 23–Italy against Austria-Hungary.
June 3–San Marino against Austria-Hungary.
Aug. 21–Italy against Turkey.
Oct. 14–Bulgaria against Serbia.
Oct. 15–Great Britain against Bulgaria; Montenegro against Bulgaria.
Oct. 16–France against Bulgaria; Serbia against Bulgaria.
Oct. 19–Italy against Bulgaria; Russia against Bulgaria.



Wide World

Addressing Congress on April 2, 1917, President Wilson asks for a declaration of war against Germany.

1916

March 9–Germany against Portugal.
March 15–Austria-Hungary against Portugal.
Aug. 27–Rumania against Austria-Hungary; Italy against Germany (to take effect Aug. 28).
Aug. 28–Germany against Rumania.
Aug. 30–Turkey against Rumania.
Sept. 1–Bulgaria against Rumania.

1917

April 6–United States against Germany.
April 7–Cuba against Germany; Panama against Germany.
July 2–Greece against Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria.
July 22–Siam against Germany and Austria-Hungary.
Aug. 4–Liberia against Germany.
Aug. 14–China against Germany and Austria-Hungary.
Oct. 26–Brazil against Germany.
Dec. 7–United States against Austria-Hungary.
Dec. 10–Panama against Austria-Hungary.
Dec. 16–Cuba against Austria-Hungary.

1918

April 23–Guatemala against Germany.
May 8–Nicaragua against Germany and Austria-Hungary.
May 23–Costa Rica against Germany.
July 12–Haiti against Germany.
July 19–Honduras against Germany.

Breaking of Diplomatic Relations

1917

Feb. 3–United States with Germany.
March 14–China with Germany.
April 8–Austria-Hungary with the United States.
April 10–Bulgaria with the United States.
April 13–Bolivia with Germany.
April 20–Turkey with the United States.
April 27–Guatemala with Germany.
May 17–Honduras with Germany.
May 19–Nicaragua with Germany.
Sept. 21–Costa Rica with Germany.
Oct. 6–Peru with Germany.
Oct. 7–Uruguay with Germany.
Dec. 7–Ecuador with Germany.

WESTERN FRONT

1914

Aug. 2–Germans invade Luxembourg.
Aug. 4–Germans invade Belgium.
Aug. 7–Germans enter Liège; French invade Alsace; British troops begin to land in France.
Aug. 8–Belgian Army falls back; limited French success is achieved in Alsace.
Aug. 9–French cavalry enters Belgium.
Aug. 10–French advance in Lorraine.
Aug. 20–Germans enter Brussels.
Aug. 21–Reverses force French from Alsace-Lorraine.
Aug. 22–French are defeated at Charleroi.
Aug. 23–Namur falls to Germans; Battle of Mons begins.
Aug. 24–British fall back from Mons; a general Allied retreat takes place.

U.S. War Dept. General Staff

As the German offensive is launched on the Aisne in May 1918, French civilians of Fismes are drafted for work.

Aug. 25—Gen. Joseph Joffre orders troops from the west to build up Sixth Army near Paris.
Aug. 26—Battle of Le Cateau; British are driven back.
Aug. 27—Lille and Mézières are occupied by the Germans.
Aug. 31—French Army falls back to line Aisne-Reims-Verdun.
Sept. 1—Germans take Soissons.
Sept. 2—Germans reach the Marne.
Sept. 3—French government moves to Bordeaux.
Sept. 5—Battle of the Marne begins.
Sept. 6—French Sixth Army attacks German flank from west in Battle of the Ourcq, with modest success.
Sept. 9—Marne battle ends; Germans begin retreat.
Sept. 14—First Battle of the Aisne begins (ends Sept. 28); this is the introduction of trench warfare.
Sept. 18—Stalemate on the Aisne; opponents begin series of attempts to outflank each other on the west, which develops into the Race for the Sea.
Sept. 23—Germans take St.-Mihiel, forming salient.
Oct. 9—Germans take Antwerp.
Oct. 12—First Battle of Ypres begins (ends Nov. 11) as Germans try to break front; Allies hold.
Oct. 16—Battle of the Yser ends race for the sea; neither side succeeds in outflanking the other; this is beginning of the stabilized front.

1915

During the year the front remains essentially stabilized. There are local actions with few gains.
Jan. 8—Battle of Soissons begins (ends Jan. 15); French drive is repulsed.
Feb. 3—German attacks in Champagne are repulsed.
March 10—Battle of Neuve-Chapelle; British achieve limited success in three-day battle.
March 14—Battle of St.-Éloi begins (ends March 15); initial German gains are erased by British counterattacks.
April 22—Second Battle of Ypres begins (ends May 24–25); costly and futile attacks are made by both sides; Germans introduce poison gas in war.
May 9—Second Battle of Artois begins (ends June 18); French make small gains at heavy cost.
May 15—Battle of Festubert begins (ends May 25); Allies obtain limited successes.
June 20—German offensive in the Argonne begins (ends July 14); attempt to break French line fails.
Sept. 25—Allied offensives begin at Loos and in Champagne (end Nov. 6); good initial successes are obtained; fighting is violent, however, and final gains are limited.

1916

During the year only two major engagements take place, at Verdun and on the Somme; 38 air raids, mostly by zeppelins, are made over England.
Feb. 21—Battle of Verdun begins; Germans attack to deplete limited French manpower.
Feb. 25—Germans advance 3 miles at Verdun; capture Fort Douaumont.
March 16—Five German attacks are repulsed at Verdun.
June 7—Germans take Fort de Vaux at Verdun.
July 1—Franco-British offensive begins Battle of the Somme.
July 3—Allies obtain local successes on Somme.
July 12—Battle of the Somme continues; British take Mametz Wood.
July 14—British capture Trônes Wood; first phase of Battle of the Somme ends.
July 17—British capture German second Somme defense line.
Sept. 15—British introduce tanks in war on the Somme.
Oct. 5—British and French have limited successes on the Somme.
Oct. 13—40 Allied bombers raid factory in Oberndorf.
Nov. 13—Battle of the Ancre (part of Somme battle) begins (ends Nov. 18); British achieve success.
Nov. 18—Battle of the Somme ends; there are 650,000 German, 420,000 British, and 195,000 French casualties.
Dec. 12—Gen. Robert Georges Nivelle succeeds Joffre in command of the French.
Dec. 15—Great French attacks at Verdun make important gains.
Dec. 18—Battle of Verdun ends; there are 550,000 French and 450,000 German casualties.

1917

February—The Allies, now possessing superior manpower, plan offensive in Noyon salient.
Feb. 23—Apprised of coming offensive, Germans begin withdrawal from salient to Hindenburg Line.
March 18—Following up the German withdrawal, British occupy Péronne, and French Noyon.
April 5—Germans complete withdrawal.
April 6—United States enters war.
April 9—Battle of Arras begins (ends May 3); Canadians capture Vimy Ridge.
April 16—Second Battle of the Aisne (ends May 9); Nivelle hurls French against impregnable defenses with staggering losses; French troops mutiny.
May 3—British break Quéant position; move on Cambrai.
May 4—French take Craonne and Chemin des Dames on the Aisne.
May 15—Gen. Philippe Pétain replaces Nivelle in command of French.
June 7—Battle of Messines begins (ends June 8); British capture ridge.
June 25—First American fighting troops land in France.
July 31—Third Battle of Ypres begins; British continue attacks until Nov. 6 to occupy Germans while French recuperate from Aisne debacle; there are tremendous casualties but meager successes.
Aug. 20—French make limited gains near Verdun.
Nov. 6—Canadians capture Passchendaele Ridge; Third Battle of Ypres ends.
Nov. 9—Allies form Supreme War Council.
Nov. 20—Battle of Cambrai begins (ends Dec. 3); British first massed tank attack surprises Germans and breaks line; lack of reserves limits British success.
Nov. 30—Germans counterattack at Cambrai (attack ends Dec. 1).
Dec. 4—British withdraw at Cambrai, losing much ground (withdrawal ends Dec. 7).

1918

Collapse of Russia permits transfer of German troops to west, giving the Germans numerical superiority; they plan supreme effort to win in France before United States can intervene.
March 21—Some offensive begins; the first German drive to split French and British, it achieves good initial gains.
March 22—A German breakthrough at St.-Quentin on Somme forces British retreat.
March 23—Germans reach Somme River; Big Bertha begins harassing firing on Paris from 74 miles away.
March 28—Germans are held up in north on Somme but advance in south.
April 4—German Somme offensive runs down after gain of 30 miles for lack of reserves and supplies; Germans are left in salient.
April 9—Lys offensive begins; second German drive, designed to shatter British, wins 10 miles; it is stopped April 29 by lack of reserves and Allied counterattacks, and Germans are left in salient.
April 14—Gen. Ferdinand Foch is appointed supreme Allied commander.
May 27—Aisne offensive (third German drive), designed to break French, reaches Marne in four days.
May 28—Battle of Cantigny; in first independent American operation, 1st Division captures Cantigny.
June 2—French hold on the Marne; Americans stop German crossings of the river at Château-Thierry.
June 6—Aisne offensive ends; Germans are left in salient.
June 9—Noyon-Montidier offensive begins; the fourth German drive, it is designed to threaten Paris; French hold with new defensive system, and drive ends June 13.

July 15–Champagne-Marne offensive (Second Battle of the Marne) begins (ends July 17); the last German drive, it is stopped by the French.
July 18–Foch begins to reduce German salients prior to launching general attack; Aisne-Marne offensive against Marne salient begins; 8 American divisions participate.
July 27–Germans in Marne salient are in general retreat.
Aug. 6–Allies reach the Vesle and eliminate the Marne salient.
Aug. 8–British and French begin attacks to reduce Amiens salient.
Aug. 18–French advance between Oise and Aisne rivers in Amiens salient.
Aug. 21–British achieve success in Battle of Bapaume in Amiens salient (battle ends Aug. 31); German troops begin to break.
Sept. 3–Germans retreat to Hindenburg Line; the Amiens salient is reduced.
Sept. 6–Germans complete withdrawal from Lys salient.
Sept. 12–Newly created American First Army, aided by French, attacks St.-Mihiel salient and gains 5 miles; Battle of Épehy, on Cambrai front, begins (ends Sept. 18); British obtain successes.
Sept. 13–Germans withdraw from St.-Mihiel salient under American and French pressure.
Sept. 26–Foch's final general offensive begins; Americans and French begin Meuse-Argonne offensive and advance several miles; 1,200,000 Americans participate.
Sept. 27–British start Second Battle of Cambrai and Battle of St.-Quentin, piercing Hindenburg Line.
Sept. 28–Battle of Flanders begins with Anglo-Belgian success on 23-mile front.
Oct. 3–In the Meuse-Argonne offensive there occurs stiff American fighting in the Argonne Forest.
Oct. 5–Second Battle of Cambrai and Battle of St.-Quentin end; Germans fall back.
Oct. 8–A great British-French-American advance on St.-Quentin-Cambrai front progresses 3 miles.
Oct. 9–Advance continues; British take Cambrai.
Oct. 10–British capture Le Cateau.
Oct. 14–Allies start Flanders offensive and advance 5 miles.
Oct. 17–Battle of the Selle; British-American attack on 9-mile front captures part of Selle position.
Oct. 19–Belgians occupy Zeebrugge and attack Bruges.
Oct. 25–Stiff American fighting occurs north of Verdun in Meuse-Argonne offensive.
Oct. 27–Gen. Erich F. W. Ludendorff, German supreme commander, resigns.
Nov. 3–Americans and French clear Argonne Forest and move into open country; French reach the Aisne.
Nov. 4–British-French offensive takes Oise-Sambre Canal.
Nov. 6–Germans are in general retreat; Americans and French reach river at Sedan; German armistice delegates leave Berlin for western front.
Nov. 11–Armistice is signed at 5 A.M.; firing stops at 11 A.M.; almost 2,000,000 Americans are now in France.
Nov. 18–Belgians re-enter Brussels.
Dec. 1–British and American troops cross German frontier.
Dec. 8–Americans enter their occupation zone at Coblenz.
Dec. 9–French enter their occupation zone at Mainz.
Dec. 12–British enter their occupation zone at Cologne.

EASTERN FRONT

1914

Aug. 10–Austrians invade southern Russian Poland and aim for Lublin.
Aug. 17–Russian First Army invades East Prussia from the east; Germans attack it unsuccessfully in Battle of Stallupönen.
Aug. 18–Russians invade Galicia from the east.
Aug. 20–In East Prussia, Germans fall back in Battle of Gumbinnen; Second Russian Army moves into East Prussia from south to pinch off Germans; Germans move south to meet Second Army.
Aug. 23–Gen. Paul von Hindenburg and Maj. Gen. Erich F. W. Ludendorff take command in East Prussia; in Galicia, Russians are driven back in Battle of Kraśnik (battle ends Aug. 25).
Aug. 24–In East Prussia, Russian Second Army is repulsed in Battle of Frankenau.
Aug. 26–In Galicia, Austrians almost encircle Russians in Battle of Komarov but retire Sept. 1. South of Komarov, Austrians and Russians clash in Battle of the Gnila Lipa (battle ends Aug. 30); Austrians are put to rout; in East Prussia, Battle of Tannenberg begins.
Aug. 29–Battle of Tannenberg ends; Russian Second Army is surrounded and decimated.
Sept. 3–In Galicia, Russians occupy Lemberg.
Sept. 10–Germans drive Russian First Army from East Prussia back into Poland, beginning three-day First Battle of the Masurian Lakes.

U.S. Signal Corps

Ambulances with wounded arrive at American Military Field Hospital No.1, Neuilly-sur-Seine, in June 1918.

Sept. 11–Austrians are severely beaten in Battle of Rawa Ruska in Galicia and withdraw to Carpathian Mountains 100 miles to rear; Russians follow.
Sept. 27–Russians push toward Carpathians.
Sept. 28–German Ninth Army arrives in Galicia to bolster sagging Austrians; Austro-German advance begins.
Oct. 6–Russians fall back in Poland and Galicia.
Oct. 12–Germans advance to within 12 miles of Warsaw.
Oct. 16–Austrians reach line of San River.
Oct. 17–Russian reinforcements stop Germans at Warsaw.
Oct. 21–Germans retreat from Warsaw, and Austrians from the San.
Nov. 1–Germans and Austrians are back on their starting line.
Nov. 2–Russians drive Germans from Poland and reenter East Prussia.
Nov. 4–German Ninth Army begins to move north from Galicia to attack Russian flank; in Galicia, Austrians are defeated at Jaroslau.
Nov. 10–Russians continue advance in East Prussia.
Nov. 11–German Ninth Army attacks Russian flank, beginning Battle of Łódź.
Nov. 14–Germans begin drive against Russians in East Prussia; Russians fall back.
Nov. 16–Russian line is pierced in Battle of Łódź; Russians fall back.
Nov. 21–Russian reinforcements trap Germans at Łódź.
Nov. 24–Germans extricate themselves from Łódź trap and draw back flank; Battle of Łódź ends.
Dec. 6–Russians fall back 30 miles from Łódź; Germans follow.
Dec. 25–All quiet on the eastern front.

1915

Jan. 4–Russians begin advance into Bucovina.
Jan. 17–Russians hold most of Bucovina.
Jan. 31–Germans attack Russians at Bolimów to divert attention from major offensive being prepared in north; tear gas is used for first time.
Feb. 7–Winter Battle of Masuria begins (ends Feb. 21); Germans encircle Russian Tenth Army near Neman River and capture 100,000 prisoners; Austrians launch attack in Carpathians to assist German attack, but it fails.
Feb. 18–Austrians retake Czernowitz.
Feb. 28–Germans begin withdrawal from northern Poland.
March 22–Przemyśl, under siege since Nov. 12, 1914, surrenders to the Russians.
April 28–Field Marshal August von Mackensen's German Eleventh Army arrives on Carpathian front to save Austrian Army, threatened with destruction by the Russians.
May 2–Mackensen and Austrians launch huge offensive in Carpathians.
May 4–Mackensen breaks Russian line between Gorlice and Tarnów; Russians lose 140,000 prisoners and 100 guns, and begin hasty retreat.
May 11–Russians reach San River, 80 miles to rear.
May 17–Russians are forced from the San and begin a 20-mile retreat.

June 2—Germans capture Przemyśl.
June 12—Russian retreat continues; Germans follow it up.
June 22—Austrians recapture Lemberg and Galicia.
July 16—Battle of Krasnotav begins (ends July 18); Russians are defeated.
July 30—Germans occupy Lublin.
July 31—Germans occupy Kholm.
Aug. 4–5—Germans enter Warsaw; Russians prepare to evacuate Riga.
Aug. 7—Germans are repulsed near Riga.
Aug. 25—Germans take Brest-Litovsk.
Sept. 5—Czar Nicholas II takes command of Russian armies.
Sept. 16—Germans take Pinsk.
Sept. 30—Great Russian withdrawal of almost 300 miles ends; Germans and Austrians, worn down, halt.
Oct. 3—Great battle for Dvinsk begins.
Oct. 10—German attack on Dvinsk fails.
Nov. 11—Russians drive Germans back from Riga.

1916

Feb. 2—Austrians and Germans fight in Bucovina.
March 18—Russians start strong attack at Lake Naroch and make good initial gains against Germans.
March 26—Lake Naroch offensive bogs down in bad weather.
March 30—Germans regain lost ground at Lake Naroch.
June 4—In an offensive led by Gen. Aleksei Brusilov, Russians launch massive surprise attack south of Pripet Marshes.
June 6—Russians capture Lutsk.
June 10—Russians pierce Austrian front to a depth of 50 miles.
June 17—Russians capture Czernowitz.
June 30—Russians win great victories at both ends of line; there are 700,000 Austro-German casualties.
July 4—A Russian attack in the north makes gains and is then halted by Germans; both sides rush to concentrate their forces on southern front; 15 German and 8 Austrian divisions are brought from other fronts to stop Brusilov offensive.
July 28—A series of bloody battles begins.
August—There are persistent attacks by both sides, with only small gains.
Sept. 20—Stiff opposition and heavy losses in men and materials halt Brusilov offensive.
Oct. 22—Russians sustain reverses in Galicia.

1917

Jan. 5—Russian offensive begins near Riga.
Feb. 1—Russian line is broken near Halicz.
Feb. 11—Germans are driven back near Halicz.
March 12—Russian Revolution begins.
March 15—Russian government is overthrown; czar abdicates.
May 4—Russians attack in Rumania; disorganization of Russian armies begins.
July 1—Brusilov begins offensive in Galicia.
July 24—Counterattacking Germans drive Russians back in Bucovina.
Aug. 3—Germans take Czernowitz.
Sept. 3—Russians are driven from Riga.
Nov. 6–7—Bolsheviks seize power in Petrograd.
Nov. 8—Congress of Soviets calls for peace.
Dec. 2—Hostilities are suspended on eastern front.
Dec. 22—Peace negotiations are opened at Brest-Litovsk.

1918

Feb. 10—Leon Trotsky, dissatisfied with German terms, unilaterally declares war at an end.
Feb. 18—Germans renew fighting and drive eastward.
March 3—Bolsheviks sign peace treaty at Brest-Litovsk.

ITALIAN FRONT

1915

April 26—Secret Treaty of London is signed by Italy, France, Great Britain, and Russia; Italy is to enter war on Allied side in return for territorial gains in the Tirol, on the Adriatic coast, and elsewhere.
May 23—Italy enters the war; makes limited attacks up to June 16 to gain positions for offensive.
June 23—First Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends July 7); this is first of 11 battles launched by Italians against Austrians on the Isonzo River; attacks are made against Carso Plateau and Gorizia with small gains.
July 18—Second Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Aug. 3); Italian attacks against the Carso make only small gains.
Oct. 18—Third Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Nov. 3); attacks on the Carso and to outflank Gorizia make small gains.
Nov. 10—Fourth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Dec. 2); attacks on both sides of Gorizia fail; in first 4 Isonzo battles the Italians lose 275,000 men, and the Austrians 165,000.

1916

March 9—Fifth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends March 17); attack is stopped by bad weather; there are no gains.
May 15—Asiago offensive begins (ends June 17); Austrians launch strong attack in the Trentino and capture Asiago, but end bitter fighting to send troops to meet Brusilov offensive on Russian front.
Aug. 6—Sixth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Aug. 17); Italians advance 4 miles and capture Gorizia and bridgehead over the Isonzo beyond the town.
Sept. 14—Seventh Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Sept. 17); an attempt to enlarge the bridgehead makes negligible gains.
Oct. 10—Eighth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Oct. 12); a second attempt to enlarge the bridgehead also makes negligible gains.

Demonstrations against the provisional government of Alexander Kerenski are suppressed in Petrograd in July 1917, but the Bolsheviks triumph in November.

U.S. War Dept. General Staff

Nov. 1–Ninth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Nov. 4); a third attempt is made to enlarge bridgehead; a small hold is gained on the Carso.

1917

May 12–Tenth Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends June 8); Italians widen hold on the Carso and make small gains beyond Plava.

Aug. 19–Eleventh Battle of the Isonzo begins (ends Sept. 12); Italians break Austrian position beyond Plava; Austrians retreat 5 miles.

Oct. 24–Battle of Caporetto begins (ends Nov. 12); Germans join Austrians on Isonzo front and launch strong surprise attack; Italians are routed and retreat 70 miles to Piave River; they lose 320,000 men.

Dec. 5–Austro-German offensive on Asiago Plateau makes limited gains.

Dec. 24–Italians regain several positions on Asiago front.

1918

Jan. 29–Italians pierce enemy line near Asiago.

June 15–Battle of the Piave begins (ends June 24); a great Austrian attack across the Piave is beaten back by the Italians.

Oct. 24–Battle of Vittorio Veneto begins (ends Nov. 4); Italians shatter Austrian lines; Austrians flee, losing 500,000 prisoners.

Nov. 3–Italians take Trento; armistice is signed for Italian front, effective Nov. 4.

COLONIAL AND JAPANESE CAMPAIGNS

1914

There are British and German border raids in East Africa through the end of the year.

Aug. 7–British and French invade German Togoland.

Aug. 20–27–British and French invade German Cameroons.

Aug. 23–Tsingtao is bombarded by Japanese.

Aug. 26–Togoland is captured by British and French.

Aug. 29–New Zealand expedition captures Western Samoa.

September–Japanese occupy German islands north of the equator.

Sept. 17–Australians complete capture of northeastern New Guinea.

Sept. 19–Union of South Africa forces capture Lüderitz in German Southwest Africa.

Sept. 27–French and British amphibious force captures Duala in Cameroons.

Oct. 9–Rebellion breaks out in Union of South Africa.

Nov. 4–British fail in attempt to capture Tanga in German East Africa.

Nov. 7–Tsingtao is captured by Japanese.

1915

British and German border raids occur all year in East Africa.

Feb. 3–Rebellion in South Africa is quelled.

May 12–Union of South Africa forces capture Windhuk in German Southwest Africa.

July 9–Germans in German Southwest Africa, cut off, surrender.

1916

Jan. 1–Yuande, principal German base in the Cameroons, is captured by British.

Feb. 18–Last Germans in Cameroons surrender.

March 5–Combined British-Belgian-Portuguese invasion of German East Africa begins.

July–British occupy northern half of German East Africa.

Sept. 3–Dar es Salaam, key port in German East Africa, is captured by British.

1917

Nov. 28–Allies capture half of German forces in East Africa.

Dec. 1–Allies occupy all of German East Africa.

1918

Nov. 25–Last members of German East Africa garrison surrender to British in Rhodesia after 1,600-mile chase.

TURKISH CAMPAIGNS

Dardanelles

1914

Nov. 3–British Navy bombards outer Dardanelles forts.

1915

Feb. 19–British begin naval attack to force straits.

March 18–Naval attack fails, and fleet withdraws.

April 25–British troops land on Gallipoli Peninsula; gain beachheads at Anzac Cove and Cape Helles.

May 6–Helles force attacks to enlarge beachhead (attack ends May 8); no gains are made.

June 4–Second Helles force attacks with minor success.

July 12–Third Helles attack begins; ends July 13 with little success; the total gain in all attacks is 3 miles.

Aug. 6–General British attack begins; troops land at Suvla Bay.

Aug. 9–British are pinned down in all sectors.

Aug. 15–A renewed British attack fails.

Aug. 21–Another attack fails.

Dec. 20–British troops are evacuated from Anzac and Suvla Bay.

1916

Jan. 9–British troops are evacuated from Helles; campaign ends in complete failure.

Mesopotamia

1914

Nov. 7–British land in Mesopotamia opposite Abadan.

Nov. 22–British occupy Basra.

Dec. 9–British move north to Al Qurna.

1915

April 12–Turks attack British at Basra; attack fails, and they flee April 14.

May 16–British occupy Ahwaz to protect oil pipeline.

June 3–British capture 'Amara on the Tigris.

July 25–British capture Nasiriya on the Euphrates.

Sept. 22–British advance on Kut begins.

Sept. 28–British rout Turks at Sannaiyat and enter Kut.

Oct. 5–British reach Al 'Azıziya.

Nov. 11–British start north for Baghdad.

Nov. 22–British attack Turks at Ctesiphon; capture front line.

Nov. 25–Turks hold firm; British withdraw southward.

Dec. 3–British halt retreat at Kut.

Dec. 7–Turks surround British in Kut.

1916

Jan. 21–First British attempt to relieve Kut fails.

March 8–Second British attempt is beaten back.

April 22–Third British attempt fails.

April 29–British garrison at Kut surrenders.

Dec. 13–British advance toward Kut.

1917

Feb. 24–British force Turkish retreat; reoccupy Kut Feb. 25.

March 5–British advance toward Baghdad.

March 11–Turks evacuate Baghdad; British occupy city.

Sept. 29–British occupy Ramadi on the Euphrates.

Dec. 9–Turks are driven from Khanaqin.

1918

March 9–British capture Hit.

Oct. 23–British begin advance to Mosul.

Oct. 30–Turks are surrounded and captured at Sharqat; armistice is declared, effective Oct. 31.

Egypt and Palestine

1914

Dec. 18–British proclaim protectorate over Egypt.

1915

February–Turkish attempts to capture Suez Canal are repulsed.

1916

June 5–Sherif Husayn of Mecca proclaims Arab revolt against Turks.

Aug. 4–5–Turks are badly beaten at El Rumana; British start advance to Palestine border.

Dec. 21–British advance to El Arish.

1917

January–British arrive at Palestine border.

March 26–First Battle of Gaza begins (ends March 27); British attack Turks but are repulsed.

April 17–Second Battle of Gaza begins (ends April 19); British attacks are again repulsed.

Oct. 31–Third Battle of Gaza begins (ends Nov. 7); Turks are outflanked and forced to withdraw.

Nov. 13–Battle of Junction Station begins (ends Nov. 14); Turks are defeated.

Dec. 9–British capture Jerusalem.

1918

April–Five British divisions are transferred to western front and are replaced by Indian troops.

Sept. 19–Battle of Megiddo takes place; Turks are put to flight.

Oct. 1–British take Damascus.

Oct. 26–British take Aleppo.

Oct. 30–Armistice is declared, effective Oct. 31.

Caucasus

1914

Dec. 29–Turks, advancing on Kars, are badly defeated by Russians near Sarikamiş in battle ending Jan. 2, 1915

1915

Russians push back Turks north of Lake Van.

1916

Jan. 17–Russian offensive on Lake Van-Black Sea front begins.

Gallipoli 1915-16

Feb. 12–16—Erzurum, Turkey, falls to Russians.
April 17—Russians capture Trebizond.
July 25—Russians capture Erzincan; advance bogs down; front is stabilized for rest of the year.

1917

March 12—Russian Revolution begins; Caucasus troops remain loyal.
April—Supplies to Caucasus army are cut off.
November—Troops begin to abandon front and return to Russia.

1918

Feb. 18—Turks begin advance to Baku oilfields.
Feb. 24—Turks reoccupy Trebizond.
March 12—Turks reoccupy Erzurum.
April 15—Turks reach Batumi.
April 27—Turks capture Kars.
May–June—Armenians and Georgians oppose Turkish advance; Germans and Turks clash at Tbilisi.
Aug. 4—British detachment reaches Baku.
Sept. 14—Turks force British to evacuate Baku.
Oct. 30—Armistice is declared, effective Oct. 31.

BALKAN CAMPAIGNS

1914

July 29—Austrians bombard Belgrade; Serbs evacuate city.
Aug. 7—Serbs enter Bosnia.
Aug. 12—Austrians cross Drina River in first invasion of Serbia.
Aug. 16—Battle of the Jadar begins (ends Aug. 19); Austrians are defeated.
Aug. 20—Austrians retreat back across border.
Sept. 8—Second Austrian invasion begins; it makes little progress.
Sept. 16—Invasion is halted; Austrians retain bridgeheads.
Sept. 23—Serbs and Montenegrins approach Sarajevo.
Oct. 4—Advance is turned back in Sarajevo area.
Nov. 5—Albanian invasion of Montenegro is checked; Austrians begin third invasion of Serbia.
Nov. 11—Serbs are forced back from borders.
Nov. 15—Austrians capture Valjevo.
Nov. 29—Serbs evacuate Belgrade; Austrians occupy city Dec. 2.
Dec. 3—Serbian armies counterattack all along front.
Dec. 8—Austrians are defeated in Battle of the Rudnik Ridges.
Dec. 9—Austrians begin retreat.
Dec. 15—Austrians are driven from Serbia; invasion ends.

1915

Feb. 2—Montenegrins repulse Austrians in Hercegovina.
Aug. 16—Austrian attack on Montenegrin border is repulsed.
Sept. 6—Secret alliance is concluded by Bulgaria, Germany, and Austria-Hungary.
Sept. 22—Treaty whereby Turkey cedes territory to Bulgaria is ratified.
Oct. 1—Austro-German forces concentrate on Serbian border.
Oct. 3—Bulgarians mass on Serbian border; Anglo-French forces begin to land at Salonika, Greece.
Oct. 7—Austrians and Germans invade Serbia.
Oct. 9—Austrians occupy Belgrade.
Oct. 11—Bulgarians invade Serbia.
Oct. 14—Serbs are overwhelmed on all fronts.
Oct. 30—Allied Salonika force enters Serbia.
Nov. 5—Bulgarians capture Niš.
Dec. 2—Serbs withdraw from Bitolj; it is occupied by Bulgarians Dec. 5.
Dec. 9—Allied Salonika force retreats from Serbia.
Dec. 15—Remnants of Serbian Army begin to reach Albanian coast.

1916

Jan. 15—First Serbian troops are evacuated to Corfu; evacuation is completed Feb. 10.
Jan. 25—Montenegro accepts Austrian terms.
July 2—Skirmishes occur on Salonikan front.
July 25—Serbs arrive at Salonika from Corfu.
Aug. 17—Secret Treaty of Bucharest, whereby Rumania is to receive territory in exchange for attack on Austria-Hungary, is signed by Rumania and Allies; Central Powers' offensive against Salonika is halted.
Aug. 27—Rumania joins Allies; invades Transylvania Aug. 28.
Sept. 1—Field Marshal August von Mackensen's Danube Army crosses Rumanian border.
Sept. 10—Allied Salonika offensive begins (ends Nov. 19); limited gains include capture of Bitolj.
Sept. 16—Mackensen's advance threatens Constanţa railroad.
Sept. 20—Russo-Rumanian army halts Mackensen.
Oct. 7—Rumanian advance in Transylvania is turned back.
Oct. 20—Mackensen resumes offensive in Dobruja.
Oct. 23—Mackensen captures key port of Constanţa.
Oct. 25—Mackensen captures Cernavodă and begins move westward to Svishtov.
Nov. 10—Rumanians are ejected from Transylvania; Gen. Erich von Falkenhayn follows into Rumania.
Nov. 23—Mackensen crosses the Danube and heads for Bucharest.
Dec. 1—Rumanian counterattack fails; Mackensen and Falkenhayn drive for Bucharest.
Dec. 6—Bucharest and Ploeşti oilfields are captured. Russo-Rumanian armies are put to flight.

1917

Jan. 7—Germans suspend operations against Rumania.
May—Allied Salonika offensive is stalled; gains are limited.
June 12—Pro-German King Constantine I of Greece abdicates.
June 27—Pro-Allied Eleutherios Venizelos resumes premiership.
July 2—Greece joins Allies.
Dec. 9—Rumania signs armistice.

1918

April 15—Greeks cross Struma River; occupy towns in Serrai area.
May 7—Treaty of Bucharest is signed by Rumania and Central Powers; Dobruja is ceded to Bulgaria.
Sept. 1—British advance up Vardar Valley.
Sept. 14—French and Serbs advance in Serbia.
Sept. 17—Allied advance gains 20 miles.
Sept. 19—Allies cross the Vardar River; Bulgarians are in flight.
Sept. 26—British take Strumica; Serbs take Veles.
Sept. 29—Bulgaria signs armistice and surrenders.
Nov. 1—Serbs enter and occupy Belgrade.
Nov. 3—Austrians accept truce terms.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

1914

Aug. 2—Germans bombard Liepaja, Latvia.
Aug. 24—Allied warships bombard Kotor on the Adriatic.
Aug. 28—Battle takes place in Bight of Helgoland.
Oct. 29—Turkish warships raid Odessa, Sevastopol, Feodosiya, and Novorossisk.
Nov. 1—British squadron is defeated off Coronel, Chile.
Nov. 2—British declare North Sea a war zone; it is mined.
Nov. 3—German cruisers bombard Yarmouth and Lowestoft; British bombard outer Dardanelles forts.
Nov. 18—Russo-Turkish engagement occurs in Black Sea.
Dec. 8—Vice Adm. Maximilian von Spee's German squadron is destroyed in Battle of the Falkland Islands.
Dec. 16—German cruisers bombard Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, England.

1915

Jan. 24—Naval battle takes place in North Sea.
Feb. 4—Germans declare war zone around Great Britain, effective Feb. 18.
Feb. 10—United States protests German war zone.
Feb. 19—British bombard outer Dardanelles forts.
Feb. 25—Bombardment of Dardanelles forts is renewed.
March 1—Allies establish undeclared blockade of Central Powers.
March 4—Great naval attack on Dardanelles begins.
March 18—Dardanelles attack fails; 3 British and French warships are sunk.
May 13—First United States note to Germany protests sinking of *Lusitania* on May 7 with loss of 128 American lives.
Aug. 16—Russo-German action occurs in Gulf of Riga.
Aug. 20—Russians defeat German landing operations on Gulf of Riga.
Aug. 21—Germans evacuate Gulf of Riga.
Aug. 23—Allied fleet bombards Zeebrugge.
Sept. 6—Allied fleet bombards Ostend.
Oct. 5—German government promises to avoid attacking passenger vessels.
Oct. 21—British bombard Bulgarian coast; United States protests undeclared Allied blockade.

1916

Jan. 18—Bulgarian coast is bombarded by Allies.
Feb. 6—Austro-Italian action occurs in Adriatic.
March 25—British destroyers and seaplanes raid zeppelin sheds in Schleswig.
March 31—British warship bombards Smyrna.
April 18—United States demands assurances that Germans will not sink ships without warning.
April 20—German auxiliary cruiser and submarine attempt to land arms in Ireland; cruiser is sunk.
April 25—German squadron and zeppelins raid Lowestoft and Yarmouth.
May 4—Germany replies to United States that it has ordered submarine commanders to suspend operations against merchant shipping.
May 31—Battle of Jutland begins between major British and German forces; ends June 1 in drawn battle.
Oct. 26—German destroyer attack is made in English Channel.
Nov. 4—Russian Fleet bombards Constanţa, Rumania.

by Ivan Doig
BY IVAN DOIG
Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

4 June '85

Dear Dave--

This is a Doig Early Warning, the DEW system in action. I'll be descending on that library of yours on June 21 and probably a few further days of the next week. The topics this time:

--any details, reminiscences, whatever, of how Helena celebrated Montana's attainment of statehood on Nov. 8, 1889. The boozier and the wilder, the better.

--the influenza epidemic of WWI; its impact on any specific community, how people tried to prevent it or doctor for it, how the bodies were handled.

--homesteading in the Choteau-Dupuyer country, 1890-1920.

--the drought of 1919 and hard winter of 1919-20; any details of impact on ranchers and farmers.

Don't spend inordinate time on any of this, but I did want you to know what you're up against. See you soon.

best

Ivan

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY LIBRARY
225 N. Roberts St.
Helena, MT 59620
Tel: (406) 449-2681

TO Mr. Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.

Seattle, Washington 98177

DATE June 12, 1985

Dear Ivan:

The Doig Early Warning system is everything you threatened it would be. Upon seeing the list and checking the dates, I began making deals with fellow employees to shift my summer vacation so it would begin on the 21st. However, I was unsuccessful (a real test of who your friends are), and will be here during your stay.

I have a couple of ideas for two of your topics, but the other two--statehood celebrations and the flu epidemic--may require some pretty heavy digging into the newspapers of the day. I've tridd to track the latter before and have not been very successful.

Anyway, come on. It will be good to see you and Carol. The Society is stumbling through some randomly numbered stage of its expansion, so the working conditions here can be pretty disturbing. Especially the guy on the jack hammer has become one of my favorites. Somehow he can sense a long-distance phone call in progress. But we are open, ready, and willing.

Sincerely yours,

Dave Walter, Reference

would walk over to the store and see if there was anything left in the store. We were really hungry by the time we walked over there. All Dan had left were four small potatoes and a couple of onions. He gave them to us and told me he would have the mailman bring my groceries out on Monday. The mailman made only two trips a week, so it would be four days to wait for our groceries. We stopped and bought a dozen eggs and some milk from a farmer, and that is what we lived on till our groceries came. I had to do a lot of talking to keep Eugenia from going back to town with the mailman and taking the train for home. She said, "You are crazy to live in the country so far from town." The next Monday, she started teaching. She sent for her trunk and decided to stay at least a month. She found a place to room and board, which was a little over a mile from her school. They moved the schoolhouse I had been teaching in farther north, and the distance would be about the same for the children to walk, since they divided the district in half and had two schools. A teacher from the East came out to teach the south school, but only stayed three months. When my school was out, I finished her term. They used a church for a schoolhouse, and there was a graveyard with a half-dozen gravestones just back of the church.

9

THE EPIDEMIC

In November, the flu epidemic hit the country. I was the first to come down with it. I didn't feel very well when I went to school in the morning, and, by noon, I had chills, and my head felt as big as a barrel. I finally gave up at three o'clock, dismissed school and started home. It was blowing and snowing

a little. I decided to go through a field and take a short cut. I would go a little way, then rest, as I was having trouble breathing. It took me some time to get home. Mrs. Stuck, the lady with whom I was living, made me some soup, and I went to bed. The next day I was very sick, and the second day they sent for my sister to come and take care of me, because I was running a high fever. During the noon hour, Mr. Erik, the man with whom she was boarding, hitched two high-stepping horses to a buggy and went over to her schoolhouse. He told her I was very sick, and they had sent for her to come and do something for me. He told her he would stay at the schoolhouse and watch the children, and she should go over to see how I was. If I could be moved, she was to bring me back with her to their place. They sent some blankets along to wrap me in. When she saw me, she said, "You'd better dress in some warm clothes," and they wrapped the blankets around me. We started off across the prairie. I had my head covered, and I couldn't see very well, but I'm sure we were going very fast because every so often she would hit a badger hole or a rock, and I would bounce all over the buggy. When we got to the house where she stayed, Christine put me right to bed, and Eugenia went on to her school. A neighbor came by, who was going to Chinook, and they told him to send the doctor out to see me. Christine said she would make an onion poultice. She cooked the onions in a thick sugar syrup, gave me a cup of the syrup to drink, and then placed the onions, in a flour sack, on my chest. I thought this stuff would kill me, but she said it was a remedy they had used in the Old Country, and it would make me better. She put all the quilts she had on my bed, but when I got the chills, I shook the bed. I spent a miserable night. The next day, the neighbor returned from town with some medicine the doctor had sent. He said he couldn't come himself, as the flu was very bad in town. The other doctor was down with it, and the remaining doctor had to try to save as many as he could. People would get frantic, bringing those who were sick for help, but by the time they traveled twenty or

thirty miles to a hospital, the patient was already dead. The next day, Eugenia came home sick with it. Christine gave her the same treatment: onion syrup and onion poultice; but Eugenia took one drink of the syrup and then refused to drink any more. I told Eugenia that I was getting better, and maybe the poultice was the reason for my cure. She laughed and said, "I will have to get rid of it without that." She waited till Christine went to the well for water; then she poured it into a vase. We were in bed for several days. Eugenia lay there and laughed as she got better, but she almost got caught washing the vase.

The people who went into town for supplies, would tell us how bad the flu was all over the country. We were getting several daily papers at once. There were no telephones or radios for country people in those days.

The Stuck family, with whom I stayed, all came down with the flu, so I went back home as soon, as I was able, to help take care of them.

My cousin, then, received a telegram from home, saying her brother was about to die. The telegram came to the post office, and they asked me to drive over to her place with it. They hitched an old gray horse to a buggy, and I started out to her place. It was just getting dark, but I was sure I could find the place, since they always had a light burning. I had about three miles to go. I thought I was almost there, but I couldn't see any light. The moon came up, and, though I wasn't afraid, I soon discovered I had been going in circles. I remembered there was a deep coulee near the Canadian line, and, if I got near it, I could follow that to the house, even though there had been no light. When I got there, I found her alone with the baby. Her husband had gone to town for a load of coal. She was quite surprised to see me and hadn't heard about the flu. She said she would try to get someone to take her to town, and she would go to her home in Missouri. We packed her things, she went back to my place, and we packed my trunk with her things. One of the neighbors came in at about nine o'clock for the mail. He was in a Model T Ford,

and he said he would take my cousin to Chinook to see her husband catch the train. Her brother died before she arrived home.

A week later, her husband came down with the flu and was very sick. The man that was staying with him was trying to take care of him and a family across the line in Canada. They sent for Dr. Hoon, and he came, first, to see Walter and, then, to the sick family across the line (which was only a few blocks). On his way home, Dr. Hoon stopped at the post office and asked Eugenia or me to go and stay with the Canadian family. He said he didn't think the man would live, and the woman and baby were very sick. All he could do was leave them some medicine, but they needed someone with them. Eugenia thought she was stronger than I was, so she said she would go for a day or so. She found them all in the same bed, too sick to sit up. She cleaned the house and gave them the medicine the doctor had left for them. There was no place for her to sleep but on the floor. The house had two rooms, a kitchen and a bedroom. She made her a bed on the floor in one corner of the kitchen. The first night she was up most of the time taking care of them. She thought death seemed imminent, but the second day, he was better and asked her to make some soup. All she could find with which to make a broth was an old rooster. She tried to catch the old bird, but it kept outrunning her. The man that was staying with Walter came over to see how she was getting along, and he caught and killed the rooster for her. Then he chopped a hole in the ice so she could get some water from their shallow well. (It was the old oaken-bucket type). She dressed the chicken and put it on to boil. After having been cooked for hours, it was still tough. Undaunted, she put some rice in the broth and served it, and they enjoyed the soup. She never did say what happened to the old bird. The third day, they were up and around. She bathed, washed, and cleaned the house, then told them she would have to go home to rest and was so glad to see them well again. The schools were all closed on account of the flu epidemic.

Eugenia was staying with me when we received word that our father had been injured in an automobile accident. We packed our suitcases, and, planning to go home, we hired a man to take us to Chinook. We wired home to see how our father was getting along before we actually bought our tickets, however, and we received the answer that he was much better, and it wasn't necessary for us to make that long trip after all. We bought our winter's supply of food and clothing and decided we would go back the next morning with the mailman. We were almost asleep when we heard church bells ringing and a lot of noise on the street. We got up, dressed, and went downstairs to see what the commotion was all about. We were told that the Armistice had been signed.

The first of the year, I went to finish a term of school for another teacher. It was a small school—I had only fifteen pupils. Since there was no place to stay, they prepared my living quarters in one room adjoining the schoolroom. It was small—I had a cot to sleep on, an oil stove to cook with, and a table and two chairs. I had to hang my clothes on nails around the room. I taught here for two very cold months. One morning, I had two boys come to school with frostbitten ears, and we had to use snow to thaw them out. The next morning, it was thirty degrees below zero—my first experience with below-zero weather. It stayed that cold for a week. I couldn't understand how children could go to school in such a cold, but there were few absences. I used to look in their faces on a cold morning and say to myself, "I must make this day worthwhile to them." I hope they gained from my extra effort. I burned coal and had to do all the janitorial work. I had a good strong arm when spring came, for I shoveled many buckets of coal and ashes.

People would go for miles on a Saturday night for a card party. They played a game where the two-spot was next to the jack of spades in rank. They would play all night and go home at daybreak or stay for breakfast. On several occasions, I can remember eating breakfast before going home. A good breakfast

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

EXPERT MEDICAL ADVICE ON INFLUENZA

DISAGREEMENT AMONG PHYSICIANS at the recent Chicago meeting of the Public Health Association, regarding many important points in the character and treatment of influenza, is reported in the daily press. Nevertheless a substantial agreement on some other points quite as vital appears clearly from a reading of the medical journals, and practical suggestions for the home-care of patients will be found in a statement issued by the British Royal College of Physicians, quoted at the end of this article. Experts would seem to be at one in looking upon the present epidemic as simply a variety of a well-known disease prevalent, with occasional outbursts of violence, for hundreds of years. They agree that it is a germ disease and that it is very contagious at close range, altho probably not communicable through air, water, or material objects; that its danger consists largely in the likelihood that it will be accompanied or followed by a peculiarly virulent type of pneumonia, whose occurrence is favored by neglect or wrong treatment, and finally that not all persons are equally susceptible, those in weakened physical condition usually succumbing first. Points still open to discussion are the reasons for epidemics in general and for this one in particular, the nature of the precise germ or group of germs responsible for it, and the efficiency of various forms of preventive and curative treatment, including quarantine, as generally practised, inoculation with serum, the "influenza mask," and the use of various drugs. Regarding the outbreak itself, whose world-wide character has earned it the name of "pandemic," the writer of a leading editorial in *The Lancet* (London, November 2) speaks as follows:

"If those who feel ill would stay at home; if those who are well would avoid traveling in railway-carriages with the windows closed, or in unventilated trams and busses; and, above all, if the public would forego picture-palaces or other crowded places of amusement so long as the epidemic continues, much would be done to limit the spread in populous centers."

The fact that the army camps have been excellent places to study the disease unaffected by local conditions makes a recent article by Dr. George A. Soper, Major U. S. A., one of the most interesting reports on its progress. Dr. Soper, writing from the Army's Division of Infectious Diseases and Laboratories in Washington to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, December 7), states his belief that "had it not been for the pneumonia, the pandemic would not have attracted much attention." The disease has come in "waves," often with the violence of an explosion. He goes on:

"Within about a week after the outbreak of the influenza, there occurs an ominous prevalence of pneumonia. The pneumonia does not exist as a separate epidemic, but is always a follower of influenza. How the two diseases are related is not positively known. It is clear that the influenza paves the way for the pneumonia, if it does not actually produce it."

Steps taken by the military authorities to combat the disease fall under three heads, and apparently any efforts elsewhere must also be similarly classified. Major Soper gives them as "isolation, sanitation, and education." These he briefly explains as follows:

"1. By isolation is meant any and all procedures by which infected could be separated from the susceptible persons. Included in this list were steps for the prevention of crowding, quarantine, head-to-foot sleeping, the separation of heads at mess, and the use of cubicles and masks.

"2. Under sanitation may be included the cleaning and airing of barracks and bedding, the oiling of floors to keep down the dust, the boiling of mess-kits, and many other procedures.

"3. Education, always a predominant motive in the Army, was applied as never before to the prevention of disease among troops. The medical officers were taught what to expect in the way of symptoms and what principles of prevention to put into effect. The men were taught something of the principles of disease-transmission and how to carry out their part of the work of prevention."

As a result of these methods the disease "is already practically gone in most army camps." Much can be done in military camps, of course, that can not be done in civil communities, but their example points the way. It must be said that some physicians have doubted the permanent efficacy of any kind of quarantine measures and have pointed out that in New York, where they have been few, the disease, on the whole, has been less violent than in Boston, where, after the first outbreak, they were exceptionally strict. Still, such measures have been chiefly relied on, altho in different degree, by most American cities, and their necessity has not been widely questioned. With regard to means of transmission, Dr. Soper is very clear. He says:

"It is a fundamental assumption that influenza is produced when, and only when, material from the mouth or nose of infected persons gets into the mouth or nose of some one who is susceptible. As is plainly recognized in respect to intestinal infections, the hand probably plays an important part in the transmission of influenza. Coughing and sneezing help greatly to spread the infection.

"It has long been known that interchanges of bacteria occur commonly from mouth to mouth under ordinary conditions of social intercourse. Most of these organisms are harmless under normal conditions of health. That their capacity for harm is sometimes increased, sometimes reduced, according to various circumstances, is highly probable. . . . . .

"The conditions that govern susceptibility to influenza are not understood. Good general health, absence of fatigue and of cold and hunger are methods of prevention which have long been advocated by many and which in spite of scientific criticism still have much to recommend them. Whatever conduces to low bodily tone is believed by most persons to favor infection. Some, however, hold that specific immunity either does or does not exist, and that wet feet, insufficient bedding, chill, hunger, and fatigue have nothing to do with susceptibility.

"Vaccination against pneumonia is practicable; but such preventive treatment is in the experimental stage as respects influenza. As to natural immunity, one attack is believed to protect against another, and some people seem to be immune without ever having experienced an attack."

If "low bodily tone" conduces to the disease, as Dr. Soper thinks, evidently his second point—"sanitation"—is of vital importance. Municipal action in this direction is hardly noticeable, owing to the stress placed on isolation. Such attention as is paid to it is individual, under the advice of the medical profession. When we come to the third head, "education," we find that more is probably being done by public bodies than in any previous epidemic. Leaflets have been scattered broadcast, through the medium of public and educational bodies, schools, public libraries, and associations of all kinds, to enlighten the public regarding the disease, its symptoms, and the methods of preventing and fighting it. From the supplements to the United States Public Health Reports by Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, we quote the following paragraphs, which not only show the extent of these efforts at popular education, but will serve to give our readers some idea of the devices and methods

(*Continued on page 117*)

EXPERT MEDICAL ADVICE ON INFLUENZA

(*Continued from page 23*)

approved by government experts. Says General Blue:

"It is very important that every person who becomes sick with influenza should go home at once and go to bed. This will help keep away dangerous complications and will, at the same time, keep the patient from scattering the disease far and wide. It is highly desirable that no one be allowed to sleep in the same room with the patient. In fact, no one but the nurse should be allowed in the room.

"If there are cough and sputum or running of the eyes and nose, care should be taken that all such discharges are collected on bits of gauze or rag or paper napkins and burned. If the patient complains of fever and headache, he should be given water to drink, a cold compress to the forehead, and a light sponge. Only such medicine should be given as is prescribed by the doctor. It is foolish to ask the druggist to prescribe and may be dangerous to take the so-called 'safe, sure, and harmless' remedies advertised by patent-medicine manufacturers.

"If the patient is so situated that he can be attended only by some one who must also look after others in the family, it is advisable that such attendant wear a wrapper, apron, or gown over the ordinary house clothes while in the sick-room, and slip this off when leaving to look after the others.

"Nurses and attendants will do well to guard against breathing in dangerous disease germs by wearing a simple fold of gauze or mask while near the patient. . . .

"In guarding against disease of all kinds, it is important that the body be kept strong and able to fight off disease germs. This can be done by having a proper proportion of work, play, and rest, by keeping the body well clothed, and by eating sufficient, wholesome, and properly selected food. In connection with diet, it is well to remember that milk is one of the best all-around foods obtainable for adults as well as children. So far as a disease like influenza is concerned health authorities everywhere recognize the very close relation between its spread and overcrowded homes. While it is not always possible, especially in times like the present, to avoid such overcrowding, people should consider the health danger and make every effort to reduce the home overcrowding to a minimum. The value of fresh air through open windows can not be overemphasized.

"Where crowding is unavoidable, as in street-cars, care should be taken to keep the face so turned as not to inhale directly the air breathed out by another person.

"It is especially important to beware of the person who coughs or sneezes without covering his mouth and nose. It also follows that one should keep out of crowds and stuffy places as much as possible, keep homes, offices, and workshops well aired, spend some time out of doors each day, walk to work if at all practicable—in short, make an effort to breathe as much fresh air as possible."

A statement issued by the British Royal College of Physicians, and published in the London *Times Weekly* (November 15), declares that "this outbreak is essentially identical, both in itself and in its complica- some have suggested." The following timely advice is given to the public:

"Well-ventilated, airy rooms promote well-being, and to that extent, at any rate, are inimical to infection; drafts are due to unskilful ventilation, and are harmful; chilling of the body surface should be prevented by wearing warm clothing out of doors. Good, nourishing food, and enough of it, is desirable; there is no virtue in more than this. Alcoholic excess invites disaster; within the limits of moderation each person will be wise to maintain unaltered whatever habit experience has proved to be most agreeable to his own health. The throat should be gargled every four to six hours, if possible, or, at least, morning and evening, with a disinfectant gargle, of which one of the most potent is a solution of twenty drops of liquor soda chlorinate in a tumbler of warm water. A solution of common table salt, one teaspoonful to the pint of warm water, is suitable for the nasal passage; pour a little into the hollowed palm of the hand and snuff up the nostrils two or three times a day.

"Since we are uncertain of the primary cause of influenza, no form of inoculation can be guaranteed to protect against the disease itself. From what we know as to the lack of enduring protection after an attack, it might in any case be assumed that no vaccine could protect for more than a short period. But the chief dangers of influenza lie in its complications, and it is probable that much may be done to mitigate the severity of the affection and to diminish its mortality by raising the resistance of the body against the chief secondary infecting agents. No vaccines should be administered except under competent medical advice. No drug has as yet been proved to have any specific influence as a preventive of influenza. At the first feeling of illness or rise of temperature the patient should go to bed at once and summon his medical attendant. Relapses and complications are much less likely to occur if the patient goes to bed at once and remains there till all fever has gone for two or three days; much harm may be done by getting about too early. Chill and overexertion during convalescence are fruitful of evil consequences. The virus of influenza is very easily destroyed, and extensive measures of disinfection are not called for. Expectoration should be received, when possible, in a glazed receptacle in which is a solution of chlorid of lime. Discarded handkerchiefs should be immediately placed in disinfectant, or, if of paper, burned.

"The liability of the immediate attendants to infection may be materially diminished by avoiding inhalation of the patient's breath, and particularly when he is coughing, sneezing, or talking. A handkerchief should be held before the mouth, and the head turned aside during coughing or sneezing. The risk of conveyance of infection by the fingers must be constantly remembered, and the hands should be washed at once after contact with the patient or with mucus from the nose or throat. Each case must be treated, as occasion demands, under the direction of the medical attendant. No drug has as yet been proved to have any specific curative effect on influenza, tho many are useful in guiding its course and mitigating its symptoms. In the uncertainty of our present knowledge considerable hesitation must be felt in advising vaccine treatment as a curative measure.

"A period of enfeeblement following an

nature. War as a psychological instrument for giving 'tone' to a nation has been developed too far, he says, and something else is now required. From the physical point of view, he thinks greater extension of competitive athletics would be valuable, and he cites the case of the Igorot head-hunters of the Philippines, who were turned from the war-path by the Americans and now find an outlet for their energies in sports. From the moral point of view, he thinks the fighting spirit of men should rather be turned against the environment. The great battle should be against pain, disease, poverty, and sin, and international warfare of the present kind should rather be regarded as dissension in the ranks.

"Professor Russell's discussion of the substitutes for war has been more thoroughgoing than that of any one else. The first thought that naturally occurs, he says, 'is that it would be well if men were more under the dominion of reason. But it is not by reason alone that wars can be prevented, but by a positive life of impulses and passions antagonistic to those that lead to war. It is the life of impulse that needs to be changed, not only the life of conscious thought.

"The biologist will not, of course, make the mistake of thinking that there is any one panacea which will abolish war. Neither universal democracy nor an omnipotent League to Enforce Peace will suffice by itself, although both these developments would be highly desirable.

"The means for reducing the number of wars in the future may be divided in two classes. First, there must be a reduction in the number and intensity of the stimuli which now stir up the war-impulse; this requires changed methods in teaching history and patriotism, and doubtless numerous changes in the organization of society. Secondly, there must be attempts to guide the impulse to war into productive channels. Universal conscription, as William James suggested, would not only aid largely in this, but would also give the nation an immense army of vigorous young men, to be called upon at any time when the backward state of civilization in other nations made it impossible for this nation to avoid going to war."

HOW THE "FLU" MASK TRAPS THE GERM

A LARGE-MESHED FISH-NET bears about the same sizal relation to a swarm of flies as the common gauze mask bears to the influenza germs it is supposed to stop; and for this reason doctors, and other persons who know something about germs, have been moved to comment either pityingly or sarcastically on the common public assumption that such masks afford protection. The openings in an influenza mask, as seen under a microscope, are enormous, while the influenza germ, even under high magnifying power, remains almost invisible. Nevertheless, public opinion is right, and a part, at least, of scientific opinion is wrong, for the influenza mask really does protect, and certain experts offer explanations as to how it does it. A writer in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago) deals entertainingly with the beginning, progress, and present state of the controversy. The commonest argument against the "flu" masks, the writer notes, is that the openings in the mask bear the same relation in size to a microbe as a barn door to a mouse. For example, a doctor recently wrote to a daily paper protesting against the use of these masks, saying:

"If the gauze worn over the face is expected to prevent the entrance of microorganisms to the respiratory tract it seems that the absurdity would be apparent to those who know that Pfeiffer's bacillus, pneumococci, or streptococci, must be magnified many hundreds of times to be visible at all, and that if the ordinary gauze mask be magnified to the same extent it would show the meshes to be so large as to apparently offer no obstruction to the house-fly. Such an attempt to mechanically prevent germ invasion might be compared to fencing against fleas in Florida with barbed wire."

This, comments the writer of the article, sounds very plausible, but is fallacious reasoning. The very same sort of argument was used nearly half a century ago against filtering water to remove typhoid germs:

"The argument then took this form: 'The interstices between the grains of sand in a filter are as large compared with the typhoid bacillus as a house door is to a mouse. If all the doors of a house were open, a mouse could pass from garret to cellar without being stopt. How absurd, then, is the belief that a typhoid germ can be caught while wandering through a layer of sand a foot or two thick.'

"It seems very 'absurd,' doesn't it? Yet when an actual count of the germs in a drop of raw water was made, and a similar count was made of the germs in the same water after filtration through a thin bed of sand, it was found that only one germ in a hundred had passed through! 'Incredible,' but true. Of one hundred 'mice' that started in at the garret to go downstairs, only one reached the cellar, altho every door was open. Now this was no speculation or guess. The microscope, after Dr. Robert Koch's discoveries forty years ago, could be used to count the microbes in a measured volume of water even as one might count mice in a trap. And the microscope made it certain that, somehow or other, porous filter sand does stop most of the microbes in water.

"It is eighty years ago this very year since a British civil engineer, James Simpson, finished at Chelsea, London, the first sand-filter plant for a city. It was intended primarily to remove the visible impurities of the Thames water. Little did he or any one else dream that the real danger in using that water was the invisible living things that inhabited it; for Pasteur had not yet shown that many diseases are caused by microbes, and Koch had not perfected the microscopic detection of germs. Yet it began at once to be noticed that typhoid fever was less prevalent than it had ever been.

"Not until about forty years ago was it fully demonstrated that filtration can be so scientifically conducted, by the aid of microscopic counts of bacteria, as to remove almost all danger of contracting typhoid from drinking water.

"Then came another great discovery, namely, that a minute quantity of chlorin is deadly to typhoid germs. One drop of liquid chlorin in two barrels of water is the average dose, but it usually suffices to kill nearly every typhoid germ. When the discovery of chlorination of water was announced, it also was 'argued off the floor.' . . . 'Consider,' they say, 'the absurdity of trying to kill the millions of microbes in a barrel of water by merely adding half a drop of liquid chlorin.' Yes, it was perfectly absurd, but the microbes all died; perhaps by laughing themselves to death over the absurdity of it.

"In drawing an analogy between a flea and a microbe, several elements of difference are usually overlooked. A flea not only is capable of locomotion, but can direct his motions by the sense of smell. A microbe, on the other hand, is helplessly and aimlessly carried along by currents of air or water. In the case of microbes that are inhaled, it seems likely that most of them are either attached to particles of dust or to small globules of moisture. In either case, if the mask stops the grain of dust or globule of water the germ itself is caught also."

EARTHQUAKE WEATHER—A recent article in *The Monthly Weather Review* revives the old question whether a particular type of weather does or does not prevail just before an earthquake. Says this paper:

"The expression 'earthquake weather' is frequently heard in California and in some other regions subject to earthquakes. It is applied to a heavy, oppressive feeling in the air: heat, calm, little cloud, and more or less haze. This is much the same kind of weather as prevails before a summer thunderstorm, and perhaps the popular mind has extended the association from one phenomenon to the other.

"Professor Humphreys, in charge of the seismological work of the United States Weather Bureau, has made the plausible suggestion that the 'earthquake weather' notion is probably of psychological origin; the general state of irritation and sensitiveness produced by the kind of weather above described inclines us to sharper observation of earthquake disturbances and accentuates the impression they make on our senses; thus we retain more vivid memories of the quakes occurring during such weather than of those occurring on more soothing days.

"In some countries particular forms of cloud are alleged to forbode earthquakes, and there is a wide-spread belief that earthquake shocks produce mist, fog, and rain. The idea that barometric fluctuations are connected with earthquakes rests upon a much more substantial foundation."

"Eight Senators voted who are serving by appointment. Their terms will expire immediately after successors appear. It is barely possible the additional two votes may be obtained through the election of Senators to succeed the present appointees.

"The eight appointive Senators were evenly divided. Guion, of Louisiana; Baird, of New Jersey; Drew, of New Hampshire, and Benet, of South Carolina, voted against the resolution. Wilfley, of Missouri; Martin, of Kentucky; Nugent, of Idaho, and Henderson, of Nevada, voted for the resolution. Politicians from the States indicated believe the alinement will remain unchanged, thus leaving the suffragists still two votes short after November 5.

"Some reliance is placed in the possible conversion of sufficient Senators to remedy the situation. It is believed by suffrage advocates that now the President will systematically take up the work of laboring with the obdurate ones."

In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) we read that the defeat of woman suffrage in the Senate is looked upon as somewhat of a disaster to the Democratic party and as a blow at President Wilson's power as a party leader, and we are told that—

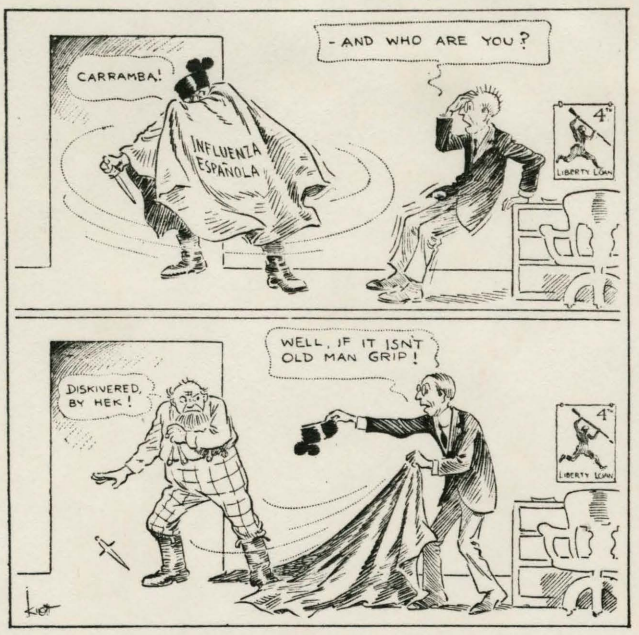
"The fact that so many Senators from Southern States sacrificed their loyalty to the President to their Bourbonism will, it is believed, convince independent voters of progressive tendencies that there is no hope for their aspirations in the Democratic party, and that to-day's vote brands the party as too heavily loaded with reactionaries. Republican leaders count upon large gains from this element as well as from those who will determine their future political alinement solely upon the suffrage question. It is true that ten Republicans voted against suffrage, but, altho the minority party, it delivered more votes for suffrage than the Democrats. In the Western States the suffragists now purpose frankly to oppose Democratic nominees for the Senate, and it is considered possible that, as a direct consequence of their failure to-day to respond to their leader's call, the Democrats may lose control of the Senate and also of the House."

In the New York *Globe* Mr. Judson C. Welliver writes from Washington that the question has now been made something of a sectional issue:

"The suffragists fear that while the President has been able to make his own position perfectly plain as their supporter, he may have done it in a way that is calculated to solidify the only opposition that can possibly postpone for long the victory of the Federal amendment. There will be no serious Democratic split over suffrage, because, after all, the mainstay of Democracy is Southern, and the South has said No. But there is concern about the danger of making suffrage more distinctly a sectional question than it has ever been before."

By voting down their own party leader for the first time in his Presidential career, writes Mr. David Lawrence in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, the Southern faction in the Democratic party not only weakened his prestige, but tied the hands of the Democratic campaigners in the North, and we read:

"Republicans are chuckling over the situation produced by the coalition of their own opposition to suffrage and the much larger opposition inside the Democratic party. The Southern Democrats are undismayed. The Northern and Western Democrats are worried. It is truly an extraordinary situation, and woman is at the bottom of it all."



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

AN OLD ENEMY is with us again, altho under a new name, say various editorial observers in noting the epidemic of Spanish influenza and recalling at the same time the "grippe" that was new a generation ago. Whether it was brought over in German submarines or not is lightly considered compared to the more practical interest of the press in spreading information from the State and city health departments throughout the country as to means of combating the disease. In nearly all sections of the United States this so-called Spanish influenza is prevalent, we learn from Washington dispatches which relate that twenty-three States, from New England in the East to California in the West and from Florida in the Southeast to Washington in the Northwest, are experiencing the mysterious malady. It is especially severe along the Atlantic seaboard and in military and naval camps. More than fourteen thousand new cases in the camps were reported to the office of the Surgeon-General within one period of twenty-four hours, and deaths since the epidemic began have numbered thousands. Despite the alarming increase in influenza cases, we are told, the penumonia rate continues low, and reports show that pneumonia has developed in only one of every thirteen cases. The pneumonia is said to appear in a most treacherous way, when the patient is apparently recovering and ambitiously leaves his bed too early, thus giving the germ his deadly opportunity. The less ambition, therefore, the better the chances for longevity. Furthermore, the Boston *Globe* and other journals point out "fear is our first enemy," and "whether he fights a German or a germ, the man who worries is already half beaten." There is no excuse for panic about this epidemic if we all do our share to help stop it, and we are reminded that "from battle to disease the cool fighter wins." The way to handle this influenza situation, according to the Hartford *Courant*, is to "think of something else," and because you have a cold do not at once conclude that you are on the road to pneumonia, but "conclude the opposite and the chances are that you will win out." Similarly the New York *Morning Telegraph* warns us not to be excited because of the presence of Spanish influenza "in our midst or in our nostrils," and the Cleveland *News* reminds us that if we keep our system in good condition and avoid fear or apprehension of contagion, we shall be reasonably certain to escape it. Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the United States Army, has issued the following recommendations for the avoidance of contagion:

"1. Avoid needless crowding; influenza is a crowd disease.

"2. Smother your coughs and sneezes; others do not want the germs which you would throw away.

"3. Your nose, not your mouth, was made to breathe through. Get the habit.

"4. Remember the three Cs — a clean mouth, a clean skin, and clean clothes.

"5. Try to keep cool when you walk and warm when you ride and sleep.

"6. Open the windows always at home at night; at the office when practicable.

"7. Food will win the war if you give it a chance; help by choosing and chewing your food well.

Lit Digest Oct 12, 1918

"8. Your fate may be in your own hands; wash your hands before eating."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health of New York City, points out in a statement to the press that influenza and pneumonia are infectious diseases caused by germs carried in the matter spit, sneezed, or coughed by sick persons or sometimes by persons who, while carrying the disease germs in their mouth and throat, show no signs of illness. He advises avoidance of "contact with matter which is spit, sneezed, or coughed up," of dirt of every kind, of fatigue, and of overeating.

A writer in the New York *Times* recalls that the last pandemic of influenza occurred more than twenty-five years ago, and consequently physicians who began to practise medicine since 1892 have not had personal experience in handling such a disease. For their benefit, Surgeon-General Rupert Blue has issued a special bulletin setting forth the facts concerning influenza which physicians must keep in mind. It contains the following points:

"*Infectious Agent*—The bacillus influenza of Pfeiffer.

"*Sources of Infection*—The secretions from the nose, throat, and respiratory passages of cases or of carriers.

"*Incubation Period*—One to four days, generally two.

"*Mode of Transmission*—By direct contact or indirect contact through the use of handkerchiefs, common towels, cups, mess gear, or other objects contaminated with fresh secretions. Droplet injection plays an important part.

"*Period of Communicability*—As long as the person harbors the causative organism in the respiratory tract.

"*Methods of Control*—(*a*) The infected individual and the environment.

"*Recognition of the Disease*—By clinical manifestations and bacteriological findings.

"*Isolation*—Bed isolation of infected individuals during the course of the disease. Screens placed between beds are to be recommended.

"*Immunization*—Vaccines are used with only partial success.

"*Quarantine*—None; impracticable.

"*Concurrent Disinfection*—The discharges of the mouth, throat, nose, and other respiratory passages.

"*Terminal Disinfection*—Through cleanings, airing, and sunning. The causative is short-lived outside of the host.

"(*b*) *General Measures*—The attendant of the case should wear a gauze mask. During epidemics persons should avoid crowded assemblages, street-cars, and the like. Education as regards the danger of promiscuous coughing and spitting. Patients, because of the tendency to development of bronchopneumonia, should be treated in well-ventilated, warm rooms."

Of immediate remedial purpose is the suggestion of the Rochester *Post-Express* that physicians and nurses should be grouped into central units and that the public be educated to look to those units for medical care. This journal adds:

"A districting of the nation under medical supervision after the plan adopted in Great Britain and France three years ago must be had if we are not to run into danger. This danger is equal to our people and to the Government's ability to depend on them for war-work. All parties to the controversies now current over the best use to be made of doctors and nurses should immediately lay aside personal opinion in effort to devise a plan under which a working medical machine shall be set up throughout the country."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WAR is also more to do and fewer to do it.—*Boston Herald.*

THERE is a Russian born every minute.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE Hun has been forced to drop the goose-step for the Foch's trot.—*London Opinion.*

THE German peasant asks for bread and the Kaiser gives him a tombstone.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE belief grows that the Crown Prince has a face which only the Kaiser could love.—*Pittsburg Post.*

INSTEAD of boiling the city water, why not compress it into bricks and use it for fuel this winter?—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

THE Swiss hotel-keepers are in favor of opening peace negotiations at once in some neutral country.—*New York Evening Post.*

WHETHER President Wilson means there will be no peace without laws, or with outlaws, it means the same thing.—*Newark News.*

IF you have money saved up, buy a Liberty bond. If you haven't, buy a Liberty bond and save some money.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE way war-taxes have hit the rich there's really more money in being poor.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

THE Kaiser has just made a visit to Lorraine. He had better visit it while he can.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

RECENT events have demonstrated that it was quite unnecessary for the United States to declare war on Turkey and Bulgaria.—*Des Moines Register.*

FORD'S Michigan friends declare that they'll "have him out of politics by Christmas." Intimating, I presume, that he has been in politics.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

REGARDING the end of the war, an Iola boy writes home from France that "it will take one year to whip the Huns and thirty-nine more to wind up the barbed wire."—*Kansas City Star.*

PROBABLY the reason that the girl who attacked Lenine was less successful than Charlotte Corday is that she could never catch the Russian Bolshevik in a bath-tub.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

THE DIGEST IN "THE MOVIES."—While you are reading this copy of THE LITERARY DIGEST, you may be interested to know that millions of other men and women are reading with keen enjoyment "TOPICS IN BRIEF" and other selections from THE DIGEST on the screens in leading motion-picture theaters throughout the country from Maine to California.

THE next time the Junkers start a war they will have the stopper within reach.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

SPEAKING of non-essential jobs, how about that of Germany's "Colonial Secretary"?—*Pittsburg Post.*

ARCHANGEL Revolt Was Quickly Ended—*Head-line.* Sounds like Milton.—*New York Evening Sun.*

AUSTRIA'S recent appeal didn't bring peace, but it brought her a lot of good tips on how to get peace.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WITH prohibition in California there will be fewer guides in the mountain country who look like deer.—*Los Angeles Times.*

RECENT German luck has given the iron-cross manufacturers an opportunity to catch up with their orders.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ONE ray of sunshine in the midst of Germania's troubles. Her statues are being melted down into ammunition.—*New York Evening Post.*

"WE do not understand Foch's strategy," says a German military critic. If a Hun understood it, it wouldn't be strategy.—*Pittsburg Post.*

RUSSIA needs neither another czar nor a president. She needs an alienist.—*Long Island City Star.*

THE saloon business must be in a desperate plight when the brewers begin to go into the newspaper business.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

IT is gravely announced that Marshal Foch smokes two-cent cigars, but this can not account entirely for the German retreat.—*New York Sun.*

AFTER this war is over, we predict that Germany will be the peace-lovingest nation on the face of the earth for a hundred years to come.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

GERMAN Secretary of State for Colonies is hustling desperately to hold on to what's left of his job. If he fails, he's in danger of being appointed Chancellor.—*Anaconda Standard.*

GENERAL VON SANDERS'S brilliant escape from Palestine reminds us of the time the combination auditorium and fire-house at Bryan, Texas, was burned down. The fire-engine was saved.—*New York Evening Sun.*

SECRETARY DANIELS doesn't want any conscientious objectors on his ships. Don't be stubborn, Mr. Secretary. Let the fellows take a ride on the boats until they reach the middle of the pond and then—you know.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Stars, shocking stars, shall lose their wonted way,
Cast from their spheres, and drop into the sea;
The shores no longer shall the waves restrain,
But on the land admit the rushing main;
The moon shall cease her nightly stage to run,
Usurp her brother's course, and thwart the sun;
And the whole frame, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Shall mar the union of the shatter'd world.

LUCAN
Translated by JABEZ HUGHES

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE snow had fallen many nights and days;
The sky was come upon the earth at last,
Sifting thinly down as endlessly.
As though within the system of blind planets
Something had been forgotten or overdriven.
The dawn now seemed neglected in the grey
Where mountains were unbuilt and shadowless trees
Rootlessly paused or hung upon the air.
There was no wind, but now and then a sigh
Crossed that dry falling dust and rifted it
Through crevices of slate and door and casement.
Perhaps the new moon's time was even past.
Outside, the first white twilights were too void
Until a sheep called once, as to a lamb,
And tenderness crept everywhere from it;
But now the flock must have strayed far away.
The lights across the valley must be veiled,
The smoke lost in the greyness or the dusk.
For more than three days now the snow had thatched
That cow house roof where it had ever melted
With yellow stains from the beasts' breath inside;
But yet a dog howled there, though not quite lately.
Someone passed down the valley swift and singing,
Yes, with locks spreaded like a son of morning;
But if he seemed too tall to be a man
It was that men had been so long unseen,
Or shapes loom larger through a moving snow.

And he was gone and food had not been given him.
When snow slid from an overweighted leaf,
Shaking the tree, it might have been a bird
Slipping in sleep or shelter, whirring wings;
Yet never bird fell out, save once a dead one—
And in two days the snow had covered it.
The dog had howled again—or thus it seemed
Until a lean fox passed and cried no more.
All was so safe indoors where life went on
Glad of the close enfolding snow—O glad
To be so safe and secret at its heart,
Watching the strangeness of familiar things.
They knew not what dim hours went on, went by,
For while they slept the clock stopt newly wound
As the cold hardened. Once they watched the road,
Thinking to be remembered. Once they doubted
If they had kept the sequence of the days,
Because they heard not any sound of bells.
A butterfly that hid until the Spring
Under a ceiling's shadow, dropt, was dead.
The coldness seemed more nigh, the coldness deepened
As a sound deepens into silences;
It was of earth and came not by the air;
The earth was cooling and drew down the sky.
The air was crumbling. There was no more sky.
Rails of a broken bed charred in the grate,
And when he touched the bars he thought the sting
Came from their heat—he could not feel such cold. . . .
She said, 'O, do not sleep,
Heart, heart of me, keep near me. No, no; sleep.
I will not lift his fallen, quiet eyelids,
Although I know he would awaken then—
He closed them thus but now of his own will.
He can stay with me while I do not lift them.'

GORDON BOTTOMLEY, *b.* 1874

614. 5
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1 copy in UGL
1 copy in Health Science Library

Hoehling, Adolph A.

The Great Epidemic.

Boston, Little Brown, 1961

Dear Ivan,

I photocopied the only ~~tow~~ pages that referred to Camp Lewis. The other pages I thought you might find interesting.

Attached also find notes I took from above and the 1918 NYTimes Index.

I once thought I had something on Camp Lewis but it was only a mention that Lewis reported the onset between Sept 23 and Oct 11 in 1918. No large camp escaped. The Lewis report was number 8 out of 20. (Science, 48, 451-6. Nov 8, 18.)

The Hoehling is a small-easy-to-read ~~report.~~ (book) I did not find any description of prevention except the masks. You might want to look at it in UGL.

If Camp Lewis is on your mind and you cannot do without it, I can only think of US Gov Docs and Public Health Reports at the time. Maybe even the Army had something.

Incidently the end of the flu and the Armistice came at the same time.

I hope this is some help. I certainly will not take any money for this.

Love,

Pat

P.S. Something as simple as Reader's Guide might give something you want? P.

maternity ward of forty-two; four students at Stanford University and the campus barber, Charlie Meyers, who had counted Herbert Hoover among his clientele; servicemen at the Presidio and other Army and Navy installations.

Sometimes it struck suddenly, even as it had done in the East. Henrietta Burt, a secretary, was enjoying a bridge game one evening. "We played until long after midnight," she recalled. "When we left we were all apparently well. By eight o'clock in the morning I was too ill to get out of bed, and the friend at whose house we played was dead."

Inevitably, the people of this state reacted with suggestions as to the control of the infection. There was agitation for pumping seawater into the hydrants and flushing streets and sidewalks of San Francisco. Mayor Rolph, with his own demonstrated notions on how to keep the germs away, scoffed: "You might as well sit out and watch the changes of the moon."

E. Christenson of the same city had a specific cure: "You could destroy that disease and every disease known by sweating it off the body – 1½ hours will destroy all kinds of disease."

At Venice, California, the Al G. Barnes Circus passed through a mandatory fumigation. Animals and performers alike were subjected to an almost suffocating spray of coal tar and formaldehyde. It was reminiscent of a gas attack on the Western front. When the noxious clouds of vapor dissipated, the "Albino Girl," along with microbes, fleas and sundry vermin and insect life, had become herself a casualty. Her silvery blonde hair was once again dark brown and her light skin had reverted to an embarrassing swarthy hue.

To the north, Elizabeth J. Davies, a nurse at the "extra-cantonment" zone around Camp Lewis, Washington, reported:

> October 7 we had our first case, a mild one at American Lake, a mother of a family, but it did not spread among the

Camp Lewis

~~Reference to Camp Lewis 163–164~~

See next page

other members. Three days passed before we discovered any more but in six days cases were found in all districts and orders were given on October 18 for the closing of all schools, which cut off a medium of infection, but also a source of knowledge. The days succeeding the closing of the schools were very hard as so much time was wasted in finding the sick instead of spending it in caring for them.

Teachers were recruited. In one district five sick children were found in a house with their ill mother. Nurse Davies continued:

> In one family a married daughter from Montana came to visit her home, bringing with her a three-year-old child. The mother contracted influenza, infecting her daughter, who during the attack gave birth to a boy; the young husband arrived and came down at once with the disease, each developed pneumonia; a sister came to nurse them and she developed influenza in a few hours; another sister was telegraphed for and arrived on the scene with her family of two children, and all came down; there were not enough beds to accommodate the sick.

Belatedly, the flu had detoured into Alaska – enroute to God knows what more remote spot on the earth's surface. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, arriving in Seattle from America's northernmost territory, reported that out of some three hundred Eskimos in Nome, 176 had died. Of eight Eskimos who had accompanied him back from the Arctic, five had succumbed during his stop-off in that same city. The Alaskan epidemic was not only proving that the northerly tribesmen had no resistance to the Spanish influenza but how little medical men know about the disease's mode of transmission. The invisible killer was not only scourging Nome, a wilderness crossroads, but tiny, unfrequented Eskimo villages. How was it possible?

The disease was scattered but not severe in Utah. Ogden,

we would find 30 or 40 cases, sometimes 10 people all huddled together fully drest in a tiny log cabin, probably all in two beds and all with fevers over 104°.

On long trips we had one doctor, a driver, one helper and myself, and we just worked and instructed and showed those among them who could help what to do, when we had to leave . . . Everybody worked hard and long with unselfish spirit.

Whiskey proved effective medicine for the lumberjacks. Bottle in hand, they curled up under their blankets, confident of being cured.

Newberry, the county seat, was a ghost town. Even the hotel had been turned into a hospital. The lack, as elsewhere, was of doctors and nurses. One social worker who had been dispatched from Lansing aroused the ire of citizens who charged that he had done "little except give the local people hell for not making out daily reports when they were already dead on their feet." Across Lake Michigan, taps had been sounded for 489 sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, though the doctors believed the rate was downward. Nonetheless, one fourth of the 45,000 men stationed there were ill.

In Chicago, an Influenza Commission had just been created. The city's West Side Hospital was attacked with disproportionate severity. At least twenty-five of its nurses were now bedded with the fever. Dr. C. St. Clair Drake, Director of the State Department of Public Health, ordered all hospital attendants to wear masks. He hoped this expedient would insure against repetition of the West Side Hospital's crippling experience.

In suburban Glencoe and Winnetka, soldiers of the Home Guard patrolled closed schoolyards, as well as the padlocked saloons and movie theaters. Bulletins apprising the citizenry of the rapidly changing situation were printed each morning and distributed by the Boy Scouts.

How to stem this bacterial tide? Advice poured into the Surgeon General's office, to the White House, to the Public Health Service, to Congressmen and to every daily or weekly newspaper in America.

Take two pieces of flannel each 12 x 14 inches [wrote J. J. C. Elliott, Former Superintendent of the Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles], sprinkle over one or two of the small packages of wormwood purchased from drug stores usually for ten cents. Lay the other over the sprinkled wormwood and stitch around the edges and quilt them across each way so the wormwood may be held evenly over the entire bag. Place one of these bags in vinegar as hot as it can possibly be wrung from the vinegar and place the bag over the chest of the patient, covering the flannel with bed clothing.

In Seattle, policemen were ordered to wear masks at all times. Citizens must don them in order to ride the public transit. Oregon was confronted with medical challenges for which there was little precedent: sick sheepherders. It was bewildering to rationalize how the flu had sought them out in their isolation, and it was yet more vexing to treat them. A public health nurse at Denio, Oregon, wrote headquarters of her special problems:

Our patients are mostly families of sheepherders; they live in miserable cabins scattered in most inaccessible places, a house to a hill and each hill from 12 to 15 miles apart. There is no food, no bedding and absolutely no conception of the first principles of hygiene, sanitation or nursing care.

I have taken over the hotel as a hospital and the Big Boss, who employs the sheepherders, is having all who are not too ill to be moved brought in here.

The men are willing, some are intelligent, but most are sick, and if it were not for the grit and brains of the nurses who have been working here before and for the women of the community, God help us!

I am working by fits and starts, as I can snatch a minute off to jot down our needs, hoping that the situation may be

13

Symptoms

Headache was a pronounced symptom in nearly all the cases, the simple influenza as well as the pneumonic. Sometimes the whole head ached and throbbed, sometimes the head did not ache if the patient kept quite still, but swam and ached all over if it was turned quickly or if the patient sat up or coughed. Besides this generalized headache, however, and often in addition to it, there was complaint of special aching, at the back of the eyes, or inside the head in front, the patient generally putting his hand low down across the forehead to indicate the site. The more generalized headache was doubtless due to the toxaemic state, thus corresponding with the aching limbs and back. . . .

CHICAGO had a dangerous, corporate headache of its own. The city, with five thousand new cases daily, was frightened. Accenting its misery, there were not enough hearses. The 159 owned by undertaking establishments added up to an insufficient half of the daily death rate. Hoping to compensate for the lack, the Cook County coroner asked the transit system to drape several trolleys in black, as makeshift hearses.

The movies were sealed. Dorothy Gish, as in Washington, would have to pause for breath once again in her *Battling*

REPORTS SHOW EPIDEMIC IS MAKING GAINS

Hospitals Are Filled With Patients and Tents Have Been Ordered

MANY SCHOOLS CLOSE

New cases of influenza reported to the board of Health during the 24 hours ending at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon indicate that the epidemic has taken a turn for the worse in Pittsburg. For that period of time 813 new cases are on record, compared with 873 for 32 hours beginning Saturday noon. The total number of influenza cases was 4,443, while the new pneumonia cases number 46, making a total of 319. Deaths from pneumonia were 30, from influenza-pneumonia, 30, and from influenza, 5, making a total number of 74 for the 24

MAYOR ASKS COUNCIL FOR $100,000 TO HELP CHECK INFLUENZA

73 Deaths and 1,260 New Cases Are Reported.

DISEASE MAY BE ON WANE

An emergency ordinance providing $100,000 with which to meet the inroads of influenza was introduced in council yesterday by Mayor E. V. Babcock and Controller E. S. Morrow. The measure will be acted upon today when, it is probable, the amount will be reduced in committee. Mayor Babcock said there was no immediate change in the situation and that the action was taken in line with the administration's plan to take proper preventative and palliative steps.

COUNTY TO GIVE AID

Annex to Courthouse Is Made Emergency Influenza Hospital

Pgh. Post October 26, 1918

Courthouse annex on Ross street will be opened this morning by the city as another emergency influenza hospital converted into an experimental labora-

URGENT CALLS SENT OUT BY RED CROSS

More Men and Women Needed to Aid in Combatting Spanish Influenza.

VOLUNTEERING SLOW

CATHOLIC AID IN EPIDEMIC IS ACCEPTED

Bishop Canevin Informs Health Director of 27 New Relief Stations.

SISTERS AS NURSES

Ban Remains; Babcock Goes To Harrisburg

State Commissioner Refuses to Modify Health Regulations Here.

OCT 20 1918

NEW CASES FEWER

Encouragement Found in Reports on Influenza and

DRUG TRADE HAS BROKEN DOWN UNDER DEMAND FOR GRIP CURES

One Wholesale House Compelled to Close Its Doors.

KINGSLEY HOUSE GETS PATIENTS

Pittsburgh's drug trade has all but broken down under the demands

WORST IS OVER IN EPIDEMIC, AVERS HEALTH OFFICIAL

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

New Cases On the Wane, But Deaths to Increase, Opinion of Dr. Phillip E. Marks.

OCT 21 1918

TOTAL OF PATIENTS, 14,634

The worst is over in Pittsburgh's influenza epidemic, so far as new cases are concerned, in the opinion of Dr. Phillip E. Marks, head of the bureau of infectious diseases, who states that the situation so far this week is much better than it was at the same time last week. New cases of influenza reported today number 635, or about the same as yesterday, making a total of 14,634 cases on record here.

INFLUENZA ORPHANS IN NEED OF HOMES

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

CITY IS ASKED, BY NORTHERN COUNTIES FOR AID TO CHECK GRIP EPIDEMIC

Pgh. Post

Pittsburgh Conditions Are Satisfactory, Officials Declare.

October 15, 1918

CHURCH SERVICES BANNED TODAY

Influenza conditions in Pittsburgh yesterday were such that medical authorities were devoting much of their energies to preparation for epidemic outbreaks in other parts of Western Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh has been empowered to handle matters in this end of the state, and calls were coming in from northern counties for assistance.

Dr. Adolph Koenig, county medical supervisor, is arranging to hold

CITY HEALTH BOARD MAY GET POWER TO LIFT BAN HERE SOON

Epidemic Peak Reached Week Ago, Claim.

Influenza, as an epidemic, reached its peak in Pittsburgh on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was the opinion of Dr. Wilmer R. Batt, state registrar, after an examination of the situation yesterday, and it is believed that his report to Harrisburg will be followed by a decision to allow Pittsburgh authorities to dispose of the ban here at their pleasure.

COURTESY CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

Sample of Pittsburgh Headlines — Typical Rapid Surge and Ebb of Influenza Epidemic

A Stern Task for Stern Women

There is nothing in the epidemic of SPANISH INFLUENZA to inspire panic.

There is everything to inspire coolness and courage and sacrifice on the part of American women.

A stern task confronts our women--not only trained women, but untrained women.

The housewife, the dietitian, the nurses' aide, the practical nurse, the undergraduate nurse and the trained nurse herself-- all of these are needed.

Humanity calls them
Lives depend upon their answer

Capable, though untrained hands, can lighten the burden of the trained ones. There are many things intelligent women can do to relieve the situation, working under the direction of competent nurses.

Will you help do some of them?
Will you enroll for service Now?

If possible, apply personally at the New York County Chapter of the American Red Cross. 389 Fifth Avenue. Come prepared to fill out an enrollment blank like that printed below.

To physicians and to the nurse-employing public this appeal is made:

Unless it means life or death, please release for service all nurses attending chronic cases. Physicians should not employ nurses as office or laboratory assistants during this emergency.

Sample Enrollment Blank

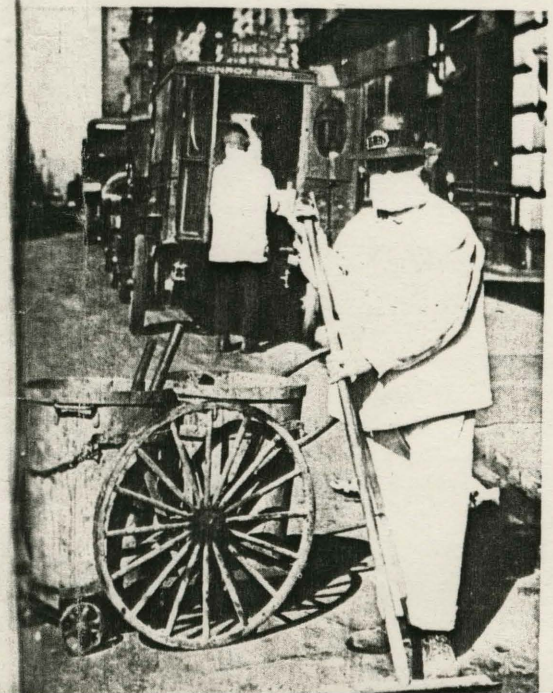
Last name..... First name .....
Residence..... Phone.....
Business address..... Phone .....
Will serve (Hours).....Days.....Weeks.....
Occupation .....
Will serve as volunteer.....Will serve for pay..... ....

Nurses' Emergency Council,
Lillian D. Wald, Chairman
Pamelia Doty, Exec, Secretary,

Volunteers Responded Everywhere

No Passengers without Masks

NATIONAL ARCHIVES



White Wings' "Protection"

The Great Epidemic

"More lives lost in a matter of days than the combined armies of the world had accomplished in four years of fighting" page 9

"
I had a little bird
Its name was Enza
I opened the window
and in-flu-enza " page 33

In spite of the tragedy this was a very popular little ditty of the times . So he says in the book. I believe him because it was still going strong after I was born in 1920. By the way, Margaret almost died of pneumonia after the flu in 1918. Her mother was seriously ill and thought Margaret was dead. An Aunt knelt on the floor and prayed that Margaret would live. Her father kept by her bed. Suddenly there came the crisis and she recovered. So did her mother. Margaret was 5 years old.

"In Seattle policemen were ordered to wear masks at all times."

page 45

" An influenza patient would have a drop in temperature and feel greatly relieved of his discomfort; in fact might feel well enough to get up and go out. Then his temperature would rise again and pneumonia would appear".

page 45

At the worst,.... "at Camp Custer one soldier died every 50 minutes."

page 149

"On what came to be known as Black Thursday, October 17, in Chicago 381 people in the city died of the influenza and 1200 more sickened".

page 146

Science vol 48, 451-6, Nov 8, 18 (Notes from an article on Influenza in The Army Camps)

Call no: 505S
Science Stacks

Greatest violence of the pandemic came in Sept-Oct 1918

In the history of war it was the greatest infection of troops.
274,745 cases among troops between Sept 12-Oct 18, 1918

46,286 cases of pneumonia

14,616 deaths

Victims who got pneumonia were 18% and over a third of those died.

Leading flu symptoms: severe headache, chills, back and leg aches, temp as high as 104. Onset sudden so that person remembered exactly when he got sick. Fever goes then recovery but must be kept warm to prevent pneumonia.

Lit Digest, Jan. 11, 1919--will influenza come back?

INFLUENZA:—New Jersey (continued)—
Mayor Gillen asks Gov Edge to remove Dr J. C. Price, State Director of Health, O 26, 11:3
New York City—Schools will not be closed at present, says Dr Copeland, O 4, 24:2; Health Bd issues opening and closing time orders for industries and meeting places to reduce crowding on transportation lines, O 5, 1:3; time table revised; Dr Copeland asks for nurses, O 6, 1:2, 8:4; Drs Copeland and Goldwater disagree on seriousness of epidemic; Dr Doty sees no reason for fearing scourge; time table amended, O 7, 7:1; Dr Copeland arranges for distribution of patients to hospitals; appeal to hospitals; transportation rush eased by closing order; schools will not be closed at present; Red Cross Soc making masks, O 8, 11:1, 2; Natl Assoc of Motion Picture Industries decides to discontinue all releases after Oct 15 until epidemic abates; Dr Copeland will stop public gatherings if situation becomes threatening, O 10, 10:6; 5 theatres close, O 12, 11:2; $50,000 appropriation received by Dr Copeland from Bd of Estimate; Nurses' Emergency Council organized; opinion held by Academy of Medicine that there is no cause for alarm; political leaders asked to aid; 90 per cent of the moving picture studios closed for four weeks, O 12, 13:1; Emergency Advisory Com named by Dr Copeland to help Health Dept; peril seen in schools by Dr Goldwater; Dr M. Iogolevitch's advice as to schools; views of Col V. C. Vaughan; Dr Copeland's rules for combating disease; appeal to doctors and clergy and nurses, O 13, 18:1-3; Public Service Comr T. H. Whitney says epidemic may be the means of solving transit problem, O 13, II, 2:1; medical men tour influenza wards; Dr Copeland's Emergency Advisory Bd against closing schools; personnel of bd, O 14, 24:1; city will be districted in fight against disease, by suggestion of Dr L. Frankel; community cooking plan for families one of the measures to be adopted; no prisoners to be sent to Sing Sing for the present, O 15, 10:3; Health Dept centres effort on getting nurses and hospital workers; Nurses' Emergency Council reports falling off of volunteers; Emergency Advisory Com works out zoning plan, O 16, 24:1; Dr Copeland estimates that only about 50 per cent of cases have been reported; new cases increase, O 17, 9:1; drop in new cases; Sanitary Code amended; Mrs M. Bass's house offered in answer to appeal for dwellings to be used for hospital purposes; advice to persons with influenza, O 18, 24:1; Dr Copeland refuses to close schools or theatres; lr to transportation lines complaining of ventilation; Stage Women's War Relief closes canteen, O 19, 24:1; decrease in cases; doctors from Fort Slocum will remain in city's service temporarily; Health Dept takes over Polyclinic Hospital from military authorities; Sanitary Code amended; Convalescent Home turned over by N Y Assoc for Improving Condition of the Poor; Mayor Hylan sends lr to Dr Copeland calling his attention to complaints that druggists and doctors are profiteering, O 20, 9:1, 3; cases fewer; Dr Davin calls on Mayor to give out names of profiteering doctors; Health Dept begins campaign to make landlords furnish heat; L. J. Frank suggests mobilization of nurses, O 21, 12:1; decrease of new cases; sanitary police of Health Dept investigates action of landlords who refuse to give heat; Henry St Settlement sends reply to L. J. Frank's suggestion of mobilization of nurses, O

INFLUENZA:—New York City (continued)—
nounces purchase by emergency relief unit of Police Dept of ambulance for transportation of sick to hospitals, city's headquarters for getting aid; Dist Atty will cause investigation to be made into doctors' and druggists' profiteering, O 23, 8:1, 3; largest number of cases reported since beginning of epidemic; S S Nieuw, Amsterdam, permitted to land passengers after 24-hour quarantine, O 24, 12:6; Dr Copeland sees grip on the wane; more large firms immunize employes; L. Schechter arraigned for not furnishing heat, O 25, 22:1, 2; new cases fall off, but Dr Copeland warns against letting down of safeguards; Mrs E. A. O'Grady, Deputy Police Comr, appeals for financial aid for policemen's families; N Y Public Library discontinues circulation of books; Natl League of Women Workers stops meetings conducted by Margaret Rothery; work done by Miss Rothery, O 26, 10:8; increase; delay of doctors' reports blamed for number of new cases; drive by Police Sanitary Squad to curb spitting, O 27, 14:1; better child plan in grip crisis; conditions better in hospitals and calls for nurses grow less, O 28, 8:2; Dr Copeland sees peril if doctors delay in reporting to Health Bd; Dr Davin says they are overworked; Magistrate McGeehan fines 14 soda water men and restaurant keepers for having dirty drinking glasses in use, O 29, 10:8; Dr. Copeland finds disease dying out; nurses of Health Dept ask for more pay; Dr Copeland's son ill, O 30, 10:8; increased number of cases attributed to delay in reporting; Dr Copeland favors retaining emergency hours; 16 soda vendors arraigned before Magistrate McGeehan, O 31, 12:8; new low mark reached, N 1, 24:3; decrease; increase of tuberculosis and other ills in wake of epidemic, N 2, 11:1; disease waning; emergency travel schedule to be abolished; talk of permanent plan for travel schedule, N 3, 6:1; shows decline; Dr Copeland will take up after care and child aid work, N 4, 13:4; decreasing; Dr. Copeland suggests organizations of agencies and citizens prepared to meet future epidemics; Public Service Comm sends letters to heads of industrial houses to appear and discuss changing of working hours, N 5, 13:6; ed on coming conference to determine opening and closing hours for industries, N 6, 16:5; cases increasing, N 8, 15:4; measures taken to aid children of victims, N 9, 10:3; cases continue to decrease, N 14, 12:6; Dr Copepand in interview tells why city got off easier than other cities, N 17, III, 10:2; ed, Oldtime plagues surpassed, D 2, 12:4; Dr Copeland does not expect return of epidemic and is impressed by Dr. Rosenow's vaccine, D 13, 9:2; Alderman Calman introduces resolution at meeting of Bd of Aldermen calling upon Comr Copeland to appear before next meeting and report measures taken to combat recurrence of disease, D 24, 7:1
See also Spread of Diseases, **below**
New York State—State Health Comr H. M. Biggs announces appropriation of $50,000 to fight disease; State Fuel Administrator Cooke promises to issue statement permitting the lighting of fires, O 5, 6:3, 5; statement issued by Fuel Administrator Cooke permitting the lighting of fires in patients' homes, O 6, 8:5; public Health Com of Academy of Medicine calls upon Gov Whitman to appoint comm to study epidemic, O 22, 9:2; Gov Whit-

eld; poem. F. E.
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Parasitism as a factor in disease. T. Smith. Science n s 54:99-108 Ag 5 '21
Prevention of disease. Lit Digest 64:86-92 Ja 24 '20
Sporozoan infection. F. G. Haughwout. Science n s 54:249 S 16 '21
War, best friend of disease. H. Folks. Harper 140:451-9 Mr '20
Warts found to be infectious. Lit Digest 69: 22-3 My 21 '21
Why not be rough with bacilli? Lit Digest 61:24-5 Je 28 '19

See also Epidemics; Vaccination; Venereal diseases

Infinite

See also Space and time

Inflammable mixtures

Dangers of explosion with inflammable liquids and vapors. W. Payman. Sci Am S 87:7 Ja 4 '19
Ignition temperature of gaseous mixtures. Sci Am S 87:55 Ja 25 '19
Propagation of names through tubes of small diameter. Sci Am S 86:381 D 14 '18

Inflation (currency)

Anesthesia of inflation. T. H. Price. World's Work 38:421-3 Ag '19
Are prices coming down? I. Fisher. R of Rs 59:595-8 Je '19
Cause and process of inflation. G: E. Roberts. Ann Am Acad 89:247-52 My '20
Currency inflation throughout the world. World's Work 39:436 Mr '20
Deflation without panic. World's Work 40: 222-4 Jl '20
Examination of the world's currency inflation. Lit Digest 64:115-17 Ja 31 '20
High prices; and a remedy. I. Fisher. R of Rs 60:268-75 S '19
High prices in relation to an increased volume of currency. Lit Digest 62:102-4 Ag 23 '19
How we can help along deflation. G: Woodruff. System 38:592-6 O '20
If you need money; interview with W. P. G. Harding. S. Crowther. il Collier's 67:10-11 F 19 '21
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Inflation and deflation. Ind 99:353-4 S 13 '19
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Profiteering and prices; inflation of our currency through the Federal reserve banking system. M. T. Copeland. Atlan 125:534-7 Ap '20
Prophets and the profiteers. R of Rs 60:525-6 N '19
Sequence in war prosperity and inflation. A. H. Hansen. Ann Am Acad 89:234-46 My '20
Thrift and readjustment. R. G. Blakey. Ann Am Acad 82:30-8 Mr '19
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Why and how inflation touches every American pocketbook. Cur Opinion 69:106-7 Jl '20

Influenza

Deaths from influenza and pneumonia. Science n s 49:142-3 F 7 '19
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Don't worry about the flu. J. J. Walsh. Ind 101:245 F 14 '20
Electric disturbances, not germs, cause flu, thought Noah Webster. Lit Digest 64:57-9 F 28 '20
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Epidemiology and recent epidemics. S. Flexner. Science n s 50:313-19 O 3 '19; Same. Sci Am S 88:234-5 O 25 '19; Same cond. Lit Digest 63:29 N 1 '19
Expert medical advice on influenza. Lit Digest 59:23 D 28 '18
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History of influenza. Science n s 49:216-17 F 28 '19
How a city and a school met the epidemic; San Jose, California. C. A. Morton. il Ind Arts M 8:199-200 My '19
How the flu mask traps the germ. Lit Digest 59:21 D 21 '18
How the hand spreads influenza. Lit Digest 60:24-5 Mr 1 '19
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In the wake of the flu. Survey 41:728-30 F 22 '19
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Elmer Baird
Roundup, Montana

FOLKLORE
Superstitions
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Animal and Plant Weather Lore

The cry of the turtle dove is a sign of rain.

To kill a toad is supposed to bring rain.

To kill a spider will bring rain.

Flies gather on a wall or ceiling is a sign of rain or cold.

Chickens going to roost in the afternoon is sign of a storm. A dog eating grass is a sign of rain.

For the leaves of the birch tree to turn upside down is a sign of rain.

For the leaves of the quaking asp to turn wrong side out is a sign of rain.

If a colony of prairiedogs leave a valley or lowland and move their town to a higher land it is a sign of a very wet summer ahead.

When a beaver colony tries to shut off all the water in a stream by damming it several times in succession it is a sign of a dry summer ahead.

The banding together of several coyotes or wolves is the sign of a very hard winter ahead.

Many thick shucks on ears of corn are a good sign of a very cold winter ahead.

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