

# JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Application and accompanying documents should be filed as early as possible for the convenience of the Fellowship Committee, preferably during the early autumn. No application can be considered by the Committee unless the completely filled-out blank and all of the materials requested reach the Director for Fellowships by January 5, 1941.

Negro

White Southerner

Name in full..... Thomas Edward Bell.....

Present address ..... 820 East State Street, ..... Murfreesboro, ..... Tennessee

City State

Permanent address ..... 820 East State Street, ..... Murfreesboro, ..... Tennessee

City State

Present position (be specific). Asst. Project Supervisor Federal Writers' Project.....

Institution or organization... Work Projects Administration ..... Annual salary... \$1500.....

Address 4th Floor Presbyterian Bldg., ..... Nashville, ..... Tennessee.

City State

Specific Field..... Creative writing.....

Concise statement of plan of work. To write a 500-page novel, tentatively titled.....

APOTHECARY, about the eroded aristocracy, the poor whites and Negroes of a .....  
town in the Mid-South. Contemporary scene. Plan to work at my home 15 months.

What institution do you wish to attend? ..... None.....

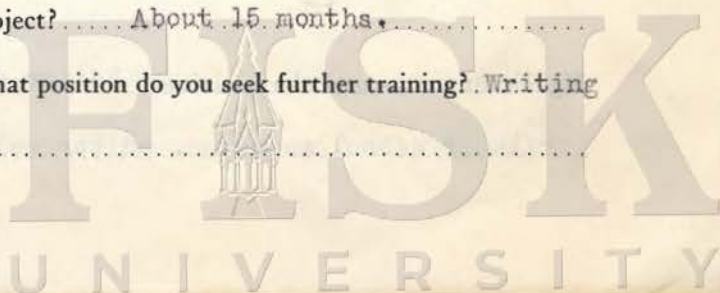
Have you been admitted? ..... For what degree will you work?.....

Under whose supervision? ..... Department of.....

Dates of period for which grant is desired... April 1941... to... August 1942.....

What is your estimate of the total duration of the proposed project?..... About 15 months.....

Will you return to your present position?.. No.... If not, for what position do you seek further training? Writing  
novels or feature stories for newspapers.....



**Personal History**

Place of birth..... Smithville, Tennessee ..... Date of birth... Feb. 5, 1909.....  
 Single, married, widowed, divorced..... Married.....  
 Name and address of wife or husband... Mrs. Sara McGuire Bell, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.....  
 Occupation and salary of wife or husband... Housewife, no salary.....  
 Number and ages of children... One child, four years.....  
 Dependents... Three ..... To what extent? 2 wholly, 1 part. Relationship.. Wife, child, Father.  
 Have you any constitutional disorder or physical disability? .... None.....

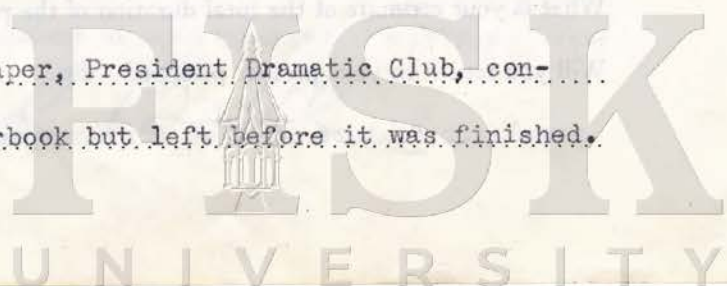
(The Committee on Fellowships reserves the right to require a full physical examination.)

**Education**

One official transcript of your college and university records together with four copies must be submitted with your application. (Copies may be typed by the applicant.)

	Name of Institution	Period of Study (Give dates)	Degrees, Diplomas, Certificates (Give dates)
College	Middle Tennessee State Teachers	January 1929 January 1931	None
University			
Professional or technical			
Special study			

Significant extra-curricular activities... Editor college paper, President Dramatic Club, con-  
 tributor school magazine, editor college yearbook but left before it was finished.



**Experience**

Give record chronologically.

Institution or Organization	Address	Position	Inclusive Dates	Annual Salary
Daily News Journal	Murfreesboro	Reporter Columnist	January 1931 July 1934	\$300
Nashville Tennessean	Nashville	M'boro Corres.	December 1931 October 1934	\$300
Rutherford Courier	Murfreesboro	Reporter	April 1938 August 1940	\$400
Chattanooga Times	Chattanooga	M'boro Corres.	October 1939 February 1940	\$120
Rutherford Courier	Murfreesboro	Editor	February 1940 August 1940	\$900
Nashville Tennessean	Nashville	Corres.	February 1940 August 1940	\$300

Minor occupations: Farming, ghost writing English themes, publicity, raising Chickens.

**Accomplishments**

1. Of what learned, scientific, or artistic societies are you a member?

Middle Tennessee One Gallus Fox Hunters Association

2. What research or creative work have you done? (If in business or a profession, give evidence of standing and achievements.) Offered job as feature writer with Associated Press in N.Y. office 1934,

declined to work on novel, later wished I hadn't because of finances. Negro character sketch reprinted by F.P.A. in Conning Tower 1934. Publicity director and advisor for New Midstate Negro Fair 1939. Editor country newspaper. Author two published novels and few short stories.

3. Publications (Books and articles. Give title, date, and publisher.)

Novel, Fish On The Steeple, 1935, Farrar & Rinehart

Novel, Tommy Lee Feathers, 1938, Farrar & Rinehart

Story in anthology Bedroom Companion, 1935, Farrar & Rinehart

Two stories in Globe magazine, St. Paul, Minn. 1937.

A lot of feature stories and columns in local papers, some of them reprinted by other papers.

4. List scholarships or fellowships you have previously held or now hold, stating in each case the places and periods of tenure, the studies pursued during your incumbency, and the amounts of the stipends.

None



**Budget Estimate**

Room and board..... 15 months ..... \$ 450.00  
 Clothing ..... 150.00  
 Insurance .....  
 Tuition .....  
 Transportation ..... 25.00  
 Miscellaneous Upkeep wife, child, father and  
 working materials ..... \$1,125  
 Total amount needed ..... \$1800  
 Amount applicant can provide ..... \$ None  
 Amount requested from Fund ..... \$1800

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If you have applied or expect to apply elsewhere for any fellowship for the same period (which is permissible) state the facts regarding such application.

No

**References**

List references from whom confidential information may be obtained concerning your professional qualifications and from whom expert opinion may be obtained as to the value and practicability of your proposed plan of work.

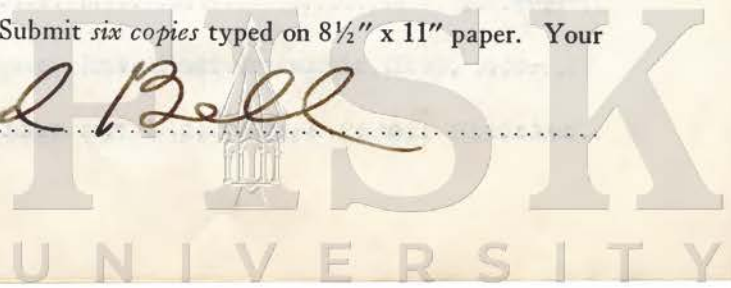
Name of Reference	Position	Address
✓ John Farrar	Publisher	232 Madison Ave., New York
✓ Franklin P. Adams	Columnist	New York Post, New York
✓ Carl Carmer	Writer	% Farrar & Rinehart
✓ Dr. James R. Patterson	Sec. Meharry Alumni Asso. Sec. Midstate Negro Fair Assoc.	Murfreesboro, Tenn.
✓ John Thompson	Literary critic Nash- ville, Tennessean	Nashville, Tenn.
✓ Malcolm Cowley	Literary critic	New Republic, 40 E. 49th, NYC
B. E. Hobgood	Mid-Tenn. High School Inspector	Murfreesboro, Tenn.

**Statement of Plan of Work**

Submit a statement giving detailed plans for your work during the tenure of your fellowship. This statement should include: (1) a full description of the project, including its character, scope, and significance; (2) the present state of the project (time of commencement, progress to date, etc.) and expectation as to completion; (3) the proposed university, institution of similar grade, or other place where work would be carried on, and the authorities with whom it would be done; (4) your expectation as to publication or use of the results of your study; (5) subsequent plans for your career.

Your plan of work should be complete and carefully prepared. Submit six copies typed on 8½" x 11" paper. Your name should be on each sheet.

SIGNATURE *Thomas Edward Bell*



**Name**

Thomas Edward Bell

**Field:** Creative  
Writing

Assistant Project Supervisor Federal Writers' Project  
Work Projects Administration, Nashville, Tennessee  
820 East State Street, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

**Plan of Work**

To write a 500-page novel, tentatively titled "Apothecary", about the eroded aristocracy, the poor whites and Negroes of a town in the mid-South. Contemporary scene. Plan to work at my home fifteen months.

Will not return to present position. Prefers to write novels or feature stories for newspapers.

**Personal Data**

Born Smithville, Tennessee, February, 1909.  
Married, one child. Father partially dependent.

**Age:** 32**Undergraduate Work**

Middle Tennessee State Teachers College,  
no degree.

**Graduate Work****Experience**

Various occupations as farmer, ghost writer, reporter, columnist, editor small paper; at present assistant project supervisor, Federal Writers' project, Nashville, \$1500.

**Accomplishments**

**Publications:** Two novels: Fish on the Steeple, Farrar & Rinehart, 1935; Tommy Lee Fathers, 1938; short stories in several magazines; a number of feature stories and columns in local papers, some of the reprinted by other papers; Negro character sketch reprinted by FPA in Conning Tower, 1934; offered job as feature writer with Associated Press in New York office 1934, but declined to work on novel (later wished I hadn't because of finances).

**References**

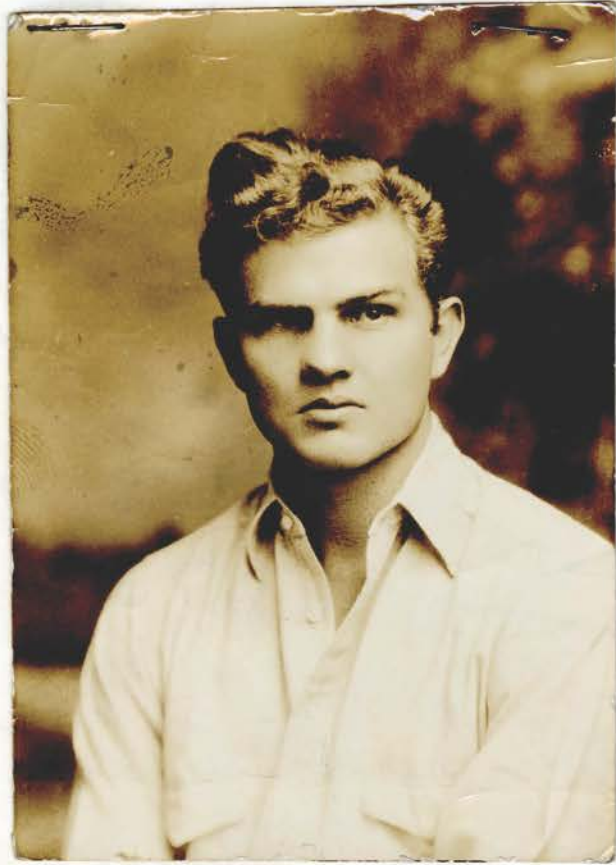
John Farrar, 232 Madison Avenue, New York  
Franklin P. Adams, New York Post  
Carl Carmer, Farrar & Rinehart, New York  
James R. Patterson, Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
John Thompson, Nashville, Tennessee  
Malcolm Cowley, New Republic, New York City  
B. E. Hobgood, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

**Budget Summary**

Total Amount Needed	\$ 1,800
From Applicant	- - -
From Fund	\$ 1,800

**AMOUNT GRANTED**

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Ed Bell

PLEASE RETURN  
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JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

PLAN OF WORK

The project planned is a 500-page novel about the contemporary South, tentatively titled Apothecary.

The setting is Marrowbone, Tennessee, a kind of ghost town of the Confederacy. Marrowbone's old three-story, red-brick courthouse is pock-marked by the minie balls of a Civil War engagement. It stands in the center of the Public Square. The glass cupola burns red with the sunrise and sundown and pigeons ride the wooden hands of the town clock.

The bronze figure of a Confederate soldier appears to be marching Northward among the dying courtyard trees.

There are many old mansions along Main Street with magnolia trees on the wide lawns. Polly Crowe in her column of social chitchat for the town paper writes that "...the old Crichlow facade always tickles my sense of the antebellum." It is not uncommon to see grown idiot children popping firecrackers all day under the magnolia trees and lurking in the dusk to pinch the fat bottoms of the Negro cooks who go by.

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Once the older families put a great deal of pressure on their children to marry within the aristocracy, so there was much marrying of close kin and bucktoothed, chinless and pale eyed children issued to carry on the old names.

The older families became impoverished, tired and afraid. The newcomers who managed to accumulate a little wealth carried on grotesque imitations of the old gentry, striving to forget the rural privies, washpots and cornbread they fled. The newcomers would starve and cheat their Negro maids and cooks and other employees in order to keep up the payments on one of the old barnlike mansions, automobiles, and to pay for social functions which would in turn keep their sons' and daughters' names appearing in Polly Crowe's recordings of the elite.

Once every ten years the Marrowbone Chamber of Commerce and twenty-odd other civic organizations cooperate in a frenzied effort to boost the population above the 10,000-mark. It always falls short a few hundred. During this population drive is the only time the town's ever widening slum section--The Bottoms--is considered an asset by the civic leaders.

Outside industries are discouraged from coming to Marrowbone with the argument that too many working people would spoil the town's old Southern charm. Those industries which do come are encouraged not to pay better wages than those to which the poorer classes are accustomed.

The man preferred as an employe in Marrowbone is the one with the most dependents. He has to take whatever the employer gives and can't leave.

Professor Bud Snoddy, who teaches the thriving Business Men's Bible Class at the Big Church across from the Bedford Forrest Hotel, owns most

of the shanties in the Bottoms. These one-and two-room boxes are arranged over the creek that winds through the slums circumventing a seweraged disposal problem. The families only have to lift a plank from the corner to empty their bowels and kidneys. They cook, eat and sleep in the same room. When they drop behind on the rent, Prof. Bud solicits help for them and deducts his back rent and some in advance. Often on Saturday night he has to sit on the porch and wait until his harlot renters' customers have come and gone.

Periodically the civic leaders, when a flooding creek or big freeze strikes the Bottoms, have to raise emergency funds. This is great sport for the jaded wives of the Main Streeters. All donors get their names in the town paper and the editor writes a piece declaring that "Marrowbonions are truly God's chosen people."

Year by year the impoverished families increase. The Bottoms swarm with children. On Main Street and its tributaries the young couples who live under the same roof with their parents have one or two offspring, then the wife has a nervous breakdown and the husband has an affair with somebody else's wife. The Bottoms spread toward the town and Rooms For Rent and Tourists Home signs appear on the magnolias down Main Street.

The younger generation of Marrowbone's social set <sup>is</sup> ~~are~~ a frightened and impotent lot. Suicides are as regular as the seasons. A parlor game is to make out lists of those citizens who will next hang themselves or spatter the bathroom mirror with dead brains. Wagers are placed and the best prophet collects. The Christmas party of the young married set is a gala affair. Gifts are ingenious. The most prolific couple is presented the latest in contraceptives. Parcels of horse manure are placed on

the tree for windy members and so on. The Star of Bethlehem burns brightly atop the old courthouse each Christmas and the town goes in for lavish decorations, each home competing for the gaudiest display and Main Street resembles a mile-long carnival.

Marrowbone is fringed and interwoven with a large Negro population. In Marrowbone's social and economic scale the Negroes occupy a peculiar level that may be designated as somewhere between the poor whites and the frenzied and poverty-haunted well-to-do whites. Although abused and exploited as much as the poor whites, they manage to take it with an all absorbing good humor and vitality that the whites seem to have lost. Negro dependents on charity are few in Marrowbone, and the fading older families lean upon them for courage through their troubles.

#### THE STORY.

There were two old dope fiends in Marrowbone named Warren and Lillie. Warren was a cripple. The only way he could move under his own power was by strapping his useless legs to his body and pulling himself along, spider-like by two hoof-shaped hand blocks.

They had been married a long time. The only other member of their family was Harvey, an old fat and toothless shepherd dog.

While Warren's mother was still living and they still owned a horse and buggy, the trio would make the three mile journey to the county poorhouse each Sunday to see her.

Warren and the dog rode in the buggy. Lillie walked so that their starving horse would not be overburdened. At the poorhouse, after she

had helped Warren into his mother's room, Lillie went away to spend the afternoon with the other inmates.

Even in her dying days Warren's mother never forgave Lillie.

Warren's mother was of the old Marrowbone families. She had married a man who never rose above a job on the city police force, but she had taught music to blue-blooded children in order to keep the family home on one of the "better" streets.

Warren was her youngest and most beloved son.

She had picked him out a wife, but Lillie, a part Indian woman had come to Marrowbone out of the East Tennessee mountain country and opened a tidy little whorehouse in The Bottoms and Warren, rebelling against the kind of marriage his mother prescribed, had married her.

The family could not hold up under the weight of the scandal. The father drank himself off the police force. The mother lost her piano pupils. The procession of bad luck continued. They all appeared to quit trying except Lillie, who washed clothes and mowed lawns, for what they ate, and the father, and Warren's older brother and sister died. Warren became a helpless cripple.

He made some money sharpening lawnmowers and scissors and collecting and selling junk. Their family home fell to pieces and the lawn was turned into a junkyard.

Finally, the other residents on the street engineered a trade for the property. Warren and Lillie moved to a shack on the far rim of The Bottoms. The old music teacher preferred to go to the poorhouse.

Warren and Lillie lived in this hovel for 15 years and their love and married life was the strangest that Marrowbone ever knew.

Warren had been doping ever since his affliction. Lillie took the habit during an illness, fought it off, started again and again, but finally made out on whiskey and paregoric. Nearly all the money she could earn went for Warren's medicine.

She was a placid, good natured creature most of the time but it made her raving mad for someone to suggest that she ease her life by sending Warren to the poorhouse.

"He's my husband...some folks don't know what love is," she would say. She had long greasy balck hair that never grayed. Warren's hair was all gone. Dirt crusted on his scalp. He never took a bath after he became crippled.

The Old Chief of Police was their friend. He had been a City Commissioner in the town, a property owner and a big man at the time Warren's father was on the police force.

Once he had forestalled a move by the other commissioners to grant a charter to another power company that would have cost the town tremendously in increased rates. He was the town hero then. They rang the courthouse bell and all the merchants handed him cigars.

The Old Chief loaned his money carelessly, gave much of it away. When the City supplanted the old commission form of government with a council and City manager, he was left out in the cold. They later gave him the job as chief of police because of his power to pull the vote of the Negroes and poor whites.

Younger men ran the police department. The Old Chief's duties were mainly answering the telephone at night, sweeping out the hall and stoking the furnaces. His salary was small.



By the time the Depression bore down upon the other citizens of Marrowbone, the Old Chief's own depression was long past and he alone seemed beyond despair and bitterness and fear of the shadows that Warren and Lillie seemed to cast upon all the rest of Marrowbone.

Warren and Lillie were also safe from everything except crossing the last line to the poorhouse but all the other citizens were haunted by the feeling that it was possible for them to become like the two old dope fiend lovers.

The Old Chief, in his own way, watched over the town and physiced its spiritual and economic ills from Warren and Lillie up the social ladder to Dale Crowe, who was the blueblooded husband the society editor had to support.

When one of Warren's and Lillie's nags folded it was the Old Chief who toddled about the Square soliciting nickles and dimes to buy them another one. He bought Lillie a hundred pairs of drawers. She would come up town on a cold day and he would accuse her of being barebottomed. She'd deny it, "Why you're too nearsighted Chief, to know whether I got on any," she'd say.

He'd go buy a pair anyway. Lillie would sell them for half price to some Negro woman and buy Warren paregoric.

After midnight, the middle aged undertaker's young second wife would call the Old Chief and tell him "Prince is out drinking again." He would call in the patrol car and have the boys hunt up Prince and take him home. People called him to wake them at certain hours. He would write his reports and calls under a reading glass. He could sleep whistling, imagining that it made it look like he was not asleep if some member of the

council happened by in the night. He opened the basement of the hall for the flood of one night visitors who began to come through Marrowbone with the depression and begged nickels and dimes from the merchants so that every bum could have a piece of bread and coffee before he went his way the next morning. Sometimes the young men came talking about the bitterness of their lives, how it was hard to keep going and he gave them pep talks. When Dale Crowe, who had never been worth a damn, came in with suicide on his mind one night, the Old Chief left his gun on the desk went to put some coal in the furnace for the bums, and he didn't say anything when he came back and saw that Dale was gone with the gun.

When the call came that Dale Crowe had committed suicide at his parent's home, the Old Chief sent the patrol car for Lillie. Cleaning up bathrooms after suicides was a job that she did well--for in times like that the families of the bereaved seemed to draw renewed strength from the cheerful presence of the old part-Indian whore.

In numberless small ways, and practically unnoticed by the professional charity hustlers, the Old Chief went about helping the poor.

On Thanksgiving and Christmas he took his officers out to provide "Marrowbone turkey" for the bottoms. Rabbits came into Marrowbone in great numbers to nibble at the green lawns and the chief and his men would drive about the town after midnight shooting the rabbits and distributing them through The Bottoms and Negrotown.

Killing rabbits by spotlight was against the State game laws, but the Old Chief usually interpreted the law in favor of a hungry belly.

He pestered the tight-fisted old councilmen with numberless small requests...a free water hydrant on some street, a street light down in

some corner where it would shine over a neighborhood that was too poor to afford even coal oil...

His charities were a continuous irritation to the council, but they had to keep him to pull the votes that were necessary for them to beat the opposition.

Every now and then Lillie would go on a good drunk for relaxation and would ramble through the streets of the city chucking rocks at the homes of people she disliked. The Chief would take her home and Warren would chain her to the bed where he and Harvey slept.

As far as is known the only time Lillie was ever unfaithful to Warren occurred during one of these drunken sprees. She was planted with some of the most select seed in Marrowbone. The child was born in a Bottoms shack and Lillie gave it to an old half-foolish hag who lived down there.

The child was nicknamed Snag-On-A-Log, later shortened to Snag. He soon left the old woman and lived in the streets like a stray dog, sleeping in the courthouse yard.

Snag had a brilliant mind and a great love for crowds, excitement, anything that was going on in Marrowbone day or night. He sat on the speaking platform with every candidate for governor who ever spoke under the eaves of the courthouse. He somehow crashed the gates of the classiest funerals the city offered and you could always find him with a hymn-book, singing his heart out above the open grave.

Snag was another care for the Old Chief. Snag wouldn't steal unless he was drunk.

Negrotown and the Bottoms were a happy hunting ground for country

constables and deputies sheriff. The City police were on salaries, therefore free of the necessity of hunting fees, and the Chief used them in his charitable activities. The Chief devoted his energies to keeping Snag, and all the others he could, out of jail.

The Chief's ideas of charity and law enforcement ran counter to those of the ministry, who demanded crusades against bootleggers and gamblers. The Chief said that there was no justice in raiding bootleggers who sold the poor whites and negroes dime drinks of moonshine, and the Negro homes for crap games and lewdness when the citizens who live on shady streets could drink, gamble and swap wives as they pleased.

The publisher of the town paper, who claimed he took astral flights and was opposed editorially to all forms of whiskey--just as his aristocratic father had been, was also seized with the crusading spirit and made war upon the police department.

The Chief was getting lots of pounding from the Pulpit and Press when the next to the last horse Warren and Lillie ever owned came to an end.

Times were more desperate in Marrowbone then and the Chief was not as good at raising quick funds as before. When the usual gift horse was not forthcoming Warren sold his burial plot in the cemetery over Lillie's protests and bought another plug. This one died in three weeks.

Lillie found a worn invalid's chair on the dump heap and took the place of the last dead horse.

Every morning she propelled Warren and the Old Shepherd a mile from their home on the far rim of The Bottoms to the Marrowbone business section. She left Warren by the courthouse or postoffice with a handful of

pencils while she hunted work, returning at intervals to move him in the sun if it were winter and shade if it were summer. At dusk they returned to the hovel with Harvey sleeping in Warren's lap.

People urged her to send Warren to the poorhouse and she raged again.

Marrowbone was amazed at this kind of marriage.

Parked at a busy corner Warren's eyes would shine out of his dirty face when some of the bluebloods, who had taken piano lessons from his mother, went by. He would call out some childhood nickname the rest of the town had forgotten.

Harvey lay under the courthouse eaves and chewed dead sparrows that fell.

Lillie was a tireless woman. She went in a dog-trot to find jobs, do them, and return to care for Warren. Warren had a highpitched "Yike, yike, yike" he would scream when he wanted his wife to come to him and you could hear it over the town almost as far away as the fire alarm. The town called it "The Indian love call." He would curse Lillie sometimes, abuse her for socializing with The Bottoms people.

The opposition to the Old Chief was pointing to a climax that early spring when three of the five councilmen would be up for re-election. The crusaders' efforts to have the council fire him had failed and the opposition was out to elect three of their own reform candidates.

It was one of those cold, green late springs in Marrowbone. The trees were in full leaf and the peach trees in bloom but the winter chill held on and the citizens were trying to make their last ton of coal stretch until a turn in the weather.

The town was in an uproar because under persistent hammering the

Old Chief had started his long delayed clean-up.

The trouble was he had started cleaning up the wrong part of town, raiding the rendezvous of the well-to-do and bringing into jail and court the publisher, deacons and boy scout leaders. He caught them in the wrong places with the wrong wives.

During the upheaval the town scarcely noticed Lillie rolling Warren and the dog home in the early afternoon far ahead of their usual time to leave the Square. She had complained of an old rupture paining her and had bought a lot of paregoric and taken it.

She got Warren and the dog home and in bed and when the two awoke Lillie was squatting by a cold fire and dead.

No one had ever thought of Lillie dying. The town had waited a long time for Warren to do so but the way it had worked out was unbelievable.

As the word got around that the one-time Indian whore was dead, something happened to Marrowbone that was like a truce among all its bitter, gossiping, cheating and despairing people.

They talked about old Lillie--the way she had cared for her helpless husband, the way she had glorified marriage and defied the poorhouse. In talking they forgot to hate one another for perhaps the first time since Bedford Forrest rode down Main Street and delivered the town from the invaders and Marrowbone knew a brief, hushed tenderness that was like a Christmas midnight.

Warren said that no preacher would do for the funeral. He would hear to no one preaching it except the Old Chief. The funeral home was not large enough for the crowd. They came out of The Bottoms with small bouquets of peach buds and buttercups and people who lived on the shady

streets came and the Negroes, the few old Confederate soldiers, the bootleggers, thieves and whores came, all of them mingling, and no one of them thought it strange.

The Old Chief preached a kind of sermon that had never been heard in Marrowbone before---that there were only men and women in the world regardless of whether they lived on Mill street or Main, that being a father, mother, wife required a toughness that money could not buy and that the tough survived, the weak blew their brains out on bathroom mirrors...he quoted scripture that the churchgoers had never heard before--at least it sounded like scripture, and the congregation in the warehouse listened and failed to notice what kind of clothes were worn that day.

Warren did not want to go back to the hovel at first, then changed his mind and wanted to stay, and then decided again that he and Harvey would go out to Cap'n Rol's poorhouse. The town was divided on the question of whether he should go to the poorhouse or spend his last days on the Public Square. But for once the people were willing to let the individual most concerned decide for himself.

Warren said then that he would go if the Old Chief would take him in the patrol car. On the way out he began screaming that he would see Lillie Sunday and then begged the Chief to take him back to the cemetery and leave him. He set Harvey on the Chief. Harvey tried to bite him but had no teeth.

On election day the Chief stood outside the courthouse and blew a whistle every time a vote for his side went in and made a mark on the courthouse columns. By the end of the day he had marked up enough to defeat the reformists and his estimate did not miss the official count by a half dozen.

Warren died the next week after hearing Cap'n Rol promise to keep the old dog the rest of his life.

Poorhouse life was too soft for Harvey. He raided the poultry house and sucked eggs until he was sick and stayed out and howled all night until all the other inmates had the jitters. Finally he wandered back to town and lived awhile with Pet Hinson, the Bottoms storekeeper, who had been a friend of Warren and Lillie.

In the daytime he would wander to the Square and visit all the places where Lillie used to park Warren's invalid chair. At night he went back to the Bottoms and howled so mournfully that the people shivered and would not go into the dark streets.

Finally he left the Bottoms for good. Negroes reported seeing him crawl in and out of the city cemetery near the swampy backfield where Warren and Lillie were buried. They said they heard him howling over there at nights for awhile and for a long time after he ceased to howl people would go a long way to keep from walking by the cemetery in the dark.

THE END.

Although the novel as outlined above is dominated by the stories of Warren and Lillie and the Old Chief, it is my intention to interweave it with the experiences of several other Marrowbone citizens on various levels of **S**uccess or failure, and to show that the same forces which brought the old couple to the shadow of the poorhouse are at work upon them.

Among these will be: the beautiful belle of the town who married a

Ed Bell.

young bricklayer against her family's opposition and became pregnant too often; Snag the bright little bastard waif in process of becoming a criminal; Polly Crowe and her handsome husband who did the social paces and would put on bits of Romeo & Juliet to impress roadhouse gatherings when rumors of their impending ~~divorce~~ separation were circulated; the elderly lady and her son and husband who had moved to Marrowbone from the security of their home village because she was growing old and wanted to become affiliated with Marrowbone Daughters of the Confederacy, and how they had to struggle to keep from sinking to the level of Warren and Lillie; Indiana, the Negro practical nurse known as Big Indy who had nursed most of the babies in Marrowbone and most of the older citizens on their deathbeds and knew the town's history better than any living person was a symbol of the vitality of the Negro race from which the failing whites, old and young, had to borrow strength in their times of financial stress, illness and death.

I have a contract with Farrar & Rinehart for publication of the novel upon its completion. I have had the idea of writing such a book in mind the past three years and have been gathering material for it, but have not been able to take off the time which will be required to write it.

I believe this book has more substance than either of my previous two and will have a more popular appeal. If it should not sell sufficiently to enable me to write some other books about the South, I shall return to newspaper work.

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Thomas Edward Bell

Malcolm Cowley, Associate Editor, The New Republic.

I don't know Ed Bell. I have had some correspondence with him and have read his two novels. The second was, for my taste, a little too grotesque. Rendering the grotesque side of southern life is his talent, and in that book he carried it too far. The first book, "Fish on the Steeple", was a neglected masterpiece - the story of a town on the Cumberland Plateau so poor that money never came into it except when some storekeeper burned down his store to get the insurance money. The outline of the story sounds sordid, like the outline presented with his application for a fellowship. But Bell has an extraordinary gift for tenderness that makes his gargoyles seem warm and lovable. I imagine that he intends to do something like that with the old Chief of Police in the novel he is now planning to write.

He obviously presents a difficult problem to a fellowship committee. He isn't one of the safe writers whom everybody is going to praise. But it seems to me that his talent is really extraordinary. He ranks, so I think, with William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, and ought to get the same consideration that they would have received after publishing their first two books.

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John Farrar, Vice-President and Editor, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

I should like to make this strong and brief.

Thomas Edward Bell is a genius in his way. If you support him



Thomas Edward Bell

in this effort, there will result something original, forthright, and, on that off chance, perhaps great. I hope you'll do it.

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Franklin P. Adams, Writer, New York Post.

I have known Ed Bell chiefly as a contributor to my column for many years. The pieces always were good. His novel was interesting, though it had virtually no sale. Certainly to my notion he is deserving of all the outside help he can get.

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Baxter E. Hobgood, Regional High School Supervisor, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

I feel certain that Mr. Bell has a worth while and distinctive contribution to make to the South in the form of creative writing. He has already published two books and numerous short stories. I feel that in this work he has gained the maturity and experience which will make his next endeavor of universal popular appeal and worth.

Mr. Bell needs more time to give to his chosen work. If he could secure a scholarship so that all of his time could be spent in writing, I feel certain that many good things would come from his pen.

I would in no way attempt to change his project of work. In it he has caught the essence of a story that is generally well known in its own locale. In addition to this, his side plots and incidents will reveal parts of the South hitherto untold in book form.

For a long time Mr. Bell has been interested in Negro life and activities. He is well known among the Negroes of this section. One of his books was centered around a local Negro character.

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Thomas Edward Bell

John Thompson, Reporter, Nashville, Tennessee.

I consider Ed Bell perhaps the most important young novelist in Tennessee today and strongly recommend you do anything you can to help his talent flower. It is apparent from his work thus far that the big things are still ahead for him. I do not know him personally but watch with great interest everything he writes. It is apparent from his silence recently that economic conditions make it impossible for him to continue creative work and support his family. This suggests that he actually would benefit from any help you could give him. A reading of his first novel, "Fish on the Steeple", should convince you that his is a talent as richly interpretive and as incisively humorous almost as that of Mark Twain. His second novel was a slight disappointment to me, but the plan of work outlined here indicates he is back on the right track again. I am also pleased at the wider philosophical and social implications of the proposed work. None seems to understand better than he the rich poetry to be concocted from blending grim poverty, decayed gentility, filthy horrors, and high humor of character to be found in any small Tennessee town. His first novel apparently was autobiographical. His second not. This suggests that it picks up the thread of his more mature observations on the tragedies and rich significances of human life at hand. Though the South has been throbbing with a fine literary frenzy this past decade or so, the surface is hardly scratched as yet. Ed Bell is working at virtually virgin territory. T. S. Stribling has been before him at certain points, but I consider Stribling oversimplifies for the sake of irony and lacks Ed Bell's rich humanity and humor. I'm not a creative writer myself so I



Thomas Edward Bell

know few of the problems, but my observation on Ed Bell suggests that one reason for the fine vitality of his work is his deliberate scorn of "literary" tradition. He writes of filth and violence and curious humanity not because such is the fashion these days but because he knows people like that and loves them enough to see beneath their dirt. Despite the rather grinding poverty in which he has made his way so far, Ed Bell seems to have maintained his integrity and flouted sham even among those in whom the southern Victorian tradition lingers on. I am told on reliable authority that once when a preacher wrote in to suggest he use his column in a Murfreesboro paper as the medium for letting citizens vote on the town's "best citizen", he agreed on the condition that he also be allowed to conduct a contest on the "biggest S.O.B. in town". He insisted they went together.

Among the finest scenes in his first novel were the opening in the cemetery at dusk and Shackle's furious soliloquy on his journey to town to get the man who had attacked his father. Hitherto unrecorded aspects of southern character found their way into words in that latter passage. This plan of work suggests it might well contain much finer passages. "Tommy Lee Feathers", his second novel, was more aptly written than the first, but somehow lacked its completeness. This proposed novel should be written with an even surer touch, and the subject leaves little to be desired.

Ed Bell seems to me to have done remarkably with the few opportunities that have come his way. I know of no reason to doubt his integrity or abilities. Those who know him tell me he's a pretty tough nut. Certainly he has bound himself down with drudgery uncomplainingly and competently under trying circumstances. Given a little rope, he'd probably



Thomas Edward Bell

lasso the moon. He seems to have the ability for hard work and can support himself by newspaper correspondent work, but he might do so much more, if given a chance.

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James R. Patterson, Dentist, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

I consider Mr. Thomas Edward Bell one of the foremost writers of the South. He is the kind of writer who gives much study to his subject through actual contact. I have known him for at least ten years and I have always found him to be a gentleman of high quality.

Mr. Bell spends a lot of his time in the study of the Negro race and the unfortunate white populace of the state of Tennessee, as well as the study of the entire people of the state. If there is any man deserving of this fellowship, I feel that Mr. Bell is the man. I know he is qualified.

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Name Thomas Edward Bell Field: Creative Writing  
Technician, Tennessee Federal Writers' Project, WPA  
820 East State Street, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Plan of Work To tell the true story of how one man took some land which had been ruined almost completely by erosion and built it into a fine, profitable farm where the tenants get paid the year round and live in homes as good as the land-lord's. Farrar & Rinehart has agreed to publish.

Probable duration of work, twelve months, beginning June 1942.  
Will not return to present position. Wishes to do fiction writing and newspaper work.

Applied 1941.

Personal Data Born Smithville, Tennessee, February, 1909. Age: 33  
Married. Two dependents: one wholly, one partially.

Undergraduate Work Middle Tennessee State Teachers College, 1929-31.

Graduate Work

Experience Reporter, columnist, Daily News Journal, Murfreesboro, 1931-34, \$300; correspondent, The Tennessean, Nashville, 1931-34, \$300; reporter, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, 1937-40, \$400; correspondent, Chattanooga Times, 1939-40, five months, \$120; editor, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, Feb.-Aug., 1940, \$840; technician, Federal Writers' Project, Nashville, August 1940 - , \$1800.

Accomplishments Publications: Two novels: Fish on the Steeple, Farrar & Rinehart, 1935; Tommy Lee Feathers, Farrar & Rinehart, 1937. Also short stories in magazines and an anthology. Helped edit Big Ivy, Tennessee WPA book on rural community. Has had contributions published in Franklin P. Adams' column.

References John Farrar, 232 Madison Avenue, New York  
Franklin P. Adams, New York Post  
Malcolm Cowley, Editor, New Republic  
John Thompson, Associated Press, Nashville  
Dr. James R. Patterson, Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
Herschel Brickell, Ridgefield, Connecticut

Budget Summary

Total Amount Needed \$1,800  
From Applicant - - -  
From Fund \$1,800

AMOUNT GRANTED



PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUNDTHE PROFESSOR'S FARM

This is to be a book length account, illustrated with photographs, of the scientific rehabilitation of 400 acres of eroding and impoverished land into a beautiful prosperous farm that yields profits at all seasons of the year. Ten years ago a retired instructor of agriculture in a state college bought the farm at low cost because of its rundown condition. Working on a long range plan based on scientific facts and without considerable money, he has made the land pay well for the care he has given it and has made the farm a model center of rural life for his family and his tenants, and of community activity for the public.

The book is to be in four major sections: The Land, The People, The Living and The Future. The story will demonstrate the efficacy of complete and long range planning, that rundown land can be rebuilt by hard work and scientific methods, that a farm can be operated profitably when its operation is adjusted to the seasons, markets and facilities about it, that natural resources often left untouched can be used profitably and that farm tenancy need not be the pauperism, drudgery and gamble with which it is usually associated.

Following is the tentative plan of the book:

1. The Land:

- A. Its history and its condition at time of purchase
- B. Its rehabilitation
  - 1. Terracing
  - 2. Cover crops
  - 3. Legumes and grasses
  - 4. Deep winter plowing
  - 5. Fruit trees on hillsides
  - 6. Livestock program
- C. Its use
  - 1. Every acre at work
  - 2. Adapted to natural uses
  - 3. Experimental crops
  - 4. New income sources
  - 5. Diversified crops
  - 6. Timing assures steady income
- D. Mechanization and electrification
- E. Irrigation
  - 1. Cheap electric power pumps lake water into fields
  - 2. Irrigation system serves for drainage in wet weather
- F. Pure seeds
  - 1. Treated for disease prevention
- G. Purebred livestock and poultry

II. The People:

- A. Landlord
  - 1. Lives on farm
  - 2. Works himself
  - 3. Own sons work on farm
  - 4. Encourages young to stay on farm
  - 5. Directs farm operation and marketing
  - 6. Keeps full records
  - 7. Leader in farm groups
  - 8. President of electric cooperative
  - 9. Former state senator
- B. Tenants
  - 1. Income uncertainty eliminated
  - 2. Live in rural homes instead of shacks
  - 3. Have electricity and running water
  - 4. Must send children to school
  - 5. Must exercise citizenship rights
  - 6. Must take part in community life and activity
  - 7. Year-round work with pay provided
    - a. Building
    - b. Farm improvements
    - c. Road building
    - d. Landscaping, etc.

8. Can and preserve food for winter
  - a. Have freedom of orchards
  - b. Each keeps own garden

III. The Living:

1. Landlord's home built on lakeshore
  - a. Built of log and stone from farm by farm labor
2. Tenants' houses
  - a. Spaced over farm so each is individual and private home
  - b. Each house attractive and modern in conveniences
3. Recreation
  - a. Dam built by farm labor created lake
    - (1) Stocked with fish
    - (2) Boating and swimming
    - (3) Picnic facilities
    - (4) Running water and electricity on picnic grounds
    - (5) Open to public--5,000 a year use it
4. Rural social life encouraged
5. Community clubs meet on farm

IV. The Future:

- A. To continue development of long range plan
  1. Canning factory as buffer against market fluctuations
  2. Speedier delivery of fruits and vegetables to market
- B. Construction of second dam to afford irrigation for another 150 acres of field crops
- C. To popularize scientific farming methods among other farmers by practical demonstration

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS

THE PROFESSOR'S FARM was suggested by the need of a readable book showing what can be done by the individual farmer toward rehabilitation of wornout land and people and the belief that literary weeping in the Caldwell and Steinbeck manner has outlived its usefulness in the nation's fight against soil erosion.

Professor Knox Hutchinson's farm near Murfreesboro, in an area which up to ten years ago did not practice diversified agriculture, was found to be a readymade subject for such a book.

His place is often referred to locally as "The Little TVA", because of his long-range plan for rebuilding land, conservation of water, forest and game resources, development of rural social life, and security for his tenants.

In the beginning Hutchinson had neither the money nor the inclination to establish a dude country estate for week-end parties with Lombardy poplars on the skyline and prettified garden terraces where non-rural visitors could seek relaxation.

He wanted a farm home that would exemplify the best in rural living and where he, his wife and three sons could live good as well as earn their living. He wanted the same for all the people who would come to work with him. Proof that his ten-year experiment has been successful is the fact that every fall he has applications from at least 50 more tenants than he can employ.

To accomplish this the Professor and his family have known very little leisure since they came to the farm. It is

part of Hutchinson's philosophy that everyone is happier if there are no lay-off periods and he has so planned his program that there is something for all hands to do every day of the year.

Not only the people, but every building and every piece of land on the place has its special job for every season the year round.

Believing also that work cannot be regulated by the clock, Hutchinson himself frequently drives a tractor all night if the season demands it. He and his boys do as much work in the fields as any of the tenants.

All work, whether it is constructing a concrete retaining wall, repairing machinery or wiring a tenant house is done by farm labor, Hutchinson directing. A tenant may not know how to do anything except plow and plant when he comes there, but if he stays long the Professor sees to it that he is trained in just about everything required to keep a modern farm going.

They all have a good time, too. There are picnics down by the lakeshore, fishing, hunting, swimming and boating. The picnic grounds are open to the public throughout the year, with free water, lights and cooking facilities. Every club and organization in the county has enjoyed the Hutchinson hospitality at one time or another. At least 5,000 people visit the farm every year.

The dam, creating a five-acre lake was built for about \$100. The lake spreads from in front of the family's

beautiful log dwelling up past the picnic grounds to a bend in the river. It is stocked with fish and supplies irrigation for the orchards and 150 acres of field crops. (It is the first and only large-scale irrigation project ever attempted in this section). Hutchinson's future plans call for a similar dam a mile below to irrigate another 150 acres.

Loose boulder rock for this second dam, like the first, already lies on the stone bottom of the river ready for use.

In many other ways, Hutchinson has turned the enormous quantity of rock he found on the farm from liability into profits. He found much of the place resembling a lunar landscape. Every field was littered with loose stone and there were miles of gullies weaving among outcroppings. The loose stone was moved to the places it would be needed for building foundations, retaining walls, roadbeds, and walkways. The outcroppings in the fields were quarried, crushed and returned to lime the soil or used for concrete.

Now there isn't a field on the farm where machines cannot move at night without risk of damage from obstructing rock.

And there is a plentiful supply left in the back pastures for future use.

The owner pioneered for rural electrification and it was mainly through his efforts that the Middle Tennessee Electric Membership Corporation, supplying five counties, was organized. He also organized the first terracing association in the county and is a leading figure in the growing Tennessee Grange.

As I see it THE PROFESSOR'S FARM will be far from a dry text on scientific farming practices, but a story of man's adventure with the land and his ingenious uses of available materials, a story basically simple and appealing like ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE LAND

1.

There is a picture of an old man sitting on a rock that hangs in the farm agent's office at the Rutherford County courthouse. More accurately, it is one large slab of rock balanced upon another just beginning to jut from the earth, and appears as a rugged bench placed there for someone's solitary meditation. All around is a barren field.

The agent sometimes has a fat ear of corn dangling in front of it. People ask about the corn, ignore the photograph. The agent will begin, "Why, that was raised out here on--"

When the old man was young he was breaking the same field one day for the first time and his plowpoint struck a rock. He let the plow glide over it and raised a crop

of corn on the sloping acres. He gathered his corn, leaving the naked earth exposed. That winter sheets of muddy water flowed from the field, down into a rocky gully and away forever. If the farmer chanced to notice the vanishing earth, he was not much concerned.

He had seen such things all his life. It seemed natural.

The next spring he plowed the field again, taking pride in his ability to lay off a straight row, and planted corn again. The pattern was repeated through succeeding years, but the corn was not as good as at first and the rock he had not been able to see in breaking the new ground that day was well above the surface now and he plowed around it.

During summer droughts, winds swirled across the field and lifted the dry soil like fine powder. Churning rains came again and again and drained away discolored. It was a one-way journey with the richness of the earth always outward bound. The sloping acres peeled away in thin sheets. Gullies deepened in the low places. More rocks appeared.

The farmer became an old man. He didn't plant the field any more, seeing there was no sense in trying to raise food where even grass and weeds now failed to grow.

He was old and tired and sometimes walking across his field, he found the big rock a fine place to sit down and rest.

Rutherford County is situated in the center, and very nearly at the bottom, of a great washed out bowl known as

the Centray Basin of Tennessee. The two prongs of an ancient river and its multiple tributaries, flowing through the immense reaches of geologic time, have eaten down to such a level that they can descend no farther without ceasing to flow.

Stones River is unique among Southern streams having a solid rock bottom from beginning to end and is more like a bathroom drain than a river, flushed and muddy during rainy seasons, and sluggish with pools of hot water and sickening fish during times of drought. It has no first-grade bottom lands, and very little of the lush vegetation usually found along a water course. It deposits nothing and it takes away endless cargoes of the brownish-red soil upon which the County's 33,000 people are dependent for their living.

Soil erosion is an old, old story here.

Something like ten million years might measure it roughly. Some of the stratified rock now exposed is estimated to have been 25 million years in the making. Once the basin country was beneath the Gulf of Mexico. Later when these waters withdrew to the South there was an elevation and the area became a plain, level with the Highland Rim which rings the horizon with a pale blue barricade sixty to seventy-five miles away.

The rivers of the Basin are older than that time and the Highland Rim remains only because its sandstone cappings were resistant to the wear of rain and wind, freeze and thaw.

Throughout the county only a scattering of flat-topped remnant hills have kept their original elevation. The land between is either flat or rolling, with grim stretches of gray limestone glades among the low-growing cedars.

The county has more outcropping rock than any proportionate area in the South. There are places where oblong blocks of stone stand like rows of coffins, with space enough between for only a tree to grow, and loose boulders of all sizes crowd the landscape. Thousands of sinkholes catch water rushing from the glades. Most of the smaller streams flow underground, leaving the surface dry and scabrous. It is rattlesnake and prickly pear country with long, depressive summers when the soil retains heat and the nights are often as uncomfortable as the days.

Two miles Northeast of Murfreesboro, the county seat, ten acres of bald limestone marks the exact geographical center of the State and the suspicion that hell is not much farther below is at least evidenced by certain folk legends concerning the old flat rock. Old Negroes are still about who will swear with all sincerity that this rock once split through the middle and belched forth fire and sulphurous fumes---and is expected to do so again at some future date.

Yet, in spite of the dire sound of all this, the county has an abundance of soil that is as rich as any in the State. This fact was attested twenty-five years ago by a State geological survey. At that time the geologists pointed out that

the land was in such a rundown condition it produced only half what it could. They warned that great quantities were washing away; that some of it should not be cultivated at all; that the overabundance of limestone rock could be made an asset---ground and returned to sweeten and loosen the soil, for building market roads and tenant houses, to impound river water, to dam up gullies.

Not many heeded.

Farmers had raised cotton and corn since before the Civil War. They had plowed furrows parallel with their fences and of the same depth like their fathers. A farmer had to leave something to the Lord. If the Lord didn't come through with a rain at the right time, he went to town and cursed the government. Then another war came and they made good money for themselves, enough to satisfy the tenants. The one-crop system was good enough. If the tenants didn't like what they got at the end of the year and living in unpainted shacks they could go somewhere else.

Ten years later the farm loan companies began foreclosing. Some of the landlords managed to salvage something--a smaller farm, a home in town. The tenants and sharecroppers having little enough to begin with, could salvage nothing. They began fleeing the land.

Negroes from the farms who had once thronged the county seat on Memorial Day, dwindled to a few hundred. Some of them went North or to larger population centers in the South.

But the residue of both whites and blacks crowded into the small town that had no industries to support them even in normal times. They became social problems. Men bootlegged tin can whiskey and dope, women hustled the streets, all of them a prey to fee-grabbing law-enforcers and vote-buying politicians. Their offspring helped fill the county workhouse, the State reformatories and penitentiary.

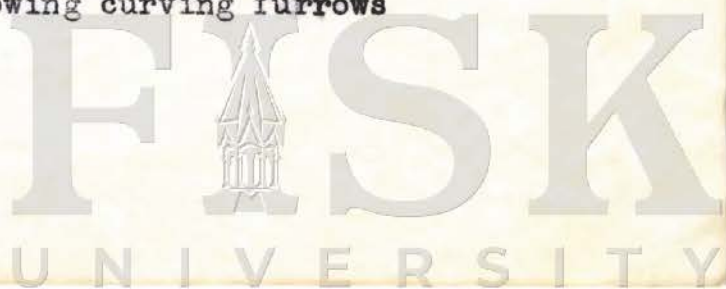
People who should have been living well on the land, knowing what it had become, refused to go back. And those that remained fared little better.

Echoing in that dismal time were the voices of civic boosters who would rise on public occasions still to proclaim their county The Hub of Tennessee, Gem of Creation, Latter Day Garden of Eden.

Considering the sins the fathers had committed against the land, God's Dishonored Navel would have been an apter figure of speech.

2.

Knox Hutchinson was head of the Agricultural Department of Middle Tennessee State Teachers College at Murfreesboro in 1932. He was married and had three sons. He was 36 years old and nearly 20 years of his life had been spent in teaching high school and college students scientific farming practices, part of which he had learned from textbooks, but much of it as a boy plowing curving furrows



around Lincoln County hillsides.

For a long time his main ambition had been to own a farm himself. He wanted his own place, not only to serve as a proving ground for his teachings, but where he and his family could both earn their living and lead a healthful and interesting life.

His cash was limited, the depression did not appear to be getting any better, and there had been recurrent attempts in the Tennessee Legislature to close down all Teachers Colleges of the State for economy. It was his belief, however, that if he could find something within reach, now was the time to buy.

In April of that year he heard of a place for sale, hidden out behind a bend of Stones River, two miles south of town. Three hundred and seventeen acres. Ten years before, it had sold for \$35,000. Now a farm loan company was willing to be rid of it for \$8,000 and prospective buyers were not numerous.

The young professor decided to go out and see what was there.

He went one afternoon when his classes were finished. Just beyond the city limits the concrete highway has been built up to pass high over the N. C. & St. L. Railway which angles off to the Southeast. From the top of the viaduct, there is a long view of the highway, stretching flat and straight into the South and toward the hills. Some prosperous looking farm homes are along the way, but between and

around them always the dismal spectacle of fallen fences, shabby timber, and old living shanties and barns that have weathered to the color of limestone.

Pools of heat mirage shimmered on the highway ahead of the professor. He passed two truckloads of prisoners in dusty stripes turning in at the county workhouse. Beyond were the dilapidated and abandoned county fairgrounds where the farm folk used to show the bounties of their fields and their sleek livestock at harvest time. Turning from the concrete into a narrow lane, he followed the course of the river until the sounds of traffic died behind him.

It was a ghost farm.

Gray buildings that would no longer turn the rain, half of them beyond all repair, stood among the wasted fields. There were no roads, no fences standing. Crop production had been abandoned completely but the loan company, hoping that a greenscape would attract buyers, had hacked over 200 acres with a disc harrow, and sown it to lespedeza. This was poor camouflage for even the caterpillar treads of a tractor had failed to penetrate the worst entanglements of briars and bushes, and the gullies which webbed every field. Rains had gashed deeply into the hillsides, leaving tons of outcropping rock. Sheet erosion had eaten the lesser slopes down to clay.

There was not even the convenience of an outdoor privy, at the shack where one family stayed to look after the property. The 'looking after' consisted in renting pasturage.

There was no dependable water supply for domestic use. The keeper used wet weather springs and when they ran dry, he had to borrow from a distant neighbor. There were no orchards nor livestock. Of the 317 acres, 250 had been tilled formerly, but these acres never had been limed nor plowed deeply. Five or six inches down there was a hardpan---that man-made stratum of packed earth---so solid it might be cut into blocks for a building's foundations. Sixty-seven acres was in unimproved, wooded pasture.

The company's agent was so anxious to sell that he gave Hutchinson a three-months option for \$100.

During this period Hutchinson made a careful study of the farm's possibilities. He checked the soil for depth, type and topography. In general the farm sloped back from its two-mile river border and then lay like a table top. Tests showed that the great abundance of stratified rock---known as the Murfreesboro limestone---was an excellent source of lime. Boulder stone for building purposes were strewn all over the land and cluttered the river bed.

He drove to Nashville and closed the deal the last of June.

3.

"I recall about the time I was ready to go out and make my own way in life," Hutchinson said, "I asked an older friend, who had and was enjoying success in everything he did, to

explain why he was so successful.

He told me, 'Not because of any extra ability that I might have, but because every move I make is in the direction of a well-planned, long-time program!'

He was thinking of his old friend's answer driving back from Nashville that day with the deed to his farm. For twenty years he had been repeating the wisdom of long-range planning to his agricultural students.

He had a project on his hands now which had to start from almost nothing and move forward all the time or not at all. He went on out to the farm again to be alone and think it out. He had to see it all ahead--not like it would be next month or next year, but month by month, season by season, for ten, fifteen and twenty years. There had to be imagination, but no flights of fancy or wishfulness that the facts did not justify.

In a way he was like Robinson Crusoe cast upon his island--he couldn't go back and his salvation depended upon hard work and wise use of materials at hand.

He stayed out there on his ghost farm, thinking it over until the late train came under the viaduct and moaned away toward the mountains. The professor didn't get much sleep that night.

CHAPTER TWO

## 1.

The down payment had not been easy. A loan against his life insurance, a small savings account, most of his last month's salary--he had scraped the bottom of the barrel to add up enough and it had strained his personal resources to the limit. His resources now were worn fields, a woodland, a river and rocks, especially rocks, and these coupled with his own willingness to work and belief in the land, had to produce the payments to come.

So, even if he had wanted it, there was no money with which to found a dude estate with Lombardy poplars pluming the driveways, show horses, fox hunts, and prettified gardens where non-rural visitors could lounge and frolic during week-ends. The only kind of farm the Professor believed in was one that worked all the way around. That meant not only the people, but every piece of land, every farm animal, every farm building during every season of the year.

His belief, simply, was that farm people are more contented when they have no periods of enforced idleness and the farm program which gives its people a steady income and security, is that which revolves smoothly twelve months of the year rather than in stops and jerks.

His first step was to draw a map.

Since there were no standing fences nor roadways worth considering, he had only the boundaries set out in his deed

as a basis for this plotting. He laid out new fields according to uniform soil types and topography. He marked the locations of buildings and building groups, those for immediate construction as well as the ones to come much later. Then the roads, orchards, shade trees, wells for a domestic water supply. All facilities fitted into a plan with the double aim of an attractive landscape and efficiency of supervision.

Each tenant house, spaced from three-quarters to one mile apart, was to serve as the nucleus of a separate unit of the farm with its own fields, gardens, barns, poultry and livestock and water supply.

Very carefully, he designated the exact places where all rock and other building materials should be deposited during the initial clean-up stages so that only one handling would be required up to the time the particular construction job was ready to start.

Above the thousands of details to be worked out, the time and labor required and the uncertainty of seasons, markets and human capability, he had an overall procedure which encompassed at least 25 years. It summed up to this: to put the land to use for the best income relating this procedure to a long-range improvement project of land, buildings, equipment, livestock and general living conditions for all families on the farm.

Crops and livestock, soil conservation, construction and renovation, better living for the people, community activities, these were not separate phases of farming but

all of them single pieces of the whole, each dependent upon the other.

Moreover, he wanted the farm to become a gathering place for other farmers and their families, where the best in rural living could be enjoyed, where scientific farming practices could be seen in demonstration and the gospel spread. As to the people who would come to work with him, he intended that they become more than hired help who followed his directions in planting, plowing and harvesting. Under his direction they would receive training in any work necessary to keep a modern farm going whether it be setting stone, repairing a tractor or wiring a house.

As far as was possible every move would be made through the years in the direction of the one big overall procedure.

So the long job began on the worn fields, the woodland, the river and the rocks.

## 2.

While heavy rains were falling Hutchinson would put on his boots and walk over the fields to look for the flow of muddy water. He was to follow this practice through the years, knowing that only by studying the water in action could he learn exactly where it came from, where going and how it could be checked. Places that his land poured from the fields in reddish yellow solution were noted on his big map.

He found so much on his first inspections that he was tempted to nickname it Muddy Water Farm. Clear running water was the rarity.

And it was during these solitary walks in the rain that his own teachings came back to him. Things he had told his students over and over.

....Nature never intended for any water to run off the surface of her land, always providing abundant vegetation where rains are medium to heavy....grasses and forests with deep leaf mold to absorb and hold all the rainfall until the soils underneath have time for water to penetrate the earth and finally reach deep underground streams flowing toward natural channels....with this perfect balance kept, streams would run clear and flashing regardless of rainfall...a few such may be found back in forested mountain places even now...

Almost any kind of rainfall was enough to bring quick change in the color of old Stones River which bordered his farm on two sides. It bled the eastern and northern slope of the farm through an ever increasing network of gullies. Nearly two miles farther down it was joined by a smaller stream which bled the gentler slope to the west.

As the battle against the gullies began, Hutchinson found a valuable ally in the great lengths of old fallen and rusted wire fences. Sections of this were rolled and packed into the gullies at strategic points. As the general clean-up moved forward other rubbish was dumped behind the wire. Soon then the movement of soil slowed, caught

and held, and accumulated in miniature deltas along the gullies. Green appeared as vegetation took root again among the protecting mesh of the old fences, and the wounded earth was on its way to healing.

NOTES TO COMPLETE CHAPTER TWO

Page 15---

Orchards for most eroded hillsides because more time necessary for rebuilding.

Apple orchard with poultry, bees and trees working together as example of single balanced unit.

Sheet erosion on more level areas. Cover crops. Deep winter plowing.

3.

Terracing (short section on this topic alone).  
Home-made terracing apparatus--repairs to terraces--double purpose of terraces.

4.

Using the rocks.

5.

The River. Dam. Lake. Irrigation. Fish. Recreation.  
Landscape improvement afforded by lake.

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Thomas Edward Bell

Mr. Malcolm Cowley, Associate Editor, The New Republic.

1941                    I don't know Ed Bell. I have had some correspondence with him and have read his two novels. The second was, for my taste, a little too grotesque. Rendering the grotesque side of southern life is his talent, and in that book he carried it too far. The first book, Fish on the Steeple, was a neglected masterpiece - the story of a town on the Cumberland Plateau so poor that money never came into it except when some storekeeper burned down his store to get the insurance money. The outline of the story sounds sordid, like the outline presented with his application for a fellowship. But Bell has an extraordinary gift for tenderness that makes his gargoyles seem warm and lovable. I imagine that he intends to do something like that with the old Chief of Police in the novel he is now planning to write.

                          He obviously presents a difficult problem to a fellowship committee. He isn't one of the safe writers whom everybody is going to praise. But it seems to me that his talent is really extraordinary. He ranks, so I think, with William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, and ought to get the same consideration that they would have received after publishing their first two books.

1942                    Last year I wrote a report for the Rosenwald Fund on Mr. Bell - a very favorable report, although I expressed some doubt about the project he was then submitting. I have had some correspondence with him since then, and my favorable impression of him has been confirmed. And his present project, though not strikingly original, is interesting and useful, and I like the way he has started out on it. Evidently he has found a man who has made a practical success out of good farming in middle Tennessee - and this story would be worth telling at length, because it would inspire others to imitate his hero. So I strongly hope that the Fund can make him a grant this time.

Mr. John Farrar, Farrar & Rinehart.

1941 I should like to make this strong and brief.

Thomas Edward Bell is a genius in his way. If you support him in this effort, there will result something original, forthright, and on that off chance, perhaps great. I hope you'll do it.

1942 In my previous statement about Ed Bell, I said that I thought him a genius and that I believed that something original and forthright would result from his project.

I have been much impressed by his progress this year and by his plans for his new project. What I have seen of his work is enormously improved, and I feel that an extremely fine and important book will result from his project, The Professor's Farm.

I heartily recommend him for a fellowship and I hope that he may have your support.

-----

Mr. Franklin P. Adams

1941 I have known Ed Bell chiefly as a contributor to my column for many years. The pieces always were good. His novel was interesting, though it had virtually no sale. Certainly to my notion he is deserving of all the outside help he can get.

1942 No revision.

-----

Mr. John Thompson, reporter.

1941 I consider Ed Bell perhaps the most important young novelist in Tennessee today and strongly recommend you do anything you can to help his talent flower. It is apparent from his work thus far that the big things are

still ahead for him. I do not know him personally but watch with great interest everything he writes. It is apparent from his silence recently that economic conditions make it impossible for him to continue creative work and support his family. This suggests that he actually would benefit from any help you could give him. A reading of his first novel, Fish on the Steeple, should convince you that his is a talent as richly interpretive and as incisively humorous almost as that of Mark Twain. His second novel was a slight disappointment to me - second novels of young authors often are - but the plan of work outlined here indicates he is back on the right track again. I am also pleased at the wider philosophical and social implications of the proposed work. None seems to understand better than he the rich poetry to be concocted from blending grim poverty, decayed gentility, filthy horrors and high humor of character to be found in any small Tennessee town. His first novel apparently was autobiographical. His second not. This suggests that it picks up the thread of his more mature observations on the tragedies and rich significances of human life at hand. Though the South has been throbbing with a fine literary frenzy this past decade or so, the surface is hardly scratched as yet. Ed Bell is working at virtually virgin territory. T. S. Stribling has been before him at certain points, but I consider Stribling oversimplifies for the sake of irony and lacks Ed Bell's rich humanity and humor. I'm not a creative writer myself so I know few of the problems, but my observation on Ed Bell suggests that one reason for the fine vitality of his work is his deliberate scorn of "literary" tradition. He writes of filth and violence and curious humanity not because such is the fashion these days but because he knows people like that and loves them enough to see beneath their dirt. Despite the rather grinding poverty in which he has made

his way so far, Ed Bell seems to have maintained his integrity and flouted sham even among those in whom the southern Victorian tradition lingers on. I am told on reliable authority that once when a preacher wrote in to suggest he use his column in a Murfreesboro paper as the medium for letting citizens vote on the town's "best citizen", he agreed on the condition that he also be allowed to conduct a contest on "the biggest S.O.B. in town". He insisted they went together.

Among the finest scenes in his first novel were the opening in the cemetery at dusk and Shackle's furious soliloquy on his journey to town to get the man who had attacked his father. Hitherto unrecorded aspects of southern character found their way into words in that latter passage. This plan of work suggests it might well contain much finer passages. Tommy Lee Feathers, his second novel, was more aptly written than the first, but somehow lacked its completeness. This proposed novel should be written with an even surer touch, and the subject leaves little to be desired.

Ed Bell seems to me to have done remarkably with the few opportunities that have come his way. I know of no reason to doubt his integrity or abilities. Those who know him tell me he's a pretty tough nut. Certainly he has bound himself down with drudgery uncomplainingly and competently under trying circumstances. Given a little rope, he'd probably lasso the moon. He seems to have the ability for hard work and can support himself by newspaper correspondent work, but he might do so much more, if given a chance.

1942

Since my previous recommendation of Ed Bell, I have met the gentleman in question. Direct observation seemed to bear out entirely my previous impression of his personality. The only thing I care to add to

what I previously wrote is some comment on his new proposed work. Needless to say, a work of that scope could be of inestimable value to the South and the nation as a whole. It would likely have a fine market, if properly done. I must confess I think Ed Bell's chief talents lie in the direction of creative fiction. However, he has had plenty of newspaper experience to train him in sound reporting, even of a case history such as he proposes. I don't know whether his educational background is equal to the task of framing his case history with proper sociological implications and at the same time keeping it readable. I don't see why his fictional talents could not adapt themselves to this task. I am sure of one thing - Bell's writing in any field is bound to be effective. As you doubtless know, Bell has been working for time past for the WPA Writers' Project. This experience will doubtless be of benefit in the proposed work and may have been what led him to choose such a subject. I'm not familiar with his work in this field and suggest you contact William R. McDaniel, 2008 15th Avenue, South, Nashville, under whom he has worked.

I would like to say again that any work of the proposed type which is honest and factual and at the same time inspirational in effect would be of greatest value. Many people these days are screaming that the South's future social well-being lies entirely in industrialization. I disagree, if we merely follow the industrial pattern of other sections. It seems that far more important would be the regeneration of southern agriculture (accompanied by some industrialization along southern patterns). The South's entire culture lives in agricultural terms and to agricultural rhythms. Heaven knows it needs regeneration - but I mean just that. Revivifying something

that was once good will mean more to the South and the country that the attempt to alter the pattern of life here entirely.

The thought occurs to me that Bell could probably do the proposed work for the WPA Writers' Project, though under those circumstances it would not have the appeal and wide influence of independent publication. Also there is the chance that such WPA activity as the Writers' Project is doomed to die under the stress of war conditions.

I hope you can see your way to helping Bell produce what I believe would be a fine piece of work. At any rate, I can only reiterate that I know of no middle Tennessee writer that appears to me to have greater talent - or talent worthier of development.

-----

Mr. James R. Patterson, Dentist, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

1941 I consider Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the South. He is the kind of writer who gives much study to his subject through actual contact. I have known him for at least ten years and I have always found him to be a gentleman of high quality.

Mr. Bell spends a lot of his time in the study of the Negro race and the unfortunate white populace of the State of Tennessee as well as the study of the entire people of the state. If there is any man deserving of this fellowship, I feel that Mr. Bell is the man.

1942 I wish to state again that I think Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the times. The main character in his book The Professor's Farm is a great friend of mine and other people in this rural section of Tennessee. This book as given in the enclosed synopsis gives the true

character of one of the finest men in the nation. I sincerely hope you will allow Mr. Bell this fellowship which I think he so richly deserves. I am sure I am speaking the sentiments of the Negroes of this entire city and county when I ask for this chance for Mr. Bell. We are sure that if these fellowships are given for competency that no mistake could be made in selecting him.

-----

Mr. Herschel Brickell, Senior Cultural Relations Officer, U. S. Embassy, Bogota, Colombia.

Bell has written two rather remarkable novels which I have read carefully both to review and as evidence of his worthiness to have a fellowship in other years. I have a high regard for his intelligence and honesty, and I must say the present project appeals to me very much. I don't believe it is altogether because of my own strong agricultural instincts either. It seems to me that such a book written by a writer who believes in the value and importance of the material could very easily be an important contribution to the whole subject of good farming. In fact, I think I can see possibilities for such a book here in Colombia where erosion is a grave problem. So I give my hearty endorsement to the project, because of the happy combination of subject and author. Good pictures will enhance the value of the book.

-----

**Name** Thomas Edward Bell **Field:** Creative Writing  
 Technician, Tennessee Federal Writers' Project, WPA  
 820 East State Street, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

**Plan of Work**

To tell the true story of how one man took some land which had been ruined almost completely by erosion and built it into a fine, profitable farm where the tenants get paid the year round and live in homes as good as the land-lord's. Farrar & Rinehart has agreed to publish.

Probable duration of work, twelve months, beginning June 1942.  
 Will not return to present position. Wishes to do fiction writing and newspaper work.

Applied 1941. *12 mos*

**Personal Data** Born Smithville, Tennessee, February, 1909. **Age:** 33  
 Married. Two dependents: one wholly, one partially.

**Undergraduate Work** Middle Tennessee State Teachers College, 1929-31.

**Graduate Work**

**Experience** Reporter, columnist, Daily News Journal, Murfreesboro, 1931-34, \$300; correspondent, The Tennessean, Nashville, 1931-34, \$300; reporter, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, 1937-40, \$400; correspondent, Chattanooga Times, 1939-40, five months, \$120; editor, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, Feb.-Aug., 1940, \$840; technician, Federal Writers' Project, Nashville, August 1940 - , \$1800.

**Accomplishments** Publications: Two novels: Fish on the Steeple, Farrar & Rinehart, 1935; Tommy Lee Feathers, Farrar & Rinehart, 1937. Also short stories in magazines and an anthology. Helped edit Big Ivy, Tennessee WPA book on rural community. Has had contributions published in Franklin P. Adams' column.

**References**

John Farrar, 232 Madison Avenue, New York  
 Franklin P. Adams, New York Post  
 Malcolm Cowley, Editor, New Republic  
 John Thompson, Associated Press, Nashville  
 Dr. James R. Patterson, Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
 Herschel Brickell, Ridgefield, Connecticut

**Budget Summary**

Total Amount Needed	\$1,800
From Applicant	—
From Fund	\$1,800

**AMOUNT GRANTED**



FISK  
UNIVERSITY

PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

THE PROFESSOR'S FARM

This is to be a book length account, illustrated with photographs, of the scientific rehabilitation of 400 acres of eroding and impoverished land into a beautiful prosperous farm that yields profits at all seasons of the year. Ten years ago a retired instructor of agriculture in a state college bought the farm at low cost because of its rundown condition. Working on a long range plan based on scientific facts and without considerable money, he has made the land pay well for the care he has given it and has made the farm a model center of rural life for his family and his tenants, and of community activity for the public.

The book is to be in four major sections: The Land, The People, The Living and The Future. The story will demonstrate the efficacy of complete and long range planning, that rundown land can be rebuilt by hard work and scientific methods, that a farm can be operated profitably when its operation is adjusted to the seasons, markets and facilities about it, that natural resources often left untouched can be used profitably and that farm tenancy need not be the pauperism, drudgery and gamble with which it is usually associated.

Following is the tentative plan of the book:

1. The Land:

- A. Its history and its condition at time of purchase
- B. Its rehabilitation
  - 1. Terracing
  - 2. Cover crops
  - 3. Legumes and grasses
  - 4. Deep winter plowing
  - 5. Fruit trees on hillsides
  - 6. Livestock program
- C. Its use
  - 1. Every acre at work
  - 2. Adapted to natural uses
  - 3. Experimental crops
  - 4. New income sources
  - 5. Diversified crops
  - 6. Timing assures steady income
- D. Mechanization and electrification
- E. Irrigation
  - 1. Cheap electric power pumps lake water into fields
  - 2. Irrigation system serves for drainage in wet weather
- F. Pure seeds
  - 1. Treated for disease prevention
- G. Purebred livestock and poultry

II. The People:

- A. Landlord
  - 1. Lives on farm
  - 2. Works himself
  - 3. Own sons work on farm
  - 4. Encourages young to stay on farm
  - 5. Directs farm operation and marketing
  - 6. Keeps full records
  - 7. Leader in farm groups
  - 8. President of electric cooperative
  - 9. Former state senator
- B. Tenants
  - 1. Income uncertainty eliminated
  - 2. Live in rural homes instead of shacks
  - 3. Have electricity and running water
  - 4. Must send children to school
  - 5. Must exercise citizenship rights
  - 6. Must take part in community life and activity
  - 7. Year-round work with pay provided
    - a. Building
    - b. Farm improvements
    - c. Road building
    - d. Landscaping, etc.

8. Can and preserve food for winter
  - a. Have freedom of orchards
  - b. Each keeps own garden

III. The Living:

1. Landlord's home built on lakeshore
  - a. Built of log and stone from farm by farm labor
2. Tenants' houses
  - a. Spaced over farm so each is individual and private home
  - b. Each house attractive and modern in conveniences
3. Recreation
  - a. Dam built by farm labor created lake
    - (1) Stocked with fish
    - (2) Boating and swimming
    - (3) Picnic facilities
    - (4) Running water and electricity on picnic grounds
    - (5) Open to public--5,000 a year use it
4. Rural social life encouraged
5. Community clubs meet on farm

IV. The Future:

- A. To continue development of long range plan
  1. Canning factory as buffer against market fluctuations
  2. Speedier delivery of fruits and vegetables to market
- B. Construction of second dam to afford irrigation for another 150 acres of field crops
- C. To popularize scientific farming methods among other farmers by practical demonstration

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS

THE PROFESSOR'S FARM was suggested by the need of a readable book showing what can be done by the individual farmer toward rehabilitation of wornout land and people and the belief that literary weeping in the Caldwell and Steinbeck manner has outlived its usefulness in the nation's fight against soil erosion.

Professor Knox Hutchinson's farm near Murfreesboro, in an area which up to ten years ago did not practice diversified agriculture, was found to be a readymade subject for such a book.

His place is often referred to locally as "The Little TVA", because of his long-range plan for rebuilding land, conservation of water, forest and game resources, development of rural social life, and security for his tenants.

In the beginning Hutchinson had neither the money nor the inclination to establish a dude country estate for week-end parties with Lombardy poplars on the skyline and prettified garden terraces where non-rural visitors could seek relaxation.

He wanted a farm home that would exemplify the best in rural living and where he, his wife and three sons could live good as well as earn their living. He wanted the same for all the people who would come to work with him. Proof that his ten-year experiment has been successful is the fact that every fall he has applications from at least 50 more tenants than he can employ.

To accomplish this the Professor and his family have known very little leisure since they came to the farm. It is

part of Hutchinson's philosophy that everyone is happier if there are no lay-off periods and he has so planned his program that there is something for all hands to do every day of the year.

Not only the people, but every building and every piece of land on the place has its special job for every season the year round.

Believing also that work cannot be regulated by the clock, Hutchinson himself frequently drives a tractor all night if the season demands it. He and his boys do as much work in the fields as any of the tenants.

All work, whether it is constructing a concrete retaining wall, repairing machinery or wiring a tenant house is done by farm labor, Hutchinson directing. A tenant may not know how to do anything except plow and plant when he comes there, but if he stays long the Professor sees to it that he is trained in just about everything required to keep a modern farm going.

They all have a good time, too. There are picnics down by the lakeshore, fishing, hunting, swimming and boating. The picnic grounds are open to the public throughout the year, with free water, lights and cooking facilities. Every club and organization in the county has enjoyed the Hutchinson hospitality at one time or another. At least 5,000 people visit the farm every year.

The dam, creating a five-acre lake was built for about \$100. The lake spreads from in front of the family's

beautiful log dwelling up past the picnic grounds to a bend in the river. It is stocked with fish and supplies irrigation for the orchards and 150 acres of field crops. (It is the first and only large-scale irrigation project ever attempted in this section). Hutchinson's future plans call for a similar dam a mile below to irrigate another 150 acres.

Loose boulder rock for this second dam, like the first, already lies on the stone bottom of the river ready for use.

In many other ways, Hutchinson has turned the enormous quantity of rock he found on the farm from liability into profits. He found much of the place resembling a lunar landscape. Every field was littered with loose stone and there were miles of gullies weaving among outcroppings. The loose stone was moved to the places it would be needed for building foundations, retaining walls, roadbeds, and walkways. The outcroppings in the fields were quarried, crushed and returned to lime the soil or used for concrete.

Now there isn't a field on the farm where machines cannot move at night without risk of damage from obstructing rock.

And there is a plentiful supply left in the back pastures for future use.

The owner pioneered for rural electrification and it was mainly through his efforts that the Middle Tennessee Electric Membership Corporation, supplying five counties, was organized. He also organized the first terracing association in the county and is a leading figure in the growing Tennessee Grange.

As I see it THE PROFESSOR'S FARM will be far from a dry text on scientific farming practices, but a story of man's adventure with the land and his ingenious uses of available materials, a story basically simple and appealing like ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE LAND

1.

There is a picture of an old man sitting on a rock that hangs in the farm agent's office at the Rutherford County courthouse. More accurately, it is one large slab of rock balanced upon another just beginning to jut from the earth, and appears as a rugged bench placed there for someone's solitary meditation. All around is a barren field.

The agent sometimes has a fat ear of corn dangling in front of it. People ask about the corn, ignore the photograph. The agent will begin, "Why, that was raised out here on--"

When the old man was young he was breaking the same field one day for the first time and his plowpoint struck a rock. He let the plow glide over it and raised a crop

of corn on the sloping acres. He gathered his corn, leaving the naked earth exposed. That winter sheets of muddy water flowed from the field, down into a rocky gully and away forever. If the farmer chanced to notice the vanishing earth, he was not much concerned.

He had seen such things all his life. It seemed natural.

The next spring he plowed the field again, taking pride in his ability to lay off a straight row, and planted corn again. The pattern was repeated through succeeding years, but the corn was not as good as at first and the rock he had not been able to see in breaking the new ground that day was well above the surface now and he plowed around it.

During summer droughts, winds swirled across the field and lifted the dry soil like fine powder. Churning rains came again and again and drained away discolored. It was a one-way journey with the richness of the earth always outward bound. The sloping acres peeled away in thin sheets. Gullies deepened in the low places. More rocks appeared.

The farmer became an old man. He didn't plant the field any more, seeing there was no sense in trying to raise food where even grass and weeds now failed to grow.

He was old and tired and sometimes walking across his field, he found the big rock a fine place to sit down and rest.

Rutherford County is situated in the center, and very nearly at the bottom, of a great washed out bowl known as

the Centray Basin of Tennessee. The two prongs of an ancient river and its multiple tributaries, flowing through the immense reaches of geologic time, have eaten down to such a level that they can descend no farther without ceasing to flow.

Stones River is unique among Southern streams having a solid rock bottom from beginning to end and is more like a bathroom drain than a river, flushed and muddy during rainy seasons, and sluggish with pools of hot water and sickening fish during times of drought. It has no first-grade bottom lands, and very little of the lush vegetation usually found along a water course. It deposits nothing and it takes away endless cargoes of the brownish-red soil upon which the County's 33,000 people are dependent for their living.

Soil erosion is an old, old story here.

Something like ten million years might measure it roughly. Some of the stratified rock now exposed is estimated to have been 25 million years in the making. Once the basin country was beneath the Gulf of Mexico. Later when these waters withdrew to the South there was an elevation and the area became a plain, level with the Highland Rim which rings the horizon with a pale blue barricade sixty to seventy-five miles away.

The rivers of the Basin are older than that time and the Highland Rim remains only because its sandstone cappings were resistant to the wear of rain and wind, freeze and thaw.

Throughout the county only a scattering of flat-topped remnant hills have kept their original elevation. The land between is either flat or rolling, with grim stretches of gray limestone glades among the low-growing cedars.

The county has more outcropping rock than any proportionate area in the South. There are places where oblong blocks of stone stand like rows of coffins, with space enough between for only a tree to grow, and loose boulders of all sizes crowd the landscape. Thousands of sinkholes catch water rushing from the glades, Most of the smaller streams flow underground, leaving the surface dry and scabrous. It is rattlesnake and prickly pear country with long, depressive summers when the soil retains heat and the nights are often as uncomfortable as the days.

Two miles Northeast of Murfreesboro, the county seat, ten acres of bald limestone marks the exact geographical center of the State and the suspicion that hell is not much farther below is at least evidenced by certain folk legends concerning the old flat rock. Old Negroes are still about who will swear with all sincerity that this rock once split through the middle and belched forth fire and sulphurous fumes---and is expected to do so again at some future date.

Yet, in spite of the dire sound of all this, the county has an abundance of soil that is as rich as any in the State. This fact was attested twenty-five years ago by a State geological survey. At that time the geologists pointed out that

the land was in such a rundown condition it produced only half what it could. They warned that great quantities were washing away; that some of it should not be cultivated at all; that the overabundance of limestone rock could be made an asset---ground and returned to sweeten and loosen the soil, for building market roads and tenant houses, to impound river water, to dam up gullies.

Not many heeded.

Farmers had raised cotton and corn since before the Civil War. They had plowed furrows parallel with their fences and of the same depth like their fathers. A farmer had to leave something to the Lord. If the Lord didn't come through with a rain at the right time, he went to town and cursed the government. Then another war came and they made good money for themselves, enough to satisfy the tenants. The one-crop system was good enough. If the tenants didn't like what they got at the end of the year and living in unpainted shacks they could go somewhere else.

Ten years later the farm loan companies began foreclosing. Some of the landlords managed to salvage something--a smaller farm, a home in town. The tenants and sharecroppers having little enough to begin with, could salvage nothing. They began fleeing the land.

Negroes from the farms who had once thronged the county seat on Memorial Day, dwindled to a few hundred. Some of them went North or to larger population centers in the South.

But the residue of both whites and blacks crowded into the small town that had no industries to support them even in normal times. They became social problems. Men bootlegged tin can whiskey and dope, women hustled the streets, all of them a prey to fee-grabbing law-enforcers and vote-buying politicians. Their offspring helped fill the county workhouse, the State reformatories and penitentiary.

People who should have been living well on the land, knowing what it had become, refused to go back. And those that remained fared little better.

Echoing in that dismal time were the voices of civic boosters who would rise on public occasions still to proclaim their county The Hub of Tennessee, Gem of Creation, Latter Day Garden of Eden.

Considering the sins the fathers had committed against the land, God's Dishonored Navel would have been an apter figure of speech.

## 2.

Knox Hutchinson was head of the Agricultural Department of Middle Tennessee State Teachers College at Murfreesboro in 1932. He was married and had three sons. He was 36 years old and nearly 20 years of his life had been spent in teaching high school and college students scientific farming practices, part of which he had learned from textbooks, but much of it as a boy plowing curving furrows

around Lincoln County hillsides.

For a long time his main ambition had been to own a farm himself. He wanted his own place, not only to serve as a proving ground for his teachings, but where he and his family could both earn their living and lead a healthful and interesting life.

His cash was limited, the depression did not appear to be getting any better, and there had been recurrent attempts in the Tennessee Legislature to close down all Teachers Colleges of the State for economy. It was his belief, however, that if he could find something within reach, now was the time to buy.

In April of that year he heard of a place for sale, hidden out behind a bend of Stones River, two miles south of town. Three hundred and seventeen acres. Ten years before, it had sold for \$35,000. Now a farm loan company was willing to be rid of it for \$8,000 and prospective buyers were not numerous.

The young professor decided to go out and see what was there.

He went one afternoon when his classes were finished. Just beyond the city limits the concrete highway has been built up to pass high over the N. C. & St. L. Railway which angles off to the Southeast. From the top of the viaduct, there is a long view of the highway, stretching flat and straight into the South and toward the hills. Some prosperous looking farm homes are along the way, but between and

around them always the dismal spectacle of fallen fences, shabby timber, and old living shanties and barns that have weathered to the color of limestone.

Pools of heat mirage shimmered on the highway ahead of the professor. He passed two truckloads of prisoners in dusty stripes turning in at the county workhouse. Beyond were the dilapidated and abandoned county fairgrounds where the farm folk used to show the bounties of their fields and their sleek livestock at harvest time. Turning from the concrete into a narrow lane, he followed the course of the river until the sounds of traffic died behind him.

It was a ghost farm.

Gray buildings that would no longer turn the rain, half of them beyond all repair, stood among the wasted fields. There were no roads, no fences standing. Crop production had been abandoned completely but the loan company, hoping that a greenscape would attract buyers, had hacked over 200 acres with a disc harrow, and sown it to lespedeza. This was poor camouflage for even the caterpillar treads of a tractor had failed to penetrate the worst entanglements of briars and bushes, and the gullies which webbed every field. Rains had gashed deeply into the hillsides, leaving tons of outcropping rock. Sheet erosion had eaten the lesser slopes down to clay.

There was not even the convenience of an outdoor privy, at the shack where one family stayed to look after the property. The 'looking after' consisted in renting pasturage.

There was no dependable water supply for domestic use. The keeper used wet weather springs and when they ran dry, he had to borrow from a distant neighbor. There were no orchards nor livestock. Of the 317 acres, 250 had been tilled formerly, but these acres never had been limed nor plowed deeply. Five or six inches down there was a hardpan---that man-made stratum of packed earth---so solid it might be cut into blocks for a building's foundations. Sixty-seven acres was in unimproved, wooded pasture.

The company's agent was so anxious to sell that he gave Hutchinson a three-months option for \$100.

During this period Hutchinson made a careful study of the farm's possibilities. He checked the soil for depth, type and topography. In general the farm sloped back from its two-mile river border and then lay like a table top. Tests showed that the great abundance of stratified rock---known as the Murfreesboro limestone---was an excellent source of lime. Boulder stone for building purposes were strewn all over the land and cluttered the river bed.

He drove to Nashville and closed the deal the last of June.

3.

"I recall about the time I was ready to go out and make my own way in life," Hutchinson said, "I asked an older friend, who had and was enjoying success in everything he did, to

explain why he was so successful.

He told me, 'Not because of any extra ability that I might have, but because every move I make is in the direction of a well-planned, long-time program!'

He was thinking of his old friend's answer driving back from Nashville that day with the deed to his farm. For twenty years he had been repeating the wisdom of long-range planning to his agricultural students.

He had a project on his hands now which had to start from almost nothing and move forward all the time or not at all. He went on out to the farm again to be alone and think it out. He had to see it all ahead--not like it would be next month or next year, but month by month, season by season, for ten, fifteen and twenty years. There had to be imagination, but no flights of fancy or wishfulness that the facts did not justify.

In a way he was like Robinson Crusoe cast upon his island--he couldn't go back and his salvation depended upon hard work and wise use of materials at hand.

He stayed out there on his ghost farm, thinking it over until the late train came under the viaduct and moaned away toward the mountains. The professor didn't get much sleep that night.

CHAPTER TWO

## 1.

The down payment had not been easy. A loan against his life insurance, a small savings account, most of his last month's salary--he had scraped the bottom of the barrel to add up enough and it had strained his personal resources to the limit. His resources now were worn fields, a woodland, a river and rocks, especially rocks, and these coupled with his own willingness to work and belief in the land, had to produce the payments to come.

So, even if he had wanted it, there was no money with which to found a dude estate with Lombardy poplars pluming the driveways, show horses, fox hunts, and prettified gardens where non-rural visitors could lounge and frolic during week-ends. The only kind of farm the Professor believed in was one that worked all the way around. That meant not only the people, but every piece of land, every farm animal, every farm building during every season of the year.

His belief, simply, was that farm people are more contented when they have no periods of enforced idleness and the farm program which gives its people a steady income and security, is that which revolves smoothly twelve months of the year rather than in stops and jerks.

His first step was to draw a map.

Since there were no standing fences nor roadways worth considering, he had only the boundaries set out in his deed

as a basis for this plotting. He laid out new fields according to uniform soil types and topography. He marked the locations of buildings and building groups, those for immediate construction as well as the ones to come much later. Then the roads, orchards, shade trees, wells for a domestic water supply. All facilities fitted into a plan with the double aim of an attractive landscape and efficiency of supervision.

Each tenant house, spaced from three-quarters to one mile apart, was to serve as the nucleus of a separate unit of the farm with its own fields, gardens, barns, poultry and livestock and water supply.

Very carefully, he designated the exact places where all rock and other building materials should be deposited during the initial clean-up stages so that only one handling would be required up to the time the particular construction job was ready to start.

Above the thousands of details to be worked out, the time and labor required and the uncertainty of seasons, markets and human capability, he had an overall procedure which encompassed at least 25 years. It summed up to this: to put the land to use for the best income relating this procedure to a long-range improvement project of land, buildings, equipment, livestock and general living conditions for all families on the farm.

Crops and livestock, soil conservation, construction and renovation, better living for the people, community activities, these were not separate phases of farming but

all of them single pieces of the whole, each dependent upon the other.

Moreover, he wanted the farm to become a gathering place for other farmers and their families, where the best in rural living could be enjoyed, where scientific farming practices could be seen in demonstration and the gospel spread. As to the people who would come to work with him, he intended that they become more than hired help who followed his directions in planting, plowing and harvesting. Under his direction they would receive training in any work necessary to keep a modern farm going whether it be setting stone, repairing a tractor or wiring a house.

As far as was possible every move would be made through the years in the direction of the one big overall procedure.

So the long job began on the worn fields, the woodland, the river and the rocks.

## 2.

While heavy rains were falling Hutchinson would put on his boots and walk over the fields to look for the flow of muddy water. He was to follow this practice through the years, knowing that only by studying the water in action could he learn exactly where it came from, where going and how it could be checked. Places that his land poured from the fields in reddish yellow solution were noted on his big map.

He found so much on his first inspections that he was tempted to nickname it Muddy Water Farm. Clear running water was the rarity.

And it was during these solitary walks in the rain that his own teachings came back to him. Things he had told his students over and over.

....Nature never intended for any water to run off the surface of her land, always providing abundant vegetation where rains are medium to heavy....grasses and forests with deep leaf mold to absorb and hold all the rainfall until the soils underneath have time for water to penetrate the earth and finally reach deep underground streams flowing toward natural channels....with this perfect balance kept, streams would run clear and flashing regardless of rainfall...a few such may be found back in forested mountain places even now...

Almost any kind of rainfall was enough to bring quick change in the color of old Stones River which bordered his farm on two sides. It bled the eastern and northern slope of the farm through an ever increasing network of gullies. Nearly two miles farther down it was joined by a smaller stream which bled the gentler slope to the west.

As the battle against the gullies began, Hutchinson found a valuable ally in the great lengths of old fallen and rusted wire fences. Sections of this were rolled and packed into the gullies at strategic points. As the general clean-up moved forward other rubbish was dumped behind the wire. Soon then the movement of soil slowed, caught

and held, and accumulated in miniature deltas along the gullies. Green appeared as vegetation took root again among the protecting mesh of the old fences, and the wounded earth was on its way to healing.

NOTES TO COMPLETE CHAPTER TWO

Page 15---

Orchards for most eroded hillsides because more time necessary for rebuilding.

Apple orchard with poultry, bees and trees working together as example of single balanced unit.

Sheet erosion on more level areas. Cover crops. Deep winter plowing.

3.

Terracing (short section on this topic alone).  
Home-made terracing apparatus--repairs to terraces--double purpose of terraces.

4.

Using the rocks.

5.

The River. Dam. Lake. Irrigation. Fish. Recreation.  
Landscape improvement afforded by lake.

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Thomas Edward Bell

Mr. Malcolm Cowley, Associate Editor, The New Republic.

1941                    I don't know Ed Bell. I have had some correspondence with him and have read his two novels. The second was, for my taste, a little too grotesque. Rendering the grotesque side of southern life is his talent, and in that book he carried it too far. The first book, Fish on the Steeple, was a neglected masterpiece - the story of a town on the Cumberland Plateau so poor that money never came into it except when some storekeeper burned down his store to get the insurance money. The outline of the story sounds sordid, like the outline presented with his application for a fellowship. But Bell has an extraordinary gift for tenderness that makes his gargoyles seem warm and lovable. I imagine that he intends to do something like that with the old Chief of Police in the novel he is now planning to write.

                          He obviously presents a difficult problem to a fellowship committee. He isn't one of the safe writers whom everybody is going to praise. But it seems to me that his talent is really extraordinary. He ranks, so I think, with William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, and ought to get the same consideration that they would have received after publishing their first two books.

1942                    Last year I wrote a report for the Rosenwald Fund on Mr. Bell - a very favorable report, although I expressed some doubt about the project he was then submitting. I have had some correspondence with him since then, and my favorable impression of him has been confirmed. And his present project, though not strikingly original, is interesting and useful, and I like the way he has started out on it. Evidently he has found a man who has made a practical success out of good farming in middle Tennessee - and this story would be worth telling at length, because it would inspire others to imitate his hero. So I strongly hope that the Fund can make him a grant this time.

Mr. John Farrar, Farrar & Rinehart.

1941 I should like to make this strong and brief.

Thomas Edward Bell is a genius in his way. If you support him in this effort, there will result something original, forthright, and on that off chance, perhaps great. I hope you'll do it.

1942 In my previous statement about Ed Bell, I said that I thought him a genius and that I believed that something original and forthright would result from his project.

I have been much impressed by his progress this year and by his plans for his new project. What I have seen of his work is enormously improved, and I feel that an extremely fine and important book will result from his project, The Professor's Farm.

I heartily recommend him for a fellowship and I hope that he may have your support.

- - - - -

Mr. Franklin P. Adams

1941 I have known Ed Bell chiefly as a contributor to my column for many years. The pieces always were good. His novel was interesting, though it had virtually no sale. Certainly to my notion he is deserving of all the outside help he can get.

1942 No revision.

- - - - -

Mr. John Thompson, reporter.

1941 I consider Ed Bell perhaps the most important young novelist in Tennessee today and strongly recommend you do anything you can to help his talent flower. It is apparent from his work thus far that the big things are



still ahead for him. I do not know him personally but watch with great interest everything he writes. It is apparent from his silence recently that economic conditions make it impossible for him to continue creative work and support his family. This suggests that he actually would benefit from any help you could give him. A reading of his first novel, Fish on the Steeple, should convince you that his is a talent as richly interpretive and as incisively humorous almost as that of Mark Twain. His second novel was a slight disappointment to me - second novels of young authors often are - but the plan of work outlined here indicates he is back on the right track again. I am also pleased at the wider philosophical and social implications of the proposed work. None seems to understand better than he the rich poetry to be concocted from blending grim poverty, decayed gentility, filthy horrors and high humor of character to be found in any small Tennessee town. His first novel apparently was autobiographical. His second not. This suggests that it picks up the thread of his more mature observations on the tragedies and rich significances of human life at hand. Though the South has been throbbing with a fine literary frenzy this past decade or so, the surface is hardly scratched as yet. Ed Bell is working at virtually virgin territory. T. S. Stribling has been before him at certain points, but I consider Stribling oversimplifies for the sake of irony and lacks Ed Bell's rich humanity and humor. I'm not a creative writer myself so I know few of the problems, but my observation on Ed Bell suggests that one reason for the fine vitality of his work is his deliberate scorn of "literary" tradition. He writes of filth and violence and curious humanity not because such is the fashion these days but because he knows people like that and loves them enough to see beneath their dirt. Despite the rather grinding poverty in which he has made

his way so far, Ed Bell seems to have maintained his integrity and flouted sham even among those in whom the southern Victorian tradition lingers on. I am told on reliable authority that once when a preacher wrote in to suggest he use his column in a Murfreesboro paper as the medium for letting citizens vote on the town's "best citizen", he agreed on the condition that he also be allowed to conduct a contest on "the biggest S.O.B. in town". He insisted they went together.

Among the finest scenes in his first novel were the opening in the cemetery at dusk and Shackle's furious soliloquy on his journey to town to get the man who had attacked his father. Hitherto unrecorded aspects of southern character found their way into words in that latter passage. This plan of work suggests it might well contain much finer passages. Tommy Lee Feathers, his second novel, was more aptly written than the first, but somehow lacked its completeness. This proposed novel should be written with an even surer touch, and the subject leaves little to be desired.

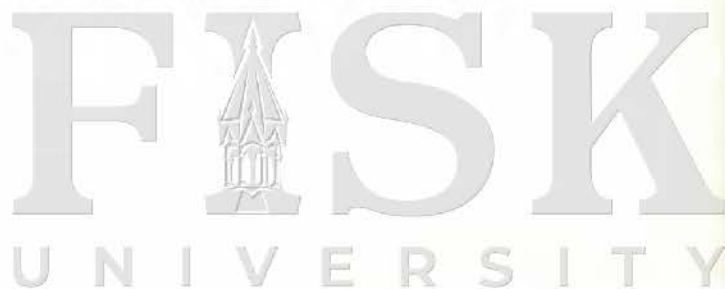
Ed Bell seems to me to have done remarkably with the few opportunities that have come his way. I know of no reason to doubt his integrity or abilities. Those who know him tell me he's a pretty tough nut. Certainly he has bound himself down with drudgery uncomplainingly and competently under trying circumstances. Given a little rope, he'd probably lasso the moon. He seems to have the ability for hard work and can support himself by newspaper correspondent work, but he might do so much more, if given a chance.

1942

Since my previous recommendation of Ed Bell, I have met the gentleman in question. Direct observation seemed to bear out entirely my previous impression of his personality. The only thing I care to add to

what I previously wrote is some comment on his new proposed work. Needless to say, a work of that scope could be of inestimable value to the South and the nation as a whole. It would likely have a fine market, if properly done. I must confess I think Ed Bell's chief talents lie in the direction of creative fiction. However, he has had plenty of newspaper experience to train him in sound reporting, even of a case history such as he proposes. I don't know whether his educational background is equal to the task of framing his case history with proper sociological implications and at the same time keeping it readable. I don't see why his fictional talents could not adapt themselves to this task. I am sure of one thing - Bell's writing in any field is bound to be effective. As you doubtless know, Bell has been working for time past for the WPA Writers' Project. This experience will doubtless be of benefit in the proposed work and may have been what led him to choose such a subject. I'm not familiar with his work in this field and suggest you contact William R. McDaniel, 2008 15th Avenue, South, Nashville, under whom he has worked.

I would like to say again that any work of the proposed type which is honest and factual and at the same time inspirational in effect would be of greatest value. Many people these days are screaming that the South's future social well-being lies entirely in industrialization. I disagree, if we merely follow the industrial pattern of other sections. It seems that far more important would be the regeneration of southern agriculture (accompanied by some industrialization along southern patterns). The South's entire culture lives in agricultural terms and to agricultural rhythms. Heaven knows it needs regeneration - but I mean just that. Revivifying something



that was once good will mean more to the South and the country that the attempt to alter the pattern of life here entirely.

The thought occurs to me that Bell could probably do the proposed work for the WPA Writers' Project, though under those circumstances it would not have the appeal and wide influence of independent publication. Also there is the chance that such WPA activity as the Writers' Project is doomed to die under the stress of war conditions.

I hope you can see your way to helping Bell produce what I believe would be a fine piece of work. At any rate, I can only reiterate that I know of no middle Tennessee writer that appears to me to have greater talent - or talent worthier of development.

- - - - -

Mr. James R. Patterson, Dentist, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

1941 I consider Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the South. He is the kind of writer who gives much study to his subject through actual contact. I have known him for at least ten years and I have always found him to be a gentleman of high quality.

Mr. Bell spends a lot of his time in the study of the Negro race and the unfortunate white populace of the State of Tennessee as well as the study of the entire people of the state. If there is any man deserving of this fellowship, I feel that Mr. Bell is the man.

1942 I wish to state again that I think Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the times. The main character in his book The Professor's Farm is a great friend of mine and other people in this rural section of Tennessee. This book as given in the enclosed synopsis gives the true

character of one of the finest men in the nation. I sincerely hope you will allow Mr. Bell this fellowship which I think he so richly deserves. I am sure I am speaking the sentiments of the Negroes of this entire city and county when I ask for this chance for Mr. Bell. We are sure that if these fellowships are given for competency that no mistake could be made in selecting him.

-----

Mr. Herschel Brickell, Senior Cultural Relations Officer, U. S. Embassy, Bogota, Colombia.

Bell has written two rather remarkable novels which I have read carefully both to review and as evidence of his worthiness to have a fellowship in other years. I have a high regard for his intelligence and honesty, and I must say the present project appeals to me very much. I don't believe it is altogether because of my own strong agricultural instincts either. It seems to me that such a book written by a writer who believes in the value and importance of the material could very easily be an important contribution to the whole subject of good farming. In fact, I think I can see possibilities for such a book here in Colombia where erosion is a grave problem. So I give my hearty endorsement to the project, because of the happy combination of subject and author. Good pictures will enhance the value of the book.

-----

BELL, Thomas Edward

A thoroughly interesting project by a gifted writer. It will be hard to deny him.

For sheer <sup>readability</sup> ~~readability~~ Bell's work is hard to match. He belongs with the A-group.

A. B.

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate      Mr. Ed Bell  
Report Requested of    Dr. James R. Patterson  
                                 Murfreesboro, Tennessee

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*William C. Haygood*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

*Gentlemen:*

I wish to state again that I think Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the times. The main character in his book "The Professor's Farm" is a great friend of mine and other people in this Rural Section of Tennessee. This book as given in the enclosed synopsis gives the true character of one of the finest men in the nation. I sincerely hope you will allow Mr. Bell this fellowship which I think he so richly deserves. I am sure I am speaking the sentiments of the persons of

OVER

this entire city and County when I ask  
for this chance for Mr. Bell; We are sure  
that if these fellowships are given for  
Competency that no mistake could be made  
in selecting him.

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold  
a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Signed

Jas. R. Patterson

Position or Title

Dentist and Secty Negro State Fair of Tennessee

Address

124 S. Maple St. Murfreesboro Tennessee

Date

Jan 15-1942

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

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Name of Candidate Mr. Ed Bell  
Report Requested of Mr. Herschel Brickell  
c/o United States Embassy, Bogota, Colombia

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William C. Haygood  
Director for Fellowships

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Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

I know of none

Signed Herschel Brickell

Position or Title Senior Cultural Relations Officer

Address U.S. Embassy, Bogota, Colombia

February 2nd, 1942 Date

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

UNIVERSITY

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Ed Bell  
Report Requested of Mr. Franklin P. Adams  
Westport, Connecticut

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

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We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*William C. Haygood*

Director for Fellowships

REPORT

*No revision.*

*Franklin P. Adams*



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

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Report Requested by \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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*William C. Haggard*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

*Franklin P. Adams*

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

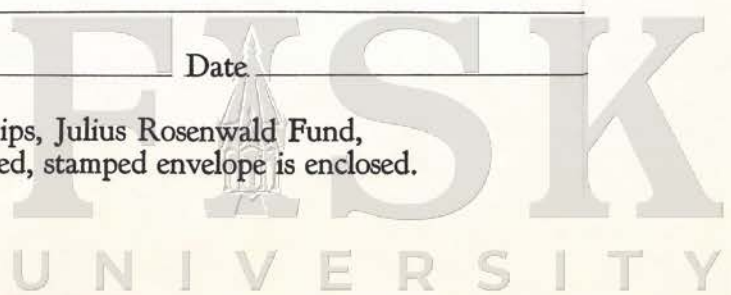
Position or Title \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

OVER



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of Mr. John Thompson  
Literary Critic  
Nashville, Tennessee

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

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We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*  
Director for Fellowships

**REPORT** I consider Ed Bell perhaps the most important young novelist in Tennessee today and strongly recommend you do anything you can to help his talent flower. It is apparent from his work thus far that the big things are still ahead for him. I do not know him personally but watch with great interest everything he writes. It is apparent from his silence recently that economic conditions make it impossible for him to continue creative work and support his family. This suggests that he actually would benefit from any help you could give him. A reading of his first novel, "Fish on the Steeple," should convince you that his is a talent as richly interpretive and as incisively humorous almost as that of Mark Twain. His second novel was a slight disappointment to me--second novels of young authors often are--but the plan of work outlined here indicates he is back on the right track again. I am also pleased at the wider philosophical and social implications of the proposed work. None seems to understand better than he the rich poetry to be concocted from blending grim poverty, decayed gentility, filthy horrors and high humor of character to be found in any small Tennessee town. His first novel apparently was autobiographical. His second not. This suggests that it picks up the thread of his more mature observations on the tragedies and rich significances of human life at hand. Though the South has been throbbing with a fine literary frenzy this past decade or so, the surface is hardly scratched as yet. Ed Bell is working at virtually virgin territory. T.S. Stribling has been before him at

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Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities? Ed Bell seems to me to have done remarkably with the few opportunities that have come his way. I know of no reason to doubt his integrity or abilities. Those who know him tell me he's pretty tough nut. Certainly he has bound himself down with drudgery uncomplainingly and competently under trying circumstances. Given a little rope, he'd probably lasso the moon. He seems to have the ability for hard work and can support himself by newspaper correspondent work, but he might do so much more, if given a chance.

Signed John Thompson

Position or Title reporter (former book page editor of The Tennessean)

Address Howell Place, Belle Meade Park, Nashville, Tenn.

am ex-president Nashville Community Playhouse.

Date Dec 16, 1940

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Member of Nashville Art Advisory Committee & hold M.A. degree Vanderbilt University, with thesis on Am. lit.



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY AGAIN THAT ANY WORK OF THE PROPOSED TYPE WHICH IS HONEST AND FACTUAL AND AT THE SAME TIME INSPIRATIONAL IN EFFECT WOULD BE OF GREATEST VALUE. MANY PEOPLE THESE DAYS ARE SCREAMING THAT THE SOUTH'S FUTURE SOCIAL WELL-BEING LIES ENTIRELY IN INDUSTRIALIZATION. I DISAGREE, IF WE MERELY FOLLOW THE INDUSTRIAL PATTERN OF OTHER SECTIONS. IT SEEMS THAT FAR MORE IMPORTANT WOULD BE THE REGENERATION OF SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE (ACCOMPANIED BY SOME INDUSTRIALIZATION ALONG SOUTHERN PATTERNS). THE SOUTH'S ENTIRE CULTURE ~~EXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ LIVES IN AGRICULTURAL TERMS AND TO AGRICULTURAL RHYTHMS. HEAVEN KNOWS IT NEEDS REGENERATION--BUT I MEAN JUST THAT. REVIVIFYING SOMETHING THAT WAS ONCE GOOD WILL MEAN MORE TO THE SOUTH AND THE COUNTRY THAT THE ATTEMPT TO ALTER THE PATTERN OF LIFE HERE ENTIRELY.

THE THOUGHT OCCURS TO ME THAT BELL COULD PROBABLY DO THE PROPOSED WORK FOR THE WPA WRITERS' PROJECT, THOUGH UNDER THOSE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WOULD NOT HAVE THE APPEAL AND WIDE INFLUENCE OF INDEPENDENT PUBLICATION. ALSO THERE IS THE CHANCE THAT ~~XXXXXX~~ SUCH WPA ACTIVITY AS THE WRITERS' PROJECT IS DOOMED TO DIE ~~XX~~ UNDER THE STRESS OF WAR CONDITIONS.

I HOPE YOU CAN SEE YOUR WAY TO HELPING BELL PRODUCE WHAT I BELIEVE WOULD BE A FINE PIECE OF WORK. AT ANY RATE, I CAN ONLY REITERATE THAT I KNOW OF NO MIDDLE TENNESSEE WRITER THAT APPEARS TO ME TO HAVE GREATER TALENT--OR TALENT WORTHIER OF DEVELOPMENT.

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Signed John Thompson  
 Position or Title reporter & editor for Tennessee state bureau  
of the Associated Press  
 Address Howell Pl. Belle Meade, Nashville, Tenn Date Jan 15, 1942

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

P.S. I can't engage in further correspondence on this as I leave in two days for active service with the Naval Reserve - J. J.

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of Dr. James R. Patterson  
Midstate Negro Fair Association, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Gentlemen:

I consider Mr. Thomas Edward Bell one of the foremost writers of the South. He is the kind of writer who gives much study to his subject through actual contact. I have known him for at least ten (10) years and I have always found him to be a gentleman of high quality. Mr. Bell spends a lot of his time in the study

OVER

of the Negro Race and the unfortunate White  
populace of the State of Tennessee as well,  
as the Study of the entire people of the  
State. I if there is any man deserving  
of this fellowship I feel that Mr  
Bell is the man. I know he is  
qualified.

Yours very truly

MID-STATE COLORED FAIR ASSN., Inc.  
DR. JAS. R. PATTERSON, Sec'y.

Jas Patterson

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold  
a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Signed

Jas Patterson

Position or Title

Dentist

Address

Murfreesboro Tennessee

Date

Dec. 18 1940

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

a

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Ed Bell

Report Requested of Mr. John Farrar

232 Madison Avenue, New York City

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*[Faint signature]*

*William C. Haygood*

Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

\_\_\_\_\_  
 Position or Title

\_\_\_\_\_  
 Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
 Date

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.



William C. Haygood, Esq.,  
The Director for Fellowships,  
The Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

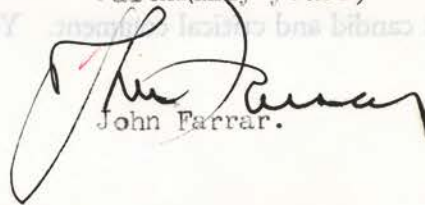
Dear Mr. Haygood:

In my previous statement about Ed Bell,  
I said that I thought him a genius and that I believed that something  
original and forthright would result from his project.

I have been much impressed by his progress  
this year and by his plans for his new Project. What I have seen  
of his work is enormously improved, and I feel that an extremely fine  
and important book will result from his Project, THE PROFESSOR'S FARM.

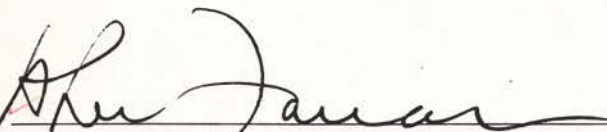
I heartily recommend him for a Fellowship, and  
I hope that he may have your support.

Faithfully yours,

  
John Farrar.

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold  
a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Signed



Position or Title

Vice-President and Editor of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., Publishers

Address

232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Date

January 20, 1942

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

PLEASE RETURN *A*  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate      Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of    Mr. Franklin P. Adams  
New York Post, New York City

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*  
Director for Fellowships

REPORT

I have known Ed Bell chiefly as a contributor to my column for many years. The pieces always were good. His novel was interesting, though it had virtually no sale. Certainly to my notion he is deserving of all the outside help he can get.



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate: Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of: Mr. Franklin P. Adams  
New York Post, New York City

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of the applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

Director for Fellowships

REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Yes

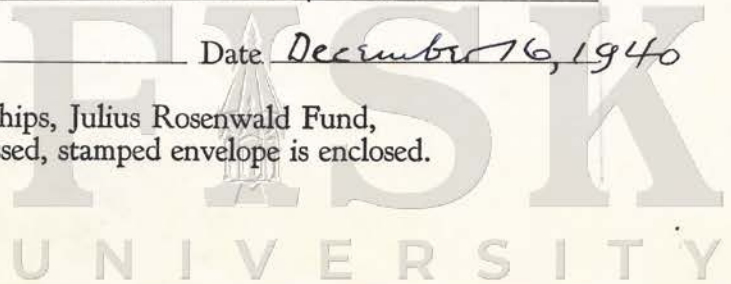
Signed Franklin P. Adams

Position or Title writer

Address New York Post, New York

Date December 16, 1940

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.



A

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate      Mr. Thomas Edward Bell

Report Requested of      Mr. B. E. Hobgood

Mid-Tennessee High School Inspector, Murfreesboro

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The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*

Director for Fellowships

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REPORT

I feel certain that the above named candidate for a Rosenwald fellowship has a worthwhile and distinctive contribution to make to the South in the form of creative writing. He has already published two books and numerous short stories. I feel that in this work he has gained the maturity and experience which will make his next endeavor of universal popular appeal and worth.

Mr. Bell needs more time to give to his chosen work. If he could secure

OVER

a scholarship so that all of his time could be spent in writing. I feel certain that many good things would come from his pen.

I would in no way attempt to change his project of work. In it he has caught the essence of a story that is generally well known in its own locale. In addition to this, his side plots and incidents will reveal parts of the South, hitherto untold in book form.

For a long time Mr. Bell has been interested in negro life and activities. He is well known among the negroes of this section. One of his books was centered around a local negro character.

I heartily endorse Mr. Bell for a Rosenwald Scholarship, feeling sure that it would enable him to do a good job on the particular story that he has outlined.

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Yes, the candidate is free from all such handicaps.

Signed Baxter E. Hobgood

Position or Title Regional High School Supervisor

Address 600 N. Church Street, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Date Dec. 25, 1940

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

UNIVERSITY

# JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE

CHICAGO

SECOND REQUEST

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

a

Name of Candidate      Thomas Edward Bell

Report Requested of      Mr. Malcolm Cowley, Editor  
New Republic  
40 East 49th Street  
New York City

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The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*William C. Haygood*

Director for Fellowships

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## REPORT

Last year I wrote a report for the Rosenwald Fund on Mr. Bell—a very favorable report, although I expressed some doubt about the project he was then submitting. I have had some correspondence with him since then, and my favorable impression of him has been confirmed. And his present project, though not strikingly original, is interesting and useful, and I like the way he has started out on it. Evidently he has found a man who has made a practical success out of good farming in middle Tennessee—and this story would be worth telling at length, because it would inspire others to imitate his hero. So I strongly hope that the Fund can make him a grant this time.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY  
OVER

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate \_\_\_\_\_

Report Requested of \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Robert C. Cowley, Director  
New Building  
50 East North Street  
New York City

The proposed candidate has applied to the Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your comment.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution to his field. An early reply will be greatly appreciated in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.

We request careful and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

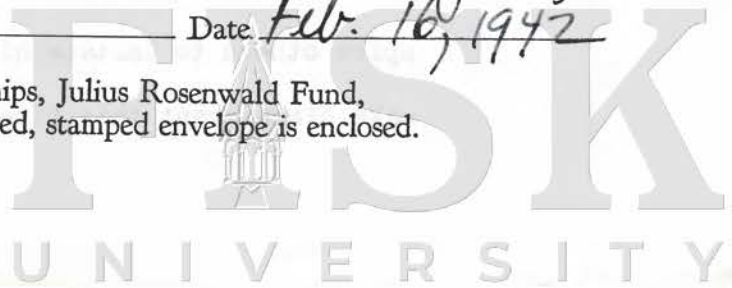
REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Yes

Signed Malcolm Cowley  
Position or Title Information Analyst, Office of Facts & Figures  
Address Library of Congress Annex, Washington, D.C.  
Date Feb. 16, 1942

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of Mr. John Farrar  
232 Madison Avenue, New York City

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*

Director for Fellowships

REPORT

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JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

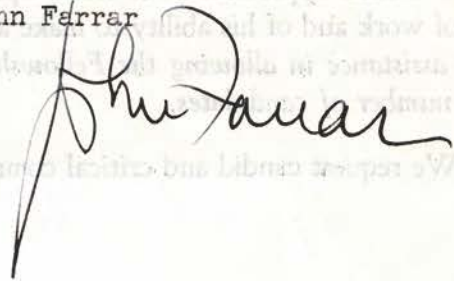
The Director for Fellowships,  
The Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I should like to make this strong and  
brief.

Thomas Edward Bell (Ed Bell) is a genius in  
his way. If you support him in this effort, there will  
result something original, forthright, and, on that off chance,  
perhaps great. I hope you'll do it.

John Farrar



Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold  
a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

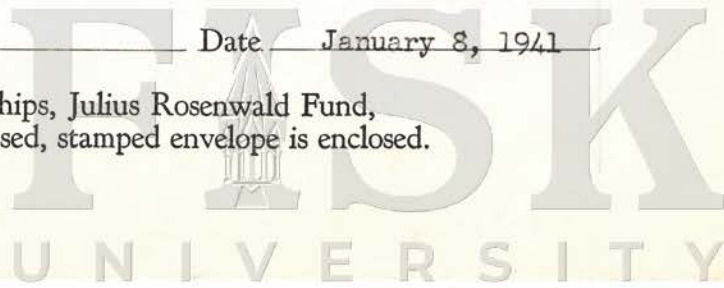
Signed 

Position or Title Vice-President and Editor of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., Publishers

Address 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Date January 8, 1941

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.



JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

4901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

A  
PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate      Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
Report Requested of    Mr. Malcolm Cowley  
  
The New Republic, 40 East 49th Street, New York City

The above-named candidate has applied to this Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as a reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement.

We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications, and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. *An early reply will be of great assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates.*

We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

*George M. Reynolds*

Director for Fellowships

REPORT

I don't know Ed Bell. I have had some correspondence with him and have read his two novels. The second was, for my taste, a little too grotesque. Rendering the grotesque side of Southern life is his talent, and in that book he carried it too far. The first book, "Fish on the Steeple," was a neglected masterpiece--the story of a town on the Cumberland Plateau so poor that money never came into it except when some storekeeper burned down his store to get the insurance money. The outline of the story sounds sordid, like the outline presented with his application for a fellowship. But Bell has an extraordinary gift for tenderness that makes his gargoyles seem warm and lovable. I imagine that he intends to do something like that with the old Chief of Police in the novel he is now planning to write.

He obviously presents a difficult problem to a fellowship committee. He isn't one of the safe writers whom everybody is going to praise. But it seems to me that his talent is really extraordinary. He ranks, so I think, with William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, and ought to get the same consideration that they would have received after publishing their first two books.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY  
OVER

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND  
1901 ELLIS AVENUE  
CHICAGO

Confidential Report on Candidate for Fellowship

Name of Candidate

Report Requested of

The above-named candidate has applied to the Fund for a fellowship and has given your name as reference. The candidate's plan of work is attached. Please return it with your statement. We shall appreciate your frank opinion of this applicant's qualifications and an appraisal of his plan of work and of his ability to make a noteworthy contribution in his field. An early reply will be given assistance in allowing the Fellowship Committee sufficient time for adequate consideration of the large number of candidates. We request candid and critical comment. Your reply will be held in strict confidence.

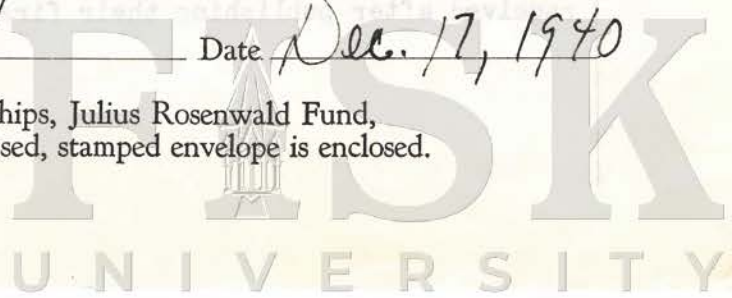
REPORT

Is the candidate free from personality handicaps which would make it difficult to obtain and hold a position giving him opportunity to utilize his abilities?

Yes. He has finished two books while working as a newspaper reporter, which testifies to his industry and determination. By the time he finishes a third book, he will have a much wider public.

Signed Malcolm Cowley  
Position or Title Associate Editor, The New Republic  
Address RFD Gaylordsville, Conn.  
Date Dec. 17, 1940

Please return to the Director for Fellowships, Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.





# FELLOWSHIPS

April 17, 1942

Dear Mr. Bell: It is a pleasure to inform you that you have been selected by the Committee on Fellowships of the Julius Rosenwald Fund to receive a grant of One thousand eight-hundred dollars (\$1,800) to assist you in carrying forward the creative writing project which you submitted to us, for a twelve-month period. In the event that you are called into the armed forces before you can begin work on this project, it will, of course, be impossible for us to hold this fellowship for you.

Will you please let us know at once whether or not you can accept this grant? An announcement of the Committee's selections will be made soon and it can include only those from whom acceptances have been received.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

WCH:RH

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

*Technician  
Linn. Writers Project WPA*

**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas E. Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 6091

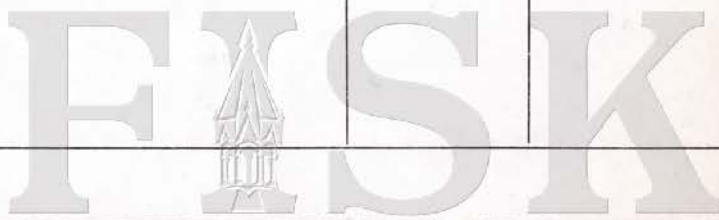
Date March 31, 1943

Final payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Chk.#28543

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by	 Comptroller
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# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To Mr. Thomas E. Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 5908

Date February 26, 1943

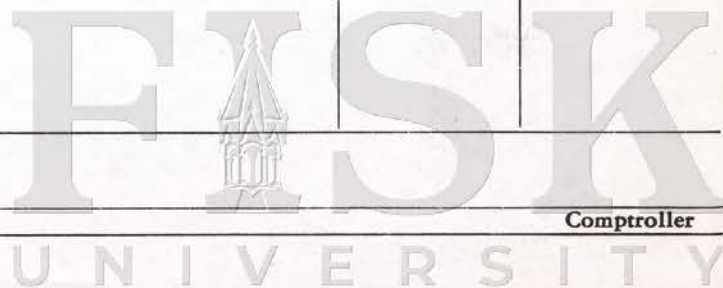
March installment on fellowship grant - - - - \$150.00

Chk. #28329

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by <b>AM</b>	Checked by	Posted by
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Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

## FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell

820 East State Street

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 5760


Date January 29, 1943

February installment on fellowship - - - - - \$150.00

Chk. #28165

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by	
AM			



UNIVERSITY

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. ~~Thomas E. Bell~~  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 5584

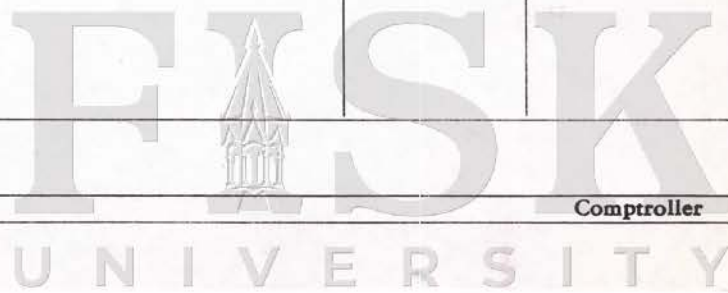
Date December 31, 1942

January installment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Chk. #27973

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by
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Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

## FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas E. Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 5483

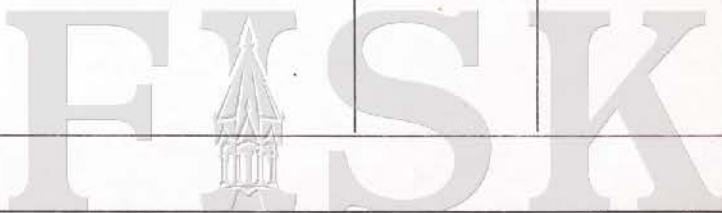
Date November 30, 1942

December installment on Fellowship Grant -- \$150.00

Ch. #27858

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by	
<i>ac</i>			



# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas E. Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 5313

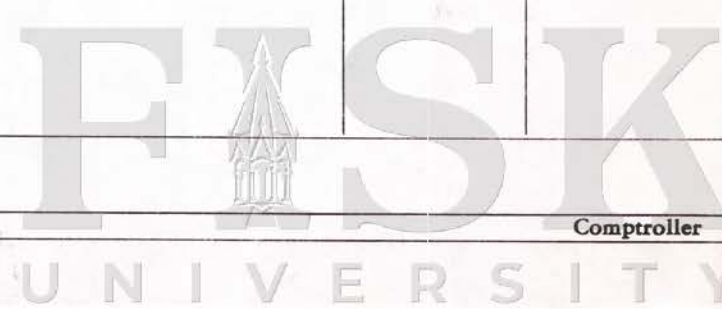
Date October 30, 1942

Seventh payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Chk.#27671

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by
AM		



Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No.

5148

Date

September 30, 1942

Sixth payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Ck. #27492

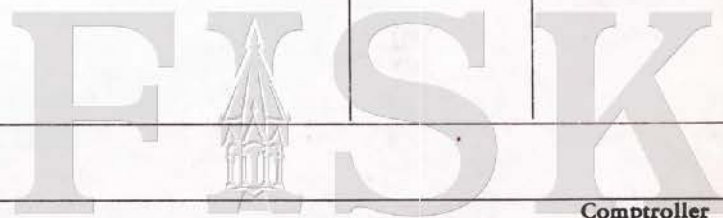
Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by

AM

Checked by

Posted by



Comptroller

U N I V E R S I T Y

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 4999

Date August 31, 1942

Fifth payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Ch.#27341

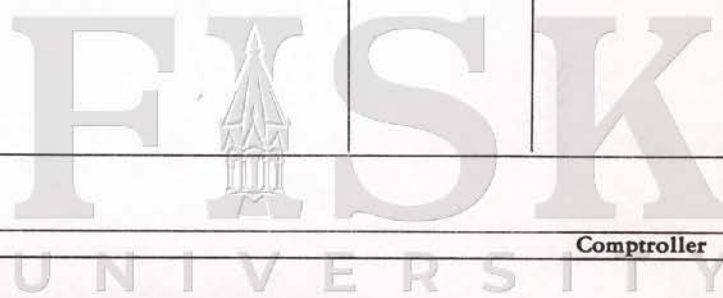
Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by

AK

Checked by

Posted by



Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 4928

Date July 31, 1942

Fourth payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Ck. #27254

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by
AM		



Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 4859


Date July 1, 1942

Third payment on fellowship grant - - - - - \$150.00

Ck. #27169

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by	Checked by	Posted by
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**FISK**  
UNIVERSITY  
Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 4636

Date May 29, 1942

Second payment on fellowship awarded 4/17/42 - - - - - \$150.00

Ck. #26918

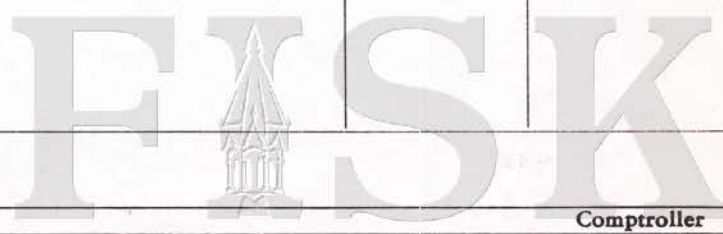
Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

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McK

Checked by

Posted by



Comptroller

# Julius Rosenwald Fund

4901 Ellis Avenue  
CHICAGO

# FELLOWSHIPS

To

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Payment Voucher No. 9307

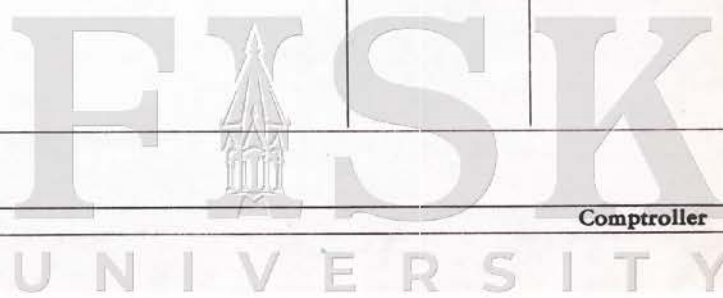
Date May 1, 1942

First payment on fellowship granted 4/17/42 - - - - - \$150.00

Ch.#9307 W. F.

Accounts	Appropriation No.	Debit	Credit
White Southern Fellowships	41-7A	\$150.00	

Prepared by AM	Checked by	Posted by
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Comptroller

Please fill out and return in order that we may complete our records on former Rosenwald Fellows:

Name: Thomas E. Bell

Present position: Staff member Associated Press in

the Nashville, Tenn., bureau

Home Address: 820 East State Street,

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Significant recent activities: Nothing much. Was editor of home semi-weekly, Rutherford Courier, about a year before joining AP. Continuing to write twice-a-week column of folklore and such for this paper. Work intermittently on novel, but no end of that sighted. Thanks for the inquiry. Sincerely,

(Use additional sheet if desired)

E. B.

# FELLOWSHIPS

December 10, 1940

Dear Mr. Bell: Your application for a fellowship has been received and will be presented to the Committee at its spring meetings. You need not obtain your college transcripts now; if we need them later we will get in touch with you.

Very truly yours,

GMR:MLJ

Mr. Ed Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

FELLOWSHIPS

GMR	3			

FARRAR & RINEHART

INCORPORATED  
PUBLISHERS

232 MADISON AVENUE  
CABLES · FARRINE · NEW YORK

28th February 1941

George M. Reynolds, Esq.,  
Director, Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

At the request of Mr. Ed Bell, we are sending  
you under separate cover a copy of his novel,  
FISH ON THE STEEPLE, which was published by us.

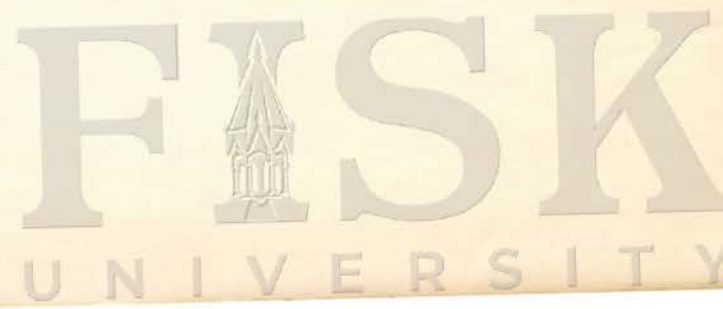
Faithfully yours,

*Delia A. Seaver*

FARRAR & RINEHART, INC.  
Managing Editor.

AASFMR

*not ackgd  
can't read name*



# FELLOWSHIPS

27th February 1941

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Mr. George M. Reynolds, Director,  
Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

Under separate cover you will find samples of my work as requested. The batch includes two magazine stories, some newspaper features written during a period of ten years and a few copies of the rural newspaper I edited last year. I wrote practically all the copy in these editions.

Besides this material I have asked Farrar & Rinehart to send you copies of my two novels and some other of my work which happens to be in their files. I do not own any copies of my books or would have sent them directly to you.

Sincerely,



Ed Bell

# FELLOWSHIPS

May 5, 1941

Dear Mr. Bell: I am returning to you under separate cover the two copies of GLOBE and the newspaper clippings which you submitted with your application for a fellowship. I hope they reach you promptly and in good condition.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

Acting-Director  
for Fellowships

WCH\*ELU

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
~~820 East State Street~~  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

Name Thomas Edward Bell Field: Creative Writing  
Technician, Tennessee Federal Writers' Project, WPA  
820 East State Street, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Plan of Work To tell the true story of how one man took some land which had been ruined almost completely by erosion and built it into a fine, profitable farm where the tenants get paid the year round and live in homes as good as the land-lord's. Farrar & Rinehart has agreed to publish.

Probable duration of work, twelve months, beginning June, 1942.  
Will not return to present position. Wishes to do fiction writing and newspaper work.

Applied 1941.

Personal Data Born Smithville, Tennessee, February, 1909. Age: 33  
Married. Two dependents: one wholly, one partially.

Undergraduate Work Middle Tennessee State Teachers College, 1929-31.

Graduate Work

Experience Reporter, columnist, Daily News Journal, Murfreesboro, 1931-34, \$300; correspondent, The Tennessean, Nashville, 1931-34, \$300; reporter, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, 1937-40, \$400; correspondent, Chattanooga Times, 1939-40, five months, \$120; editor, Rutherford Courier, Murfreesboro, Feb.-Aug., 1940, \$840; Technician, Federal Writers' Project, Nashville, August 1940 - , \$1800.

Accomplishments Publications: Two novels: Fish on the Steeple, Farrar and Rinehart, 1935; Tommy Lee Feathers, Farrar and Rinehart, 1937. Also short stories in magazines and an anthology. Helped edit Big Ivy, Tennessee WPA book on rural community. Has had contributions published in Franklin P. Adams' column.

References

John Farrar, 232 Madison Avenue, New York  
Franklin P. Adams, New York Post  
Malcolm Cowley, Editor, New Republic  
John Thompson, Associated Press, Nashville  
Dr. James R. Patterson, Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
Herschel Brickell, Ridgefield, Connecticut

Budget Summary

Total Amount Needed \$1,800  
From Applicant - - -  
From Fund \$1,800

AMOUNT GRANTED



PLEASE RETURN  
TO  
JULIUS ROSENWALD FUNDTHE PROFESSOR'S FARM

This is to be a book length account, illustrated with photographs, of the scientific rehabilitation of 400 acres of eroding and impoverished land into a beautiful prosperous farm that yields profits at all seasons of the year. Ten years ago a retired instructor of agriculture in a state college bought the farm at low cost because of its rundown condition. Working on a long range plan based on scientific facts and without considerable money, he has made the land pay well for the care he has given it and has made the farm a model center of rural life for his family and his tenants, and of community activity for the public.

The book is to be in four major sections: The Land, The People, The Living and The Future. The story will demonstrate the efficacy of complete and long range planning, that rundown land can be rebuilt by hard work and scientific methods, that a farm can be operated profitably when its operation is adjusted to the seasons, markets and facilities about it, that natural resources often left untouched can be used profitably and that farm tenancy need not be the pauperism, drudgery and gamble with which it is usually associated.

Following is the tentative plan of the book:

1. The Land:

- A. Its history and its condition at time of purchase
- B. Its rehabilitation
  - 1. Terracing
  - 2. Cover crops
  - 3. Legumes and grasses
  - 4. Deep winter plowing
  - 5. Fruit trees on hillsides
  - 6. Livestock program
- C. Its use
  - 1. Every acre at work
  - 2. Adapted to natural uses
  - 3. Experimental crops
  - 4. New income sources
  - 5. Diversified crops
  - 6. Timing assures steady income
- D. Mechanization and electrification
- E. Irrigation
  - 1. Cheap electric power pumps lake water into fields
  - 2. Irrigation system serves for drainage in wet weather
- F. Pure seeds
  - 1. Treated for disease prevention
- G. Purebred livestock and poultry

II. The People:

- A. Landlord
  - 1. Lives on farm
  - 2. Works himself
  - 3. Own sons work on farm
  - 4. Encourages young to stay on farm
  - 5. Directs farm operation and marketing
  - 6. Keeps full records
  - 7. Leader in farm groups
  - 8. President of electric cooperative
  - 9. Former state senator
- B. Tenants
  - 1. Income uncertainty eliminated
  - 2. Live in rural homes instead of shacks
  - 3. Have electricity and running water
  - 4. Must send children to school
  - 5. Must exercise citizenship rights
  - 6. Must take part in community life and activity
  - 7. Year-round work with pay provided
    - a. Building
    - b. Farm improvements
    - c. Road building
    - d. Landscaping, etc.

8. Can and preserve food for winter
  - a. Have freedom of orchards
  - b. Each keeps own garden

III. The Living:

1. Landlord's home built on lakeshore
  - a. Built of log and stone from farm by farm labor
2. Tenants' houses
  - a. Spaced over farm so each is individual and private home
  - b. Each house attractive and modern in conveniences
3. Recreation
  - a. Dam built by farm labor created lake
    - (1) Stocked with fish
    - (2) Boating and swimming
    - (3) Picnic facilities
    - (4) Running water and electricity on picnic grounds
    - (5) Open to public--5,000 a year use it
4. Rural social life encouraged
5. Community clubs meet on farm

IV. The Future:

- A. To continue development of long range plan
  1. Canning factory as buffer against market fluctuations
  2. Speedier delivery of fruits and vegetables to market
- B. Construction of second dam to afford irrigation for another 150 acres of field crops
- C. To popularize scientific farming methods among other farmers by practical demonstration

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS

THE PROFESSOR'S FARM was suggested by the need of a readable book showing what can be done by the individual farmer toward rehabilitation of wornout land and people and the belief that literary weeping in the Caldwell and Steinbeck manner has outlived its usefulness in the nation's fight against soil erosion.

Professor Knox Hutchinson's farm near Murfreesboro, in an area which up to ten years ago did not practice diversified agriculture, was found to be a readymade subject for such a book.

His place is often referred to locally as "The Little TVA", because of his long-range plan for rebuilding land, conservation of water, forest and game resources, development of rural social life, and security for his tenants.

In the beginning Hutchinson had neither the money nor the inclination to establish a dude country estate for week-end parties with Lombardy poplars on the skyline and prettified garden terraces where non-rural visitors could seek relaxation.

He wanted a farm home that would exemplify the best in rural living and where he, his wife and three sons could live good as well as earn their living. He wanted the same for all the people who would come to work with him. Proof that his ten-year experiment has been successful is the fact that every fall he has applications from at least 50 more tenants than he can employ.

To accomplish this the Professor and his family have known very little leisure since they came to the farm. It is

part of Hutchinson's philosophy that everyone is happier if there are no lay-off periods and he has so planned his program that there is something for all hands to do every day of the year.

Not only the people, but every building and every piece of land on the place has its special job for every season the year round.

Believing also that work cannot be regulated by the clock, Hutchinson himself frequently drives a tractor all night if the season demands it. He and his boys do as much work in the fields as any of the tenants.

All work, whether it is constructing a concrete retaining wall, repairing machinery or wiring a tenant house is done by farm labor, Hutchinson directing. A tenant may not know how to do anything except plow and plant when he comes there, but if he stays long the Professor sees to it that he is trained in just about everything required to keep a modern farm going.

They all have a good time, too. There are picnics down by the lakeshore, fishing, hunting, swimming and boating. The picnic grounds are open to the public throughout the year, with free water, lights and cooking facilities. Every club and organization in the county has enjoyed the Hutchinson hospitality at one time or another. At least 5,000 people visit the farm every year.

The dam, creating a five-acre lake was built for about \$100. The lake spreads from in front of the family's

beautiful log dwelling up past the picnic grounds to a bend in the river. It is stocked with fish and supplies irrigation for the orchards and 150 acres of field crops. (It is the first and only large-scale irrigation project ever attempted in this section). Hutchinson's future plans call for a similar dam a mile below to irrigate another 150 acres.

Loose boulder rock for this second dam, like the first, already lies on the stone bottom of the river ready for use.

In many other ways, Hutchinson has turned the enormous quantity of rock he found on the farm from liability into profits. He found much of the place resembling a lunar landscape. Every field was littered with loose stone and there were miles of gullies weaving among outcroppings. The loose stone was moved to the places it would be needed for building foundations, retaining walls, roadbeds, and walkways. The outcroppings in the fields were quarried, crushed and returned to lime the soil or used for concrete.

Now there isn't a field on the farm where machines cannot move at night without risk of damage from obstructing rock.

And there is a plentiful supply left in the back pastures for future use.

The owner pioneered for rural electrification and it was mainly through his efforts that the Middle Tennessee Electric Membership Corporation, supplying five counties, was organized. He also organized the first terracing association in the county and is a leading figure in the growing Tennessee Grange.

As I see it THE PROFESSOR'S FARM will be far from a dry text on scientific farming practices, but a story of man's adventure with the land and his ingenious uses of available materials, a story basically simple and appealing like ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE LAND

1.

There is a picture of an old man sitting on a rock that hangs in the farm agent's office at the Rutherford County courthouse. More accurately, it is one large slab of rock balanced upon another just beginning to jut from the earth, and appears as a rugged bench placed there for someone's solitary meditation. All around is a barren field.

The agent sometimes has a fat ear of corn dangling in front of it. People ask about the corn, ignore the photograph. The agent will begin, "Why, that was raised out here on--"

When the old man was young he was breaking the same field one day for the first time and his plowpoint struck a rock. He let the plow glide over it and raised a crop

of corn on the sloping acres. He gathered his corn, leaving the naked earth exposed. That winter sheets of muddy water flowed from the field, down into a rocky gully and away forever. If the farmer chanced to notice the vanishing earth, he was not much concerned.

He had seen such things all his life. It seemed natural.

The next spring he plowed the field again, taking pride in his ability to lay off a straight row, and planted corn again. The pattern was repeated through succeeding years, but the corn was not as good as at first and the rock he had not been able to see in breaking the new ground that day was well above the surface now and he plowed around it.

During summer droughts, winds swirled across the field and lifted the dry soil like fine powder. Churning rains came again and again and drained away discolored. It was a one-way journey with the richness of the earth always outward bound. The sloping acres peeled away in thin sheets. Gullies deepened in the low places. More rocks appeared.

The farmer became an old man. He didn't plant the field any more, seeing there was no sense in trying to raise food where even grass and weeds now failed to grow.

He was old and tired and sometimes walking across his field, he found the big rock a fine place to sit down and rest.

Rutherford County is situated in the center, and very nearly at the bottom, of a great washed out bowl known as

the Centray Basin of Tennessee. The two prongs of an ancient river and its multiple tributaries, flowing through the immense reaches of geologic time, have eaten down to such a level that they can descend no farther without ceasing to flow.

Stones River is unique among Southern streams having a solid rock bottom from beginning to end and is more like a bathroom drain than a river, flushed and muddy during rainy seasons, and sluggish with pools of hot water and sickening fish during times of drought. It has no first-grade bottom lands, and very little of the lush vegetation usually found along a water course. It deposits nothing and it takes away endless cargoes of the brownish-red soil upon which the County's 33,000 people are dependent for their living.

Soil erosion is an old, old story here.

Something like ten million years might measure it roughly. Some of the stratified rock now exposed is estimated to have been 25 million years in the making. Once the basin country was beneath the Gulf of Mexico. Later when these waters withdrew to the South there was an elevation and the area became a plain, level with the Highland Rim which rings the horizon with a pale blue barricade sixty to seventy-five miles away.

The rivers of the Basin are older than that time and the Highland Rim remains only because its sandstone cappings were resistant to the wear of rain and wind, freeze and thaw.

Throughout the county only a scattering of flat-topped remnant hills have kept their original elevation. The land between is either flat or rolling, with grim stretches of gray limestone glades among the low-growing cedars.

The county has more outcropping rock than any proportionate area in the South. There are places where oblong blocks of stone stand like rows of coffins, with space enough between for only a tree to grow, and loose boulders of all sizes crowd the landscape. Thousands of sinkholes catch water rushing from the glades, Most of the smaller streams flow underground, leaving the surface dry and scabrous. It is rattlesnake and prickly pear country with long, depressive summers when the soil retains heat and the nights are often as uncomfortable as the days.

Two miles Northeast of Murfreesboro, the county seat, ten acres of bald limestone marks the exact geographical center of the State and the suspicion that hell is not much farther below is at least evidenced by certain folk legends concerning the old flat rock. Old Negroes are still about who will swear with all sincerity that this rock once split through the middle and belched forth fire and sulphurous fumes---and is expected to do so again at some future date.

Yet, in spite of the dire sound of all this, the county has an abundance of soil that is as rich as any in the State. This fact was attested twenty-five years ago by a State geological survey. At that time the geologists pointed out that

the land was in such a rundown condition it produced only half what it could. They warned that great quantities were washing away; that some of it should not be cultivated at all; that the overabundance of limestone rock could be made an asset---ground and returned to sweeten and loosen the soil, for building market roads and tenant houses, to impound river water, to dam up gullies.

Not many heeded.

Farmers had raised cotton and corn since before the Civil War. They had plowed furrows parallel with their fences and of the same depth like their fathers. A farmer had to leave something to the Lord. If the Lord didn't come through with a rain at the right time, he went to town and cursed the government. Then another war came and they made good money for themselves, enough to satisfy the tenants. The one-crop system was good enough. If the tenants didn't like what they got at the end of the year and living in unpainted shacks they could go somewhere else.

Ten years later the farm loan companies began foreclosing. Some of the landlords managed to salvage something--a smaller farm, a home in town. The tenants and sharecroppers having little enough to begin with, could salvage nothing. They began fleeing the land.

Negroes from the farms who had once thronged the county seat on Memorial Day, dwindled to a few hundred. Some of them went North or to larger population centers in the South.

But the residue of both whites and blacks crowded into the small town that had no industries to support them even in normal times. They became social problems. Men bootlegged tin can whiskey and dope, women hustled the streets, all of them a prey to fee-grabbing law-enforcers and vote-buying politicians. Their offspring helped fill the county workhouse, the State reformatories and penitentiary.

People who should have been living well on the land, knowing what it had become, refused to go back. And those that remained fared little better.

Echoing in that dismal time were the voices of civic boosters who would rise on public occasions still to proclaim their county The Hub of Tennessee, Gem of Creation, Latter Day Garden of Eden.

Considering the sins the fathers had committed against the land, God's Dishonored Navel would have been an apter figure of speech.

## 2.

Knox Hutchinson was head of the Agricultural Department of Middle Tennessee State Teachers College at Murfreesboro in 1932. He was married and had three sons. He was 36 years old and nearly 20 years of his life had been spent in teaching high school and college students scientific farming practices, part of which he had learned from textbooks, but much of it as a boy plowing curving furrows

around Lincoln County hillsides.

For a long time his main ambition had been to own a farm himself. He wanted his own place, not only to serve as a proving ground for his teachings, but where he and his family could both earn their living and lead a healthful and interesting life.

His cash was limited, the depression did not appear to be getting any better, and there had been recurrent attempts in the Tennessee Legislature to close down all Teachers Colleges of the State for economy. It was his belief, however, that if he could find something within reach, now was the time to buy.

In April of that year he heard of a place for sale, hidden out behind a bend of Stones River, two miles south of town. Three hundred and seventeen acres. Ten years before, it had sold for \$35,000. Now a farm loan company was willing to be rid of it for \$8,000 and prospective buyers were not numerous.

The young professor decided to go out and see what was there.

He went one afternoon when his classes were finished. Just beyond the city limits the concrete highway has been built up to pass high over the N. C. & St. L. Railway which angles off to the Southeast. From the top of the viaduct, there is a long view of the highway, stretching flat and straight into the South and toward the hills. Some prosperous looking farm homes are along the way, but between and

around them always the dismal spectacle of fallen fences, shabby timber, and old living shanties and barns that have weathered to the color of limestone.

Pools of heat mirage shimmered on the highway ahead of the professor. He passed two truckloads of prisoners in dusty stripes turning in at the county workhouse. Beyond were the dilapidated and abandoned county fairgrounds where the farm folk used to show the bounties of their fields and their sleek livestock at harvest time. Turning from the concrete into a narrow lane, he followed the course of the river until the sounds of traffic died behind him.

It was a ghost farm.

Gray buildings that would no longer turn the rain, half of them beyond all repair, stood among the wasted fields. There were no roads, no fences standing. Crop production had been abandoned completely but the loan company, hoping that a greenscape would attract buyers, had hacked over 200 acres with a disc harrow, and sown it to lespedeza. This was poor camouflage for even the caterpillar treads of a tractor had failed to penetrate the worst entanglements of briars and bushes, and the gullies which webbed every field. Rains had gashed deeply into the hillsides, leaving tons of outcropping rock. Sheet erosion had eaten the lesser slopes down to clay.

There was not even the convenience of an outdoor privy, at the shack where one family stayed to look after the property. The 'looking after' consisted in renting pasturage.

There was no dependable water supply for domestic use. The keeper used wet weather springs and when they ran dry, he had to borrow from a distant neighbor. There were no orchards nor livestock. Of the 317 acres, 250 had been tilled formerly, but these acres never had been limed nor plowed deeply. Five or six inches down there was a hardpan---that man-made stratum of packed earth---so solid it might be cut into blocks for a building's foundations. Sixty-seven acres was in unimproved, wooded pasture.

The company's agent was so anxious to sell that he gave Hutchinson a three-months option for \$100.

During this period Hutchinson made a careful study of the farm's possibilities. He checked the soil for depth, type and topography. In general the farm sloped back from its two-mile river border and then lay like a table top. Tests showed that the great abundance of stratified rock---known as the Murfreesboro limestone---was an excellent source of lime. Boulder stone for building purposes were strewn all over the land and cluttered the river bed.

He drove to Nashville and closed the deal the last of June.

3.

"I recall about the time I was ready to go out and make my own way in life," Hutchinson said, "I asked an older friend, who had and was enjoying success in everything he did, to

explain why he was so successful.

He told me, 'Not because of any extra ability that I might have, but because every move I make is in the direction of a well-planned, long-time program!'

He was thinking of his old friend's answer driving back from Nashville that day with the deed to his farm. For twenty years he had been repeating the wisdom of long-range planning to his agricultural students.

He had a project on his hands now which had to start from almost nothing and move forward all the time or not at all. He went on out to the farm again to be alone and think it out. He had to see it all ahead--not like it would be next month or next year, but month by month, season by season, for ten, fifteen and twenty years. There had to be imagination, but no flights of fancy or wishfulness that the facts did not justify.

In a way he was like Robinson Crusoe cast upon his island--he couldn't go back and his salvation depended upon hard work and wise use of materials at hand.

He stayed out there on his ghost farm, thinking it over until the late train came under the viaduct and moaned away toward the mountains. The professor didn't get much sleep that night.

CHAPTER TWO

## 1.

The down payment had not been easy. A loan against his life insurance, a small savings account, most of his last month's salary--he had scraped the bottom of the barrel to add up enough and it had strained his personal resources to the limit. His resources now were worn fields, a woodland, a river and rocks, especially rocks, and these coupled with his own willingness to work and belief in the land, had to produce the payments to come.

So, even if he had wanted it, there was no money with which to found a dude estate with Lombardy poplars pluming the driveways, show horses, fox hunts, and prettified gardens where non-rural visitors could lounge and frolic during week-ends. The only kind of farm the Professor believed in was one that worked all the way around. That meant not only the people, but every piece of land, every farm animal, every farm building during every season of the year.

His belief, simply, was that farm people are more contented when they have no periods of enforced idleness and the farm program which gives its people a steady income and security, is that which revolves smoothly twelve months of the year rather than in stops and jerks.

His first step was to draw a map.

Since there were no standing fences nor roadways worth considering, he had only the boundaries set out in his deed

as a basis for this plotting. He laid out new fields according to uniform soil types and topography. He marked the locations of buildings and building groups, those for immediate construction as well as the ones to come much later. Then the roads, orchards, shade trees, wells for a domestic water supply. All facilities fitted into a plan with the double aim of an attractive landscape and efficiency of supervision.

Each tenant house, spaced from three-quarters to one mile apart, was to serve as the nucleus of a separate unit of the farm with its own fields, gardens, barns, poultry and livestock and water supply.

Very carefully, he designated the exact places where all rock and other building materials should be deposited during the initial clean-up stages so that only one handling would be required up to the time the particular construction job was ready to start.

Above the thousands of details to be worked out, the time and labor required and the uncertainty of seasons, markets and human capability, he had an overall procedure which encompassed at least 25 years. It summed up to this: to put the land to use for the best income relating this procedure to a long-range improvement project of land, buildings, equipment, livestock and general living conditions for all families on the farm.

Crops and livestock, soil conservation, construction and renovation, better living for the people, community activities, these were not separate phases of farming but

all of them single pieces of the whole, each dependent upon the other.

Moreover, he wanted the farm to become a gathering place for other farmers and their families, where the best in rural living could be enjoyed, where scientific farming practices could be seen in demonstration and the gospel spread. As to the people who would come to work with him, he intended that they become more than hired help who followed his directions in planting, plowing and harvesting. Under his direction they would receive training in any work necessary to keep a modern farm going whether it be setting stone, repairing a tractor or wiring a house.

As far as was possible every move would be made through the years in the direction of the one big overall procedure.

So the long job began on the worn fields, the woodland, the river and the rocks.

## 2.

While heavy rains were falling Hutchinson would put on his boots and walk over the fields to look for the flow of muddy water. He was to follow this practice through the years, knowing that only by studying the water in action could he learn exactly where it came from, where going and how it could be checked. Places that his land poured from the fields in reddish yellow solution were noted on his big map.

He found so much on his first inspections that he was tempted to nickname it Muddy Water Farm. Clear running water was the rarity.

And it was during these solitary walks in the rain that his own teachings came back to him. Things he had told his students over and over.

....Nature never intended for any water to run off the surface of her land, always providing abundant vegetation where rains are medium to heavy....grasses and forests with deep leaf mold to absorb and hold all the rainfall until the soils underneath have time for water to penetrate the earth and finally reach deep underground streams flowing toward natural channels....with this perfect balance kept, streams would run clear and flashing regardless of rainfall...a few such may be found back in forested mountain places even now...

Almost any kind of rainfall was enough to bring quick change in the color of old Stones River which bordered his farm on two sides. It bled the eastern and northern slope of the farm through an ever increasing network of gullies. Nearly two miles farther down it was joined by a smaller stream which bled the gentler slope to the west.

As the battle against the gullies began, Hutchinson found a valuable ally in the great lengths of old fallen and rusted wire fences. Sections of this were rolled and packed into the gullies at strategic points. As the general clean-up moved forward other rubbish was dumped behind the wire. Soon then the movement of soil slowed, caught

and held, and accumulated in miniature deltas along the gullies. Green appeared as vegetation took root again among the protecting mesh of the old fences, and the wounded earth was on its way to healing.

NOTES TO COMPLETE CHAPTER TWO

Page 15---

Orchards for most eroded hillsides because more time necessary for rebuilding.

Apple orchard with poultry, bees and trees working together as example of single balanced unit.

Sheet erosion on more level areas. Cover crops. Deep winter plowing.

3.

Terracing (short section on this topic alone).  
Home-made terracing apparatus--repairs to terraces--double purpose of terraces.

4.

Using the rocks.

5.

The River. Dam. Lake. Irrigation. Fish. Recreation.  
Landscape improvement afforded by lake.

LETTERS OF REFERENCE

Thomas Edward Bell

Mr. Malcolm Cowley, Associate Editor, The New Republic.

1941                    I don't know Ed Bell. I have had some correspondence with him and have read his two novels. The second was, for my taste, a little too grotesque. Rendering the grotesque side of southern life is his talent, and in that book he carried it too far. The first book, Fish on the Steeple, was a neglected masterpiece - the story of a town on the Cumberland Plateau so poor that money never came into it except when some storekeeper burned down his store to get the insurance money. The outline of the story sounds sordid, like the outline presented with his application for a fellowship. But Bell has an extraordinary gift for tenderness that makes his gargoyles seem warm and lovable. I imagine that he intends to do something like that with the old Chief of Police in the novel he is now planning to write.

                          He obviously presents a difficult problem to a fellowship committee. He isn't one of the safe writers whom everybody is going to praise. But it seems to me that his talent is really extraordinary. He ranks, so I think, with William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, and ought to get the same consideration that they would have received after publishing their first two books.

1942                    Last year I wrote a report for the Rosenwald Fund on Mr. Bell - a very favorable report, although I expressed some doubt about the project he was then submitting. I have had some correspondence with him since then, and my favorable impression of him has been confirmed. And his present project, though not strikingly original, is interesting and useful, and I like the way he has started out on it. Evidently he has found a man who has made a practical success out of good farming in middle Tennessee - and this story would be worth telling at length, because it would inspire others to imitate his here. So I strongly hope that the Fund can make him a grant this time.

Mr. John Farrar, Farrar & Rinehart.

1941 I should like to make this strong and brief.

Thomas Edward Bell is a genius in his way. If you support him in this effort, there will result something original, forthright, and on that off chance, perhaps great. I hope you'll do it.

1942 In my previous statement about Ed Bell, I said that I thought him a genius and that I believed that something original and forthright would result from his project.

I have been much impressed by his progress this year and by his plans for his new project. What I have seen of his work is enormously improved, and I feel that an extremely fine and important book will result from his project, The Professor's Farm.

I heartily recommend him for a fellowship and I hope that he may have your support.

-----

Mr. Franklin P. Adams

1941 I have known Ed Bell chiefly as a contributor to my column for many years. The pieces always were good. His novel was interesting, though it had virtually no sale. Certainly to my notion he is deserving of all the outside help he can get.

1942 No revision.

-----

Mr. John Thompson, reporter.

1941 I consider Ed Bell perhaps the most important young novelist in Tennessee today and strongly recommend you do anything you can to help his talent flower. It is apparent from his work thus far that the big things are

still ahead for him. I do not know him personally but watch with great interest everything he writes. It is apparent from his silence recently that economic conditions make it impossible for him to continue creative work and support his family. This suggests that he actually would benefit from any help you could give him. A reading of his first novel, Fish on the Steeple, should convince you that his is a talent as richly interpretive and as incisively humorous almost as that of Mark Twain. His second novel was a slight disappointment to me - second novels of young authors often are - but the plan of work outlined here indicates he is back on the right track again. I am also pleased at the wider philosophical and social implications of the proposed work. None seems to understand better than he the rich poetry to be conceived from blending grim poverty, decayed gentility, filthy horrors and high humor of character to be found in any small Tennessee town. His first novel apparently was autobiographical. His second not. This suggests that it picks up the thread of his more mature observations on the tragedies and rich significances of human life at hand. Though the South has been throbbing with a fine literary frenzy this past decade or so, the surface is hardly scratched as yet. Ed Bell is working at virtually virgin territory. T. S. Stripling has been before him at certain points, but I consider Stripling oversimplifies for the sake of irony and lacks Ed Bell's rich humanity and humor. I'm not a creative writer myself so I know few of the problems, but my observation on Ed Bell suggests that one reason for the fine vitality of his work is his deliberate scorn of "literary" tradition. He writes of filth and violence and curious humanity not because such is the fashion these days but because he knows people like that and loves them enough to see beneath their dirt. Despite the rather grinding poverty in which he has made

his way so far, Ed Bell seems to have maintained his integrity and flouted sham even among those in whom the southern Victorian tradition lingers on. I am told on reliable authority that once when a preacher wrote in to suggest he use his column in a Murfreesboro paper as the medium for letting citizens vote on the town's "best citizen", he agreed on the condition that he also be allowed to conduct a contest on "the biggest S.O.B. in town". He insisted they went together.

Among the finest scenes in his first novel were the opening in the cemetery at dusk and Shackle's furious soliloquy on his journey to town to get the man who had attacked his father. Hitherto unrecorded aspects of southern character found their way into words in that latter passage. This plan of work suggests it might well contain much finer passages. Tommy Lee Feathers, his second novel, was more aptly written than the first, but somehow lacked its completeness. This proposed novel should be written with an even surer touch, and the subject leaves little to be desired.

Ed Bell seems to me to have done remarkably with the few opportunities that have come his way. I know of no reason to doubt his integrity or abilities. Those who know him tell me he's a pretty tough nut. Certainly he has bound himself down with drudgery uncomplainingly and competently under trying circumstances. Given a little rope, he'd probably lasso the moon. He seems to have the ability for hard work and can support himself by newspaper correspondent work, but he might do so much more, if given a chance.

1942

Since my previous recommendation of Ed Bell, I have met the gentleman in question. Direct observation seemed to bear out entirely my previous impression of his personality. The only thing I care to add to

what I previously wrote is some comment on his new proposed work. Needless to say, a work of that scope could be of inestimable value to the South and the nation as a whole. It would likely have a fine market, if properly done. I must confess I think Ed Bell's chief talents lie in the direction of creative fiction. However, he has had plenty of newspaper experience to train him in sound reporting, even of a case history such as he proposes. I don't know whether his educational background is equal to the task of framing his case history with proper sociological implications and at the same time keeping it readable. I don't see why his fictional talents could not adapt themselves to this task. I am sure of one thing - Bell's writing in any field is bound to be effective. As you doubtless know, Bell has been working for time past for the WPA Writers' Project. This experience will doubtless be of benefit in the proposed work and may have been what led him to choose such a subject. I'm not familiar with his work in this field and suggest you contact William R. McDaniel, 2008 15th Avenue, South, Nashville, under whom he has worked.

I would like to say again that any work of the proposed type which is honest and factual and at the same time inspirational in effect would be of greatest value. Many people these days are screaming that the South's future social well-being lies entirely in industrialization. I disagree, if we merely follow the industrial pattern of other sections. It seems that far more important would be the regeneration of southern agriculture (accompanied by some industrialization along southern patterns). The South's entire culture lives in agricultural terms and to agricultural rhythms. Heaven knows it needs regeneration - but I mean just that. Revivifying something

that was once good will mean more to the South and the country that the attempt to alter the pattern of life here entirely.

The thought occurs to me that Bell could probably do the proposed work for the WPA Writers' Project, though under these circumstances it would not have the appeal and wide influence of independent publication. Also there is the chance that such WPA activity as the Writers' Project is doomed to die under the stress of war conditions.

I hope you can see your way to helping Bell produce what I believe would be a fine piece of work. At any rate, I can only reiterate that I know of no middle Tennessee writer that appears to me to have greater talent - or talent worthier of development.

-----

Mr. James R. Patterson, Dentist, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

1941 I consider Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the South. He is the kind of writer who gives much study to his subject through actual contact. I have known him for at least ten years and I have always found him to be a gentleman of high quality.

Mr. Bell spends a lot of his time in the study of the Negro race and the unfortunate white populace of the State of Tennessee as well as the study of the entire people of the state. If there is any man deserving of this fellowship, I feel that Mr. Bell is the man.

1942 I wish to state again that I think Mr. Bell one of the foremost writers of the times. The main character in his book The Professor's Farm is a great friend of mine and other people in this rural section of Tennessee. This book as given in the enclosed synopsis gives the true

character of one of the finest men in the nation. I sincerely hope you will allow Mr. Bell this fellowship which I think he so richly deserves. I am sure I am speaking the sentiments of the Negroes of this entire city and county when I ask for this chance for Mr. Bell. We are sure that if these fellowships are given for competency that no mistake could be made in selecting him.

-----

Mr. Herschel Brickell, Senior Cultural Relations Officer, U. S. Embassy, Bogota, Colombia.

Bell has written two rather remarkable novels which I have read carefully both to review and as evidence of his worthiness to have a fellowship in other years. I have a high regard for his intelligence and honesty, and I must say the present project appeals to me very much. I don't believe it is altogether because of my own strong agricultural instincts either. It seems to me that such a book written by a writer who believes in the value and importance of the material could very easily be an important contribution to the whole subject of good farming. In fact, I think I can see possibilities for such a book here in Colombia where erosion is a grave problem. So I give my hearty endorsement to the project, because of the happy combination of subject and author. Good pictures will enhance the value of the book.

-----

# FELLOWSHIPS

May 6, 1941

Dear Miss Sherer: Late in February you were  
kind enough to lend us from  
your library a copy of Fish on the Steeple, by  
Ed Bell. We thank you for the use of the book  
in connection with Mr. Bell's application for  
a fellowship, and I am writing to say that it  
is being returned to you under separate cover.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

Acting-Director  
for Fellowships

WCH:MLJ

Miss Adelaide A. Sherer  
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.  
232 Madison Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

2116 Kalorama Road,  
Washington, D.C.,  
February 16, 1942.

# FELLOWSHIPS

Dear Mr. Haygood:

After making a statement about Mr. Ed Bell on the second form you sent me, I found the original form, which had been mislaid in the midst of my peregrinations from Connecticut and about Washington. Here it is—and I hope that Mr. Bell gets a chance to use his really remarkable talent on the new project he has outlined.

Sincerely yours,

Malcolm Cowley

Mr. William C. Haygood,  
Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
4901 Ellis Avenue,  
Chicago, ILL.

WCH	2/18	WCH	o

## FELLOWSHIPS

well	30	6	30

820 East State St  
Murfreesboro, Tenn

28th December 1941

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

This is running pretty late, but I would like to try to get an application for a fellowship under the wire if you will kindly drop me some blanks by the next mail.

Sincerely yours,

*Ed Bell*

Ed Bell

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

January 7, 1942

Dear Mr. Bell: I certainly do not want to add further to the disagreement between you and your Alma Mater. Therefore the procedure you followed last year of submitting some of your work instead of transcripts will be perfectly all right. We should like to have this exhibit at any time you can conveniently send it.

Sincerely yours,

WCH:MLU

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

Mr. Ed Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

Web 6	Web 6		

4th January 1942

FELLOWSHIPS

Mr. William C. Haygood,  
Director for Fellowships,  
Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
Chicago

Dear Mr. Haygood:

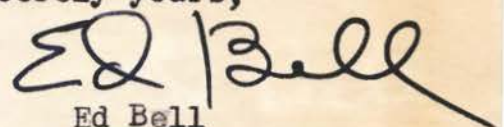
Thanks for sending me the application blanks.

I began this work sometime ago and have gathered a great deal of material, but the war disrupted my plans and that is the reason I decided to try for a fellowship at such a late hour.

When I applied for one to do a novel last year I was permitted to submit some samples of published work instead of a transcript of my college record. If agreeable, I'd like to do the same again. I'm not ashamed of the record, but since I had some bad disagreements with the college officials and do not want to have anything else to do with them.

Farrar & Rinehart has agreed to publish this book.

Sincerely yours,

  
Ed Bell



# FELLOWSHIPS.

March 5, 1942

Dear Mr. Bell:      The times are parlous  
indeed, but the extra  
reading material you sent is welcome. I  
have added it to your fellowship folder.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM C. HAYGOOD

WCH:McK

Mr. Ed Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

3rd March 1942

	WCH	3/4	WCH	4

Mr. William C. Haygood,  
Director for Fellowships,  
Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
Chicago

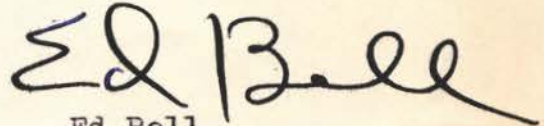
Dear Mr. Haygood:

Yesterday I mailed you an envelope of stuff I've done over the years including a little fiction, some editorials and articles. Also a couple of reviews somebody else had done about my first book.

I hope the amount submitted is not too much because it's downright inhumane to dump extra reading upon other people in these parlous times.

Many thanks for the easement as to the college transcripts.

Sincerely,

  
Ed Bell

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

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 This is a full-rate Telegram ~~Cablegram~~ unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

1201

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SYMBOLS	
DL	Day Letter
NT	Overnight Telegram
LC	Deferred Cable
NLT	Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram	

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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

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1942 APR 21 AM 11:42

WILLIAM C HAYGOOD, DIRECTOR FOR FELLOWSHIPS=

JULIUS ROSENWALD FUND 4901 ELLIS AVE=

CONFERRED LOCAL SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICIALS TODAY AFTER  
 RECEIPT YOUR LETTER. CLASSIFICATION III-A ORDER NO 3332.  
 NO PROBABILITY INDUCTION MANY MONTHS UNLESS MILITARY  
 SITUATION DRASTICALLY WORSENS DUE RESERVE YOUNGER MEN  
 WITHOUT DEPENDENTS. READY START PROJECT IMMEDIATELY.  
 THEREFORE ACCEPT NOMINATION WITH PROFOUND GRATITUDE YOU AND  
 ALL COMMITTEE. FAITHFULLY=

ED BELL.

WCH 21  
DAE

WCH 0  
BE 4/28

III-A 3332. COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



# FELLOWSHIPS

April 28, 1942

Dear Mr. Bell: I have seen your recent correspondence with Mr. Haygood in connection with the fellowship awarded to you a short time ago. It is customary for us to make payment in monthly instalments spread over the period for which the grant was made. Kindly let me know when you are ready to begin work, giving me the address to which your monthly check should be mailed.

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY A. ELVIDE

DE:McK

Mr. Thomas Edward Bell  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

# FELLOWSHIPS

30th April 1942

DE	5/1	DE	5/1
WCH		WCH	°

Miss Dorothy A. Elvidge,  
Secretary and Comptroller,  
Julius Rosenwald Fund,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Elvidge:

I am free to begin this projected work immediately, due to the fact that the job at which I was employed was a recent casualty of the war program, and so if it is convenient with you to date my grant from May 1, it will be very well indeed.

My permanent address will be:

820 East State Street,  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Thanking you very much, I am

Sincerely,

  
Thomas Edward Bell

*total pay \$150*

**FISK**  
  
**UNIVERSITY**

# FELLOWSHIPS

May 1, 1942

Dear Mr. Bell:            Thank you for your letter  
   of April 30. Our check  
for \$150 is enclosed, covering the first pay-  
ment on your grant. Additional payments for  
the same amount will be sent on the 1st of each  
month to and including April 1, 1943.

Very truly yours,

DOROTHY A. ELVIDGE

DAE:AM

Mr. ~~Thomas Edward Bell~~  
820 East State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

**FISK**  
  
**UNIVERSITY**

	WCH	12/9	WCH	12/10

*July  
May*

December 4, 1946

FELLOWSHIPS  
*Walter Fellow*

Dear Mr. Haygood:

It was most pleasant to hear from you again. Since receiving your letter I've looked around considerably for some worthy fellowship candidates and have two suggestions. These are The Rev. Joseph L. Kellermann, young Episcopal minister who was an Army chaplain during the war and is now doing work for his church in Nashville, and B. E. Hobgood a prominent educator here who just recently led a successful fight to get a pay raise for more than 200 of the county's school teachers. Both have Murfreesboro addresses. I have not had the opportunity to discuss the matter with either but think they might be interested. I sent the fellowship announcements to them.

*Sent stamps*

There is another matter that has been brought to my attention by some Negro friends concerning a very bad situation in their high and elementary school here and I wondered if there is a possibility that the Fund might give them any assistance. The Negro high school which serves an entire county is badly overcrowded and in such condition that it has lost its A rating and is threatened with losing its State aid entirely. I understand an obstinate county court has repeatedly deferred action about it. The elementary school which serves a large Negro population in the city is likewise overcrowded and considered a firetrap. If you think the Fund would be interested in looking into this I'd be glad to supply more detailed information.

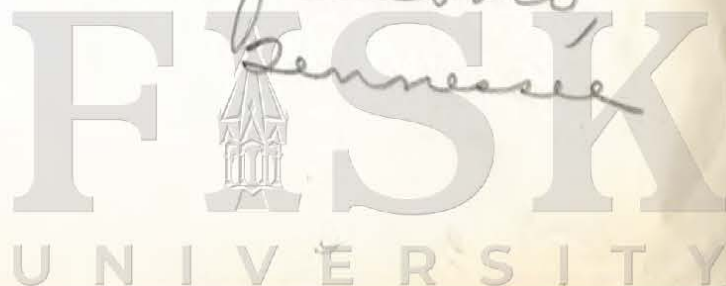
My own activities have been confined mainly to newspapering in recent years and have published nothing worth mention. However, I've been working on a long piece of fiction now and then which I hope eventually will prove worth the effort.

Sincerely yours,

*Ed Bell*

Ed Bell

*Murfreesboro, Tennessee*



FELLOWSHIPS

December 10, 1946

Dear Mr. Bell: Thank you very much for your recent letter. Since neither Rev. Kellermann nor Mr. Hobgood have written us for application blanks I am taking the liberty of enclosing two sets with the hope that you will get them to these two gentlemen in case they do wish to apply for a fellowship. I am sorry that the matter of the local Negro high school is something which falls completely outside of our function as a national foundation. As you probably know, the first years of the Fund and Mr. Rosenwald's original interest were centered on a program of help to construct thousands of Negro schools in the southern states. This program was closed out a number of years ago, and I see no chance that we will re-enter the field, particularly in view of the fact that the Fund is approaching its final years. I hope that when the book is published you will drop me a card.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM G. HAYGOOD

WCH:en  
Enclosures - 2

Mr. (Ed) Bell  
Murfreesboro  
Tennessee

FISK  
UNIVERSITY

Ed Bell  
820 E. State Street  
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

THE CONNING TOWER

By

F.P.A.

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune, Jan. 18, 1934)

In Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on the Daily News-Journal a boy in his early twenties writes a column that will make its author a man much talked of in the future as a writing fellow. His name is Ed Bell, and his column now two years old, is his first writing jog. One of his pieces follows:

An afternoon in February with yellow winter sunshine coming down the small hill on South Walnut and reflecting across the shanties of Blackbottom...A great bony Negro woman rocking on the porch of a house at the bottom of the hill, a dingy poodle dog at her feet, its belly turned up to the friendly sun...That was when I first thought of this column--a long

time ago...I remember it was George Washington's birthday because, when I asked the old Negro to tell me a story, I suggested that she should stick to the truth for once, the occasion being what it was...And she told me a tale...Aunt Alice Kimbrough, who had been living ninety years, told me about her youth, about when she was known as D'King, the champion wrestler of anywhere there is.

She was the most wrestling fool that ever wore a shoe polish skin, and no man nor woman could throw her down... Except one man and she married him...The folks came from 500 and sometimes 5,000 miles to see D'King...They would flock on the fences like blackbirds to watch her grab them up and lay them on the cold, cold ground...When a nigger man or nigger woman got mean and talked too much, they said, "We get D'King to han'le you" and the bragger run away and never come back again...

On D'King's wedding day, when they were fixing her up with fine clothes to marry the only man in the whole world who could throw her down, a bigmouth yellow woman from the north country come along...The yellow said she never been throwed by anybody..."We get D'King to han'le you", the wedding guests said...But D'King was a busy woman...The barbecue was cooked, George and the preacher waiting...George was her true love...

D'King told them to go tell that fool 'oman she had no crow to pick with anybody anymore except George...She was

not wrestling again until she was a married woman...But her father said, "You no 'oman less you kin."...Which made her courage rise up till she laid by her bridal veil and went out to throw down the bigmouth yellow from the north country....She made one pass at her middle and threw her so hard she hit the ground like a shock apple...Before the woman could get up D'King was back in the house ready to marry the only man.

D'King and her good friend who was name Cassie Ann were the strongest niggers anywhere there is...They could stand in a half bushel measure and shoulder three bushels of wheat... If D'King hesitated, her father said, "You no 'oman less you kin."...Then she lifted it without one word more.

She was the healthiest pickaninny slave down in Texas... It was because she got so much sugar to eat...And the way she got all the sugar was by busting her bare big toe against a rock and running to the Missus to medecine it with turpentine and sugar...D'King ate the sugar off the toe and got fat.

After her marriage to George Kimbrough, she settled down because George done her good...He never called her fool, or liar like all the other niggers' husbands who called their women everything but a cedar bush...The night of the wedding there was happy doings at the white folks' house and D'King and George got so many chicken for presents they had to get two somebodies to help carry them home...They lived together many years doing good and having seven children...Of these

she was proudest of a double-jointed nigger nam Iz...Iz hit a Kentucky mule in the head with his fist once and the mule didn't live any more.

That was the tale Aunt Alice told me on a yellow winter afternoon a long time ago---I saved it to tell when she died.

All of material on this page including editorial

Haynes Hdw. Co. American Wire Fence, Sherwin-Williams Paints, Aladdin Lamps and Supplies. Deming Automatic Home Water Systems.

# THE RUTHERFORD COURIER

R. T. GROOM NOTHING BUT INSURANCE PHONE 757

VOL. 10.—NO. 7.

—EIGHT PAGES—

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1940

—EIGHT PAGES—

5c PER COPY

## 40 Farm Families To Benefit By FSA Sanitation Grants

### Health Department Here Is Cooperating In The New Program

#### \$100 IS THE MAXIMUM

#### Screens, Protected Water Supply, Available To Small Farmers

About 40 Rutherford county farm families will be provided protected water supplies, screens and sanitary privies through a sanitation program sponsored by the Farm Security Administration in cooperation with the County Health Department, Thomas L. Link, county FSA supervisor announced yesterday.

#### Aids Small Farmers

He said that small farmers now farming under the FSA's rehabilitation program will be assisted where it is necessary through loans and grants to provide the sanitation conveniences.

"The idea is to help extend sanitation work already approved by the State health authorities," he said, "but which the State of the families themselves have not been able to finance due to limited funds."

A maximum of \$100 has been allotted for each family and the amount of aid each receives will be determined by a survey of their needs.

The program will be carried out by the FSA supervisor working in cooperation with E. R. Smith, county sanitarian.

Miss Sarah Abernathy, District Home Supervisor of the FSA, Nashville, came here last week to confer with Link and Smith.

The program includes the installation of 16-mesh screens for fly and mosquito protection.

Some of the reasons for these services were listed as follows: To aid families in rural districts in obtaining facilities which they have not previously had because of limited funds; to get at the roots of some of the social and economic ills existing in certain rural areas; and to protect Farm Security Administration loans to small farmers, that is,

## Fine Night For Planes

(An Editorial)

It is strange about the white cat and the old dog. Once they were bitter enemies. When she was a kitten he kept her up a tree most of the night. Crouched in the grass he looked upward all night, his eyes shining, whimpering for her blood. But she grew older and developed claws and sharpened them on the bark of the tree when the dog was not around, and one day when he almost had her she wheeled at the base of the tree and ripped his nose with her new weapons. He yowled in pain and rubbed his nose in the dirt.

They are friends now, or at least, they are respectful neighbors. For two summers, when the soft nights come and the shell-backed bugs crawl on the paving under the street lights, the white cat and the old dog keep a peaceful watch over the neighborhood. She sits by the fireplug on one side. Across the street, facing her, the old dog lies on his belly, looking across, but never renewing the old feud. They watch the midnight bugs crawl while the people are asleep in the wooden, suburban houses and the old dog never shows fight unless some strays of his own kind come into the neighborhood to disturb the white cat.

He has great respect for her, remembering the burning claws across his nose, when he threatened her once too many times.

The radio talks about the war almost all the time now.

The people become radio addicts more than ever. They regret to get away from it at midnight, or after, and some of them have placed the small cigar-box radios by their bedsides to listen on until the gray comes at the windows and the birds begin to whistle outside.

At noon the announcer says to use a certain kind of soap to wash your hair and keep it healthy. Then he tells of 125,000 Dutch soldiers being killed in four days and that the President, or Secretary of State, has made another speech of protest that civilization will vanish if the Germans are not stopped. Use this kind of soap and preserve your hair, he warns. If we are all to be torn and dissolved by fire and

(Continued on page 4)

## J. R. Shelton, Confederate Veteran, Rites Wednesday

### Aided Gen. N. B. Forrest In Pursuit, Capture, Of Col. Streight

Jesse Ransom Shelton, 96, who rode with General Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry in his youth, died at his home near Beech Grove Tuesday morning.

He was one of the three surviving Confederate veterans in this county.

Enlisting in the Confederate army at 18, he was supposed to join the infantry but Forrest's picturesque band came by Hoover's Gap and he went along and served in the famous Starnes regiment, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.

He was with Forrest on the famous pursuit and capture of Col. Abel D. Streight May 4, 1863. Be-

## Moving Pictures To Be Taken During Midstate Ridathon

### Tony Sudekum, Owner Of Theatre Chain, To Make Newsreel

#### TRAIL IS ANNOUNCED

#### Ride Will Begin At Old Sky Harbor Airport; 14 Miles Long

Moving pictures of the Midstate Goodwill Ridathon to be held June 4, will be made and shown through out the Crescent Amusement Co. theatre circuit, it was announced this week by the Rutherford County Walking Horse Club, sponsor of the event.

The sponsors said that Tony Sudekum, owner of the theatre chain, had assured them that his houses would show newsreels of the ride. They also said that newspapers throughout the area had been contacted and had promised to cooperate in advertising the program.

#### 300 Riders Expected

At a meeting of the horse supply committee Tuesday night, called by the chairman, S. F. Houston, plans were discussed for securing horses for the first Ridathon sponsored by the Walking Horse Association of Rutherford County.

Houston estimated that there would be as many as 300 riders to enter the Ridathon, representing Rutherford and the neighboring counties of Middle Tennessee. The chairman stated that several counties of the area would send both riders and horses to participate in the event. The owners of famous prize walking horses, he said would be sent here.

Riders would be supplied with horses for the day for the sum of \$3 each, Houston said, and all those wishing to make reservations might do so by applying to him. Also, he requests those who have horses to lend for the occasion to see him immediately.

#### Trail Announced

T. E. Hord, chairman of the trail committee, announced that the route mapped out for the riders to follow will begin at the old Sky Harbor airport on the Nashville Highway, over the Jefferson road to the Florence Baptist Church.

## Roosevelt Plans To Attend Hospital Dedication Here

### \$55,000.00 Appropriation For Facility Waits Final Approval

#### GETS BERRY'S OKAY

#### Program Will Include Driveways And Lake Dam Extension

A \$55,000 WPA grant for street construction, beautification and reinforcing the dam at Lake Bodnar has been tentatively approved for the Veterans Hospital by Col. Harry S. Berry, State WPA administrator, Sam Jared, Jr., manager of the hospital announced this week.

Application for the grant and plans for the projects have been sent to Washington for final approval.

#### Projects Planned

If the grant is made the projects undertaken will include further beautification of the grounds, completion of the streets and walkways, a road around the entire facility grounds that is called for in the original plans, road to the filtration plant and piggery, soil erosion projects and reinforcement and extension of the dam at Lake Bodnar on the hospital site, Jared said.

Dr. Richard L. Harris, chief medical officer at the hospital announced that a course of lectures was started Monday for women interested in becoming members of the Gray Ladies Corps of the American Red Cross. Sixteen lecturers will be included in the course and they will be given by members of the hospital staff.

This organization is a part of the Red Cross service and was given the Gray Ladies by the president.

(Continued on page 4)

## Twenty-Nine Complete Red Cross First Aid Courses Here Recently

In two first aid classes recently conducted by the local chapter of the Red Cross 16 people passed

#### COMING HERE



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

## War Relief Drive Is Started In County

### Red Cross Raising Funds To Aid Invaded Lands; Quota \$1,400

R. T. Bell, who has been named county chairman of the American Red Cross war relief drive by Wade Stockard, chairman of the Red Cross of Rutherford county, states that the call for relief in the countries of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg has been met with splendid response from the people of Rutherford county.

The emergency call for \$10,000,000 from the people of the United States for the relief of the war-torn countries has been sent out by Norman Davis, head of the National

### 'Sometime In August' Is Probable Date—Plans To Be Changed

#### TALKSWITH SENATOR

#### Jewell Predicts Event Will Draw Crowd Of 100,000 Or More

President Roosevelt will come to Murfreesboro, probably sometime in August, for the dedication of the Veterans hospital, John J. Jewell Jr., general chairman of the celebration program announced yesterday.

Jewell was advised that the President would be here by a letter from Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, who said that he had talked with him the morning of May 14 and that Roosevelt had stated that Murfreesboro would be included in his Southern itinerary.

#### Date To Be Changed

"He expects to go to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, perhaps in August to dedicate the park, then to Chattanooga to dedicate the dam and on to Murfreesboro to dedicate the hospital," McKellar stated.

The date for the dedication had been tentatively set for July 4, but Jewell announced that the Manager Sam Jared Jr., the Veterans Administration and the local sponsors had previously agreed to change it to meet the convenience of the president, should he decide to come.

well and Edgar Cherry, executive secretary for the dedication program, stated that the President would bring at least 100,000 people here for the occasion.

"That is a conservative estimate," they said. "All plans have been held in abeyance until we could hear from the President," Jewell said. "We know now what we have to do. It will be a big job, but we will have more time. Instead of building a platform for 300 people, we will need one now for 2,000."

ty sanitarium.  
Miss Sarah Abernathy, District Home Supervisor of the FSA, Nashville, came here last week to confer with Link and Smith.

The program includes the installation of 16-mesh screens for fly and mosquito protection.

Some of the reasons for these services were listed as follows: To aid families in rural districts in obtaining facilities which they have not previously had because of limited funds; to get at the roots of some of the social and economic ills existing in certain rural areas; and to protect Farm Security Administration loans to small farmers, that is, to make loans sounder by protecting the health of its borrowers.

## Jasper W. Mankin Dies At Hospital

### Services Held Wednesday For Midland Trader And Landowner

Funeral services for Jasper W. Mankin, 59, who died at Rutherford hospital Tuesday morning at seven o'clock, were conducted Wednesday afternoon at his home in Midland by Elder Clyde Gleaves. Burial was in Evergreen cemetery under the direction of Woodfin & Moore. Mr. Mankin was a large landowner and trader. The son of John and Mattie Morgan Mankin, he was born and reared in the 24th District. In December 1904, he was married to Miss Bertha Spence and had lived at Midland ever since. He was a member of the New Zion Church of Christ.

Surviving are his wife; a brother, Ellis Mankin of Dayton, O.; two sisters, Mrs. Beulah Mallard and Mrs. Florence Jernigan both of Nashville and several nieces and nephews.

## Midstate Band Festival To Return Here In 1941

### Sponsors Plan Two-Day Program, Concert By 350 'All-Stars'

Murfreesboro will be host to the Middle Tennessee Band Festival again next year, Edgar Cherry, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce announced yesterday.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Middle Tennessee School Band Association in Nashville Wednesday night it was voted to return the festival to Murfreesboro which had its first last month.

**Expansion Planned**  
The committee also planned to expand the third annual festival into a two-day event estimated that at least 35 bands, representing between 2,000 and 2,500 school musicians, would take part.

The tentative date was fixed at Friday and Saturday of the third (Continued on page 8)

Forrest's cavalry in his youth, died at his home near Beech Grove Tuesday morning.

He was one of the three surviving Confederate veterans in this county.

Enlisting in the Confederate army at 18, he was supposed to join the infantry but Forrest's picturesque band came by Hoover's Gap and he went along and served in the famous Starnes regiment, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry.

He was with Forrest on the famous pursuit and capture of Col. Abel D. Streight May 4, 1863. Beginning at Spring Hill, Tennessee the chase led into North Alabama and after jumping the quarry near Sand Mountain, a three-day running fight followed along the Black Warrior river.

Shelton recalled one of the most famous stories of the War between the States—that of Emma Sanson, young Southern girl, who directed General Forrest to a secret ford after Streight had emplaced guns covering what he believed was the only crossing point.

Forrest was enabled to capture Streight, 1,640 men and equipment with about 420 men and Shelton was among that number.

Near Sparta he had his horse killed beneath him and then he fell a victim of typhoid fever at Loudon and was cared for by a Union sympathizer. He was permitted to (Continued on page 4)

### Services Are Conducted For William G. Walker

Funeral services for William Gleaves Walker, 23, who died of a self-inflicted shotgun wound at his home in Antioch Monday afternoon were conducted at the Fosterville Church of Christ Wednesday by Elder Calloway Todd. Services were under the direction of Woodfin & Moore

Surviving are his wife; a brother, Ellis Mankin of Dayton, O.; two sisters, Mrs. Beulah Mallard and Mrs. Florence Jernigan both of Nashville and several nieces and nephews.

### Central Band To Leave For Cotton Carnival This Morning

Central high school's 73-piece band will leave this morning at seven o'clock for Memphis to take part in the annual Cotton Carnival.

The band, directed by C. H. Hill of Nashville, was invited to the big festival several months ago as the result of a visit here last fall by a Memphis citizen who saw the local musicians perform at a football game and was impressed to the extent of recommending them to the Carnival sponsors.

**Away Three Days**  
It will be a three-day trip and the group will be accompanied by Hill, J. C. Mitchell, Edgar Cherry, Mrs. N. D. Brown, Mrs. Kirk Webb and Mrs. J. C. Kelton.

This afternoon the band will give (Continued on page 8)

William (Buck) Riat, who spent a night and day in the Rutherford county jail last week following his capture in Coffee county with 165 gallons of whiskey by Patrolmen W. T. Shelton and J. V. Orr, was bound over to the Federal Grand Jury by United States Commissioner Lee Brock Wednesday.

He was charged with possession and transportation of non-taxpaid whiskey. He made bond of \$500.

According to federal officers, Riat, who lives in Nashville has served a number of jail and federal penitentiary sentences on liquor charges and is already under bond for alleged liquor hijacking, federal liquor and State vehicle traffic law violations.

## No Clues Uncovered In Farm Robbery

### Two Men Threaten, Rob 'Uncle Billy' Mallard At Peak's Hill

Investigation of the early morning robbery of W. E. (Uncle Billy) Mallard, 78, at Peak's Hill near Readyville Thursday by two men, appeared at a dead end last night when Sheriff G. W. Thompson returned from a day's search in the vicinity and reported no clues.

Mallard told the Sheriff that the two men came to his farm home, about 12 miles from Murfreesboro, between one and two o'clock and, calling him by his nickname, asked to use his telephone. They said their car was stuck in the mud.

Mrs. Mallard was the only other person at the home.

The two men entered, blew out the light, cut the telephone wire and asked for the couple's money, threatening them with death, Mallard said.

"We told them we didn't have any money."

He said they ransacked the house. Then, he said, they carried away a trunk containing about \$35, including an aged \$20 bill. The trunk also held some old notes and other papers. Sheriff Thompson said that he had some hope of tracing down the robbers through the \$20 bill, but otherwise he was up against a blank wall.

Aiding in the investigation were Deputies C. C. Broyles, Herbert McClanahan and the Sheriff's son, Doris.

### Executive Committee Meeting Called

Dr. W. T. Robison, chairman of the Rutherford County Democratic Executive Committee, yesterday called a meeting of the committee to be held in the Circuit Court room May 22 at 2 p. m. Purpose of the meeting will be selecting delegates to the Democratic convention in Nashville June 20, and to select a County Primary Board.

the owners of famous prize walking horses, he said would be sent here.

Riders would be supplied with horses for the day for the sum of \$3 each, Houston said, and all those wishing to make reservations might do so by applying to him. Also, he requests those who have horses to lend for the occasion to see him immediately.

### Trail Announced

T. E. Hord, chairman of the trail committee, announced that the route mapped out for the riders to follow will begin at the old Sky Harbor airport on the Nashville Highway, over the Jefferson road to the Florence Baptist Church, along the Nashville highway, through Hick's lane and Joe Bond's lane across Overall creek to Asbury Church, then to Ernest Smith's on the Manson road and to Stones River National Park as far as the Confederate monument at McFadden's Ford.

Lunch will be served at Mitchell's woods at noon and a program of (Continued on page 8)

## Mrs. Lena Bowling Funeral Thursday

### Sharpesville Woman Dies At Home Following Long Illness

Funeral services for Mrs. Lena Bowling, 66, who died at her home near Sharpesville Tuesday night at 11 o'clock after a long illness, were conducted at the Sharpesville Church of Christ Thursday morning at ten o'clock by Joe Homer Netherland. Burial was in Evergreen cemetery under the direction of Jennings & Ayers.

She was the widow of M. W. Bowling who died eight years ago and was a member of the Sharpesville church of Christ.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Jordan Elrod of Lascassas and Miss Lavada Bowling of Ducktown, Tenn.; two sons, John Bowling of Phoenix, Ariz., and Wilson Bowling of Lascassas; a brother, Elbert Hutchinson of near Lascassas, three grandchildren and a nephew.

Pallbearers were Charlie Dill, Tom Dill, Porter McKnight, Ed Kerr, Hugh Gamble, Jim Dickens and H. R. Craddock.

### Mrs. Dovie Mallard Funeral Wednesday

Funeral services for Mrs. Dovie Mallard, 37, who died at her home Tuesday after a short illness, were conducted at her home Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock by the Rev. B. B. Pennington. Burial was in Evergreen cemetery under the direction of Woodfin & Moore.

The daughter of William H. and Nancy Hopkins Pendergrass, she was born and reared in Coffee county.

Surviving are a son, Fred Cook Mallard; four sisters, Mrs. Will Cornelius, Mrs. Maggie Webb, Mrs. Mary Marsh and Mrs. Belle Herrod; two brothers Charles and Oscar Pendergrass, all of Murfreesboro.

Gray Ladies Corps of the American Red Cross. Sixteen lecturers will be included in the course and they will be given by members of the hospital staff.

This organization is a part of the Red Cross service and was given the Gray Ladies by the (Continued on page 6)

## Twenty-Nine Complete Red Cross First Aid Courses Here Recently

In two first aid classes recently conducted by the local chapter of the Red Cross 16 people passed the standard course on instruction and 13 completed the advanced course. T. A. Moore, instructor for the classes announced yesterday.

Seven employees of Wilson & Co. passed the standard course and six completed the advance course. Bell Bros. Lumber Co. had two men to complete each course.

The following completed the courses, standard course—Patrolman W. T. Shelton, Homer Pittard, Richard Sewell, J. J. Victory, James Hasting, Alsie Tucker, Johnnie Legg, Sara Johnson, Martha Lee, John Kelton, W. O. Wall, Mrs. W. O. Wall, Mary Drake, Roy King, Albert Caffey and Wilson Gillespie. Advanced course—Pittard, Patrolman Shelton, Richard Sewell, Sara Johnson, Martha Lee, John Kelton, W. O. Wall, Mrs. W. O. Wall, Mary Drake, Roy King, James Hasting, Albert Caffey, and J. J. Victory.

### Flower Show

The doors of the annual spring flower show sponsored by the Murfreesboro Garden Club will open to the public at 1 p. m., at the Woman's Club, is the announcement made by Mrs. Cecil Elrod, chairman of the exhibit. Other details of the show and a list of flower classifications will be found on another page of the paper.

## S. B. Christy Is Honored At Hospital Observance

The unveiling of a portrait of the late S. B. Christy was the main feature of open house held at Rutherford Hospital Monday afternoon, from two to four o'clock. The program observing National Hospital Day was sponsored by the Women's Auxiliary to Rutherford Hospital of which Mrs. D. L. Ledbetter is president.

### Speakers Presented

The ceremony took place on the east porch of the hospital with Mrs. Ledbetter presiding and introducing the speakers. S. F. Houston, chairman of the administrative board, in his welcome address expressed appreciation of their presence and evidenced the hope of a continued understanding between the people and the hospital. He stated that he wished this spirit of cooperation might be increasingly manifested throughout the county in the future.

### Quota \$1,400

R. T. Bell, who has been named county chairman of the American Red Cross war relief drive by Wade Stockard, chairman of the Red Cross of Rutherford county, states that the call for relief in the countries of Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg has been met with splendid response from the people of Rutherford county.

The emergency call for \$10,000,000 from the people of the United States for the relief of the war-torn countries has been sent out by Norman Davis, head of the national chapter in Washington, D. C. and the quota set for this county is \$1,400.

To assist in the drive, Mr. Bell has asked the following to receive donations in their communities: Murfreesboro—C. E. Watson, C. B. Huggins Jr., Mrs. J. K. Marshall and Mrs. T. A. Robertson; Smyrna—Frank Peyton, W. B. Jordan and Mrs. Nell Coleman; Lascassas—Mrs. Hollis Donnell; Milton—Mrs. J. W. Matthews; Eagleville—H. K. Stephenson; Dilton—N. W. Delbridge; Manchester road—Ramsey Snell; Rockvale—Doc Burns.

The telegram received from Norman Davis, concerning the call for emergency relief, follows:

With the invasion of Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg the war has entered a phase which will inevitably and at once bring widespread and appalling suffering to millions of helpless men, women and children. In order to inaugurate widespread relief measures the American Red Cross is at once launching a campaign for a minimum war relief fund of ten million dollars. Your chapter quota is 1400.00 dollars. Please at once mobilize the entire leadership of your chapter and community in order that your quota may be raised and exceeded without delay. Chapters may retain fifteen percent of collections to cover their local war relief expenses. Letter of instructions follows.

Dr. W. T. Robison, member of the staff, was presented and spoke on "The Hospital's Relation to the Community." He mentioned the advantages of the institution to the medical profession and to the community in general, and emphasized the improved conception toward the function of the hospital on the part of the public. He pointed out that it was the desire of the institution to treat as many worthy needy cases as possible. He gave statistics on the number of babies born at the hospital since its founding in 1927 and the number of patients treated.

Dr. J. B. Black, head of Rutherford County Health Unit, gave a tribute to S. B. Christy, late president of the Board of Directors of the hospital and chairman of the administrative board, who was instrumental in getting the hospital (Continued on page 8)

had previously agreed to change it to meet the convenience of the president, should he decide to come.

Jewell and Edgar Cherry, executive secretary for the dedication program, stated that the President would bring at least 100,000 people here for the dedication. "That is a conservative estimate," they said.

"All plans have been held in abeyance until we could hear from the President," Jewell said. "We know now what we have to do. It will be a big job, but we will have more time. Instead of building a platform for 300 people, we will need one now for 2,000."

It was announced that the heads of all committees would be called to meet next week to work out plans for the activities of each committee and to set up tentative budgets.

McKellar's letter was the first indication here that Roosevelt had postponed his Southern trip because (Continued on page 8)

## Services Conducted For Cant Jacobs, 73

### Was Fatally Injured Here Sunday Night When Hit By Automobile

Funeral services for Cant Jacobs, 73, Rutherford county's fourth traffic fatality of the year, who died at Rutherford hospital Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock, were conducted at the Todd cemetery Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock by the Rev. Woodrow Medlock. Woodfin & Moore had charge.

Mr. Jacobs was fatally injured when he was struck by an automobile on East Main street near the Church of Christ Sunday evening. City Policemen Claude Vance and Ernest Carlton, who investigated, said that Jacobs had apparently walked from behind a parked machine and into an automobile driven by William Smith of the Manson pike.

According to the officers, Smith said that he did not see Mr. Jacobs before the accident and believed the rear of the car struck him.

The son of Benton and Sally Jacobs, he was born and reared near (Continued on page 8)

### Three Negroes Ask \$30,000 Damages

Three damage suits totaling \$30,000 were filed in Circuit Court Wednesday against J. C. Jacobs and the Comer Produce Co., of Morrison.

Three Negroes, Willie Alsup, Joe Childress and Joe Batey, are claiming \$10,000 each for injuries allegedly suffered when a truck rammed the wagon on which they were riding two and a half miles on the Shelbyville road May 13.

Childress received head injuries, Alsup, injuries on the head, back and face and Batey, a lacerated leg, back and sides.

A mule was killed.

# Uncle Dave Returns From Hollywood, Cal.

KITTRELL, Tenn.—Uncle Dave Macon returned home last Monday from a three week's stay in Hollywood, Calif., where he has been engaged in the filming of a picture entitled "The Grand Ole Opry." The picture is scheduled to be released within four or five weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jarrett and Miss Etie Elliott enjoyed an outing last Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom K. Woods, of

Readyville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Ready and family.

The following young people enjoyed an outing last Sunday afternoon: Misses Willie, Iva and Evelyn Brashears; Ellen and Audria Richardson; Vera Ready, Doris Tilford, Vesta Blair, June Richardson, Donald Brashears, Gene Ready, J. D. and Sam Macon, Hoyt Sanford, Charles Alsop, Charles Richardson, Tommie Tilford, J. R. Arnold, J. W. O'Neil, Pete Bingham, Elmer Winters.

Alvis Richardson was the Sunday dinner guest of Paul Macon.

Mrs. John T. Brown spent the week end with her sister, Miss Bobbie Friend of Nashville.

Charles and Harry Alsop of Murfreesboro spent Sunday afternoon with Douglas Brown.

Mrs. H. Wilson and children and Mrs. T. C. Youree and son, of Nashville were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sanford and family.

Hoyt Sanford has returned from a lengthy visit with relatives in Tullahoma.

John T. Brown spent Sunday in Nashville.

Robert Moody was the recent week end guest of his sister in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Moody and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moody and family.

Miss Doris Tilford was the Sunday dinner guest of Miss Audria Richardson.

Bill Flynn, who is employed by Ragland-Potter at Crossville, is now at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Flynn and family.

## Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted



TIME PAYMENTS  
Easily Arranged at  
No Extra Charge

CONSULT  
DR. G. M. KIMBLE  
OPTOMETRIST

**W.R. Bell & Son**  
JEWELERS and OPTICIANS  
1879 1940  
ON THE SQUARE  
OVER 60 YEARS

## PLUMBING - HEATING AND ELECTRICAL WORK

BATHROOMS INSTALLED ON  
EASY TERMS

See Our Electric and Plumbing Displays

**W. D. HAYNES**

1014 N. Maple Street

Phone 277

# Mr. Farmer-GIVE CREAM

The Proper Care . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Buford Bailey and daughter, Peggy Joyce of Murfreesboro, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jernigan and family.

Mrs. Altie Northcutt, Mrs. Powell Hall and daughter, Elizabeth, visited Mrs. J. A. Thompson of Sharpsville, Sunday afternoon.

Howard Jones, Susie Belle Jones, Irene Jones, Margaret Murray of Floraton, and Ruby Caffey, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jones and family.

Graduation exercises were held Thursday evening, May 9th. Those receiving diplomas were Nannie Belle Jones, Ruby Caffey, June Arrowsmith, Mable Bowling, Delores Ready, Ruby Ray, Willie Brashear, Henrietta Benson, Hucky Caffey, James Martin Bell, William McKnight, Carl Overall and Elvis Jernigan. Those receiving medals were: Best girl athlete, Nannie Belle Jones; best boy athlete, Carl Good; scholarship, Nannie Belle Jones; D.A.R., Ruby Ray; best school spirit, John Flynn and Nina Kerr. Mabel Bowling was the winner of the medal given by the Rotary Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin of Corbin, Ky., are visiting J. M. Brashear and family.

Miss Emma Jane Benson spent Thursday night and Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Acey Nesbitt.

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## PICTURES FOR MAY ARE ANNOUNCED AT PRINCESS THEATRE

Here are listed motion pictures that are coming to the Princess Theatre, Murfreesboro, month of May. They are all outstanding productions, you will want to see them. Watch for the dates of their showing.

**Week Of May 20**  
"Primrose Path," with Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea.  
"Farmers Daughter," with Martha Raye, Charles Ruggle.  
"My Son, My Son," with Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll.  
"Saga Of Death Valley," with Roy Rogers.  
"Hawaiian Nights," with selected cast of stars.

**Week Of May 27**  
"My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunn, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott.  
"Angels From Taxos," with Eddie Albert, Rosemary Lane, Wayne Morris.  
"Buck Benny Rides Again," with Jack Benny, Rochester, Andy Devine.  
"Kansas Terror," with Three Mesquiteers.  
"Meet Dr. Christian," with Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Levett.

On each program selected short subjects, Donald Duck, March of Time, Graham McNamee News, Pictorials, Traveltalks, Our Gang Comedies, Popeye the Sailor.

**Fosterville Women Join In Interesting Tour Of Davidson County**

end in Nashville.

Gerald Jordan spent several days in Nashville with his aunt Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Mr. Patterson.

Miss Mabel Harris spent the week end in Nashville with friends.

Miss Bessie Adcock of Bell Buckle has been visiting Miss Mabel Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernice Tucker of Murfreesboro were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tucker.

All are invited and urged to attend the meeting at the school building on May 20. Sandwiches and drinks will be served, some entertainment and a speaker. This will help the school kitchen project in celebrating the national week.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell Brothers and Shirley were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John Coop near Bell Buckle.

J. P. Stone of Miami, Florida, a brother of Mrs. D. E. Brothers, has returned home after a weeks visit.

Mrs. Tom D. Gilmore attended the Home Ec. Club luncheon at S. T. C. Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell Brothers and Shirley were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John Coop near Bell Buckle.

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In the Circuit Court at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

No. 351 Ref. Dkt.  
L. D. CRESON

vs.  
HESTER (BUSH) CRESON

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that Hester (Bush) Creson, is a non-resident of the State. She is, therefore, hereby required to appear, on

or before the Third Monday of June, next; before the Judge of the Circuit Court at the Courthouse in Murfreesboro, and make defense to the bill filed against her in said Circuit Court by L. D. Creson, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed. It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Rutherford Courier.

J. MURFREE O'BRIEN,  
Circuit Court Clerk.

**"I'M GLAD MY OLD MAN CAME TO America!"**

**'I Like Uncle Sam's Country ...'**

It's a dandy place to work, live and rear a family! Fellows like me get a whack at more of the good things of life over here.

**"Yes-Siree!"**

It's a grand and glorious feeling to awaken in the morning to the trilling of birds outside my window . . . and not the droning of warring planes and falling bombs! People in America are the happiest and most care-free of any other nation in the world.

**Take My Steady Customers**

"Not one in a hundred makes a whopping big salary. Do you think they could afford even to RUN cars in most other countries, let alone BUY them? Not on your life! Why, I was reading that gas costs about 33c a gallon in England. It's about 30c a gallon in France. In Germany it's about 55c a gallon. And it's about 72c a gallon in Italy . . . Pre-war prices! No telling what it is now!"



# Mr. Farmer- GIVE CREAM The Proper Care . . . . .. and You'll Receive BETTER PRICES



Follow the Few  
Simple Suggestions  
As Outlined  
In This Ad  
For Best Results

Keep all vessels clean by first washing in warm water and then scalding them if possible. During the day have vessels exposed to bright sun light, since the hot sunshine is a splendid disinfectant.

Just after the cream has been separated begin stirring in order to get the animal heat out of the cream. This can be done while the separator is being washed.

Never allow warm cream to be mixed with cream which has already been cooled. Wait until the fresh cream is cool before mixing with older cream. Keep the cream in cold water if possible until time for delivery.

The separator, of course, should be washed thoroughly after each separation.

Follow these simple rules and you have no idea how much better quality of cream you will be delivering to your creamery, and in this way you can receive a better price.

## Rutherford County Cooperative Creamery

A. BEERNINK, Manager

Morris.  
"Buck Benny Rides Again," with Jack Benny, Rochester, Andy Devine.

"Kansas Terror," with Three Mesquiteers.

"Meet Dr. Christian," with Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Levett.

On each program selected short subjects, Donald Duck, March of Time, Graham McNamee News, Pictorials, Traveltalks, Our Gang Comedies, Popeye the Sailor.

### Fosterville Women Join In Interesting Tour Of Davidson County

FOSTERVILLE, Tenn. — Mrs. Temple Williams, Mrs. Edmond Harris, Mrs. Estil Adcock, Mrs. Will S. Jarman, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Jordan, Mrs. John B. Lewis and Mrs. Tom D. Gilmore joined with the Davidson County Better Homes ladies Friday on their tour in Davidson County, first seeing the lovely flowers of the Dirt Dobbers—the owner is Thomas A. Williams on Hill road at Brentwood, next the farm of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dyer on Franklin road, seeing the new steel barn, the museum and the lovely home. Mrs. Dyer served punch and cake; next the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burton on the Hillsboro road.

John Adcock of near Christiana was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Estil Adcock Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Jarman were in Nashville Sunday to visit Wallace Williams, who is in a hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Jordan and Mrs. John B. Lewis spent the week



**-TIRES-  
RECAPPED  
RETREADED  
VULCANIZED  
HOOD TIRES**

**MODERN  
RETREADERS**

J. W. GOSSETT, Mgr.  
223 W. MAIN AT WALNUT  
MURFREESBORO, TENN.



## Take My Steady Customers

"Not one in a hundred makes a whopping big salary. Do you think they could afford even to RUN cars in most other countries, let alone BUY them? Not on your life! Why, I was reading that gas costs about 33c a gallon in England. It's about 30c a gallon in France. In Germany it's about 55c a gallon. And it's about 72c a gallon in Italy . . . Pre-war prices! No telling what it is now!

"YET THE AVERAGE PRICE OF A—

## GALLON of Branded GAS in Murfreesboro Is 15.1¢ -- With An Additional 8.4¢ for Taxes!

"Sure, one reason the price is SO LOW is that we've got plenty of oil in this country. But another reason is that the OIL COMPANIES HAVE NEVER QUIT TRYING TO FIND NEW WAYS OF BRINGING DOWN THE COST OF GASOLINE, AND CONSTANTLY IMPROVING THE QUALITY.

"Back in 1929, for instance, folks paid about 30c for a gallon of gas, without taxes, because it cost more to make and distribute gasoline then. That's close to TWICE as much as you pay now without taxes . . . and you're getting a whale of a lot better gasoline, too!

"It seems to me it's always been the idea in this country to make things BETTER and CHEAPER so they can be spread around among more people—AND THAT IDEA IS STILL GOING STRONG!

"I'M Also GLAD I LIVE In MURFREESBORO -- the BEST  
SPOT In AMERICA!

Glad to have the assurance of knowing my home is in Rutherford County, the Garden Spot and Dairy Center of Tennessee. Glad to do business with the finest people on earth! Proud and thankful for my many friends and wish for many more. Glad to recommend the quality products that I distribute, and request that you trade at—

## Good GULF SERVICE Stations



# R. Y. MARTIN

## Distributor

### Murfreesboro, Tennessee



# "SPRING FLOWERS"

by SUSAN DULAIN

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**SYNOPSIS**

Peg Warrington has a theory that Adele Raymond's diffidence and lack of personal charm is caused by lack of romance. She and Hank Raeburn plan to put the theory into practice, basing their campaign upon the assumption that Barret Gaylor, wealthiest and most attractive young man in town, has seen Adele sunning her beautiful hair in the garden and is enthralled by her loveliness. Of course, this is purest

fabrication, but, as there is to be a dance at the country club, Hank arranges that Barret shall be Adele's escort. She is thrilled beyond words.

Peg selects Adele's frock and has a hairdresser attend her girl friend. The transformation is surprising—Adele is really beautiful. She has taken Peg's words about Barret being in love with her so seriously that Peg has misgivings.

He does not believe her when she confides in him that she never had a beau and never was kissed. Adele cannot understand Barret's remark, "I suppose you'll be telling me next that you fell in love with me on sight and had Peg ring me in as an escort," because Peg had told her Barret, himself, had done just that. Disappointed, she asks to go home.

Peg tries to help Adele by telling Barret that Adele is in love with him. So the sophisticated Barret, believing that conquest will cure an infatuation, showers Adele with attention. It is when Adele admits her love for him and he answers, "I know. Peg told me. But isn't it about time you got over it?" that they realize the nature of Peg's plot.

"Peg told you what?" asked Barret, so surprised that he almost dropped the girl he still held in his arms.

"She told me before I ever met you that you were in love with me. Weren't you?" she pleaded.

Then it was that Barret set her very firmly on her own two feet, stuck his doubled fists into his pockets and glared at her.

"Say! Just what is this?" he wanted to know. "Who's playing me for a fool—you or Peg? And why?"

Adele could only stare at him, with an expression like that of a child who has first been kissed and then slapped.

"Let's get this straight," Barret continued. "Just what was it Peg told you—and when did she tell it to you?"

Adele struggled with the lump in her throat, that awful feeling of sinking, sinking, sinking down

through the sea of happiness that had been carrying her along, down into the very depths of despair. Barret didn't love her at all! Finally she managed words.

"It was—several days before I met you. She—came to the library—and told me that you—that you—had seen me drying my hair one Sunday morning in the garden. Against a background of hollyhocks. And that you—that you—fell in love with my hair—"

Barret groaned, "Why?" he wanted to know. "Go on."

"She said—that you had been urging Hank to introduce us—and that he had promised you I would go to the dance that night. Oh, wasn't any of it true?" she pleaded. "Not a word," said Barret grimly. "And that night, after I had taken you home, she told me that YOU had seen ME, and begged her to get us together—"

"OH!" Wailed Adele, covering her scarlet face with her hands. "How could she? and she's my friend, too! What do you suppose she did it for?"

"That's one thing we are going to find out—right now," said Barret, his eyes narrow and his jaw a grim line. "I've never been so thoroughly made a fool of in my life."

"But you said," she remembered suddenly, "that you'd been resisting something so successfully. What was that? Did you mean—kissing me?"

She was scarlet with embarrassment as she asked it, but she had to know. Somehow this morass of misunderstanding had to be negotiated.

"That was exactly it," said Barret, in a flat tone.

"Well, then," the girl stammered, "if you—wanted to kiss me—didn't that mean—something?"

"Not necessarily," said Barret, more brutal in his rage at Peg than he meant to be. "I told you that very first night that I was intrigued by your tingling vitality, and that I wondered what your kiss would be like. But you told me—and so did Peg—that you had never been kissed. And I wasn't going to be the man who taught you to play with kisses."

"Oh!" a ghost of a wail, it was. "But you've been so—so devoted."

"I know," said Barret more gently. "But there's an answer to that riddle, too. Come along. Let's go and see what Peg has to say."

Silently they drove to Peg's house, and because Hank was late for their date, they found her alone. Peg took one look at the white face of the trembling Adele, and almost died of fright. Something serious had happened! And it must be serious to make Barret look like that. She knew very well that if she were a man, Barret would have invited her out onto the lawn to take a beating. As it was, she paled with fright. Never had she seen such rage on a man's face.

Barret thought he had been maliciously and deliberately made a fool of to provide sport for Peg, and there is nothing in this world that makes a man so cruelly, vengefully angry—if he has any proclivities toward revenge in his system. No wonder Peg was scared. No wonder she defended herself the only way she could think of.

Barret recited his tale, and he wanted to know—

"Just why did you lie to both of us?"

And, said Peg, as white as Barret and Adele—

"I didn't. I told you both the exact truth. I told Adele what you said. And I told you what Adele said. And both of you know it."

"Peg! That's not true!" they cried in unison.

"That makes you two liars," lied Peg frantically.

And nothing they could say would shake her story.

"Wait till Hank comes," said Peg. "I'll prove it by Hank."

They waited. Adele and Barret searching each other's eyes. Somebody was lying. Both Adele and Barret knew that Peg was lying to one of them, but neither could know that she was lying to both of them.

And Peg waited in worse trepidation than either of them. Would Hank lie for her? He loved her. Surely he would back up her story. He wouldn't leave her in the jam her lies had got her into. And she did it all for the best, too! She was sure Adele and Barret would fall in love with each other and never find out about the lies that had thrown them together. Wasn't anything fair in love? Of course! And here she was being made the goat for trying to make two people happy. It wasn't fair!

But when Hank came, and heard the story that all three of them tried to tell him at once, he had nothing to say.

"I'm sorry not to be able to square this thing up," said Hank. "But I haven't a thing to say. I couldn't know of course, what Barret said to Peg or what Adele said to Peg. I never heard either of you say anything to Peg on the subject. If you'll let me talk to Peg alone, I think we can square the thing up. You two go for a little ride while I talk to her."

Poor Hank was torn by his loyalty to Peg and his part in the thing, but at the same time he was disgusted at Peg's further lies. When Adele and Barret had gone, he turned to her and said—

"Peg, you've got to square it. We'll have to tell them how we planned the thing in the beginning. I don't see why you lied to them."

up with ten little lies, and presently there are a mountain of lies that cannot be undone. And so, when Hank went away to find Barret and Adele, that mountain of lies had broken Peg's engagement to Hank.

But Hank didn't find Barret. He and Adele had gone back to Peg's house, and found Hank gone and Peg refusing to see them. Barret had delivered Adele at her door, said some bitter words, gone home and packed, and turned the nose of his car east.

And four lovers suffered as only lovers can suffer when they are separated from their beloved. Hank tried and tried and tried to make Peg admit that she had lied. And Peg, who thought that Hank would hate her worse for that fright that made her lie to Adele and Barret, refused to admit it.

Hank, of his own accord, went to Adele and told her the truth about the day when he and Peg decided to experiment with love, and see if it could be artificially created between her and Barret. He tried to square it with Barret, too, by mail. But Barret had driven straight to New York, chucked his last semester at the university for which he had been studying all summer, and taken the first boat to Erops.

There didn't seem to be anything anybody could do—but go right on suffering. All through the last hot days of August, all through the dragging days of September, and October and November and December.

It was worse for Adele than any of them. Peg hated all of them because she had injured them—that being the way of human nature. Hank was shaken out of his love and longing for Peg, to some extent, by the awful knowledge that she could lie and go on lying, no matter how much she hurt others. But Adele was the injured innocent. She had done nothing but believe what she had been told, and she had been mercilessly lied to.

After Hank had told her the story of his plan and Peg's for bringing love to Adele, the girl thought at first she would die of shame. She had been so anxious for love that she had thrown her heart at the feet of a man to be used for a football. All her retiring mousiness came back—a hundred fold. She crept from the little white cottage to the library and back again, and she went no place else.

And when the hurt eased up so that she could think coherently, it was all perfectly clear. All the things Barret had said that first night—about never seeing her before, about not knowing where she lived, about not ever having seen the white cottage against its background of trees—all of those things came back into memory. And all the time she had thought it was Barret who was lying!

Oh, what a precious thing truth

was! And what malicious, devastating, deadly snakes lies were—striking out of the darkness with no warning. And Peg wouldn't admit to a single one of the lies that had wrecked four lives.

October, November, December. Chill, bleak days of heartbreak. Adele never expected to be happy again. She had the awfulest empty feeling, as if Barret had drawn her very heart from her body when he went away, as if the aching, throbbing void would never fill up.

(To Be Continued)

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with an expression like that of a child who has first been kissed and then slapped.

"Let's get this straight," Barret continued. "Just what was it Peg told you—and when did she tell it to you?"

Adele struggled with the lump in her throat, that awful feeling of sinking, sinking, sinking down

"Not necessary," said Barret, more brutal in his rage at Peg than he meant to be. "I told you that very first night that I was intrigued by your tingling vitality, and that I wondered what your kiss would be like. But you told me—and so did Peg—that you had never been kissed. And I wasn't going to be the man who taught you to play with kisses."

"Oh!" a ghost of a wail, it was. "But you've been so—so devoted."

"I know," said Barret more gently. "But there's an answer to that riddle, too. Come along. Let's go and see what Peg has to say."

He tried to tell her up to the thing to say.

"I'm sorry not to be able to square this thing up," said Hank. "But I haven't a thing to say. I couldn't know of course, what Barret said to Peg or what Adele said to Peg. I never heard either of you say anything to Peg on the subject. If you'll let me talk to Peg alone, I think we can square the thing up. You two go for a little ride while I talk to her."

Poor Hank was torn by his loyalty to Peg and his part in the thing, but at the same time he was disgusted at Peg's further lies. When Adele and Barret had gone, he turned to her and said—

"Peg, you've got to square it. We'll have to tell them how we planned the thing in the beginning. I don't see why you lied to them, but I couldn't very well step up and brand the girl I'm going to marry as a liar. But you'll have to admit it."

"I won't admit anything!" cried Peg wildly. "Adele DID come to me and tell me she was in love with Barret. And Barret DID come to me and tell me he was in love with Adele—"

"Honey! Honey! You mustn't lie to me!" chided Hank. "Why, we're going to be married, honey. And we can't lie to each other—"

"They're just trying to make me the goat of their quarrel," cried Peg, beginning to sob. "And I won't have it—"

One little lie has to be covered

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**READY FOR BIDS:** The building committee of the Barfield Methodist Church is ready to receive bids on five Sunday School rooms. For plans see E. M. WILCOX, Egleville, Tel. 24.

**WANTED—Scrap iron, metals, rags, bones, old magazines, etc.**  
**FARMERS PRODUCE CO.,** 114 E. Vine, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

**MONEY TO LEND—on improved farm land at low interest rate of interest.** J. H. HANCOCK.

**WOOL WANTED—See or phone** T. E. Kerr, Fosterville or H. R. Smotherman, Murfreesboro.

**PAINT AND WALLPAPER—Let us do your painting or papering with guaranteed satisfaction at reasonable cost.** Phone for appointment, 284-W—Jesse Nichols.

## For Sale

**FOR SALE—New Standard Type-writer,** \$45.00 discount for quick sale for cash. Never been used. Phone -47-W.

**FOR SALE—Gas range in excellent condition.** Reasonably priced. **JIMMIE RALSTON,** Phone 765.

**FOR SALE—9x12 Axminster rug.** Used coal oil stove, five burner. Phone 635-W2.

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**FOR SALE—Tomato, cabbage and other plants.** MRS. W. F. JAGGERS, 328 East Burton. Phone 653.

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**ROUND STEAK TENDER Lb. 28c**  
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**MURFREESBORO GARDEN CLUB ANNOUNCES SPRING FLOWER SHOW FRIDAY, MAY 17**

Mrs. Cecil Elrod, flower show chairman of the Murfreesboro Garden Club, announces that the annual spring flower exhibit sponsored by the club will be held Friday, May 17 in the auditorium of the Woman's Club. Competition is open to all people of Rutherford county whether they are members of a garden club or not.

Doors will be open to the public at 1 p. m. and will be closed at 8 p. m. Exhibitors must have their entries ready for judging by 10:30, announced Mrs. Elrod, and all flowers except those in the shadow boxes must be grown by the exhibitors themselves.

Following is the list of classifications governing the show:

**Iris**  
Class 1.—Bearder (a) Specimen stalk, (b) 3 Stalks of one variety, (c) Collection, no less than 6, one stalk each variety. (d) Arrangement with own foliage.  
Class 2.—Beardless—1 stalk. (a) Native, (b) Siberian, (c) Spuria.

Class 3.—Bulbous (Spanish, Dutch, England) (a) Specimen, (b) 3 stalks of one variety, (c) Collection, 1 stalk of each variety.

**Peonies**  
Class 4.—Specimen—Double, (a) White, (b) Pink, (c) Red.  
Class 5.—Best exhibit, double 3 of kind. (a) White, (b) Pink, (c) Red.

Class 6.—Arrangement—Double blooms.  
Class 7.—Specimen—Single or Japanese. (a) White, (b) Pink, (c) Red.  
Class 8.—Best exhibit, Single or Japanese, 3 of kind. (a) White, (b) Pink, (c) Red.

Class 9.—Arrangement—Single or Japanese.  
**Roses**  
Class 10.—Hybrid Tea Roses. (a) Specimen. (b) Collection, 1 each variety.  
Class 11.—Hybrid Perpetual Roses. (a) Specimen. (b) Collection, 1 each variety.

Class 12.—Climbing Roses, (a) Specimen (single) cluster, (b) Specimen, (double) cluster.  
Class 13.—Arrangement of Roses. (a) One variety, (b) Different varieties.

**Lilies**  
Class 14.—Specimen, (a) Lemon Lily, (b) Amaryllis.  
Class 15.—Arrangement of lilies with own foliage.  
Class 16.—Lilies of the Valley, 12 with foliage.  
Class 17.—Arrangement of Lilies of Valley with own foliage.

**Arrangements**  
Class 18.—Arrangement of shrubs.  
Class 19.—Study in shades of flowers of any one color.  
Class 20.—Japanese arrangement.  
Class 21.—Junior arrangements, (not over 12 inches) (a) One variety of flowers, (b) Mixed flowers, (c) Twin arrangements.

Class 22.—Large arrangements. (a) One variety of flowers, (b) Mixed flowers.  
Class 23.—Miniature twin arrangements (not over 6 inches).

Class 24.—Arrangement showing reflection in mirror, metal, or water.

**Annals**  
Class 25.—Specimens. (a) Antirrhinum, (b) Cynoglossum, (c) Larkspur, (d) Poppy, (e) Petunia, (f) Pansy, (g) Ragged Robin, (h) Verbena, (i) Stocks.

**Biennials**  
Class 26.—Specimens. (a) Campanula, (b) Digitalis.

**Perennials**  
Class 27.—Specimens. (a) Aquilegia, (b) Dianthus Pink, (c) Dianthus Sweet William, (d) Daisy, (e) Coreopsis, (f) Delphinium, (g) False Indigo, (h) Giallardia, (i) Heuchera, (j) Lupinus, (k) Myosotis, (l) Oriental Poppy, (m) California Poppy, (n) Pyrethrum, (o) Viola.

Class 28.—Large shadow boxes.  
Class 29.—Miniature arrangement for small shadow boxes.  
\* \* \*

**STC SOPHOMORES HAVE PICNIC AND BARN DANCE**

The sophomore class of State Teachers College gave their quarterly entertainment Wednesday afternoon in the form of a picnic and barn dance on the Knox T. Hutchinson farm on the Shelbyville road.

Each class member had the privilege of inviting a guest. The group met on the steps of the administration building at 4 p. m. and went by motor to the farm about five miles from Murfreesboro on the Stones River.

During the hours preceding supper out-door games and athletic contests were enjoyed. Following the picnic supper, square and round dances took place in the barn with the music furnished by the public address radio system.

Officers of the class are Fount Watson, president; Lewis Lockhart, vice president; Jean Snell, secretary; Nancy Wysong, treasurer. The entertainment was under the direction of the sophomore social committee composed of Tom Towns, Mac Carter, Julian Brantley, Fount Watson, Jean Snell, Elizabeth Hill, Nancy Wysong, Margaret Taylor and Johnnie Belle Legg.

**MISS BOYD'S ENGAGEMENT TO EMIL ROTH ANNOUNCED**  
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Boyd of Chattanooga have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary Eleanor, to Emil H. Roth, formerly of Murfreesboro, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Roth of Washington, D. C.

The wedding will take place early in June. Miss Boyd and Mr. Roth are both graduates of State Teachers College. Later Mr. Roth took a post graduate training at the Y. M. C. A. graduate school and at George Peabody College, Nashville. He graduated with Y. M. H. A. work in Nashville.

**MOTHERS OF HOME ECONOMICS CLASS HONORED AT STC.**  
Members of the home economics club of State Teachers College honored their mothers at a luncheon Saturday at Science Hall.

The luncheon was served in buf-

lar quarterly meeting Saturday morning at 10:30 a. m. in the auditorium of the Rutherford Health department. Dr. Willis Thompson will speak on some phase of pediatrics.

The Captain William Lytle chapter of D. A. R. will be entertained by Mrs. Sydney Smith Saturday at her home at Salem.  
\* \* \*

**PERSONALS**  
Mrs. Roy Dennard and Mrs. Rice Woodfin were guests of Mrs. C. O. Tribble in Nashville Tuesday at a bridge luncheon.  
Mrs. Jack Bell and little daughter, Mary Gayle, of Shreveport, La., have arrived to visit her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Bell. Mrs. Bell has been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paschal Elrod in Tullahoma before her arrival here.  
Mrs. R. A. Dupy of Los Angeles, Calif., has been the guest of Mrs. Sam Stephens and is now visiting friends in Nashville before returning to her home.  
Mrs. James Long, who has been with Mrs. Webber Earthman during the past winter, will spend the summer with friends in New York City.  
Mrs. Wade Davis is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mark Davis in Louisville.  
Mrs. Oscar Underwood and children have returned to Huntsville, Ala., after making a short visit to Mrs. W. A. Butner.  
Mrs. George Burgdorf has returned to her home in Louisville after a visit with her mother, Mrs. S. B. Christy. She came especially to attend the unveiling of the portrait of her father, the late S. B. Christy, at Rutherford Hospital.  
Howell Ridley has returned to Grand Rapids, Mich., after being here with his mother, Mrs. G. S. Ridley Sr., who is at Rutherford Hospital.  
Dr. B. W. Rawlins will go to Fredericktown, Ohio, this week end to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Rawlins. Mrs. Rawlins and children, who have been visiting there a week, will accompany him home.  
Mrs. Kirk Webb, Mrs. J. C. Kelson and Mrs. N. D. Brown, chaperoned the Central high school band to Memphis today.  
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brandon are moving this week into their new home on Lindbergh Drive.  
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Merrell are moving next week into their new home on North University street.  
Mrs. C. F. Partee has returned from a visit to relatives in Birmingham, Ala. She was accompanied home by her sister, Miss Mattie

**Confederate Dies**



JESSE RANSOM SHELTON

—Mrs. Joseph L. Kellermann and Miss Mildred Malone.

Mrs. Albert Hill, former commissioner of a Girl Scout council in Nashville, will be the chief speaker for the occasion. Mrs. Hill has been here several times in the interest of the Scout movement and is well known by the organizers and by the Girl Scouts.

**AUBREY HALEY ENTERTAINS AT OLD JEFFERSON**  
Seventy-five guests attended the weiner roast and dance given at Old Jefferson recently by Aubrey Haley. After roasting weiners and marshmallows over an open fire the group danced until a late hour. Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Taylor were chaperones.

**MISS McADAMS IS MARRIED TO ED CANNON LOUGHRY**  
Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Julia Martha McAdams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman McAdams of Lewisburg, to Ed Cannon Loughry, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Loughry of Lascassas and the grandson of Ed Loughry, also of Lascassas.

The ceremony took place April 27 at Franklin, Ky., in the study of the Rev. Roy Converse, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The bride wore a black and white ensemble with a shoulder bouquet of white carnations.

The only attendants were Miss Ann Young of Murfreesboro and Wallace Florida of Lascassas. Mrs. Loughry was educated at Belfast high school and at State Teachers College.

Mr. Loughry is a graduate of Lascassas high school and is a former student at State Teachers College. The young couple will make their home with Mr. Loughry's grandfather, at Lascassas.

**DANCE AT KITTRELL**  
There will be an Old Square Dance in the Kittrell gymnasium Saturday night beginning at 8 o'clock.

Henderson, who has been spending the winter in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

**From Page 1  
Fine Night**

steel, it seems that it would be just as well to get killed with a stark bald head as a beautiful mop of hair.

At midnight the announcer interrupts the she-dove singing "Make-Believe Island" with the latest bulletins and begs you to stay tuned for more song and more war bulletins. Then, he says consult your daily newspaper for further details and you look forward to the morning when the newspaper will come, although by then, because of the radio, what you read is a twice-told tale.

Personally, we depend on the newspapers most—they are perhaps less hysterical than the radio—but in times like these, it is hard to wait until the presses can roll out the details. Maybe radio hysteria is getting us, too.

Both of them together, the radio and the press, result in everyone thinking about the war and talking of little else throughout the day and night. If we had taken a poll in Murfreesboro Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday, it would have been overwhelming that the Allies were whipped, that the United States would be sending soldiers across within three months again.

We have heard Chamberlain cursed. The college boys, who don't remember the last war, we see by the papers, have written the President protesting his inflammatory speeches. Somehow or other we have never felt like lining up with the campus pacifists. Nobody wants to get blown to hell, and war now is not like Bull Run, Stones River, Shiloh, or even Verdun and the Argonne. But when the time comes, a man—if worth being called a man, must fight for what he believes in, no matter what the odds.

What's going on in Europe is not our dog-fight, they say. And yet a man believes in Christ and that all men are brothers. The weak cannot be butchered too long—

We have seen a mother looking at her son in the corner grocery and protesting against the slaughter that does not yet directly concern us—and she is thinking that maybe there will be some way arranged for her boy not to go. The father says he went to the last war and would go to spare his son again. They all think there is no escape. That's the way

From Page 1  
**Shelton**

come home then, and he came a-foot, his uniform in rags and his shoes so worn that he had to tie hem to his feet.  
He was captured on the way but was permitted to continue his jour-

ney when he promised the Union officer he would take the oath of allegiance.

"I'd have died before taking it though," he said.  
The son of John and Emmeline Hamby Shelton, he was born and reared near Beech Grove. In 1868 he was married to Martha Jane Eaton, who died 33 years ago. He had been an active member of the Baptist Church for 74 years.

Surviving are two sons, J. W. and S. F. Shelton; one daughter, Mrs. J. L. Hoover, all of Beech Grove; 15 grandchildren, 18 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.  
Services were conducted at the Beech Grove Baptist church Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock by Elder R. A. Taylor. Grandsons served as pallbearers. Burial was in the family cemetery under the direction of Woodfin & Moore.

**Mrs. Nancy Fuqua**  
Funeral services for Mrs. Nancy Holt Fuqua, 29, who died at her home on South Walnut street at 12:30 a. m. Thursday, will be conducted Friday with burial in Evergreen cemetery under the direction of Woodfin & Moore. Survivors are two sons, J. H. and Robert Lee Fuqua; a daughter, Margaret Fuqua; a sister, Mrs. Molly Lambert; five brothers, Hardie Holt of Nashville, Madison Holt of College Grove, Bob and Jim Holt of the Salem pike and Joe Holt of Shelbyville; four uncles and two aunts.

**From Page 1  
Shelton**

GOING IN FOR GARDENING MARY?  
YOU BET! I'M SICK OF TRYING TO BUY NICE VEGETABLES!  
MAYBE YOU DON'T GO TO THE RIGHT STORE—  
THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THE SAME, AREN'T THEY?  
THERE'S ONE THAT'S DIFFERENT! THEIR VEGETABLES ARE ALWAYS FRESH, AND OF THE FINEST QUALITY! TRY THEM AND YOU'LL SEE!  
Of course she is referring to NORRIS & CARLTON



**NORRIS & CARLTON**  
Phone 88 W. Side Square

**No Hot Heads Here!**  
THEY'RE ALL WEARING

with own foliage.  
 Class 16—Lilies of the Valley, 12 with foliage.  
 Class 17—Arrangement of Lilies of Valley with own foliage.

**Arrangements**

Class 18—Arrangement of shrubs.  
 Class 19—Study in shades of flowers of any one color.  
 Class 20—Japanese arrangement.  
 Class 21—Junior arrangements, (not over 12 inches) (a) One variety of flowers, (b) Mixed flowers, (c) Twin arrangements.  
 Class 22—Large arrangements. (a) One variety of flowers, (b) Mixed flowers.  
 Class 23—Miniature twin arrangements (not over 6 inches).

# Princess

**Mon--Tues.**

**A FIGHT FOR LOVE**

—by two right youngsters from the wrong side of town!



*Ginger*  
**ROGERS**  
*Joel*  
**McCREA**  
 in  
**PRIMROSE PATH**

with  
**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**  
**HENRY TRAVERS**  
**MILES MANDER**  
 RKO RADIO Picture

—ADDED—

**DONALD DUCK CARTOON FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS — NEWS**

agreement of their daughter, Mary Eleanor, to Emil H. Roth, formerly of Murfreesboro, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Roth of Washington, D. C.

The wedding will take place early in June.

Miss Boyd and Mr. Roth are both graduates of State Teachers College. Later Mr. Roth took a post graduate training at the Y. M. C. A. graduate school and at George Peabody College, Nashville. He graduated with Y. M. H. A. work in Nashville.

\* \* \*

**MOTHERS OF HOME ECONOMICS CLASS HONORED AT STC.**

Members of the home economics club of State Teachers College honored their mothers at a luncheon Saturday at Science Hall.

The luncheon was served in buffet style from the dining room table which was decorated with a bowl of yellow roses flanked by yellow candles. Seated to serve were Misses Catherine Teasley and Kelly Lilly Owen.

Favors were flowers placed on each mother's place. About 45 members and their mothers were present.

The luncheon was under the direction of the meal planning class of the home economics department, of which Miss Carrie Hodges and Miss Agnes Nelson are the teachers.

Newly elected officers of the club are: Quindall Collins, president; Lurline Dill, first vice president; Louise Williams, second vice president; Lane Hedgecock, secretary; Elizabeth Russell, treasurer; Marie Farmer, reporter; Lucile King, Jane Starbuck, social committee.

\* \* \*

**GARDEN CLUB PILGRIMAGE TO TAKE PLACE TODAY**

The annual pilgrimage taken by members of the Little Gardens Club will begin today at 9:30 in front of the James K. Polk Hotel, is the announcement made by Mrs. Houston Caldwell and Mrs. Brockman Sanders, hostesses to the event.

The tour will include several of the outstanding iris gardens of Nashville and the vicinity and will conclude in the afternoon with a visit to the spring flower show sponsored by the Murfreesboro Garden Club at the Women's Club.

Included in the day's outing will be a luncheon served at a tea room near Nashville.

\* \* \*

**GIRL SCOUTS TO ENTERTAIN MOTHERS A BANQUET**

The Girl Scouts of Murfreesboro will entertain their mothers at a mother-daughter banquet to be held at the First Presbyterian Church May 23 at 6:30 o'clock.

The affair is being carried out under the direction of the leaders association of which Miss Mary Jane Alexander is president and Mrs. Vernon Barrickman, vice president.

Plans were made at a leaders meeting held recently at the home of Mrs. James Ransom on East College street.

Committees in charge of the banquet are composed of the following program—Mrs. Harvey Carter, Mrs. Vernon Barrickman and Mrs. Allen Swasey; decorations—Mrs. James Ransom, Miss Margaret Caldwell and Miss Jean Kirtley; reservations

moving next week into their new home on North University street.

Mrs. C. F. Partee has returned from a visit to relatives in Birmingham, Ala. She was accompanied home by her sister, Miss Mattie

The ceremony took place April 27 at Franklin, Ky., in the study of the Rev. Roy Converse, pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

The bride wore a black and white ensemble with a shoulder bouquet of white carnations.

The only attendants were Miss Ann Young of Murfreesboro and Wallace Florida of Lascassas.

Mrs. Loughry was educated at Belfast high school and at State Teachers College.

Mr. Loughry is a graduate of Lascassas high school and is a former student at State Teachers College.

The young couple will make their home with Mr. Loughry's grandfather, at Lascassas.

\* \* \*

**FORMER TENNESSEE COLLEGE STUDENT RONORED HERE**

Mrs. R. A. Dupy of Los Angeles, Calif., who was Miss Myra Crisp and a student at Tennessee College before her marriage, was honored with a dinner at the Cupboard tea room Tuesday evening by Mrs. Sam Stephens, whose house guest she was.

Seated with the hostess and honoree were Mrs. Ed Morris, Mrs. Aultman Sanders, Mrs. Thomas McFerrin Jr., Mrs. E. C. Holloway Jr., Miss Martha Trevathan and Mrs. Albert Carter.

Mrs. Dupy wore navy sheer crepe with a shoulder bouquet of gladioluses and Mrs. Stephens was wearing powder blue with a corsage of white carnations.

\* \* \*

**MRS. G. C. RALSTON HONORED WITH BIRTHDAY DINNER**

Fifty relatives and friends attended the celebration of Mrs. G. C. Ralston's 49th birthday at Rockvale last Sunday. The visitors included four of the honoree's grandchildren.

A picnic dinner was served.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carlton, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Ralston and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Agee and family, Mr. and Bill Isom and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Ralston and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Hall and family, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. James Estes, the Rev. Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Ralston and son, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nance, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Wilkie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Keeland Lowe, Mrs. Lou Shoemaker.

\* \* \*

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The Women's Auxiliary to the Stones River Academy of Medicine will meet this afternoon at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. Annie Youree in Readyville with Miss Mary Hall as co-hostess.

The Garden Lovers Club will meet this afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. H. F. Buckner on Crestland avenue with Mrs. J. A. Hancock as joint hostess.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce announces another in a series of dances sponsored by the club to take place this evening from 9 to 12 p. m. at the Stones River Club. Lewis Brinkley's orchestra will furnish the music.

The County Council of Parents and Teachers will hold their regu-

**DANCE AT KITTRELL**  
 There will be an Old Square Dance in the Kittrell gymnasium Saturday night beginning at 8 o'clock.

Henderson, who has been spending the winter in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

**NORRIS & CARLTON**  
 Phone 88 W. Side Square

*No Hot Heads Here!*

**THEY'RE ALL WEARING**

**SOLAR\* STRAWS**

**98¢**

They feel as cool as they look—and look worlds smarter than the low price indicates! Lightweight, airy weaves in all the top styles for 1940—sailors, pinch fronts and telescopes!

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**MANY EXCLUSIVE STYLES AT 1.98**

**Penney's**  
 J. C. PENNEY CO. INC.

"DOLLAR" COTTON WEEK SALE!

USE MORE COTTON

For American Prosperity

National Cotton Week May 17th Through 25th

National Cotton Week May 17 Through 25th

Join the coast-to-coast jubilee... wear American cottons now thru Summer! Cecil Elrod's French Shoppe cotton week sale brings you savings on the smartest, gayest, youngest styles in fresh, colorful, tubbable cottons! Seersuckers... dimities... percales... gingham... chambrays! Washable... wearable... flattering... lovable! Prints and solids, checks and stripes! Every one a fashion winner... every one specially priced! Don't wait... start your American cotton wardrobe today!

SPECIAL PURCHASE 25 DOZEN NELLY DONS FOR COTTON WEEK

Dress Up Frocks

Just imagine... brand new Nelly Don dress cottons Sale Priced at the very beginning of Summer. Dressy and casual styles, gay prints. They'll be snapped up fast at this price, so get here early! Misses and Women's sizes. Up to \$2.95 values!



SPECIAL GROUP

Morning Frocks

Cool, crisp morning frocks, colorful, shrink-proof and tubfast.

2 for \$1



"TEENY TUCKS"

UNIFORMS

Smart, new, button-down-the-front coats with twelve "teeny tucks" running from the yoke of bodice to bottom of skirt. Made in solid colors and checks in Loomtex Fabrics, all fast colors, also plain white poplin. All so smart, so flattering, so compelling, you'll want three at least. Zipper and button styles. Come in and try them on today.



All Sizes

\$1

Count On Cottons From Nelly Don

This summer, Nelly Don brings you the most thrilling cotton crop of all! In gay colors, lighthearted styles... in dresses and play clothes, cool and charming, that enter all of your daytime plans. Talented, American fashions in cotton, await you in our Nelly Don shop!



\$1.98 to \$7.95

COTTON WEEK SALE Slacks 'n Shirts

\$1.98 each

Matching Skirts, \$1.98

Grand values on lazy-hour clothes for the holidays and all summer. Well-cut cotton-gabardine slacks, full gored skirts, tailored pocket shirts! Navy, pastels. 12-20.

SPORT SHOES

Picnics, games, sports... get in all the fun by wearing the proper play footwear. \$1.98



WEAR SMART COTTON ACCESSORIES ALL SUMMER!



Washable Summer Bags White and Cool Pastels nicely fitted.

\$1



Popular Turbans

For Dress and Sport Wear! Bright Pastels and Solids

\$1



GLOVES

Fabric Gloves in cool, summery colors

\$1

Colorful Flowers, 50c Gift Hankies Box of 5, \$1

SUMMER LINGERIE

SPECIAL PURCHASE

25 DOZEN

Grand values on lazy-hour clothes for the holidays and all summer. Well-cut cotton-gabardine slacks, full gored skirts, tailored pocket shirts! Navy, pastels. 12-20.

## SPORT SHOES

Picnics, games, sports . . . get in all the fun by wearing the proper play footwear. **\$1.98**



## WEAR SMART COTTON ACCESSORIES ALL SUMMER!



Washable Summer Bags  
White and Cool Pastels nicely fitted.

**\$1**



Popular Turbans  
For Dress and Sport Wear!  
Bright Pastels and Solids

**\$1**



GLOVES  
Fabric Gloves in cool, summery colors

**\$1**

Colorful Flowers, 50c  
Gift Hankies Box of 5, \$1

# DOLLAR Sale

Important Enough to Excite You!  
Sensational Enough to Cause a Riot!

REGULAR \$6 - \$5 - \$4 - \$3 Spring Shoes

# SAVE More Than 1-2

By Choosing 2 PAIRS Instead of 1 Pair!

PAY REGULAR PRICE FOR THE FIRST PAIR AND GET THE SECOND PAIR OF SAME PRICE SHOES FOR ONLY—



Here Are The FACTS!!

A late slow season left us with a large stock of spring shoes! Our white shipments are already here and we must make room for them! SO YOU SAVE ON GORGEOUS SHOES AS YOU'VE NEVER SAVED BEFORE! NEW TYPES! PATENTS! BLUES! ALL OTHER WANTED MATERIALS! All Heel Heights! Come Early!

All Sizes, All Widths Included

## SUMMER LINGERIE

### COOL SLIPS

Dainty camisoles and half-slips—perfect for Summer wear! Beautifully fitted. White, tearose! 32-44. **\$1.00**



Dainty Summer

### GOWNS

Rich cotton gowns in gay pastel prints. Full skirted. **\$1.00**



"Eastern Isle" Tailored

PAJAMAS **\$1.00**  
All Fresh and Crisp! Just the thing for the Summer months!

## SPECIAL PURCHASE

75 DOZEN  
2 AND 3-THREAD

### HOSE

GUARANTEED FIRST QUALITY Hosiery! We were informed by one of the leading Hosiery Manufacturers of the world that their export department had received a large cancellation of \$1.00 Hosiery from Norway and Sweden due to war conditions. We were fortunate in being able to buy these hose and pass them on to you at great savings. All new Summer shades. All sizes. Buy your Summer supply NOW! Verified \$1.00 Values!



**69c**

Or 3 Pairs for \$2.00

## SUMMER BLOUSE EVENT

Values to \$1.00. Bright new Shades and White for Summer. 2 for \$1.00. **59c**



Crispy, Cotton  
HOUSE  
COATS

Full-skirted pinafore house coats, big pockets. Ginghams, prints, stripes. Tub-fast. 12-20. **\$1.00**



## PANTIE GIRDLES

Exclusive "2-Way Stretch" girdles. Light and airy for Summer wear. **\$1.00**

## SLIPS FOR LITTLE WOMEN



Tailored. Four Gore. True Bias. Lace Trimmed. **\$1.00**

So Lovely You'll want several!

## LORRAINE GOWNS

**\$1**

Made of exquisite knit fabrics.



"HUMMINGBIRD"  
NYLON  
HOSIERY  
\$1.15 to \$1.35

Cecil Crods  
**FRENCH SHOPPE**

PHOENIX-KAYSER  
NYLON  
HOSIERY  
\$1.15 to \$1.35

"KEEP AMERICA'S YOUNG MEN OUT OF WAR"

*Have you a Sensitive Skin?*

..... Then Use Marcelle hypo-allergenic Cosmetics

- They contain no known irritating substances which often injure sensitive skins.
- Marcelle hypo-allergenic Cosmetics are endorsed by the Medical Women's National Association.
- Marcelle cosmetics carry the Seal of Acceptance of Good Housekeeping Bureau.
- They are Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of The American Medical Association.
- Marcelle hypo-allergenic Cosmetics are tastefully packaged and match the modes of the hour in shades and colors. They are very reasonably priced.



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# Brighten Up Your Home with New Paint and Wallpaper

Enhance the beauty of your home... inside and out with Pee-Gee Paints---and beautiful, new wallpaper. Our stocks are now complete. Our selection of pretty wallpaper patterns is the most complete in the city. For beauty and economy in paints and wallpaper... and other supplies... shop at ---



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## KERR & MARTIN

Telephone 45

### SMYRNA

SMYRNA, Tenn. — The Smyrna Garden Club met at the home of Mrs. W. R. Coleman Thursday afternoon with Miss Gladys Potts as co-hostess. The house was decorated with Iris and after the business meeting refreshments were served. The salad plate was decorated with a miniature Maypole.

Mrs. Thomas Jones presided in the absence of the president, Miss Marguerite Coleman. A committee was appointed composed of Mrs. Carlisle Felder, Mrs. Walter King and Mrs. John Jordan to plant the highway to the cemetery. Mrs. Walter King was in charge of the program and presented Mrs. A. P. Walker and Mrs. Eugene Holloway who told of what the Dickson, Carthage and Murfreesboro clubs were doing along civic lines.

The following were present, Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. Mary Hearn, Mrs. Walter King, Mrs. Mary Palmer Kelly, Mrs. Alton Wade, Mrs. W. E. Gibbons, Mrs. George Binkley, Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mrs. J. N. Barnett, Mrs. James Batey, Mrs. Annie Watt Batey, Miss Tabbie Peebles, Mrs. John Jordan, Miss Omei Miller, Mrs. J. G. Phillips, Miss Gladys Potts, Mrs. Jesse Richardson, Mrs. J. D. Sullivan, Mrs. A. P. Walker, Mrs. J. L. Lemly. Visitors were Mrs. George Potts, Mrs. Robert

Peek, Mrs. E. C. Holloway. Awards were made for: large arrangement, Mrs. George Binkley, Mrs. W. E. Gibbons small arrangement, Mrs. George Binkley; junior arrangement, Mrs. J. G. Phillips, Mrs. Frank Davis; mixed small arrangement, Mrs. Thomas Jones; Japanese arrangement, Mrs. Norman Barnett; peony arrangement, Mrs. James Batey; Iris, Mrs. W. R. Coleman; specimen delphinium, Mrs. John Jordan; tulips, Gladys Potts; columbine, Mrs. George.

**Pastor Honored**

The members of the Presbyterian church honored the new pastor and his family with a dinner Thursday night at the church. Guests besides the regular members were the Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Walker and the Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Sullivan and family. Sixty were present. Piano selections by Edith Ridley and Elizabeth Hughey were given. Joy Henderson gave several readings.

The circle of the Presbyterian church met Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Frank Ridley with Mrs. Ridley presiding. The devotional was given by Mrs. J. S. Lowry. Miss Elizabeth Lowry was in charge of the program. After the meeting refreshments were served. The following were present, Mrs. M. B. McDonald, Mrs. Susie Edwards, Mrs. Walter Hibbett, Miss Annie Edmondson, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Richmond Sanders, Mrs. Mattie Crosswaite, Mrs. B. B. Gracy, Miss Elizabeth Hughey, Mrs. Hal Hughey, Mrs. J. S. Lowry, Miss Elizabeth Lowry, Mrs. Nimrod Thompson, Mrs. Harry Gracey, Mrs. Will Goodrum, Miss Anne Ella Aldrich.

Mrs. Media Davis Sinnott was hostess to a group of friends at Chinquapin Lodge one evening recently. Guests were Mrs. James Clayton and Miss Rebecca Clayton of Murfreesboro, Mrs. Roy Rascoe, Mrs. Porter Rhea, Mrs. Chloe Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. Walter King. A hamburger supper was served.

**Gay Outing**

Seventy-eight members of the first and second grades of McFadden School spent a happy two and one-half hours in Smyrna Tuesday

Mrs. Grady Haynes, Miss Nina Katherine and Will Haynes have returned from Hopkinsville where they attended the Collins-Barnett wedding at the First Baptist church. While there they visited Mrs. Guy Mangrum.

**Vacation Bible School**

Friday was enrollment day at the Baptist Church preparatory to the opening yesterday of the Daily Vacation Bible School. Classes will be held each morning Monday through Friday for two weeks, hours from 8:30 until 11:30 and four departments — Beginners, Primary, Juniors and Intermediates—will receive instruction in manual training, Bible stories, scripture readings and recreation period.

W. P. Arnett is principal of the school, assisted by a group of teachers, each of whom will have assistants. Among those teaching will be Mrs. J. D. Richardson, Mrs. J. N. Barnett, Jessie Sullivan, Mrs. W. P. Arnett, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Miss Margery Sullivan, Misses Leta Jane and Evalie Ridley, Mrs. Frank Davis and Frank Neal Davis, Misses Irene and Cornelia Odum and others. The school is for all the children of Smyrna.

### Blackman

BLACKMAN, Tenn.—Mrs. Clayton Jones and family of Habison pike and Mrs. Herschel Layhew and son of Shelbyville, spent the week end with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Allen Pitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Jenkins of Goodlettsville, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Norman York and daughters, Norma Louise and Evelyn, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rowlette and children of Nashville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rowlette.

Miss Louise Rowlette is spending two weeks with relatives in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rowlette and children spent Sunday with relatives in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Whitby and

### Porterfield

PORTERFIELD, Tenn. — The farmers will have late corn crops on account of so much rain. Most of those who planted early had to replant.

Mr. and Mrs. John McElroy and son, Neil, were in Nashville visiting their son, Terry.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parkhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Parkhurst and children of Murfreesboro were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Paschal.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bowen and son of Lascassas spent Sunday with the latter's father and sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Elrod spent Mother's Day with Mrs. Pearl Elrod in Murfreesboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance Barker visited in Nashville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam McElroy attended the funeral of Mr. Flint Speer in Nashville last Monday.

Several people here have the measles.

Mrs. Hoyte Elrod had guests Sunday for dinner.

### Friends, Relatives Visit At Rocky Fork

ROCKY FORK, Tenn.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris and son visited Mrs. G. T. Ray recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Duggin of Nashville spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Watt Epps.

Mrs. B. E. Montgomery visited Mrs. R. H. Bennett one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Carter and child, visited her sister Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt Epps visited Mr. and Mrs. Lee Blair recently.

Several members of the Seminary H. D. Club went on a Better Homes tour last Friday. They visited the gardens of Thomas D. Williams on the Hill road, then on to the farm and home of Mrs. A. J. Dyer on the Franklin road, then to the garden of Mrs. A. M. Burton on the Hillsboro road.

### Lavergne P.-T.A. Plans Summer Entertainments

LAVERGNE, Tenn. — The Lavergne Parent Teacher association met recently at the school with Mrs. E. W. Hartman presiding. Mrs. Albert Hickerson, guest speaker from Walter Hill, gave a report on the State convention and plans were made for a series of summer entertainments. Mrs. Tom Plummer invited the association to meet at her home in June.

### Floraton

FLORATON, Tenn.—Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Jernigan and daughter, Mattie Belle, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Jernigan, Mrs. Otis Jernigan and daughter, Hazel Marie, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton McCullough and family of the Sulphur Springs road.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Landrum of Nashville spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Lois Gum and daughters.

Jim McGill's barn was destroyed by fire Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zumbro and daughter, Wilma Gale, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hughes and family.

Miss Lueroon Jernigan spent Friday night with Miss Laura Mai Black of Murfreesboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lovvorn of Gum, spent Sunday with Mrs. Minnie Williams and daughter.

Mrs. A. E. Zumbro of Eddyville,

Kentucky, visited relatives here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Jernigan and daughter, Hazel Marie, of Murfreesboro, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jernigan and family.

Mrs. Walter Harrell and son, Carlton Allen, of Beech Grove, spent a few days last week with relatives here.

Miss Hazel Landrum spent Saturday night with Miss Annie Ruth Tolbert of Donnell's Chapel.

Miss Rebecca Heath of Murfreesboro spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gum.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gum and family and Willie Frank Landrum attended Hospital Day at Woodbury, Sunday afternoon.

### BEECH GROVE

BEECH GROVE, Tenn.—Mrs. Rye Eaton and daughter, Doris, and Mrs. Susie Eaton were Wednesday guests of Mrs. Cora Carter.

Mrs. Erlene Anderson and daughter, Margaret, of Crosslin Branch, were Wednesday night guests of Mrs. Anderson's sister, Mrs. A. L. Mason.

Saturday afternoon guests of Miss Claytie Arnold were Misses Winzola Insell of Rockvale, Hazel and Gladys Mason and Harriett and Ruth Drake.

J. D. Mason and sister Ruby Dell are spending a few days with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M.

Mason.

Miss Winzola Insell of Rockvale was a Friday guest of her cousin, Marguerite Insell.

Sunday dinner guests of W. E. Mason and family were, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Mason and Lionel Thomas of Farrar Hill. They were accompanied home by Shelton Mason for an indefinite stay.

At least one-tenth of all the people in the United States depend directly on cotton for their living.

**Free 5x7 Enlargement** WITH each 6 or 8 Exposure roll  
**Developed and Printed**  
**25¢** Mail your Films to  
**ASSOCIATED FINISHERS**  
 P. O. Box 217  
 Nashville, Tennessee  
 Free Mailing Bags Furnished  
**"BETTER PICTURES"**

**ROXY Theatre**  
 South Side Square  
 Murfreesboro  
**BARGAIN PRICES**  
**FRI. SAT**



J. D. Sullivan, Mrs. A. P. Walker, Mrs. J. L. Lemly. Visitors were Mrs. George Potts, Mrs. Robert

# ROXY Theatre

South Side Square Murfreesboro

**BARGAIN PRICES FRI. - SAT.**

**11¢ - 16¢**

**MATINEE AND NIGHT**

**Fri. - Satur. May 17 - 18**

**JACK RANDALL**

—in—

**"WILD HORSE CANYON"**

**FINAL CHAPTER "RED BARRY"**

—also—

**FIRST CHAPTER "DAREDEVILS OF THE RED CIRCLE"**

**FRED KNIGHT SUE REED**

**Mon. - Tues. May 20 - 21**

**KAY KYSER**

—in—

**"THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG"**

**R. T. McHENRY VERA COLEMAN**

**Wed. - Thurs. May 22 - 23**

**"THE SECRET FOUR"**

—with—

**FRANK LAWTON**

and

**ANNA LEE**

**MARION WILSON JESSE NICHOLS**

Mrs. Richmond Sanders, Mrs. Mattie Crosswaite, Mrs. B. B. Gracy, Miss Elizabeth Hughey, Mrs. Hal Hughey, Mrs. J. S. Lowry, Miss Elizabeth Lowry, Mrs. Nimrod Thompson, Mrs. Harry Gracey, Mrs. Will Goodrum, Miss Anne Ella Aldrich.

Mrs. Media Davis Sinnott was hostess to a group of friends at Chiquapin Lodge one evening recently. Guests were Mrs. James Clayton and Miss Rebecca Clayton of Murfreesboro, Mrs. Roy Rascoe, Mrs. Porter Rhea, Mrs. Chloe Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. Walter King. A hamburger supper was served.

### Gay Outing

Seventy-eight members of the first and second grades of McFadden School spent a happy two and one-half hours in Smyrna Thursday. Many of them rode the train for the first time, saw the city fire engine, enjoyed a picnic lunch in the park, rolled in the grass and ate all-day suckers. The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway furnished them a special coach and permitted each little tot to purchase him one round-trip ticket. Mrs. W. B. Carnahan, Miss Couch, Miss Bumpus and Mrs. Edwards, teachers of McFadden school, chaperoned the children.

James Ridley of Chattanooga spent Mother's Day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Ridley on the Jones Mill road.

Mrs. Will Smith and son, Bobby, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Ridley and children in Knoxville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Barnett returned Wednesday from Memphis. J. V. Braswell is building a new six-room home on the Johnson lot, near the school.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church is entertaining with a silver offering Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. W. R. Coleman at eight o'clock. Mrs. J. L. Haynes of Spring Hill will show the Lum and Abner walking horse picture, also pictures of Haynes Haven and Maryland Farm. Mrs. Charles Hodge will be in charge of the program which will consist of musical numbers and readings.

The Sam Davis Boy Scout Troop of Smyrna attended the hobby fair in Nashville Monday night. Scoutmasters John Braswell and Walter Hoover accompanied the troop.

Mrs. W. R. Coleman, Miss Marguerite Loise Coleman, Anne Carter Felder, John Norman Barnett, Jimmie Binkley, Fred O'Neal, and Wallace Barnett were in Nashville Monday to see Earl Coleman's exhibit at the hobby fair. They also went to Loveman's to see the exhibit of Brindsley Farrell's, from Jefferson, of Whistler's mother.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Church met Tuesday afternoon in a business session at the home of Mrs. A. P. Walker when arrangements were made for the tea Tuesday night. The following were present: Mrs. Walter King, Mrs. E. A. Sinnott, Mrs. Agnes Lannom, Mrs. Dodson Gregory, Mrs. Will Neely, Mrs. Charles Hodge, Mrs. E. E. Nance, Mrs. Frank Peyton, Mrs. Jack Lowry, Mrs. Claude Carter, Mrs. A. P. Walker.

BLACKMAN, Tenn.—Mrs. Clayton Jones and family of Habison pike and Mrs. Herschel Layhew and son of Shelbyville, spent the week end with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Allen Pitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Jenkins of Goodlettsville, Tenn., Mr. and Mrs. Norman York and daughters, Norma Louise and Evelyn, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rowlette and children of Nashville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Rowlette.

Miss Louise Rowlette is spending two weeks with relatives in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rowlette and children spent Sunday with relatives in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Whitby and children of Almadale spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rob Garvin and family.

Mrs. J. H. Rowlette has returned home after spending two weeks with relatives in Goodlettsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mullins Jr. and Mrs. J. V. Mullins Sr. spent Sun-

ROCKY FORK, Tenn.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris and son visited Mrs. G. T. Ray recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Duggin of Nashville spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Watt Epps.

Mrs. B. E. Montgomery visited Mrs. R. H. Bennett one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Carter and child visited her sister Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Watt Epps visited Mr. and Mrs. Lee Blair recently.

Several members of the Seminary H. D. Club went on a Better Homes tour last Friday. They visited the gardens of Thomas D. Williams on the Hill road, then on to the farm and home of Mrs. A. J. Dyer on the Franklin road, then to the garden of Mrs. A. M. Burton on the Hillsboro road.

day with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ford near Smyrna.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Hackney and daughter, Ester, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rowlette.

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MISS EUGENIA LITTLE, REPORTER

# Eagleville News

TELEPHONE EAGLEVILLE 84-W

EAGLEVILLE, Tenn. — Misses Mary Ellen and Sophia Lowe and Mary Theresa Williams were Sunday dinner guests of Miss Josephine Haley of Murfreesboro.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sullivan were in Nashville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. (Tip) McCord and Miss Pearl Tucker were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tucker of Flat Creek.

Mrs. Jimmie Boykin of Nashville was the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott Williams Thursday night.

### Sullivan's Visit

The Rev. and Mrs. Jesse D. Sullivan and daughters, Misses Imogene and Marjorie of Smyrna, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Sullivan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McRae.

Miss Mary Theresa Williams was the guest of Miss Mary Francis McLian of Murfreesboro Thursday night.

Jack Little and sister, Edna Gene, and Misses Anna and Mary Oliver Vantrease of Nashville returned home with H. A. Vantrease Sunday from a week end with the Misses Little.

Miss Sue Ferguson is the guest of her father, Dr. Earl Ferguson and

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Mrs. Ferguson of Clayton, La.

Mrs. C. L. Little has returned from a visit to Nashville relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crosslin and son, Frank Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joe Crosslin and son, Earl, were guests of the Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Crosslin of Cumberland Furnace Sunday.

Miss Minnie Ethel McElhaney has returned from a visit to relatives at Caney Spring.

### Visitors Entertained

Mrs. Bessie Buchanan and daughter, Jean, had as their Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Jackson and daughter, Sarah, of Antioch; J. B. Jackson and son, J. B. Jr. of Murfreesboro and Mrs. J. R. Taylor and son, Rush Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Jordan were in Murfreesboro Friday.

Mrs. Eric Hardison of College Grove was the week end guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Comstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston Vaughn of Nashville were recent guests of his father, J. R. Vaughn and Mrs. Vaughn, and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse M. Owen attended commencement exercises at College Grove Sunday.

Miss Katherine McBride of Scarritt College is the guest of the Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Wilcox this week. Miss McBride will supervise the Vacation Bible School beginning Monday afternoon.

### Guests For Dinner

Mrs. Cassie Hooper and Miss Annie Hutchinson were joint hostesses at dinner Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hutchinson and daughter, Kitty of Gaston, Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Marable and Miss Ora Carlton of Murfreesboro, Miss Gladys Carlton of Pulaski, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Elmore and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Carlton.

The Rev. E. M. Wilcox will begin a series of meetings at the local Methodist Church August 4th. The Rev. Sweeney of McMinnville will do the preaching.

Miss Bettye Lowe Dryden of Belmont College spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. N. N. Dryden.

Mrs. G. K. Lowe and daughter, Mrs. Don McClellan and Mrs. Free-land Jackson were Tuesday guests of Mrs. N. R. Jackson of Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Justin Hale and son of Rockvale, Mrs. Clay Jackson and daughter, Fay, of Nashville, and Miss Rachel Harris of Murfreesboro were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jackson.

Mrs. Powell Taliaferro and son, John Powell, returned from Rutherford hospital Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowe visited Clarksville recently.

Dr. E. L. Williams, S. M. Williams and daughter, Sophia, attended funeral services Thursday for Douglas Powell at Lewisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott Williams and Dr. E. L. Williams visited Lewisburg and Caney Spring Sunday.

Mrs. N. N. Dryden and Miss Nettie Little were in Nashville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Childress visited Nashville relatives Saturday. Mrs. Cassie Hooper, Miss Annie Hutchinson and Mrs. H. G. Elmore were recent visitors to Mrs. L. R. Hutchison of College Grove, who is ill.

Miss Louise Stanford of David Lipscomb College spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stanford.

### Family Luncheon Given Thursday At The Home Of Mr. and Mrs. White

CHRISTIANA, Tenn., Route 2.—Mrs. B. G. White was hostess to a family luncheon Thursday at her home here. Seated with Mr. and Mrs. White were Mrs. Josie Linch, Mrs. G. C. Linch and granddaughters and Mrs. Hoyt Davenport and son, Larry, of Manchester road.

Ashton Wood Jr., Moody Gibson and Mary Jo Coop are members of the 940 graduating class at Tullahoma High.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Thomas were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thomas in Big Springs.

Mrs. Etta Bigger entertained with a dinner Sunday honoring Mr. and Mrs. Pete Lynn and Mrs. Lizzie Davis of Wayside, Tom Bigger and Miss Gracie Bigger of STC.

Mrs. Arnold Thomas was in Foster-ville Sunday to visit her mother who was hurt in a fall at her home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis and family attended the singing at Ivy Bluff Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roll Pruitt spent Thursday with friends in Foster-ville.

Mrs. B. G. White entertained with a dinner at her home Tuesday complimenting Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. Mildred Allman and Mrs. Hoyt Davenport and son, Larry.

Miss Ruth Gleaves of Fairfield will teach at the Beechwood school.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewin Fox and son, James, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoover.

Asnee Gibson has returned home after several weeks visit in Chat-

tanooga.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Allman complimented her relatives with a dinner Tuesday. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Delay of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Favor Jennings of Lascassas.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Rawlins, Charlie Carter and family, R. H. Delbridge and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Beesley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Carter and son, Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Moore and family attended the Young Peoples League at Hoover's Gap Sunday night.

### New Teaching Method To Be Studied During Summer Quarter At U.T.

A new method of high school teaching which scraps the lecture-recitation system in favor of individualized instruction will be investigated by a selected group of Tennessee teachers and principals at the University of Tennessee this summer. The study will be conducted during the first session of the U-T summer quarter June 10—July 17.

Guided by the principle that a child takes keener interest and learns more if he is working with his own personal problems, the new method attempts to relate all school subjects to the individual life problems of high school students, explained Dr. Druzilla Kent, U-T professor of home economics education, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the summer school study.

"At present we use a mass production system in our high schools, assigning all students a certain chapter in a textbook and questioning them on what they have temporarily memorized from the text and from classroom lectures," said Dr. Kent. "If we can make the students utilize these textbook subjects in solving their everyday problems, we can succeed in giving them an education of immediate value and of lasting impression."

"For example, one student in biology may make a special study of tuberculosis because some member of his family has that disease. Another in the same class might wish to study a disease that has af-

flicted one of his pets. Certainly what those students learn would not be forgotten soon, because they could make their studies useful tools in solving their own immediate problems."

### Traditional 'Aloha Oe' Ceremony Is Planned By 500 U. T. Seniors

Approximately 500 University of Tennessee seniors graduating in June will bid farewell to their alma mater at the traditional Aloha Oe ceremony at U-T May 4. The impressive event, which usually attracts several thousand spectators, will be held in Shields-Watkins Stadium at 6:30 p.m.

George Fort Milton, president of the Chattanooga Evening Tribune and graduate of 1915, will be principal speaker for the ceremony. As the seniors light their "torch of service," symbolizing the end of their college career and the beginning of their career of service, Mr. Milton will speak on "The Passing of the Torch."

Dean Charles E. Ferris of the U-T College of Engineering, one of the oldest members of the University faculty, will also take part in the ceremony. Dr. James S. Hall of Clinton, a graduate of the class of 1919, will welcome the seniors into the Alumni Association. The U-T band will play for the event. Special music will also be given by George Dempster at the Massey Memorial Organ.

### Delicate Eye Operations By U. T. Faculty Member Restore Sight For 14

MEMPHIS—By operations involving transplantation of the cornea, Dr. J. Wesley McKinney of the University of Tennessee medical unit has restored sight for 14 persons during recent years, according to a report in a current Southern Medical Journal. He is believed to be the only person in this region performing this type operation.

Corneal transplantation is the transfer of part of the eyeball from one person to another. It is one of the most delicate operations that

can be performed.

Following extensive experimental work with rabbits in the U-T medical research laboratory, Dr. McKinney has performed 21 operations transplanting corneas. Fourteen of the cases were considered "unfavorable" or hopeless, but he was successful in improving or restoring the sight of eight. His proportion of successes among the "favorable" cases was much higher—six out of seven.

"One of the principal obstacles encountered has been the lack of a constant and dependable supply of corneas for transplantation," said the U-T faculty member. "The supply of suitable eyes from the living is extremely limited and the eyes of cadavers are rarely obtainable in this country."

"In one instance, however, a

man affected with progressive pulmonary tuberculosis willed his eyes for transplantation. Three grafts were obtained from the two eyes."

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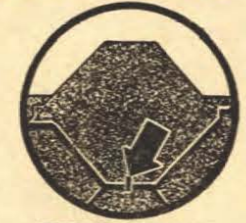
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...mont College spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. N. N. Dryden.  
 Mrs. G. K. Lowe and daughter, Mrs. Don McClellan and Mrs. Freeland Jackson were Tuesday guests of Mrs. N. R. Jackson of Nashville.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Justin Hale and son of Rockvale, Mrs. Clay Jackson and daughter, Fay, of Nashville, and Miss Rachel Harris of Murfreesboro were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jackson.  
 Mrs. Powell Taliaferro and son, John Powell, returned from Rutherford hospital Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lowe visited Clarksville recently.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
 Estate of T. G. Miles, Deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given that on the 29 day of April, 1940, Letters of Administration in respect of the estate of T. G. Miles, deceased, were issued to the undersigned by the County Court of Rutherford County, Tennessee. All persons, resident and non-resident, having claims, matured or unmatured, against his estate are required to file the same with the Clerk of the above named Court within one year from the date of the first publication of this notice, otherwise their claims will be forever barred.  
 This 9th day of May, 1940.  
 J. C. MILES, Administrator  
 Estate of T. G. Miles deceased

...Mrs. D. G. White entertained with a dinner at her home Tuesday complimenting Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. Mildred Allman and Mrs. Hoyt Davenport and son, Larry.  
 Miss Ruth Gleaves of Fairfield will teach at the Beechwood school.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Ewin Fox and son, James, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hoover.  
 Asnee Gibson has returned home after several weeks visit in Chat-

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**BACON** PIECES, BREAKFAST DRY CURED lb. 12 1/2c

**VEAL CHOPS** OR ROAST MILK FED LB. 15c

**CABBAGE** NEW 4 LBS. FOR 10c

**PORK CHOPS** CARN FED LB. 18c

**GRAPEFRUIT** Large Seedless 3 for 19c

**LARD** PURE HOG 4 POUND CARTON 29c

**LEMONS**, Juicy, doz. - 25c

**FLANK STEAKS** PER POUND 25c

**POTATOES** LONG WHITE 6 Lbs. For 19c

**Cal. Oranges** Juicy Bright Dozen 25c

**MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE**  
 1 Lb. can 24c

**FINEST MATCHES**, 2 boxes - 5c

**CHUM SALMON**, 2 1-lb. cans - 25c

**P & G or OCT. SOAP**, 3 giant bars 10c

**AVONDALE FLOUR**, 24-lb. bag 67c

**SODA CRACKERS** WESCO 2 LB. Box 11c

**GRAN. SALT**, 100-lb. bag - 89c

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### From Page 1 \$55,000 WPA

tients because of the grey uniforms and gray caps with the Red Cross insignia across the front that the ladies wear while on duty, Dr. Harris explained. Nearly all of the other Veterans hospitals have a similar organization.

These women will be selected from Murfreesboro and must make application through the county chapter of the Red Cross after being passed on by this group they must complete the course of lectures and be accepted by the hospital. The organization will have ten members.

#### Mrs. Watson Chairman

Mrs. Clarence E. Watson is chairman of the local Gray Ladies and Mrs. Bart N. White is co-chairman. Miss Mary F. Swiggart, organizer of the Gray Ladies for the American Red Cross, has been here to get the organization started and is expected to return here from Washington this week.

Some of the duties of the Gray Ladies are: hostess service in recreation rooms, sponsor entertainment, sponsor parties and picnics for patients, furnish motor transportation, flower service in wards and mess halls, furnishing ward entertainments for patients unable to go to recreation rooms, reading to selected groups of patients, assist patients in letter writing, assist in decorating wards for special occasions such as Christmas and Halloween, serve as supplementary hostesses for special occasions, sponsor field day events.

Mrs. Mitchell, head of the recreational aide at the hospital, has established recreation rooms in building number nine. Manager Jared said. Card tables, bingo tables, table tennis, a radio and phonograph have been established in this building for the patients.

Sunday afternoon, 1,308 people went on conducted tours of the hospital as part of the "Hospital Day" observance program. Jared estimated the crowd that attended the band concert and tours at 2,000.

A total of 450 patients are now receiving treatment at the hospital. Arlie Maggart of Silver Point, Tenn., was employed at the facility this week bringing the total now working to 386.

### From Page 1 Ridathon

speeches and music will be given during the rest period.

The afternoon ride will progress over the Sulphur Springs road to the Jack Jones' farm, to Miles' Ford, following the creek and river to Florence Station, then back to the airport.

The trail, which covers approximately 14 miles, will be routed by some of the historical spots of the county, covering the Civil War battlefields and some of the oldest

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National Cotton Week, set for May 17-25 this year, promises to be the greatest event of its kind in cotton's history.

Promoted by the National Cotton Council, the Cotton Textile Institute, and other cooperating agencies, Cotton Week in the nineteen cotton-producing states will bring before the public a record parade of cotton products.

With merchants of the Belt featuring their annual cotton sales, it is certain that cotton consumption will take a decided jump during National Cotton Week. Promotional plans which bring into play every agency in the community can but result in such an increase.

Yet an increase in volume of cotton sales during National Cotton Week alone is not enough. To increase cotton consumption appreciably we must convert Cotton Week into a year around plan. If the goal of a ten percent gain in domestic consumption set by the National Cotton Council for the immediate future is to be reached, every man, woman and child in the United States must use an additional 14-100ths of an ounce of cotton every day of the year.

Fourteen hundredths of an ounce is not a very imposing quantity. But when the per capita increase per day of cotton consumption reaches that quantity, we will be using 750,000 bales a year more than we are at present. This increase would bring domestic consumption to within a few hundred bales of the all-time high.

The Cotton Council is launching a program which can bring about that increase, an increase which will make it Cotton Week not once, but fifty-two times a year. Cooperation of the people of the Belt will go a long way toward making that program successful.

Hord said. The Ridathon will be concluded at about 3:30 in the afternoon, but those wishing to drop out may do so at any point.

### From Page 1 Roosevelt

the park dedication originally had been set for June 21.

The letter, addressed to Mr. Jewell, follows:

"In regard to the President's dedicating the new hospital at Murfreesboro, I talked with him this

August, to dedicate the park, then to Chattanooga to dedicate the dam and on to Murfreesboro to dedicate the hospital. It is just a question of being able to set a date for the trip.

"I am very glad he expects to be in Tennessee at the time. With kind regards, I am Sincerely your friend, Kenneth McKellar"

### From Page 1 Cant Jacobs

Jacobs; a sister, Mrs. E. N. Earls of Beech Grove; two brothers, J. F. and J. W. Jacobs of Donnell's Chapel; three grandchildren; Ray Donnell of Murfreesboro, Mrs. Clyde Newman of Murfreesboro and Mrs. Howard Hayes of Okolona, Miss.; four great grandchildren, Jerry and Bertie Ann Donnell and Kenneth and Billy Hayes; several nieces and nephews.

### From Page 1 Band Festival

week in April with the first day to be climaxed with an all-Midstate concert.

Cherry said that those to take part in the all-star event would be selected on a basis of nominations by the individual bands. Then from a group of 500 nominations, the sponsors would select 350 to 400 finalists.

One of the seven judges expected to officiate at the festival will direct the all-stars through several numbers.

Otherwise the festival will follow the same general lines as this year. Cherry said, with concerts, solo and ensemble performances, marching and twirling exhibitions and a downtown parade.

The invitation to hold the event here again was extended by the Murfreesboro Chamber of Commerce in cooperation with the local high school and State Teachers and Tennessee Colleges.

The only other invitation came from Peabody College, Nashville.

The executive committee is composed of B. L. Hassell, principal of Clarksville high school, chairman; J. C. Mitchell, superintendent of City Schools, secretary-treasurer,

E. O. Coffman, principal Lawrenceburg high school; James Need of Lawrenceburg, V. V. Edmonds, C. B. Hunt, Jr., and Lloyd Webb, all of Nashville.

### From Page 1 Central Band

concerts at various hotels in Memphis and will be entertained Saturday morning at ten o'clock with a picture show party at the new Malco theatre. A dance has been arranged for the group at the Claridge hotel at 2:30 p.m.

Saturday night the Murfreesboro group will march in the Grand Carnival Parade at 7:15 o'clock, along with all the other bands from the Tri-State area. Murfreesboro is the only band outside the immediate Memphis trade area invited to the Carnival, it was announced.

Girl members of the band will be under the chaperonage of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Webb and Mrs. J. C. Kelton and will spend the night at the Peabody hotel. The boys will stay at the Catholic club.

The return trip will be made Sunday afternoon with a stopover at Jackson for Church services.

Members of the band are: Mack Elrod, Frank McBride, Morgan Green, T. M. Tarpley, Elizabeth Robertson, Ruth Gray, Lamar Harper, Colleen Robinson, Frances Iravis, Charles Powell, Charles Arendale, Jack Fathers, Bob Groom, Myra Jo Fox, William Hall Davidson, Bucky Doster, Julia Harris, Ruby Lynn Solomon, Roy McFolin, Louise Hill Beasley, Joyce Stroud, Frances Crockett, Evalyn Davis, Nacy Zumbro, Carolyn Webb, Billie King Beasley, Horace Beasley,

Sara Young, Jean Sanders, James Bynum, Jean Clark, Ralph Hitt, Martha Ann Haynes, Mildred Snow, Roy Norris, Bobby McKnight, Richard Sims, Robert Harris, Meredith Miller, Sam Bugg, Don Ferrell, James Wendal Rooker, Billie Sims, Juanita Clark, Jean Mankin, Donald Wright, Carolyn Mankin, Donald Rooker, Neil Lokey, Billie Ferrell, Cordelia Stephens, Jean Pullias, Leonard Cawthon, John Womack, Perry Elrod, Joe McGill, William Hall, Ernest Steelman, Davis Brown, Gentry Brandon, Thomas Smotherman, Ruby Dill, Mark Womack, Bill Armistead, Charles Hill, Director.

Majorettes—Justine Doster, Frances Bridges, Dorothy Bragg, Virginia Lee, Margaret McBride, Claire Hartman, Alexine McKnight.

### From Page 1 Christy

placed here by the Commonwealth Fund of New York City.

#### 'Lover of Mankind'

Dr. Black, in summing up Mr. Christy's qualities of character, stated that he was a lover of mankind in the broadest sense of the word. He concluded by reading "Abou Ben Adhem" by Leigh Hunt, which, he said, was particularly descriptive of Mr. Christy's interest in humanity.

Visitors were invited into the reception room where Mrs. J. K. Marshall, member of the Auxiliary and former hospital superintendent from 1929 to 1937, made the unveiling speech before the Christy portrait which was painted by Mrs. Collier Crichlow and presented to the hospital by the administrative board.

Mrs. Marshall said that mem-

bers of the auxiliary, in trying to supplement the invaluable services of Mr. Christy, had come to appreciate more and more the extent to which he gave his thought, time and energy to things pertaining to Rutherford county. The board, she said, had concurred with them in the idea of hanging Mrs. Crichlow's portrait of Mr. Christy on Hospital Day and had presented the likeness in commemoration of his services to the institution.

Two of Mr. Christy's grandchildren, Susan and Martha Waller, took part in the unveiling ceremony.

Following the ceremony, the visitors were taken on a tour of inspection throughout the hospital, led by the nursing department. The investigation took them through the administrative offices, the dietary department, the X-ray and laboratory rooms, obstetrical and surgical departments and patients' rooms. On the south porch were exhibits from the Red Cross, the Social Agencies Counsel, on the care of infants, syphilis control and rural sanitation.

Enrollment in 4-H clubs in the 48 states, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico reached a new high of 1,381,500 farm boys and girls in 1939. Tennessee had 65,758 members.

**FOR RENT**—2 nice offices, East Main street, ½ block of Square, also suitable for 2 room apartment, only \$5 each. Available now. Also modern 4-room apartment, North Spring street. Hot water, electric stove, refrigerator, furnished. ELLIS RUCKER, Realtor. Phone 8.

# COTTON WEEK SPECIALS!

This is National Cotton Week—which has two meanings. First, you get extra bargains in everything made of cotton; and second, your purchases help American industry and farming in the battle for prosperity. Wear cotton... because cotton clothes are fashionable, cool, economical and easily washed!



WASHABLE  
**COTTON FROCKS**

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM"



**COTTON DRESSES**

**From Page 1  
Ridathon**

speeches and music will be given during the rest period.

The afternoon ride will progress over the Sulphur Springs road to the Jack Jones' farm, to Miles' Ford, following the creek and river to Florence Station, then back to the airport.

The trail, which covers approximately 14 miles, will be routed by some of the historical spots of the county, covering the Civil War battlefields and some of the oldest land marks of the community.

Those participating in the ride will meet at the airport at 9:30 a. m.,

Hord said. The Ridathon will be concluded at about 3:30 in the afternoon, but those wishing to drop out may do so at any point.

**From Page 1  
Roosevelt**

the park dedication originally had been set for June 21.

The letter, addressed to Mr. Jewell, follows:

"In regard to the President's dedicating the new hospital at Murfreesboro, I talked with him this morning and he stated he expects to go to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, perhaps in

August, to dedicate the park, then to Chattanooga to dedicate the dam and on to Murfreesboro to dedicate the hospital. It is just a question of being able to set a date for the trip.

"I am very glad he expects to be in Tennessee at the time.

With kind regards, I am Sincerely your friend,  
Kenneth McKellar"

**From Page 1  
Cant Jacobs**

Donnell's Chapel and had been a farmer all his life.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Sally

*This is National Cotton Week—which has two meanings. First, you get extra bargains in everything made of cotton; and second, your purchases help American industry and farming in the battle for prosperity. Wear cotton . . . because cotton clothes are fashionable, cool, economical and easily washed!*



WASHABLE  
**COTTON FROCKS**

You can't have too many of these sparkling, wearing, easy-to-wash cottons. Styles for every occasion. Pockets, buttons, ricrac trims. Soft details with an "expensive look." Soft sheers, seersuckers, clear prints, checks. All sizes.

**\$1.98**

Others \$2.98 -- \$3.98

**COTTON Piece Goods**

Special for Cotton Week  
**NEW COTTONS**

Values to 49c

**29c yd.**

Brilliant new cottons for summer wardrobes! Band box muslins, powder puff muslin, twinkle-toe dimity, fancy piques in stripes, large florals. All guaranteed fast color.

"EIGHTY SQUARE" REGULAR 15c QUALITY

Dress Prints  
**10c**

Yd.  
Stripes — Checks  
Plaids

REPEAT SALE FULL BED-SIZE TUFTED

Bed Spreads  
**\$1.39**

Regular \$2.50 value. All pretty colors. Exceptional

LADIES' NEW



**PLAY SUITS**

Full skirted play-suits in bright young stripes Other pretty patterns. Shirt and Slack Sets. Shirt, Shorts and Skirt Sets.

**\$1.98**  
**\$2.98**

"FRUIT OF THE LOOM"  
**COTTON DRESSES**



Simple, smart spectator cottons for the office . . . and vacation wear. Gingham, percales, prints, polka-dots, stripes. Gay details. All are slim, becoming. All sizes.

\$1 Value  
**79c**

FOR "PLAYFUL" TODDLERS

**Nannette COTTON**

PLAY TOGS

Our new Nannette Toddler play-togs are designed for sun and fun! Styled in sturdy fabrics, guaranteed washable in Ivory Flakes, they are cool, comfortable, cute. See them now!

SIZES 1, 2, 3



**\$1**

NANNETTE TODDLERS

**TIRE PRICES CUT!**



SAVE MORE NOW ON  
**Brunswick Standard**

Get This 12-Month  
Written Guarantee

—protects you against all road hazards, including blowouts!

4:75-19 <b>\$5.25</b> List Price \$8.45	4:40-4:50-21 <b>\$4.98</b> List Price \$8.30
5:25-5:50-18 <b>\$6.25</b> List Price \$9.85	6:00-16 <b>\$6.89</b> List Price \$11.25

Price Includes Old Tire

Fiber Cushions Asst. Patterns <b>27c</b>	Complete Asst. of Garden Tools <b>9c up</b>
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LAWN MOWERS Ball-bearing 14" blade <b>4.45</b>	OUTING JUGS Gallon Size <b>89¢</b>
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5:50x17  
**\$6.55**  
LIST PRICE \$10.35

**Aero-Tex Seat Covers**  
Fiber and Cloth Construction

Solid Back Coupes \$1.55  
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27 SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

**GOLDSTEIN'S**

UNIVERSITY

# ops For Two Years in Sixties-- e in Many Years



and after having been pulled across the river by the faithful horse at the old treadle pulling boats from one bank to another had to be blind to m colic and caused their early deaths.



General Paine, Wood's Ferry boat was for a long time the only available means of transportation across the Cumberland for a large part of the population of Wilson county.

FOR a number of years immediately after the close of the war this ferry was operated by an ex-slave of Jefferson Wood, son of Josiah Wood. With the exception of the two years of federal occupation, some member of the Downs family has operated this ferry for a period of more than fifty years.

John Downs has served in the capacity of ferryman for forty consecutive years living the entire time in a log house nearby, which was built for the use of the ferryman and his family. This house is now occupied by Lee Downs, operator of the modern boat, since the date of its installment at Wood's Ferry in the early summer of this year.

Eight horse-power boats, with framing structure of oak and stern of pine, have comprised the transportation facilities at this ferry for the last thirty years. Each of these boats was designed and constructed by Roy Strother, of Sumner county.

Picking a horse for the job of treading the route which pulled the boats back and forth between Sumner and Wilson counties was not an easy task for only a blind horse could handle the job. Due to the confining work in all sorts of weather, the average life of a ferry horse did not exceed eight years.

Besides his blindness, necessary to make him follow his one-track job hour after hour when necessary, a ferry horse often becomes susceptible to colic. In one or two instances legends at Wood's Ferry recite cases where the ferry horse was seized with an attack of colic when his boat-load was in mid-stream, necessitating heroic measures to get the boats with their passengers landed safely.

But neither blindness nor colic hamper modern motor-drawn boats.

## Still Holds Record

The telephone overseas service being new and inspirational, is not at all hard-hearted.

A lady in Dunkirk, Long Island, recently was startled to be called to the phone by the London operator. When it was straightened out, it was found that the caller wanted to talk to Dunkirk, France.

The phone company didn't count that one, and they didn't count the one in 1930 when a London newspaper thought it was calling up Douglas Gilmore, the bridegroom of Tom Mix's daughter, Ruth, but instead got to talking to Frank J. Gilmore, a married businessman of Yuma, Ariz.

Mr. Gilmore, when asked if he enjoyed married life, said, "sure, what of it?" and hung up.

The supervisors wish that someone would please telephone Iceland. They completed that hookup three weeks ago and so far nobody has asked to talk to Iceland.

# New Talent In Tennessee

## Vital Provincial Humor Marks Murfreesboro Writer, Ed Bell's First But Significant Novel

**FISH ON THE STEEPLE.** By Ed Bell. Farrar and Rhinehart. New York City. \$2.50.

"Fish on the Steeple" has received just acclaim far and wide for a number of reasons. It now seems time to praise it closer home in terms of its peculiar significance for this section.

Southern readers should glory in this really impressive first novel not because it is staged in Smithville, Tenn., and written by "home folks," but because of the way it is written. A startlingly original view of things, racy prose, and true literary creativeness combine to give the book its quality.

James Branch Cabell once said he could not recall "a moderately well done first novel for the past ten years which has not been hailed by Dr. William Lyon Phelps and at least one other person as the novel of the century." This, however, seems the time to discard Mr. Cabell's critical caution and say plainly that "Fish on the Steeple" is the most significant piece of creative fiction to come out of the South in ever so long.

Frankly, the book is more important for the talent it introduced than for its own particular merits, but for all that, it's a grand yarn which is guaranteed to furnish rich entertainment and a strong sense of being in touch with vital things. Its episodes are at times put together improbably, but the texture of the writing saves it.

Mr. Bell's talent is significant because he has shown himself to be the proper literary descendant of the Mark Twain frontier humor school. He is modern enough to avoid most of the rhetoric of which the Southern frontier writers were guilty, but he deserves to rank with them on his racy language and his refreshing view of human-kind.

An objective realist, he is more than a trifle inclined to depict events and characters from the seamy side. His unnamed town in the Tennessee flatwoods is practically entirely peopled with lechers, dope-fiends, thieves, flars, drunkards, shrews, bullies, and the like. They are so convincingly and lovingly portrayed, however, that the reader comes to admit their truth. And after all, the other side comes in, too. The "Cap'm Man," most profane and dissolute of the characters, draws admiration and affection for the fine swaggering way he handles his workers at the brick yard and gets his work done. The most brutal event in the book—tossing a dog into a burning brick kiln because it gnaws a ham stolen by one of the workmen—does not turn the reader against the workman, who is a strapping muscular bully with his mind on "one subject" all the time.

All the characters, be they respectable or not, have a common distrust of the forces of law and combine against the sheriff to help each other out. Religion dominates the town, of course, with the Campbellites and their "fish on the steeple" leading all others, but everything from sex to the undertaker's business methods are treated with a healthy sense of proportion.

In brief, the book is the story of the love-making of Pete, an incredibly beautiful young blonde, and the brickmaker's sunburned son in his 'teens. Added to the story are multiple scenes at the courthouse, the barber shop, the bank on Saturday afternoon, a Campbellite baptizing, of naughty doings off in the woods, and at the family table. The "Cap'm Man," burning brick for a Campbellite dormitory gets done out of the business and is on the verge of ruin until half the town goes up in an "insurance" fire, which saves the day for everybody. The Ku Klux Klan, modern style, and gossip go rounds to fill in the rest.

In addition to his objective humor and realism, Mr. Bell also demonstrates a talent for mood creation which is remarkable. This is particularly notable at the scene at dusk in the graveyard where the girl and boy meet each other at the opening of the book. Others there are aplenty, but none as successful as the first.

The language in this book is so frank and natural that it is impossible to take offense. All the characters speak and think in quite normal terms. Mrs. Grundy, were she still extant, might object, but certainly no one else should.

One thing is objectionable. Mr.



ED BELL

Bell has attempted to convey the phonetic of the speech of his locale. When this adds to the flavor and allows the use of special terms, all to the good. The dialect spelling is most often, however, a hindrance. Pete goes all through the book using the word "motha" in nearly every speech. Would Mr. Bell have practically all the inhabitants of dear old England, for example, term their female parents in the same spelling?

Mr. Bell's vital talents throw contemporary Southern authors into strange contrast. Critics everywhere have at once related him to Faulkner, Caldwell, and Stribling. Do but look at the difference! For all his artistry, Faulkner seems a retching neurotic. Stribling and Ca'dwell, from their various viewpoints, seek sociological and cultural improvement—or something. Avoiding both modern evils, the Scylla of propaganda and the Charybdis of neuroticism, the young Tennessee author sails boldly and with gusto out into the middle of the vital stream. Despite occasional thin treatment, it is surprising how many characters in this book stick in the mind.

Southern intellectuals have been talking up a renaissance of local letters and demanding new talent for some time. Mr. Bell furnishes one of the best answers to date.—John Thompson.

# Rev. Ellington Delivers Famous Sermon on Prodigal Son Here

*And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance . . . .*

By ED BELL

The Rev. W. S. Ellington, Tennessee's great Negro preacher, delivered his Prodigal Son sermon again Sunday afternoon to a Murfreesboro congregation.

He has been preaching this sermon for 44 years. Every spring he gives it to a full house at the Ryman auditorium in Nashville and to the rest of the nation by radio broadcast.

On Christmas Day 1935 the sermon was sent to all nations on a world-wide hook-up.

With wit and eloquence he told the story to a large audience of both white and colored people of the restless country boy who went away from home and spent all his inheritance among fair weather friends.

Each year the Rev. Ellington brings his Prodigal Son up-to-date.

## 'Penitentiary Waiting'

Sunday afternoon he said: "Teach that boy to work. Some people think their children are too pretty or too good. Teach him to work, or there is a penitentiary waiting for him down at Nashville, and there is an electric chair waiting in the backyard of the penitentiary."

He pictured the Prodigal's departure, his father and mother's grief, his gay time in the alien land.

"Every girl had her cap set for Mister Prodigal for awhile," he said, "but it didn't last."

The Rev. Ellington admitted that

hunger was the main reason for the boy's return, but that in itself was not a bad thing.

"Light housekeeping is wrecking America" he said.

During his sermon he called for more joy in the church today and more shouting.

## 'Served On Ice'

"I've been to meetings that were served on ice . . . they served me the sermon on ice . . . they served the singing on ice, and the praying . . . and the people sat on blocks of ice . . ."

He said, "I'm not afraid of dead people, but I don't want to spend the night in a graveyard . . . That's why they don't come to church today: they don't want to spend the night in the graveyard. Give them joy and hallelujah, and they'll come flocking."

The Rev. Ellington is 72 years old. He doesn't appear in the pulpit as an elderly man. He preaches in a simple language that has music in it, sometimes quietly and sometimes with great power.

His long arms and large hands work as he talks and his words synchronize with the gestures.

## Began In Backwoods

As a young man out of Fisk University he first gave his Prodigal Son sermon at a little backwoods church over in West Tennessee. The people seemed to like it better than any other and the Rev. Ellington liked it himself. That was how it started.

From then on he made a practice of giving the sermon once each year to his home church, each time trying to bring the story up-to-date

and interpret the Prodigal in the light of present day events.

Believing that preachers must modernize their appeal, he explained that people prefer the movies, radio, and novels to church-going merely because they wanted to see life presented as it is now. This he tries to give them with his ever-changing interpretation of the Prodigal Son.

Soon it got to be that there was a larger congregation on that day of the year than any other. Street cars were overloaded bringing people to his church. White people came.

More room was needed and the Rev. Ellington was invited to use the Ryman auditorium. The auditorium seats more than 6,000 people and hundreds were turned away from its doors the day of the Rev. Ellington's first appearance there.

## Congratulated

For the past 12 years it has been broadcast, and the preacher receives congratulatory mail from all over the country. He has the distinction of being the only American Negro to broadcast over a world-wide hook-up as on Christmas, 1935.

He says "Since the boys at the State penitentiary can't come to see me, I go out there and preach to them once every year, too."

Despite his advanced age, the Rev. Ellington has never been sick in his life. His mother told him he never even had the regular children's diseases.

Besides his pastorate at the First Baptist Colored Church in East Nashville, he travels a great deal, and is editor of two religious jour-

of the town, especially in the up-town section, are too narrow. There may come a time when a slight explosion on a day when the streets are crowded would result in a terrific loss in property and perhaps in lives.

The danger of fire is always present. But the danger of destruction or the loss of human lives can be eliminated through keeping down fire hazards and through proper exits at all times for the occupants of the buildings.

## An Historic Class

The tale is told that, when the Murfreesboro Central High School Building on North Maple Street was completed some 20 years ago, two of the town's most prominent citizens stood on the front steps and surveyed the building. "I don't see why they build it so large," one of them is reported to have declared. "Murfreesboro never will be able to fill a school that large."

The next year, the Central High School graduated its smallest class—one student. But as time passed on, the classes grew. In 1936, the institution set a record by giving diplomas to 96 students. This year, all previous records will be broken when, on next Friday night, the chairman of the Rutherford county board of education will present 105 diplomas to students who are completing their secondary education.

Since those two men stood on the front steps, the student body of Central High School has grown from a few students who utilized less than half the class rooms to a total of more than 500 students. They no longer crowd the class rooms which were once too large, and they have filled the halls and the auditorium and even the gymnasium with desks where students may study and recite.

If the school has grown this much in the past 20 years, how much more will it grow in the next 20 years? Certainly if the rate of growth continues, there will be no alternative but to call in construction companies to erect an institution capable of taking care of the expanding student body. And when that new building is constructed, a large stage will be needed, for in a few years to come the gradu-

man's campaign for the Democratic nomination to the United States Senate. A sign stating that Mr. Mitchell will make an address in Murfreesboro at one o'clock Saturday, May 28, has already been posted in the court house yard where the address will be delivered. According to information, his friends have planned to have not one but four brass bands at the scene to welcome the man who has four times conquered the Fourth congressional district and who now seeks to conquer the entire State of Tennessee.

Most people in Rutherford county seem to believe that the two leading candidates in the senatorial contest are Mr. Mitchell and Boss Edward Hull Crump's man, Tom Stewart of Winchester. Despite his large supply of funds and his backing of labor organizations, Senator George L. Berry, who is Gov. Browning's appointee, is given little hope by Middle Tennessee political forecasters.

## Bill Out

If Congress continues its session long enough, a political bomb-shell may be thrown into Tennessee's 1938 Senatorial set-up. The bill to create an additional Federal judgeship has been reported out of committee. The bill provides for the appointment of a new Federal judge to aid the other Tennessee Federal courts in clearing their muddled dockets. The judge is to serve during his lifetime, and when he dies, the judgeship will cease to exist. By that time, the Tennessee delegation thinks, there will be no need for the extra judicial officer. Actually, most of the Tennessee delegation would like to make the judgeship permanent, but that attempt met with no success.

If the bill passes at this session, it is unlikely that the new judge will be appointed now. In fact, it would be virtually impossible to get Senator Kenneth D. McKellar and Senator Berry to agree upon a man, and the rest of the Senate is a little wary of confirming an appointment as long as the two senators from the State affected cannot agree. If the judge is not appointed, then the possible candidates

# The Final Curtain Falls For Old Uncle Albert

**Only 25 People Attend Funeral Rites For Old Negro Man Who Fought The Civil War Over And Over In His Mind—Claimed To Be Jefferson Davis**

The final curtain for Uncle Albert Everett's long-waged battle against the Yankees was drawn at Key Memorial Church Thursday afternoon and the little black Confederate was buried in Evergreen Cemetery in a gray casket.

He died at the county poorhouse Jan. 1 on the 76th anniversary of the Battle of Stones River.

It wasn't exactly a soldier's funeral. No bugle sounded taps, there wasn't any flag on the casket, and only 25 people came. But the Reverend said good words over him and the funeral man put him away fine in the white folks' cemetery.

The Reverend said, "When a man comes to death with many years on his head, it seems natural . . . death is not a calamity for those who have lived a long time . . . death is a harvest."

## Claimed To Be 110

By his own count Uncle Albert was 110 years old. He was a slave before the war between the North and the South. When the war broke out, he followed his master, Robert Everett, into battle and together they stayed out the four years.

Wherever they camped the little Negro—he was scarcely over five feet tall—would get his pots and pans together and cook for his fighting men. If there wasn't anything to cook, Albert went out and foraged for it and usually brought it back.

The old soldiers used to say, "That old Negro would find something to eat where a squirrel couldn't. He was the best forager we had in the war."

Uncle Albert himself would say, "I feed my boys chicken and duck when I kin. When the vittles is all gone I go out and rustle some snake and frog. Old rattlesnake the best meat they is. He shake his bell and

fight good, hallelujah."

He doctored the wounded and prayed over the dead.

After the surrender of the South at Appomattox, the war for Uncle Albert became a dream of grandeur that haunted him all the rest of his days. He carried it on for more than 70 years.

Murfreesboro knew him as the old Negro who always carried a small Confederate flag and spent most of his waking hours in the courthouse yard, chanting with religious fervor of Robert E. Lee, Bedford Forrest, and Jeff Davis.

Things got mixed in his head at times. Sometimes he was Gen. Lee's cook, sometimes he rode a horse right behind Gen. Forrest.

"I saw Bedford ride into Murfreesboro and kill eighteen hundred Yankees in eighteen minutes, Hallelujah," he said.

Then again, he was Jeff Davis, president of the Confederacy, still fleeing from the Yankees and disguised in a black skin.

## Wore Medals On Chest

"I'm black outside, but inside me is whiter'n snow," Uncle Albert would say, beating the medals on his chest. "This heahs a white boy. This old Jeff Davis, the greatest man in the N'United."

There were days when he didn't preach and hallelujah. He would back up to the courthouse wall, with a strange excitement on his face, and whisper that he heard bugles in the air, and the voices of old Jeff and Bedford and General Robert, telling him to wait. And last night there were a thousand horsemen riding by his house in the moonlight but the horses' hooves didn't make a sound.

That was what Uncle Albert said. The war was never lost. General Forrest would come down the Woodbury road at night again, and Gen-

eral Lee would lead his army up the great valley to Gettysburg . . .

Pigeons wheeled around the cupola in the bright sunlight and lit on the hands of the court house clock. The sun was drowsy to an old man's blood. Uncle Albert would go to sleep sometimes at the base of the Confederate monument. And even in sleep, if the flag happened to drop from his hand, the hand that had held it so long kept going back and forth in its slow shoofly motion.

Uncle Albert had been married five times. He and his last wife, Elberta, used to live down on Simmons Row. Beyond Simmons row across a rolling pasture, the earthworks of Stones River still rise against the sky.

The battlements are overgrown with underbrush now, and some of the white people who lived on Simmons Row used to go over there and get firewood. Many a winter evening they said they saw Uncle Albert, wandering around the old battlefields, alone and slowly waving his flag.

The time came when he blew in his veterans' pension and didn't pay his house rent. He and Elberta went to the poorhouse.

Thursday was one of his few trips to Murfreesboro in four years. The funeral man postponed it four days so that the service could be at Key Memorial. The gray casket rested in front of the altar where Uncle Albert had preached many times.

Brother Scales, the funeral man, an some of his friends said he was a fine man and they hated to see him go, and Key Memorial echoed with the Reverend's good words:

"I've heard Brother Everett preach in this pulpit. He always said something about the battles he fought . . . He fought battles for his people and he fought them for the Lord . . . Old age to such a man is sainthood . . . and death is a harvest."

er flanked by red candles in silver holders. The menu was in four courses.

Seated with the hostess were Mes-  
sames B. F. Moore, S. B. Christy,  
mes Avent, N. C. Maney and John  
Williams.

\* \* \*

**SATURDAY DINNER CLUB TO  
BE ENTERTAINED AT CLUB**

The Saturday evening dinner club  
will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs.  
Alfred Huddleston tomorrow eve-  
ning at the Woman's Club.

\* \* \*

**MRS. ROBERTSON IS  
HOSTESS TO CLUB**

Mrs. T. A. Robertson was hostess

Guests of the club were Mrs. B. N.  
White and Miss Laura Keeble.

\* \* \*

**PERSONALS**

Joe Baxter who was injured by  
an automobile several weeks ago,  
has been removed from Rutherford  
Hospital to his home on South Ma-  
neey avenue.

Miss Sarah Reeves has returned  
to the College of Optometry in  
Chicago, after spending her Christ-  
mas vacation here and in Lexing-  
ton, Ky., with her parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. W. E. Reeves.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Jackson have  
returned to their home in Mississippi  
after a visit with Mrs. W. G. Man-  
son.

Mrs. Jack Hall and children have  
returned from a visit with her par-

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let you know. I feeds my boys  
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The 16 cloudy or partly clou  
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## News and Views of Literary London

By HERBERT W. HORWILL  
LONDON.

IT is significant of the popular interest in detective fiction that the choice of the Book Society for the current month should have fallen upon "Gaudy Night" (Gollancz), the latest work of Dorothy L. Sayers. This is a detective story with an imaginary women's college at Oxford as a background. Perhaps one should explain that the word gaudy in the title is not an adjective but a noun used attributively. It is an Oxford term denoting an annual dinner at which old members of a college renew their acquaintance with it and with one another—corresponding in some degree, I suppose, to an American annual gathering of

boriau. Dorothy Sayers, by the way, seems to have anticipated this hint, for "Gaudy Night" successfully presents these two interests in combination.

\*\*\*

H. G. WELLS is now in his seventieth year, and has accordingly reached the time of life when most people, however enterprising they may have been in their youth, are content to move in the beaten track. It is therefore a remarkable evidence of his undying spirit of adventure that

he should now be essaying the rôle of a pioneer in the creation of a new literary form. "Things to Come" (Cresset Press), published in America by Macmillan, is the "book of a film" published before the picture itself has been thrown upon the screen. The experiment can hardly be regarded as a brilliant success. Critics have pointed out, as its fundamental defect, that the book is not developed enough to make the reader "see" the finished work in its final proportion. The dialogue is given in full, but the description and action are, by comparison, barely more than indicated. The conclusion is that such a treatment, however adequate to the producer's working requirements, is inadequate for the reader, whom it presents with a hybrid

(Continued on Page 35)

## A Project to Publish The Great Sagas

By ALMA LUISE OLSON  
COPENHAGEN.

OF outstanding significance in Scandinavian publishing circles is the elaborate project now under way to bring out the old Icelandic sagas and other vellum manuscripts in facsimile reproductions by means of the process of photo-lithography, which provides completely satisfactory full-sized substitutes for the use of scholars who may not happen to have access to the originals in the libraries of Scandinavia. One hundred titles are

planned for this Facsimile Series, issued in Copenhagen under the general editorship of Ejnar Munksgaard, and of these some thirty-five titles comprise the sagas alone. Eight volumes have already been issued. There will also be an edition of the sagas in English translation.

Naturally, American interest concentrates around the most famous of the saga manuscripts, the "Flateyjarbók," popularly known as the Flatey Book, with its saga of Erik the Red and narratives of the voyages to Greenland and the discovery of Vinland. The most recent title to be issued is "Icelandic Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages," with an introduction by Professor Hall-dór Hermannsson of Cornell University. Many of the illustrations from vellum manuscripts and miniatures, showing Romanesque and Gothic influence, have never been published before.

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AS further evidence of growing interest in northern antiquities, a popular edition of some of the leading sagas is coming out in Stockholm in Swedish translation by Hjalmar Alving, and the first of the proposed five volumes is now at hand with the Eyrbyggjar and the Laxdale sagas in easy, pleasing style. Another new Swedish volume is "Viking West," by Holger Arbman and Marten Stenberger, a popular story of the westward raids of Vikings in Scotland and adjoining islands, raids and settlements in England and France, together with the exploration that ended in the colonization of Iceland and Greenland and the discovery of America.

The source material for this volume consists of the sagas themselves corroborated by recent archaeological research. The cruelty of the period has not been minimized, and yet both the text and the illustrations, especially the skilled workmanship in the ornamentation of helmet or sword, seem far less murderous than gas masks, tanks, bombing planes and other symbols of warfare of our day. And in this account there is also generous emphasis on the peaceful pursuits of settlement and colonization.

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ALL this lively interest here in Scandinavia in its neglected past is more objective and scholarly than the partial renaissance nearly two centuries ago that culminated in the Gothic Revival and Romanticism in literature. Nor should this movement be confused with the "Nordic" cult of present-day Nazi Germany. Indeed, if nazism seeks to appropriate this background, why does it disregard at least three of the really vitalizing trends of northern antiquity—democracy made objective by the historic gatherings of the people at the open-air "things," a relatively exalted position of woman, and the ameliorating influence of Christianity?

Some of the saga scenes have a pastoral quality. In the "Landnámabok" of Iceland we read of a man of property held in high esteem: he set about to count his sheep but when he had counted 2,400 he was quite exhausted and so let the rest of his flock run away. The rules for homesteading were simple and direct. At sunrise a man lighted a bonfire and then set out to walk, and at sun-

(Continued on Page 41)

# "Fish on the Steeple" and Some Other Recent Fiction

**FISH ON THE STEEPLE.** By Ed Bell. 312 pp. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. \$2.50.

ANY foreigner attempting to get from fiction some idea of American village life might well go quietly mad if he read through the interpretations of the past twenty years. Imagine, for example, the mental state of one who followed, in sequence, life in Gopher Prairie; Friendship Village; Spoon River; Winesburg, Ohio; Arlington, Vt.; Kinston, Miss. No sooner would he decide that life in American towns must be mean and stale and degenerate and barren of joy and nobility than it would become evident, through the neighborly view of, say, Canfield and Gale, that it might also be extremely warm and inviting and rich in human affection.

Ed Bell, in his first novel, leans heavily to the side of the satirists, though he is neither grim, nor bitter, nor violent. In fact, he regards his characters with amused tolerance and some affection. They are his people, he understands them. But to the general reader this plain record of the barber-shop mentality of a Tennessee hill town sums up, in spite of the author's rib-digging jocularity, to something bleak and depressing. It suggests the exact atmosphere in which another Scopes trial could be held any day, and reports it in a ribald, roaring manner that lays an emphasis on the below-the-belt concerns of the general citizenry.

In intelligence all this author's characters are mentally below even the drummer level of Anderson's. Yet they are a short step above the turnip-eating degenerates. ~~Goldwell~~ though one regards them, finally, as one regards the amazing antics of Jeeter Lester, with that whimsical concern that is very near the tragic. In generalizing about his section of the Cumberland flatwoods, the author says:

Its people are neither hillbillies nor mountaineers. They are big men as a rule who breed in swarms. They talk unhurriedly, with much cursing and healthy laughter. They laugh at their own jokes, dread cyclones which never come over the mountains, wear neckties on Sunday, are afraid of people who doubt the Bible and God, and bathe regularly in the Summer because it feels good. They work hard far into their old age.

Perhaps Capm Redmon, the jillying boss of the brick-makers, best fulfills these dimensions so far as this novel is concerned. The bragging "Capm man," as he liked to be called, is remindful of Windy McPherson, though more violent. He had only to raise his red, beefy hand to command an awed silence, and he would whack his men and go swearing home to his wife and daughters until the neighborhood was properly aware of his presence.

But the main narrative thread of the story has to do with the Capm's son, Shackle, who worked in the brickyard by day and held down lamp-posts by night, when not prowling the town like a tomcat. The story turns on Shackle's adolescent interest in Miss Pete Hopper, the "city-looking girl" who "painted her fingernails and even her toenails, who went to Nashville to get her hair fuzzed up fancy and who spoke some of her words like the traveling men who came to the Central Hotel." For a long time Shackle is made to brood on the nature of women when it becomes evident that Miss Pete seems to prefer the slick-haired, tubercular Pewee Williams and his roadster. Comes a warm

June, however, and Shackle and Pete discover they are in "love." They are in and out of "love," depending on Pewee's health and generosity, for the remainder of the book.

The strong interest of this novel, however, does not grow out of the story, or any emotional

scenes that build steadily toward a climax. Rather, the author creates an authentic atmosphere out of scrappy effects. He is a reporter with a good eye and a whopping sense of humor. He writes as if the city editor assigned him to cover the leading scenes of his story: the Campbellite baptism in

the river, the interviews with old Birdmouth, the local wench, the great fire that destroyed half a town block, and the battle in the "Capm man's" brickyard—and that afterward he had raced off his impressions at white heat.

At any rate, he has certainly caught the crudity of the hill

town and recorded it in speech that is quick and racy and splendidly alive. And out of tobacco-juice wit and evangelism and drug-store gossip he has created characters that have fine representative importance. One could wish, however, that he had turned the inward eye on his creations until he drew a larger experience from them. He puts forth cleverly made exhibits similar in spirit to our best satirists but without their far-reaching implications.

At best, this first novel reveals an original mind with a vigor and go about it that will bring close scrutiny to bear upon this author's second book. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bell will have a second book, but that he will be in no great hurry to deliver it. His talent is something to be concerned about.

STANLEY YOUNG.



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# THE RUTHERFORD COURIER

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VOL. 10.—NO. 5.

—EIGHT PAGES—

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1940

—EIGHT PAGES—

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## Dedication Date For Veterans Hospital May Be Moved Back

### Change Likely If President Is Unable To Attend On July Fourth

## HULL CAN'T ATTEND

### Edgar Cherry Is Named Executive Secretary By Committee

"There is excellent chance of getting the President" for the dedication of the Veterans Hospital here on July 4, tentative date for the ceremonies, J. M. Nixon, assistant manager of the hospital, told a meeting of the general dedication committee Wednesday night.

Sam Jared Jr., manager of the hospital, has received a reply from Gen. Frank T. Hines, head of the veterans administration in Washington advising that, according to the secretary to the President, "it is difficult at this time to give any definite answer, but you will be advised as soon as the President's Southern trip is a certainty and his itinerary can be arranged," Nixon said.

### Change Suggested

The possibility of changing the date of the hospital dedication to comply with any day the President may be able to be here, was suggested at the meeting. It was the opinion of the group that the date could easily be arranged in order to have the chief executive here for the event.

Nixon said that he had talked with Cordell Hull personally and the Secretary of State said that, due to the war situation, it would be impossible for him to attend. Hull was considered next in line for the dedication address in the event President Roosevelt was unable to be here.

Edgar Cherry, secretary of the chamber of commerce, was named executive-secretary of the dedication planning by the general committee and John R. Rucker was chosen as his assistant.

Clarence E. Watson, manager of the Murfreesboro Electric Dept., was selected treasurer of the organization and was authorized to borrow

## Beernink's Aged Mother Endangered By German Threat Against Holland

Praying that the headlines were wrong again about the threatened German invasion of Holland, Adolph Beernink, manager of the Rutherford county cooperative creamery, said yesterday he was greatly distressed about the plight of his eighty-year old mother who would be caught directly in the path of the invaders.

### Lives On Border

She is Mrs. Klein Hesselink Beernink of Varsseveld, a town on the Netherlands-German border about 50 miles north of Belgium. It was between these two points—the town of Arnheim—that one of the Nazi columns was reported aiming earlier in the week.

Later the Nazi high command denied that an invasion of their low-country neighbor was imminent, but stated that their army was ready to strike in any direction.

Beernink has not seen his mother since he left his native country 17 years ago. He has not heard from her in two months and said that the letters he had received "since

the out-break of the war were censored so that very little about European development could be learned.

"They are not permitted to mention the war at all" he said.

He said that he still had some hope that his country would be spared as it was during the first World War when he was a soldier on the Belgian border helping guard its neutrality.

He has a close-up view of some of its horrors as thousands of terror-stricken Belgians fled across into Holland to escape Kaiser Wilhelm's troops.

He credited Queen Wilhemina with keeping the Netherlands out of that war.

"I somehow cannot believe the Germans will march this time. My people have been friendly with them so long, but friendliness does not seem to mean much to the Germans now. I would not like to live close to them again."

He said that about eight years ago he tried to get his mother to come to America and she almost

decided to, but changed her mind.

Should the low country be flooded to impede the Germans, it would not affect the town where his mother lives, he said, because that area is on higher land.

He has three sisters and a brother living in central Holland, however, which would be under water.

"The only way the Germans could get over that would be to fly," he declared.

Before he left his native country, Beernink said that he had seen the former German Kaiser often at his hideaway in Doorn, Holland. "I've walked down the street in the morning and there he would be sawing wood."

Beernink has been manager of the Rutherford county cooperative creamery for nine years. He owns a large farm on the Salem road. In the front yard of his farm home is a miniature Dutch windmill. At the front gate a brightly-painted wooden figure of "Uncle Sam" supports his mailbox.

## Midstate Rideathon Expected To Draw 300 Entries --- Boyd

### Assurances From Several Counties Received, He Tells Sponsors

## PLANS ARE DISCUSSED

### Cooper, Publishers, Other Well-Knowns Will Be Asked To Attend

Approximately 300 entries will be here June 4 to take part in the first Middle Tennessee Goodwill Ride-A-Thon, Dr. W. B. Boyd, director general of the event, predicted at a meeting of the newly organized Rutherford County Walking Horse club Wednesday afternoon.

### Six Counties Assured

Boyd said that he expected at least 100 riders would enter from this county and from 10 to 20 each from the 19 others. He said he had already heard from Ride-A-Thon enthusiasts in Davidson, Lincoln, Bedford, Wilson, Moore and Cannon counties; who had assured him they would be here.

Among plans outlined at the meeting were:

Make an effort to get a photographer from Life magazine.

Invite Gov. Prentice Cooper and staff, Silliman Evans, publisher of the Nashville Tennessean, James G. Stahlman, publisher of the Nashville Banner.

Publicise the event through civic clubs, newspapers, horse shows and throughout the area and in walking horse publications.

To invite prominent horsemen from Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

To begin the ride at Sky Harbor at 9:30 o'clock, follow a trail through the Civil War battlefields and lunch in the woods at noon after about eight miles of riding.

To limit the ride to between 14 and 15 miles.

To invite non-riders from Murfreesboro to meet the cavalcade at the luncheon site.

It was announced that anyone wishing to lease horses for the ride should get in touch with S. I. Houston, chairman of the horses and reservation committee.

Other officials are R. B. Womack,

For Representative



WILLIAM T. ROGERS

Declaring himself free of any political tie-up, William T. Rogers of the 18th District, yesterday announced his candidacy as direct representative from Rutherford county, subject to the August primary.

He was the second candidate to announce for the position, R. Y. (Bob) Martin, who is seeking reelection made his announcement sometime ago.

"I am not supported by nor supporting any political faction, clique, or organization," Rogers said in his formal statement. "I will seek to represent the will of the people of the State of Tennessee and Rutherford county in particular in the interest of securing clean, economical and honest government."

The son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Rogers of the Bradyville pike, he was born and reared in this county, graduated from Central High School and the University of Tennessee School of Law. He was admitted to the bar in 1928 and has 12 year's experience in legal practice.

### R. J. Cook, 68, Services At Smyrna Thursday

## Effort Being Made To Oust Q. M. Smith From State College

### Petition In Circulation Here Expected To Go To State Board

## CALL MASS MEETING

### Student Body Seek Chance To Discuss Phillip Mankin Firing

A petition seeking the removal of Q. M. Smith as president of State Teachers College, in circulation here since Wednesday, was expected to be presented to the State Board of Education in Nashville today.

It was learned from reliable sources that the petition charges Smith with being a "ruthless and political minded" administrator and asks the Board to make an investigation of conditions at the local college.

It was believed that two copies of the same petition, similar to the one resulting from the dismissal of Coach Johnny (Red) Floyd in 1938, were being circulated by a group

## Mankin's Dismissal Subject Of Meeting

A mass meeting of the student body to discuss the dismissal of Phillip Mankin, English instructor, was scheduled to be held at the State Teachers College last night.

The meeting was announced at assembly yesterday morning by John Bragg, president of the Associated Student Body upon petition of between 80 and 100 students.

Mankin, who has been a teacher at the college for over 13 years, was notified by President Q. M. Smith some time ago that he would not be recommended

of citizens.

It has been rumored for some time that Senator Knox Hutchinson former instructor at the college during the administration of P. A.

## 'Open House' At Facility Sunday

### Program Will Consist Of Band Concert, Tour Of Hospital

Hospital Day will be observed at the Veterans Hospital Sunday with a band concert and open house, Dr. Richard L. Harris, chief medical officer at the facility announced this week.

The 35-piece American Legion band of Post Number 5 in Nashville, will give a concert on the lawn in front of the main building from 2:30 until 4 p.m., and open house with conducted tours through the hospital will be held from 1 until 5 p.m. according to present plans announced by Dr. Harris.

Manager Sam Jared Jr., said that plenty of parking space would be provided and that the public is invited to attend the concert and tour of the hospital. Loud speakers will be arranged to carry the band music to the parts of the wards where the patients will be seen.

## Sun Is Too Hot, Prisoner Departs

A sure sign that summer weather is here at last was reported by Superintendent Harry Thompson of the Rutherford County Workhouse Tuesday.

Alvin Wray from Moore county was out working the roads with a gang near Christiana, but decided the sun was too hot and departed for parts unknown.

Thompson said that Wray was not wearing chains as he had been imprisoned here once before and had never caused any trouble.

Five days before he had been sent here by Moore county authorities to serve out a 60-day sentence and \$37 fine.

It was the first runaway since last August, Thompson said, "We expect to have this one back in a day or two."

## Coleman Orders 7 Places Closed

### Temporary Injunctions Granted Against City, County 'Joints'

Temporary injunctions against seven alleged city and county bootleg whiskey joints were granted Tuesday by Circuit Judge T. I. Coleman and Sheriff G. W. Thompson ordered to apply the padlocks.

Attorney General John J. Jewell Jr., who filed the petitions, said yesterday that the Sheriff and his force were complying with the order.

Operators Move Out

It was unofficially reported that the officers were finding empty bird's nests since most of the alleged establishments have taken their belongings to a new address.

The establishments affected by the order were:

Bill's Place on the South Side of the Public Square—Arthur Smotherman et al.

### 158,245 Hot Lunches Served In County By WPA—Berry Reports

Nixon said he had talked with Cordell Hull personally and the Secretary of State said that, due to the war situation, it would be impossible for him to attend. Hull was considered next in line for the dedication address in the event President Roosevelt was unable to be here.

Edgar Cherry, secretary of the chamber of commerce, was named executive-secretary of the dedication planning by the general committee and John R. Rucker was chosen as his assistant.

Clarence E. Watson, manager of the Murfreesboro Electric Dept., was selected treasurer of the organization and was authorized to borrow \$200 with which to start preparations.

Headquarters of the committee will be maintained in the Federal Savings & Loan Bldg., in offices (Continued on Page Five)

### County Farmers Sign Petition For Soil Conservation District

Twenty-seven Rutherford farmers have petitioned to set-up a Soil Conservation District for the county, according to County Agent A. F. Hill.

Meeting were held at the high schools over the county Wednesday and Thursday and another is scheduled for 1 p. m. Saturday at the courthouse.

A board of supervisors, chosen from local farmers, form the governing agency of the Soil Conservation District and these districts under such a governing body, constitute a democratic means of bringing the resources of the entire community, State and Federal governments to bear upon local land problems, Hill said.

### Mother's Day Program

Fred Knight, president of the business men's Bible class of the First Baptist church, has announced a Mother's Day Program Sunday morning. The teacher's topic will be "Mother—The Bible Model and the 1940 Model". W. M. Beck will give a vocal solo appropriate to the occasion. The songs which are favorite of mothers will intersperse the program.

### Accept Positions

Miss Sue Reed has accepted a position as stenographer in the office of Dr. M. B. Murfree and Mrs. Sam Perryman has accepted a position in the office of Dr. J. C. Overall as stenographer. Both are graduates of Lawson's Business School.

### Eagleville Stockmen Sell Jack For \$1,100

Billy Whale Jr., a black and white point jack brought \$1,100 to his owners, W. L. Comstock and Son of Eagleville Tuesday. Billy Whale, who will be three years old Sept 28 also gets a long ride out of the deal, being sold to W. D. Brown, president of the National Bank of Providence, La.

Dr. Richard L. Harris, chief medical officer at the facility announced this week.

The 35-piece American Legion band of Post Number 5 in Nashville, will give a concert on the lawn in front of the main building from 2:30 until 4 p. m., and open house with conducted tours through the hospital will be held from 1 until 5 p. m. according to present plans announced by Dr. Harris.

Manager Sam Jared Jr., said that plenty of parking space would be provided and that the public is invited to attend the concert and tour of the hospital. Loud speakers will be arranged to carry the band music to the parts of the wards where the patients will be quartered during the concert and tour and also on the grounds for the visitors.

Dr. Harris announced the number of patients now receiving treatment at the hospital as 445. He said that all of the ward buildings at the hospital were now occupied. Building number nine, which is a parole building where the patients may come and go as they please, is now occupied. It was the last of the ward buildings to be completed.

Three new employees were also announced this week. Albert Davies of Canadagua, N. Y., Miss Ursula A. Shriver of Charleston, S. C., and Albert H. Jones of Lebanon.

### Request

W. S. Donnell, superintendent of county schools, yesterday issued a request for all elementary teachers to come to his office and fill out personnel record cards.

### BIBLE SCHOOL TO OPEN

A non-denominational vocational Bible school will begin at the Eagleville Methodist church May 13 under the supervision of Miss Catherine McBride of Manchester, the Rev. E. M. Wilcox, pastor, announced yesterday. Class will start each afternoon at two o'clock.

## Plans For Hospital Day Announced By Auxiliary

Rutherford hospital will join in the observance of National Hospital Day Monday afternoon with "open house" from two until four o'clock.

The program this year will be dedicated as a memorial service to the late S. B. Christy, whose portrait, painted by Mrs. Collier Crichton, will be unveiled.

Mrs. J. K. Marshall, member of the Woman's Auxiliary board, will be in charge of the unveiling and Mr. Christy's two grandchildren, Susan and Martha Waller, will take part.

The welcome address will be made by S. F. Houston, chairman of the hospital board, Dr. W. T. Robison will speak on "The Hospital's Relation to Community" and Dr. J. B. Black will pay tribute to Mr. Christy.

The program is sponsored each year by the Auxiliary. Mrs. D. L. Ledbetter is program chairman.

departed for parts unknown. Thompson said that Wray was not wearing chains as he had been imprisoned here once before and had never caused any trouble. Five days before he had been sent here by Moore county authorities to serve out a 60-day sentence and \$37 fine. It was the first runaway since last August, Thompson said, "We expect to have this one back in a day or two."

### 158,245 Hot Lunches Served In County By WPA—Berry Reports

A total of 158,245 hot lunches for school children, 35,550 articles of clothing and 429 miles of rural Farm-to-Market roads are among the accomplishments of the Works Projects Administration in Rutherford county, according to figures released by Colonel Harry S. Berry, State administrator.

The report was made in connection with this county's participation in National observance of WPA Week which begins May 20 and continues through May 25.

The report covers the past four and one-half years.

Women workers on WPA projects prepared and served the hot lunches and the clothing was produced by WPA sewing projects.

In connection with the rural road program in the county, the WPA has built 40 new bridges and 161 new culverts along with 779.1 miles of roadside drainage ditch.

One new school building has been constructed and additions have been made to two others.

Other accomplishments include: one mile of water mains, seven water consumer connections, 1.1 mile of storm and sanitary sewers, 44 sewerage service connections, 15 manholes and catch basins, 2,196 sanitary privies and four airway markers.

Following the opening ceremonies the visitors will be conducted on a tour through all departments of the hospital.

These include: Administrative department: Miss Martiel Sharpe, R. N., superintendent; Mrs. Frances B. Webb, bookkeeper; Miss Ellie Ruth Stephens, stenographer; Miss Alice Hobart, record librarian. Visitors will be shown how patients are admitted, rates fixed, services offered by the office and patients records in this department.

Nursing department: Miss Flossie Gamble, supervisor of nurses; Miss Carmine Brandon, supervisor of first floor; Miss Christine Neelley, supervisor of second floor.

Exhibits will be on display on the south porch showing rural sanitation, care of infants, syphilis control, Red Cross committee's exhibit, social agencies counsel exhibit, (Continued on Page Four)

Operators Move Out It was unofficially reported that the officers were leaving empty bird's nests since most of the alleged establishments have taken their belongings to a new address. The establishments affected by the order were: Bill's Place on the South Side of the Public Square—Arthur Smotherman et al. Owl Inn, Nashville highway, Eddie Jernigan et al, adjoining residence excluded. Store building in 15th district—Amon (Buck) Wright. House on South Academy street, Span Hackney. Cannonball Inn, S. T. Benson et al. Given five days to vacate. House, Nashville, highway, Ruth Brown et al. Three days to vacate. House, West Vine street, James Welchance.

The hearing represented an almost exclusive day in court for Attorney General Jewell as Judge T. L. Coleman repeatedly overruled motions by counsel for the defendants to hear the cases on their merits, to present testimony of their own or to cross-examine State's (Continued on Page Five)

Land For Sale May Be Listed With FSA For Consideration Any farm land for sale in Rutherford County can be listed for sale with the Farm Security Administration for consideration under the FSA tenant purchase program, Thomas L. Link, County Supervisor, announced today.

This means any real estate agent or farm land owner in Rutherford County can register farms for sale at the FSA office on the third floor of the Court House. Funds for the sale of farm lands to tenants seeking to become owners under the FSA program have been appropriated by Congress under the Bankhead-Jones Act, and purchase of these farms is under supervision of the Farm Security Administration.

Link said each county FSA office wanted as large a selection of farms as possible in aiding tenants to purchase farms, and asked that local real estate men file their lists of suitable farms for sale with the FSA office. The prospective purchasers, who expect to borrow from FSA, will be referred to the owners and agents of suitable farm lands.

Meeting And Supper The Bob Brown Post of the American Legion will meet at the hall on Vine and Hancock streets Monday night at 7:30 o'clock. Commander R. T. McHenry announced that there would be a "slumgullion supper" on the side.

To invite prominent horsemen from Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

To begin the ride at Sky Harbor at 9:30 o'clock, follow a trail through the Civil War battlefields and lunch in the woods at noon after about eight miles of riding.

To limit the ride to between 14 and 15 miles.

To invite non-riders from Murfreesboro to meet the cavalcade at the luncheon site.

It was announced that anyone wishing to lease horses for the ride should get in touch with S. F. Houston, chairman of the horses and reservation committee.

Other officials are R. B. Womack, field marshal, E. E. Miller, chairman of the steering committee, T. E. Hord, chairman of the trail committee, W. H. Huddleston, chairman of the luncheon committee, program committee, H. H. Earnman, chairman of finance and advertising and E. D. Riggs, chairman of publicity.

The committee on horses and reservation will meet at the Chamber of Commerce office Monday night.

District Temperance Meeting Here Today A. J. Brandon, chairman of the United Prohibition Forces of the Fourth Congressional district, will address the district convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to be held here today.

The program will open at the First Methodist church at ten o'clock.

Brandon's subject will be "A Check-Up of Repeal of the 19th Amendment."

Mrs. Tom Brown, president of the local chapter of the W. C. T. U. will welcome the delegates.

Gypsies Pay Off Lula Eli and son James accused of the robbery of R. M. Shipp on the Sulphur Spring road, were delivered from the Rutherford county jail early this week by fellow clansmen who came here and paid Mr. Shipp back his \$110 and costs in the case. It all amounted to \$165. The gypsies were picked up in Nashville by Constable Tal Vaughn a day after the robbery.

Tree Doctor To Be Called In To Treat Old Sycamore The ancient sycamore tree which stands in the courthouse yard will receive a new lease on life as part of the beautification program that started this week, according to County Judge John D. Wiseman.

He said that he planned to call in a specialist from Shelbyville to diagnose the old tree's ailment and give necessary treatment.

According to local legend limbs of the sycamore have been used for at least two hangings. Its limbs now rise above the windows of the Circuit Court Clerk's office on the second floor. In a hollow high up a swarm of bees have made honey for several years.

porting any political faction, clique, or organization." Rogers said in his formal statement. "I will seek to represent the will of the people of the State of Tennessee and Rutherford county in particular in the interest of securing clean, economical and honest government."

The son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Rogers of the Bradyville pike, he was born and reared in this county, graduated from Central High School and the University.

School of Law. He was admitted to the bar in 1928 and has 12 year's experience in legal practice.

R. J. Cook, 68, Services At Smyrna Thursday Funeral services for R. J. Cook, 68, who died at his home on the Sulphur Springs road Wednesday at 12:30 p. m. were conducted at the Smyrna Cumberland Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. Burial was in Maple View cemetery.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Mattie Cook; three sons, Robert L. Cook of Murfreesboro, E. B. Cook of Madison and J. W. Cook of Old Hickory; four brothers, D. L. and Wat C. Cook of Smyrna and L. G. and Joseph Cook of St. Louis, Mo.

Pallbearers were R. C. Waller, Clarence Garrett, John Mullins, B. D. Brown, John Bell, Marvin Lee, Dallas Lawrence and Charlie Mullins.

Two Patrolmen Make Big Whiskey Catch One whole ham, a case of fresh eggs and 165 gallons of mountain moonshine—that was the assorted cargo in a pick-up truck with State highway Patrolmen J. V. Orr and W. T. Shelton ran down at Monteagle Wednesday night.

The driver, reported as Buck Reit, was arrested and brought here and was expected to be turned over to Federal officers along with the whiskey sometime yesterday.

The truck was a Ford V-8 and the back end was filled with five-gallon jacket tins, covered by a thin board. On top of the board rested the eggs and ham.

The patrolmen had to shoot down the rear tire before the car stopped, but no eggs were cracked nor whiskey spilled.

Classes, listed in the order they (Continued on Page Five)

'T' Club Will Present Frolic At STC Tonight An old-fashioned festival and frolic with a box supper, bingo games, lawn dance and \$10 worth of merchandise as a prize, will be staged in Jones Field next Thursday night at 7 o'clock under the direction of the "T" Club.

No admission charge will be made but proceeds from the different events will be used to entertain the Middle Tennessee coaches, senior high school athletics and all former "T" club members with a banquet and dance May 18 at the school.

First Train Ride Seventy first and second grade students of the McFadden school took their first railway journey yesterday morning when they boarded the 11:45 o'clock train at the station and went to Smyrna for a picnic.

meeting was announced at assembly yesterday morning by John Bragg, president of the Associated Student Body upon petition of between 80 and 100 students.

Mankin, who has been a teacher at the college for over 13 years, was notified by President Q. M. Smith some time ago that he would not be recommended

of citizens. It has been rumored for some time that Senator Knox Hutchinson former instructor at the college during the administration of P. A. Lyon, does not feel any friendlier toward Lyon's successor.

Hutchinson was reported to have at least three members of the State board in a receptive mood for ousting Smith.

Hutchinson, it was made known, (Continued on Page Five)

## Smyrna Horse Show Plans Announced

18 Classes Listed For Fourth Annual Event Saturday, May 25

Plans for the fourth annual Smyrna Horse Show to be held Saturday, May 25th, have been announced by W. B. Jordan, president of the Smyrna Horse Show Association.

The program will begin at 3 p. m., and will include 18 classes, with the annual steeplechase, feature attraction of the show, beginning at 5:15 p. m. Two other classes will be staged before the big event, one for non-thoroughbred horses and one for mules.

The plantation class of walking horses will be first on the program and will travel over a route of 12 miles, passing by the judges stand twice before coming in for the final judging at 4:30 p. m.

Classes, listed in the order they (Continued on Page Five)

'T' Club Will Present Frolic At STC Tonight An old-fashioned festival and frolic with a box supper, bingo games, lawn dance and \$10 worth of merchandise as a prize, will be staged in Jones Field next Thursday night at 7 o'clock under the direction of the "T" Club.

No admission charge will be made but proceeds from the different events will be used to entertain the Middle Tennessee coaches, senior high school athletics and all former "T" club members with a banquet and dance May 18 at the school.

First Train Ride Seventy first and second grade students of the McFadden school took their first railway journey yesterday morning when they boarded the 11:45 o'clock train at the station and went to Smyrna for a picnic.

MISS EUGENIA  
LITTLE,  
REPORTER

# Eagleville News

TELEPHONE  
EAGLEVILLE  
84-W

EAGLEVILLE, Tenn.—R. G. Hay Jr. of Washington, D. C., was a recent guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hay. Additional guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hay during the week end were T. E. Knott, of Dallas, Texas, and Miss Helen Harris, of Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hoofnail and Mrs. Henrietta Sims, had as their guests this week Elder and Mrs. J. B. Hooper and Mrs. Louie Minnifield, of Nashville.

Mrs. Thomas Hughes of Mt. Juliet, Mrs. Bill Cartwright and children

and Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Sheetz of Nashville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Blanton.

Miss Mary Theresa Williams, who has been engaged in teaching at Bodenham, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott Williams.

Miss Williams was the guest of Miss Josephine Haley, of Murfreesboro, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Johnson, of Nashville, were week end guests of the Misses Womack and were Saturday dinner guests of Mrs. Ed

McCord and Mr. McCord.

Little Marjorie Clare Hughes, of Nolensville, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. E. Stephenson, returned home Sunday, accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Stephenson and daughters, Mary Jane and Dorothy Anne, and Cliff Hughes, of Murfreesboro, STC.

The H. D. Club met at the home of Mrs. G. T. Childress Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Newman, of Nashville, were recent visitors of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Childress.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse M. Owen attended commencement exercises at Rockvale Sunday with their week-end guests, Misses Marianna and Virginia Meek, of Arno, Miss Anne Jackson of STC, and Miss Emaline Jackson of Rockvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smithson, of Nashville, were week end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Floyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston Vaughn, of Nashville, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Jordan.

Dr. E. L. Williams and Miss Mary Theresa Williams were in Murfreesboro and Nashville Monday.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Wilcox attended the district conference of the Methodist Church at Watertown Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Ruby Taylor of Rover, was the week end guest of Miss Eunice Wilcox.

Elvis Gentry, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Gentry, is sick with measles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hurt were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Culberson, of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sullivan and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, were in Nashville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dean and daughter, Janie Maie, and Buford Dean, of Chapel Hill, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Fagan and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hurt were in Murfreesboro this week.

Miss Jean Buchanan spent Saturday with Murfreesboro relatives and was accompanied home by Miss Marie Jackson for a week end visit.

Mrs. Ed Fagan and daughter, Mrs. Jack Haynes, of Chapel Hill, were Fagan.

Miss Mary Jane Dunore, of Murfreesboro, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Flora Elmore.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Redmon have returned from a visit to points of interest in Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Marable, of Murfreesboro, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gillespie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Stephenson and daughter, Dorothy Anne and Miss Jean Buchanan were in Murfreesboro Friday.

Those from here attending the May Day celebration at Tennessee College were Mrs. H. D. Floyd,

Miss Sophia Williams, and Misses Katherine Gillespie, Sarah V. Abernathy, Louise Halston, Annie Ruth Carlton and Charlotte Stephenson.

Prof. John Sims of Lascassas, was a recent guest of Prof. Charles Grigsby and Raymond Brown.

H. K. Stephenson made a business trip to Nashville Thursday.

Mrs. Roy Moore and children, Bettye V. and son Garrett White, Miss Louise Collins and Bill Moore of Unionville, and Mrs. H. R. Johns, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Shelton.

### Attend Bankers Meet

H. K. Stephenson, cashier of People's Bank, will join Homer Powell and Leiper Freeman of Murfreesboro on a trip to Memphis to be present at the State Banker Association.

The senior class of E.H.S left Monday morning for the Smokies with Charles Grigsby and Mrs. Claude Shelton as chaperones. Arnold Puckett of Rover, and M. C. Tomlin also accompanied the class.

Mrs. T. Scott Williams complimented Mr. Williams on his birthday with a six o'clock dinner Tuesday evening. The decorations featured spring flowers. Those seated with the honoree and hostess were Dr. and Mrs. Jimmie Boykin, of Nashville, Dr. E. L. Williams and Miss Mary Theresa Williams.

### Announces Revival

The Rev. J. C. Miles, of Nashville, pastor of the local Baptist Church, preached at the regular hour Sunday. He announced a series of meetings would begin here August 25, continuing through September 6th, with preaching by the Rev. Joe Canzoneri, of Jackson, Miss.

Mrs. Leslie Fairfield and son, John, of Chicago, Ill., who accompanied her mother home from an extended visit has been the guest of her brother, John Dyer and Mrs. Dyer for the past week. They will return home this week.

H. K. Stephenson and daughter, Dorothy Anne, were in Nashville Monday.

Mrs. Leslie Fairfield and son, John, of Chicago, Ill., were recent dinner guests of Mrs. Jodie Ralston and Mr. Ralston.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Newman, of Nashville, were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Childress recently.

Miss Ethel Elmore and nephew, Billie, with her niece, Mary Jane Elmore, of Murfreesboro, visited in Nashville, Saturday and were accompanied home by Miss Mary Elmore for the week end.

Miss Lillian Lowe, of the University of Tennessee, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Jordan were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dryden, of Nashville, Sunday.

Miss Josephine Haley, of Murfreesboro, was the week end guest of the Misses Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kelley and children and Miss Robie Buchanan were in Murfreesboro Saturday.

## Blackman

BLACKMAN, Tenn.—Mrs. Tom Eleston, of Chicago, Ill., spent two nights last week with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Baugh. She also visited other relatives while here.

John Garvin spent Wednesday night of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Odis Garvin, of Smyrna.

Miss Virgie Rowlette, of Alma-ville, and Miss Irene Carter, of Laverne, spent Saturday night with Mrs. D. A. Rowlette.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mullins Jr. spent the week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ford near Smyrna.

Miss Margaret Singleton and Mrs. J. F. Rowlette spent Saturday with Misses Louise and Irene Rowlette. H. A. Lane, of Nashville, spent the week end at home.

Mrs. J. V. Mullins Sr. and Mrs. Joe Mullins Jr. spent one afternoon last week with Mrs. J. T. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Jenkins, of Goodlettsville, spent one day last week with home folks here.

Mrs. J. H. Rowlette is visiting relatives in Nashville and Goodlettsville.

Mrs. Van Hackney and daughter spent Saturday with her sister Mrs. Joe Mullins.

Miss Louise Rowlette visited her grandmother, Mrs. D. A. Rowlette, recently.

Mrs. Beulah Henley, of Alabama, is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. F. Pitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tune are visiting their son at Walter Hill.

Mrs. Tommie Jones and son, Fred, spent one night recently with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Baltimore, on the Lebanon pike.

Bill Carter of Florence spent one night last week with S. G. Rowlette.

W. B. Hudson visited his son, Dock Hudson, on the Manson pike, last week.

Mrs. J. M. Jones and son, Jimmie, of Smith Springs, spent a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. D. A. Rowlette.

Miss Marion Ryan spent the week end with Misses Louise and Irene Rowlette.

Mrs. J. N. York and children

Mountains this week.

Mrs. Walter Shelton and Mrs. Robert Shelton were in Chapel Hill Sunday.

spent one afternoon last week with her grandmother Mrs. D. A. Rowlette.

Mrs. Nan Rowlette and daughter, Virgie, spent Sunday with Mrs. D. A. Rowlette.

Mrs. Jim Harrell and family and Clyde and Bob McPeak, of Carter's Creek, spent Sunday with Mrs. Joe Mullins and family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Ryan spent Sunday with Mrs. Bill Heath at Jefferson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Baugh, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rowlette spent Sunday with relatives in Nashville.

Mrs. Nancy Paschal and daughter Bessie Mae spent Sunday night with Mrs. Joe H. Rowlette and family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rowlette and family of Nashville, spent Friday night and Saturday with John Garvin and family.

W. B. Hudson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jim Harrell and family at Carter's Creek, Tennessee.

S. G. Rowlette spent Sunday afternoon with Joe Mullins.

Mrs. Tommie Jones and family visited Mrs. Sam Rowlette and Miss Louise Rowlette Sunday afternoon.

The "Filty Facts" are that common house flies may be carriers of typhoid, dysentery, cholera, tuberculosis, intestinal worms and many other debilitating diseases. Screens are cheap in comparison with a case of one of these.

In planning the year's food supply, don't forget the sweet potato.

It is rich in food value, particularly vitamins and minerals, and is easy to grow and easy to keep.



# -TIRES- RECAPPED RETREADED VULCANIZED WOOD TIRES

### MODERN RETREADERS

J. W. GOSSETT, Mgr.  
223 W. MAIN AT WALNUT  
MURFREESBORO, TENN.

## UNDER F.H.A. TITLE ONE

You can re-roof, repair, paint or add to your home with monthly payments from 12 to 36 months. No mortgage or red tape. Call us for estimate and explanation.

### YOUNG OGILVIE & CO.

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## PLUMBING - HEATING AND ELECTRICAL WORK

BATHROOMS INSTALLED ON  
EASY TERMS

See Our Electric and Plumbing Displays

### W. D. HAYNES

1014 N. Maple Street Phone 277

# ANNOUNCEMENT

## The OPTICAL OFFICES of

J. D. JONES & SONS

EATING OUT  
IS FUN!



## ENJOY GOOD FOOD AND GOOD HEALTH BY EATING HERE!

This week we wish to emphasize that eating at the City Cafe is enjoyable, healthful and economical. Enjoyable because of the pleasant surroundings . . . Healthful because our meals are prepared from the finest quality, fresh foods . . . Economical because we buy fine foods in such huge quantities. Come in today . . . for BREAKFAST—LUNCHEON—DINNER

### SPECIAL - Chicken Dinner Sunday

# CITY CAFE

SOUTH SIDE THE SQUARE

... Economical because we buy the food in such huge quantities. Come in today . . . for **BREAKFAST—LUNCHEON—DINNER**

**SPECIAL - Chicken Dinner Sunday**

**CITY CAFE**

SOUTH SIDE THE SQUARE

Mrs. Ed Fagan and daughter, Mrs. Jack Haynes, of Chapel Hill, were Fagan.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kelley and children and Miss Robie Buchanan were in Murfreesboro Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hurt visited Nashville relatives Sunday.

Miss Catherine Thompson and brother, Robert, of Wartrace, were recent visitors to their aunt, Mrs. Jesse M. Owen and Mr. Owen.

Mrs. Gifford Cooper, of Nashville, visited her brother, C. A. Gillespie and family recently.

Miss Elizabeth Sullivan is in the Protestant hospital, Nashville, where she will undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Claude Shelton, Joe Crosslin and C. L. Little were in Nashville Sunday.

Earl Barnes, of Eagleville, who is principal at Rockvale school, accompanied his class to the Smoky

Mrs. J. N. York and children Mountains this week. Mrs. Walter Shelton and Mrs. Robert Shelton were in Chapel Hill Sunday.

See Our Electric and Plumbing Displays  
**W. D. HAYNES**  
1014 N. Maple Street Phone 277

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

The OPTICAL OFFICES of

**Dr. JAS. R. NORTON, Jr.**

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**NOW OPEN**

**Dr. JAS. R. NORTON, Jr.**

OPTOMETRIST AND ORTHOPTIST



128 E. MAIN STREET

PHONE 30

Don't Forget!  NEXT SUNDAY IS

**MOTHER'S DAY**

"SHE" WILL APPRECIATE SOMETHING TO WEAR!



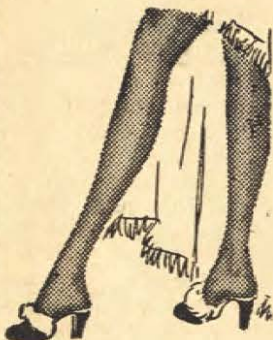
Give Mother A New **BONNET**

Superbly styled, gay trims. All the new styles and colors for every costume. Wide selection of whites, blacks and navies.

VALUES UP TO \$1.98



Pure Silk, Ringless, Full-Fashioned



**Hose**

In all the newest shades  
Finest Silk! Made in Murfreesboro.

**59c**

Large group, slightly irregular silk hose

**17c**

They're New! Just Arrived! Hundreds of Pairs!

**White SHOES**



Just received, newest styles in 'Star Brand' white shoes.

**\$1.99**

Elmer says:

"Mother Will Appreciate A Newly Painted Home"



**MOTHER'S DAY SUNDAY, MAY 12th**

Paint Inside and Out With Warren's

"She" will appreciate a home made bright and sparkling with Warren's Paints . . . and it will be a present that will give her lasting pleasure and satisfaction.



Outside White PER GAL. **\$2.80**

**\$2.75** Per Gallon in 5-Gallon Cans



We are exclusive dealers in Murfreesboro for Warren's Paints

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**MULLINS - OSBORN**

PHONE 4

**The HUB Dept. Store**

SOL ARBIT, Prop.

"If You See It In Our Ad, It's So"

West Side Square

# "SPRING FLOWERS"

by SUSAN DULAIN

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**SYNOPSIS**

Peg Warrington has a theory that Adele Raymond's diffidence and lack of personal charm is caused by lack of romance. She and Hank Raeburn plan to put the theory into practice, basing their campaign

upon the assumption that Barret Gaynor, wealthiest and most attractive young man in town, has seen Adele sunning her beautiful hair in the garden and is enthralled by her loveliness. Of course, this is purest fabrication, but, as there

is to be a dance at the country club, Hank arranges that Barret shall be Adele's escort. She is thrilled beyond words.

Peg selects Adele's frock and has a hairdresser attend her girl friend. The transformation is surprising—Adele is really beautiful. She has taken Peg's words about Barret being in love with her so seriously that Peg has misgivings.

He does not believe her when she confides in him that she never had a beau and never was kissed. Adele cannot understand Barret's remark, "I suppose you'll be telling me next that you fell in love with me on sight and had Peg ring me in as an escort," because Peg had told her Barret, himself, had done just that. Disappointed, she asks to go home.

**CHAPTER IV**

Far into the quiet night Adele sat puzzling, aching with disappointment. Why is it that so often the price of love is pain—pain in advance? Pain that can find surcease only in the beloved's arms.

And out at the Country club, Barret sought out Peg, and Peg sought frantically to do what she could to save Adele hurt.

"Where's Adele?" Peg demanded when Barret came in alone, looking rather grim and unhappy.

"She wanted to go home", said Barret.

"Home! Why? What happened?" demanded Peg anxiously.

"I don't exactly know", said Barret. "We got off to such a grand start—she's a beautiful thing, Peg, and there was something so vibrant about her. And then, suddenly, the contact was broken.

"Oh, I might as well admit it", he confessed. "I was dying to kiss her and told her so. And she tried to make me believe she had never been kissed. I told her I thought she was lying and didn't see why she should bother. And it was right after that that we came home".

Peg thought frantically. How much should she tell Barret?

"Listen, Barret. I don't think she ever has been kissed. I know she's never had a beau. Those two old maid aunts she lives with wouldn't let her. But I do know this, and maybe it isn't the thing to tell you. She saw you, and she thought you were absolutely perfect. She fell in love with you, and she's such an honest, straightforward, brave little thing that it probably never occurred to her to hide it".

(Lies! Lies! Lies!)

"When she told me about it, I asked you to bring her to the dance. I shopped for her clothes, so she would have something beautiful and right. And I had a hair dresser come and do her hair. She's been wearing those glorious curls slicked back and in a hard knot on her neck—"

"I was right", said Barret suddenly. "Remember I told her there at the foot of your stairs, that love was the only thing that made anyone sparkle with happiness as she did?"

"Yes," said Peg. "And she told you that she had just learned what it was that turned on the inner lights and made her sparkle. Remember that?"

"The poor youngster!" said Barret softly. "I wish you had told me sooner."

"Why?" asked Peg a little breathless.

"Because, I know how to handle that sort of thing. It may sound conceited, but I've had girls in love with me before. Or rather, they thought they were. It is really conquest they love. So I give them just the right sort of devoted attention until their need for conquest has been satisfied, and then the affair dies a natural death. I could just as easily have done that with Adele. I wish I'd known", he said ruefully.

Peg thought fast. She had started this thing, and it looked from here as if Adele was going to be badly hurt, for Adele wasn't the sort of girl to be satisfied with conquest. Nothing but love would do for her.

But if she urged Barret to go ahead and try to cure Adele of her infatuation, what then? Either Adele would react like the rest of the girls Barret mentioned, or else Barret would succumb to the real love that Adele was offering him—and they might be happily together.

Still there was a third chance. Adele might go right on loving Barret long after Barret had decided that her desire for conquest had been satisfied. In that case, Peg would be responsible for her broken heart.

Two chances of helping Adele against one of hurting her further. Peg gambled quickly.

"Well, is it too late to give Adele the regulation cure for infatuation? I shouldn't think so," she said.

And as she waited for his reply, she wondered if men didn't know that big thrill of suddenly discovering that some girl was in love with them, and if that wasn't the secret of Barret's willingness to pay a girl devoted attention while she was satisfying her love of conquest. It flattered his ego, too, didn't it? Of course. And everybody loves flattery.

"The only trouble is", said Barret slowly, "that both of you say she hasn't been kissed. That's a new wrangle to me. I don't want to be the first man to kiss her. These first loves aren't as easy to cure as—the ones that follow".

"Don't kiss her then," said Peg

come along."

And do you think Adele needed any second invitation? A girl who has spent half the night crying on a garden bench because a man said to somebody else that he loved her and didn't say it to her, and the other half staring out into the moonlight from her little white bed, loving him no matter what he did? Imagine her needing a second invitation!

Far out into the country they went. Adele sparkled and glowed and chattered, and Barret teased her and egged her on with eyes that were half tender, half amused, and very, very knowing.

The next evening he came and took her for a drive. On the next, they took Peg and Hank and went dancing at a club in a neighboring town. And she had flowers—although the cottage garden was loaded with them—and candy, and a book Barret had told her about. And she was so happy she thought she'd die of happiness.

"I'm so happy I haven't been able to get a full breath into my lungs since it started," she confided to Peg one day. And Peg hugged her. "How do the aunts like it?" asked Peg.

Adele's face clouded suddenly, and then she laughed.

"You know how old-fashioned they are," she said apologetically. "Every time I've been with Barret, they came to my room and asked if he has proposed yet, or if he has kissed me. And they warn me not to let him kiss me until he has proposed."

"Hasn't he kissed you?" asked Peg.

"No," admitted Adele, as if she were confessing to something shameful. "And I—I'm dying to have him—"

"Any girl can make a man kiss her is she wants to," said Peg, with wisdom far beyond Adele.

"How?" demanded Adele.

"Oh, sort of lean back on against him, and make love to him with your eyes, and let him see that you want to be kissed. And don't have your pretty mouth too far away from his," smiled Peg.

Adele tried it—and it worked! And then Barret gathered her up into his arms and strained her to him so fiercely, so savagely, that she cried out at the sudden pain of his crushing arms.

"What did you have to do that for?" he asked, between clenched teeth. "When I've been resisting so successfully."

"Because—"

His arms relaxed a little, but continued to hold her. Her blue eyes, wide and adoring, giving a clear view of the state of her heart, stared upward into his hot, intent—and slightly resentful brown ones. Why not be brave about it? Why not tell him—

"Because I wanted you to kiss me. You see—I love you." It was just a ghost of a voice, but he heard. And answered.

"I know. Peg told me. But isn't it about time you got over it?"

Cruel? It had the torture chambers of the Middle Ages faded to nothing. But Barret thought he had to be cruel to be kind. He had been analyzing the state of Adele's heart so constantly that he forgot to look into his own.

"Get over it?" asked Adele, be-

wildered. "I don't want to get over it. Ever. Why should I? Peg told me that you love me, too."

(To be continued)

## ROXY Theatre

South Side Square Murfreesboro

Fri. - Satur. May 10 - 11

GENE AUTRY KEN MAYNARD

—in— "IN OLD SANTA FE" RED BARRY NO. 12

Mon. - Tues. May 13 - 14

JOAN KING JOHN BARCLAY

—in— "The Gentleman From Arizona"

Wed. - Thurs. May 15 - 16

BORIS KARLOFF BELA LUGOSI

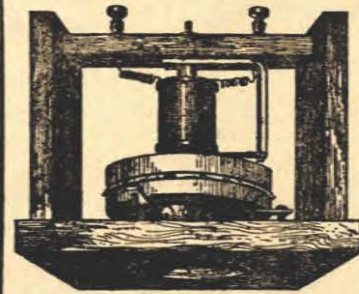
—in— "BLACK FRIDAY"

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11¢ - 16¢

MATINEE AND NIGHT

Alexander Graham Bell's First Telephone



From this crude Beginning

... the telephone has been made a world-wide medium of voice communication... a dependable servant, available at low cost, to people in all walks of life. This remarkable achievement is the result of American initiative, organization and ingenuity.

The 21,500 Southern Bell workers have had an important part in this achievement. It is a source of satisfaction to them to know that they, together with thousands of other Bell System workers, have made it possible for anyone today using a Bell or Bell connected telephone to talk to almost any point in America, many foreign countries, and to ships at sea.

Americans enjoy the best, most dependable and cheapest telephone service in the world. They are assured of its continuance because it is the Company's policy to keep telephone facilities and quality of service ahead of public expectation.

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Jolene brings you these crisp, new Hollywood "first choice" style hits. There's no question about it...they'll be your first choice too.



Floridian  
**JOLÉNE SHOES**  
are  
**NATIONALLY ADVERTISED**

**GOLDSTEIN'S**

she was lying and didn't see why she should bother. And it was right after that that we came home".  
Peg thought frantically. How much should she tell Barret?  
"Listen, Barret. I don't think she ever has been kissed. I know she's never had a beau. Those two old maid aunts she lives with wouldn't let her. But I do know this, and maybe it isn't the thing to tell you. She saw you, and she thought you were absolutely perfect. She fell in love with you, and she's such an honest, straightforward, brave little thing that it probably never occurred to her to hide it".  
(Lies! Lies! Lies!)

I shouldn't think so," she said.  
And as she waited for his reply, she wondered if men didn't know that big thrill of suddenly discovering that some girl was in love with them, and if that wasn't the secret of Barret's willingness to pay a girl devoted attention while she was satisfying her love of conquest. It flattered his ego, too, didn't it? Of course. And everybody loves flattery.  
"The only trouble is," said Barret slowly, "that both of you say she hasn't been kissed. That's a ne wangle to me. I don't want to be the first man to kiss her. These first loves aren't as easy to cure as—the ones that follow".  
"Don't kiss her, then," said Peg promptly. "Or are kisses part of the cure?"  
"Part of the game of conquest, let us say," Barret grinned at her suddenly.  
"Then suppose you invent a new game", said Peg. "You know so much about it."  
And she turned on her heel and walked away, those high heels clicking with rage at herself and fury at Barret's conceit. But then all men are conceited, she decided. She hoped Barret would fall so hard for Adele that he'd never be able to scramble up even into a sitting position again. She hoped he'd be plumb nuts about her and that Adele would turn him down. She hoped—  
Then she laughed ruefully. She was hating herself for what she had done to poor Barret. Well, Barret could just devote himself to Adele.  
He did. Early Sunday morning his car appeared before the green-shuttered cottage. Even before Adele was up. But she sent word to him to wait and hastily scrambled into some clothes, despite the protests of her aunts.  
"I want to go picnicking," was Barret's greeting. "And you're the only perfect picnic partner that I can think of. Lunch is tucked away in the back of the car. so

"What did you have to do that for?" he asked, between clenched teeth. "When I've been resisting so successfully."  
"Because—"  
His arms relaxed a little, but continued to hold her. Her blue eyes, wide and adoring, giving a clear view of the state of her heart, stared upward into his hot, intent—and slightly resentful brown ones. Why not be brave about it? Why not tell him—  
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most dependable and cheapest telephone service in the world. They are assured of its continuance because it is the Company's policy to keep telephone facilities and quality of service ahead of public expectation.  
**SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
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**BARGAIN PRICES**  
**FRI. - SAT.**  
**11¢ - 16¢**  
**MATINEE AND NIGHT**



Store  
**WINTER CLOTHES**  
Now!

**Guard Against Damage**  
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**MOTHS, FIRE, THEFT**  
**And DIRT**

**Clean-Up for**  
**SPRING**

**"SEND IT TO**  
**THE LAUNDRY"**

**MURFREESBORO**  
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launderers - dyers - cleaners  
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**Eyes Examined,**  
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**TIME PAYMENTS**  
Easily Arranged at  
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CONSULT  
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**W.R. Bell & Son**  
JEWELERS and OPTICIANS  
1879 ON THE SQUARE 1940  
OVER 60 YEARS

Pointer for Wise Car Buyers

**Check the All-Star Features in**  
**"THE LEADER'S LINE-UP"**  
*and you'll choose the leader - Chevrolet!*

**WHY PAY MORE?**  
**WHY ACCEPT LESS?**

- ★ MODERN "ROYAL CLIPPER" STYLING The Style Hit of the Year
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**MASTER 85**  
**BUSINESS COUPE**  
Other models slightly higher  
All models priced at Flint, Mich.  
Transportation based on rail rates,  
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**ALL THESE CHEVROLET QUALITY FEATURES**  
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**CAN MATCH CHEVROLET IN PUBLIC DEMAND**

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THE  
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110 East Main Street Telephone 378

NATIONAL EDITORIAL  
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Not Like Charity

To be forced to accept charity or relief or for anyone's people to do so, burns a spot in a man or woman that no amount of future security can ever heal completely. The American people know that. They know it makes some change in a man or woman which keeps them from being what they were before ever again.

The average American knew, hat when the great crisis came, measures of relief had to be taken. A few large-feelers still cling to the old belief that every man is still potentially a president, that it is within him to become whatever he wants to be regardless of outside circumstances and that all the present distress of millions is of their own making.

The average American is not that large a fool. He knows that, out of the millions of unemployed in this country, there must be plenty who are just as good and deserving as those who have managed—by miracle, inheritance, political pull or what-have-you—to stay on top through the economic miseries of the past ten years.

Yet, deep down, all who are honest, resent the idea of a society that has to be maintained with hand-outs to a large percentage of its members. In these times we have seen people on relief become different people. We have seen families who lucked onto the white collar administrative payrolls of the relief projects, get snotty (excuse the word, but it is the only one that fits) toward their less fortunate neighbors who had to take direct, and much smaller, relief.

We have seen part of our people who had to take relief become weak whiners for more of the same. We have seen others develop a brooding hatred for the government that gives, yet

When you think of it like that, it is sad and sickening. You know that to be healthy a country's people must work and feel like they are earning what they get the hard way and not be faced constantly with the bald reality of being handed a helping of food.

\$90,000 to \$125,000 increase in wholesale and retail grocery business. It tends to turn the matter of relief back toward normal business channels. The wholesaler gets the surplus commodities off the market, the groceryman buys them from the wholesaler, the F.S.C.C. redeems the stamps in cash.

The man who carries orange and blue stamps in his pocketbook gets a feeling that he has something just as good as money and does his own selecting. The surplus commodities offered him (subject to change) include butter, raisins, rice, pork lard, pork, corn meal, shell eggs, dried prunes, fresh pears, fresh apples, fresh oranges, fresh grapefruit, hominy grits, dry beans, wheat flour and whole wheat flour.

Dr. J. B. Black said in this county a diet selected from that list could eliminate pellagra and greatly reduce the susceptibility to tuberculosis.

It has been pointed out that the producer of the surplus commodities gets a double break, because, in places where the plan is at work, people who have cash to pay, often notice the lists and buy from them.

There may be better ideas born later, but this one appears, from all angles, the best answer we've had yet.

A Moment Caught

The big news stories never interest us much from the standpoint of writing. Their very nature demands that they be pounded out at great speed, because in the far off places where the big events break, the reporter who—to paraphrase General Forrest—"get thar fustest with the mostest facts"—is the one who will eat paid-for groceries the longest.

It is the trivial items picked up casually along the course of the main stream of news, we enjoy most. Sometimes a reporter will catch a great moment and put it down in two or three paragraphs that will live in the reader's memory far longer than the world-shaking headlines.

Here is one we found among the old papers and liked very much:

ELSINORE, Denmark, April 12.—(INS)—When Shakespeare had Hamlet say "There is something rotten in Denmark", the bard probably never envisioned a scene like that being enacted tonight in the famous Kronborg Castle in Elsinore.

Kronberg, famous as the castle where the tragedy of Hamlet was set, has been occupied by a German garrison.

And on the wall above the moat where Hamlet saw his father's ghost there stands a lone German sentry, looking at Sweden across the strait.

The only good writing is the kind that makes a tingling up your back and sometimes you find it crowded among the flood of fleshless facts in the modern newspaper.

If at 35 he makes heroic efforts to quit smoking, it probably means that his oldest boy is about twelve.

The only time we lose hope for man is when we contemplate his infinite capacity for swallowing slick lies.

As it looks to a layman in the bleachers, Hitler has reached the point where the only thing to do is throw passes.

The final proof of poise is not to be embarrassed when important acquaintances drop in and catch you eating hash.

High lights In  
Washington

By ALBERT GORE

For seven days the House of Representatives fought and wrangled over amendments to the Wage and Hour Law, and finally on Friday of last week sent it back to the Committee for further study. Some amendments to the Acts were badly needed, especially for the relief of agriculture. City members fought practically all amendments, and representatives of agricultural districts pleaded for relief. Sores from this prolonged fight may endanger passage of the farm parity amendments.

A movement has been launched to bring about a compromise on the controversial Public Housing Bill. It remains to be seen whether or not sufficient fundamental changes in the program can be agreed upon to make it sound and workable. Much work will be required if legislation is to be enacted. A majority of the members seem to feel that it is ridiculous to amortize a building over a sixty-year period. Small babies would be lucky to live to see one paid for under such a plan. There are many other defects, but it is hoped that a sound program will be worked out.

The Senate continued its pace to catch up with the House in legislation since only approximately six legislative weeks remain before the Republican convention, by which time adjournment is desired.

From Page 1  
Plans Announced  
For 'Hospital Day'

hibit. Ed Smith and Miss Frances Denham, H. D., will be in charge of the first two exhibits.

Dietary department: Mrs. Gary Lee, dietician will show a display of patients' diet, including liquid, soft, regular and special types, dining room and display of the store room.

Laboratory and X-ray department: Guests will be shown laboratory diagnosis, blood chemistry, secretions and excretions of the body, basal metabolism, X-ray exhibits and fight against T. B. exhibit. Miss Ethel Jones, R. N. will show the T. B. exhibit. Miss Lexie Howard, is technician in this department.

Out patient department, under supervision of Mrs. Ben McKnight, will be open. Dr. John Cason will give a Pneumothorax demonstration in the clinic of the department.

Obstetrical department: Miss Christine Neelley, R. N., nursery; Mrs. Milan Brown, R. N., Miss Daisy Ennis, R. N., delivery room and Miss Alice Hobart, anesthesia.

Surgical department: Visitors will be shown a mock operation here. Mrs. Milan Brown, R. N. is

children right in the country have so little conscious appreciation and enjoyment of all the beautiful things of nature about them. When I was a child on a farm in a lovely valley, I did not, as I recall, know many of the trees, flowers and birds by name. But just to recall a sunrise or sunset, or the songs of the birds as I awoke on a spring morning, or of the whip-poor-will as I went to bed, giving me more emotion now than any I must have had when I used to live amidst these beauties. I wish I might have been exposed to someone at home or school who habitually experienced emotions over these gems of nature.

If only I had known more of the birds, flowers and trees there, by name and had helped my school children know them so, I could have done more good. How much more comfortable and happy we feel when we can address a person by his name. So with the things of Nature; to know them by name is to feel happy with them and enjoy them.

Fortunate is the child whose parents go with him into the woods and fields and by the streams, next to the growing things and living creatures to be heard or seen; provided of course, the child learns not to trespass on private property. We parents owe it to the moral character of our children to be exacting of ourselves in these matters and to see that our children learn from their early years to be very considerate of the rights and possessions of other people.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Tom McCord is the guest of Miss Mildred Taylor of Birmingham, Ala.

Miss Elizabeth Woodmore has returned to the University of Tennessee after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Woodmore.

Howell Ridley of Grand Rapids, Mich., has returned home after having been called here because of the illness of his mother, Mrs. G. S. Ridley Sr.

Dr. D. W. Dodd of the Veterans Hospital has returned from a visit with his family in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Evelyn Burke of State Teachers college has returned from a visit with relatives in Franklin, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Brown and son, David, of Ardmore, Ala., were guests this week of Dr. and Mrs. D. F. Weldon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Duncan of Macon, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Steele of Atlanta, Ga., and Miss Lucile Duncan of Manchester, Tenn., stopped here for a brief visit with Mrs. Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Gilley while en route to the Kentucky Derby.

COMMITTEES NAMED FOR LAMDA CHAPTER OF BETA SIGMA, MISS STEWART SPEAKS

New committees were appointed by Miss Margaret Becker, president of the Lamda Chapter of Tennessee Beta Sigma Phi, at the regular meeting of the Woman's Club Monday.

They were: Social Mary Maud Barfield and Alma Hunziker; Publicity, Sue Bryan and Nellie Mae Stewart; Ways and Means, Martha Trevethan, Louise Cawthon and Mary Satterwhite; Membership; Marie Couch and Ann McFerrin.

After the business meeting, Nellie Mae Stewart discussed architecture. She stated that the structure of a building was considered the most important phase of architecture. She discussed several styles, including Greek styles, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The earlier types of architecture were described briefly. She mentioned the Roman buildings, pointing out that the arch was added to the Greek styles. Temples and cathedrals were taken up in the discussion and the Gothic style commented on. One perfect example of Greek Doric architecture, she said, is the Parthenon

and told how it obtained its name from Athena Parthenos, Goddess of Wisdom. One point she brought out is that there is not a straight horizontal line in the whole building. She spoke of the Greek urns that are found between every two Doric columns inside and out, and none of these columns are perpendicular. She said that the east pediment showed the three Fates, typifying the beginning, the grand and the end of life. Miss Stewart stated that the differences in columns determined the style of the building, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The lecture was illustrated with pictures showing the various styles and types of architecture.

Mrs. J. K. Marshall concluded the program with a short talk on the European situation.

Frank Bass, director of the Training School is in Omaha, Neb., to attend the National Parent-Teachers convention.



For Mother's Day  
Mother Will Appreciate  
A Gift of Modern  
FRAMES

You Can  
CHARGE IT  
AT NO  
EXTRA COST

You can have these smart frames fitted with the lenses scientifically prescribed for her here, by a Registered Optometrist. You could give no more welcome, helpful gift.

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DR. G. M. KIMBLE  
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W. R. BELL  
& SON

1879— On the Square Over 60 Years —1940



people. We have seen families who lacked only the white collar administrative payrolls of the relief projects, get snotty (excuse the word, but it is the only one that fits) toward their less fortunate neighbors who had to take direct, and much smaller, relief.

We have seen part of our people who had to take relief become weak whiners for more of the same. We have seen others develop a brooding hatred for the government that gives, yet being it more on and on.

When you think of it like that, it is sad and sickening. You know that to be healthy a country's people must work and feel like they are earning what they get the hard way and not be faced constantly with the bald reality of being handed a helping of food.

A new social experiment is being tried—the Surplus Commodities Food Stamp Plan—and the first thing we like about what we have had explained to us is that it does not seem like charity.

Boiled to its simplest—a man who is on WPA, can take a dollar per week per member of his family and buy orange juice by the Federal Surplus Commodities corporation. For each dollar he gets free 50 cents worth of blue stamps. The orange will buy anything in a grocery, except merchandise ordinarily consumed at the grocery, (cold drinks, knick-knacks) and for his blue stamps he can buy from a list of surplus commodities.

The same applies to Old Age Assistance cases, Aid to Dependent Children cases, Aid to the Blind and the like, except that they do not have to spend more than 50 percent from their monthly grants.

There are other plans involved to fit those certified for WPA but not employed at the time and for general relief cases.

In Rutherford county there are approximately 1,000 families or 4,000 persons who fall into one classification or the other. Rutherford county is trying to secure the plan and if the people want it bad enough they will get it. We believe that if they understand what it means they will want it.

It has been estimated that it would mean from

If at 35 he makes heroic efforts to quit smoking, it probably means that his oldest boy is about twelve.

The only time we lose hope for man is when we contemplate his infinite capacity for swallowing slick lies.

As it looks to a layman in the bleachers, Hitler has reached the point where the only thing to do is throw passes.

The final proof of poise is not to be embarrassed when important acquaintances drop in and catch you eating hash.

Your picture in an advertisement means obscurity or fame, depending on whether it's an ad for medicine or cigarettes.

Our sins punish themselves, and we wouldn't suffer when our poverty is exposed if we hadn't put on airs to hide it.

Even waste can be useful. Having squandered the price of a good war may reconcile us to getting along without one.

Kind nature balances things, and the man who can't amount to anything is usually the biggest feeling fellow in town.

Between bootleg and legal liquor, the question is not whether more people drink but whether more drinkers become sots.

As we recall it, a typical Sunday School picnic included forty bee stings, sixty spoiled dresses, four million ants and one rain.

secretions and excretions of the body, basal metabolism, X-ray exhibits and fight against T. B. exhibit. Miss Ethel Jones, R. N. will show the T. B. exhibit. Miss Lexie Howard, is technician in this department.

Out patient department, under supervision of Mrs. Ben McKnight, will be open. Dr. John Cason will give a Pneumothorax demonstration in the clinic of the department.

Obstetrical department: Miss Christine Neelley, R. N., nursery: Mrs. Milan Brown, R. N., Miss Daisy Ennis, R. N., delivery room and Miss Alice Hobart, anesthesia.

Surgical department: Visitors will be shown a mock operation here. Mrs. Milan Brown, R. N. is the supervisor and Miss Daisy Ennis, suture nurse in this department.

Committees for the ceremonies are: program—Mrs. D. L. Ledbetter, Mrs. J. K. Marshall; publicity—Mrs. Cecil Elrod, Mrs. S. F. Houston, Miss Merial Sharpe; flowers—Miss Rob Murfree, Mrs. B. F. Moore, Mrs. H. C. Moore Jr., Mrs. Earl Wiley, Mrs. J. A. Scott, Mrs. James Cason, Mrs. Jarman Edwards; reception—Mrs. D. L. Ledbetter, Mrs. C. F. Partee, Mrs. G. S. Ridley Sr., Mrs. David Goldstein, Miss Ida Richardson, Mrs. W. A. Ransom, Mrs. S. B. Christy, Mrs. James Avent, Miss Laura Keeble, Mrs. J. A. Scott, Mrs. Houston Caldwell, Mrs. E. W. Carmack, Mrs. Gage Chapman, Mrs. J. B. Black, J. W. Fletcher, Mrs. Dan Parkins, Mrs. Sam Buchanan, Mrs. C. H. Byrn, Mrs. Lester Dann, Mrs. Tom Ivie and Mrs. Hans Gebers.

Tea will be served visitors in the dietary department.

## NATURE'S WAY —OF— TRAINING CHILD

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS,  
Ph.D.

Many children under five never have seen the stars. When our eldest was about four it suddenly occurred to us he had never noticed the lights in the heavens, although we had spent the summer in the country. One night we kept him up for the new experience. Having seen pictures of the moon, he showed when he saw it. "Moon! Daddy moon! Baby moons!" the baby moons were the stars. For older children, even in the crowded city, looking up at the stars on a clear night is a rich experience.

Some city children beyond 10 or 12, of course, get a touch with nature through camping, scouting and the like. And the city school has done much to acquaint the child with Nature, especially with plants, flowers, small animals and lowly creatures like frogs, snakes and turtles, which are to be seen in the modern elementary classroom. Yet, most city children have never heard the piping of the peepers in the pond, the croaking of the bullfrog or the morning bird chorus of the woods.

The pity of it is that so many

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This coupon is good for 25c allowance on quart or more of Wallhide Flat Wall Paint or any other Pittsburgh Paint, Smooth as Glass.

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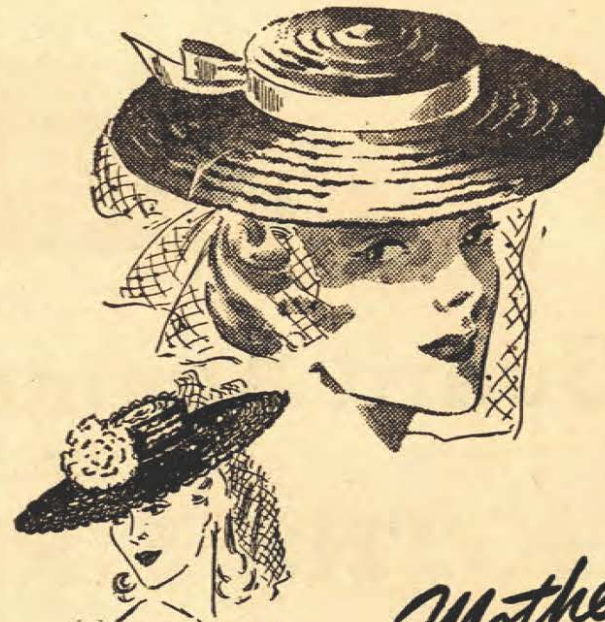
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**DR. G. M. KIMBLE**

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1879— On the Square Over 60 Years —1940



*Give Mother a New Hat!*

CHOOSE IT HERE AT HER FAVORITE STORE

**\$1.99**

Others \$1.00 up

Brighten her sweet face with a flattering new hat! We've brims, berets, sailors with the pretty flowers, gay veils that are so becoming! White — Black and Navy



**DAVIS**  
W. Side Square

## Train Wreck Survivors Receive Treatment



Filled to overflowing with victims of the Lake Shore Limited wreck, the Little Falls, N. Y., hospital had to set up this emergency ward, where survivors are shown being treated. At least 30 persons were killed as the crack New York Central train left the tracks. One hundred others were taken to hospitals for medical attention.

From Page 1  
Dedication

adjoining those of John J. Jewell Jr., general chairman.  
A second meeting of the general committee was set for 7:30 last night at the James K. Polk hotel at which time the co-chairmen of the different committees were to submit their completed committees for approval.

The following co-chairmen of the nine dedication committees were named at the first meeting of the general committee: Traffic—S. F. Houston and Aultman Sanders; railroad transportation—Alvis Hudson and John D. Wiseman; finance—Clarence Watson and E. B.

Kerr; entertainment—P. A. Lyon and J. R. Jetton; publicity and radio—Dudley Fletcher and Cecil Elrod Jr.; first-aid, police and fire protection—Sam Cox and W. A. Miles; transportation—W. A. Mullins and Wade Stockard; ushers—Frank Bass and Baxter Hobgood; program—J. J. Jewell Jr., R. T. McHenry and Mrs. J. K. Marshall.  
Manager Jared was chosen to act with the program committee in an advisory capacity.

From Page 1  
Efforts

has conferred with some of the group circulating the petition and local citizens were believed to have

contacted certain board members yesterday, preliminary to today's meeting.

Mankin's dismissal some two months ago, according to the petition, has caused much distress among other faculty members.

At that time Smith stated that Mankin was being let out as an economy move and denied that any other members of the faculty were to be dismissed.

From Page 1  
Coleman

witnesses.

They were told that any answer to the petitions would have to be made at the June term of court.

After overruling one motion, Judge Coleman turned to bystanders and wisecracked, "Does this sound like Hitler?"

Jewell presented a string of State Highway patrolmen, county officers and city police as witnesses. State Patrolman Hugh Bates, who said that he was the man in plain clothes who engineered most of the whiskey sales in the roundup a week ago, occupied the witness stand most of the time.

Attorney Clarence L. Cummings was permitted to say he expected to prove Bates was "lying" about seeing his recruited assistant buy a pint of whiskey from Mrs. SSpan Hackney.

After the hearing Cummings and E. C. Holloway Jr., who represented six of the seven cases, indicated they would file a petition for a writ of certiorari and supersedas before the State Court of Appeals, Nashville, or one of its judges, asking an order to stay or supersede Judge Coleman's order.

Cummings said that a full record of the day's proceedings had been taken down to prepare a wayside bill of exceptions, which would be made part of the petition.

Head Of Co-operative Creameries' Marketing Agency Hits Tax Bill

A federal tax on chain stores would penalize a system of distribution which has materially decreased the costs of moving goods from producer to consumer, a Congressional committee was told this week by E. J. Ryger of South Bend, Ind., manager of the Mid-West Producers' Creameries, Inc. of which the Rutherford County Co-operative Creamery is a member.

Ryger testified in opposition to H. R. 1, the federal chain store "death sentence" tax bill, this week on behalf of his organization, a regional butter marketing agency serving twenty-two cooperative creameries located in the states of Mich., Ind., Tenn and Ill.

Praising chains for their work in moving dairy surpluses, Ryger pointed out that "heavy production of butter in the past several years has brought about a surplus pro-

PICTURES FOR MAY ARE ANNOUNCED AT PRINCESS THEATRE

Here are listed motion pictures that are coming to the Princess Theatre, Murfreesboro, month of May. They are all outstanding productions, you will want to see them. Watch for the dates of their showing.

Week Of May 6

"It All Came True," with Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, Humphrey Bogart.

"We Are Not Alone," with Paul Muni, Jane Bryan.

"Johnny Apollo" with Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour, Edward Arnold.

"Stardust," with Linda Darnell, John Payne.

"Legion Of Lawless," with George O'Brien, Virginia Vale.

Week Of May 13

"Eternally Yours," with Loretta Young, David Niven, Hugh Herbert.

"Viva Cisco Kid," with Cesar Romero, Jean Rogers.

"Abe Lincoln In Illinois," with an all selected cast of stars.

"Light Of Western Stars," with Victor Jory, Raymond Hayden.

"Married And In Love."

Week Of May 20

"Primrose Path," with Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea.

"Farmers Daughter," with Martha Raye, Charles Ruggle.

"My Son, My Son," with Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll.

"Saga Of Death Valley," with Roy Rogers.

"Hawaiian Nights," with selected cast of stars.

Week Of May 27

"My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunn, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott.

"Angels From Taxos," with Eddie Albert, Rosemary Lane, Wayne Morris.

"Buck Benny Rides Again," with Jack Benny, Rochester, Andy Devine.

"Kansas Terror," with Three Mesquiteers.

"Meet Dr. Christian," with Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Levett.

On each program selected short subjects, Donald Duck, March of Time, Graham McNamee News, Pictorials, Traveltalks, Our Gang Comedies, Popeye the Sailor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of T. G. Miles, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that on the 29 day of April, 1940, Letters of Administration in respect of the estate of T. G. Miles, deceased, were issued to the undersigned by the County Court of Rutherford County, Tennessee. All persons, resident and non-resident, having claims, matured or unmatured, against his estate

Theatre To Celebrate Mother's Day, May 13, Says Manager Altman

Next Monday, May 13th, has been designated as "Mother's Day" at the Princess Theater by Oscar Altman, manager, who will pay tribute to the mothers of America in Murfreesboro, in keeping with the rest of the nation.

Mother will get gifts of flowers, candy, jewelry and goodness knows what-all; she will get telegrams, letters, cards and all sorts of expressions of sentiment. It will be HER day—a day when attention will be concentrated on her; love and gratitude will be showered on her.

Joining the spirit of the occasion in both a practical and sentimental way, the Princess Theater is inviting the children of the city to bring their mothers to the show as their guests on Monday, May 13. The boys and girls will buy tickets for themselves and mothers will come as their guests, without charge. The plan will be in effect Monday, May 13th from 1 to 6 p.m.

There are no complications involved, no strings attached. It is simply a good will gesture by manager Oscar Altman that makes the children hosts and the mothers guests for a day.

On the screen of the Princess Theater Monday and Tuesday will be "Eternally Yours" with Loretta Young and David Nivens.

GIVE MOTHER

A New Pair of—



Smartly-tailored  
HANSEN GLOVES

When the occasion demands tailored smartness, this costume glove bespeaks distinction. Soft, Hansuede fabric

MURFREESBORO GARDEN CLUB ELECTS MRS. MOORE DELEGATE TO STATE MEET

The Murfreesboro Garden Club was entertained Wednesday afternoon at the Woman's Club with Mrs. James A. Scott and Mrs. Oscar Jones as hostesses.

In the absence of the president, Mrs. C. C. Sims, the meeting was presided over by the first alternate.

president, Mrs. E. C. Holloway Sr. After a short business session, Mrs. H. C. Moore Jr. was elected delegate to the State convention to be held in Chattanooga May 21 and 22. Mrs. Lee Lively was named alternate.

A PERFECT GIFT for MOTHER



Lustrous RAYON SATIN

Alluring RAYON CREPE

Rustling RAYON TAFFETA

Contrasting TRIQUE STRIPE

LORRAINE SLIPS

famous for their perfect fit are now offered in the above woven and knit rayon fabrics carefully selected for their beauty and long wearing qualities.

FEATURES

- 1. Laboratory tested fabrics insure long wear
- 2. 4-gore alternating bias cut.
- 3. Cut wider through hips for comfort
- 4. Double front and back California top
- 5. Guaranteed seams
- 6. Adjustable shoulder straps.
- 7. No twisting
- 8. Perfect fit

Don't Forget Mother!

On "HER DAY"

Sunday, May 12th



HOLLINGSWORTH

Special Mother's Day boxes packed with delicious Hollingsworth Candy. Caramels, nougats, cream, fruit centers and nut clusters — all tasty.

We will Mail or Deliver Candy Anywhere

A. L. SMITH & CO

Telephone 125 East Side Square

For Greater Results At Low Cost Read And Use—  
COURIER

Classified Ads

Rates 1/2c Per Word; 5 times for the price of 4. Minimum charge per insertion, 25c. Low monthly card rates—investigate.

Phone 378 ——— Your Ad Will Be Charged

NEW OFFICES FOR RENT—Five offices in my building adjoining

# Classified Ads

Rates 1/2c Per Word; 5 times for the price of 4. Minimum charge per insertion, 25c. Low monthly card rates—Investigate.

**Phone 378 ——— Your Ad Will Be Charged**

## For Sale

FOR SALE—Turkey eggs. MRS. DODSON, Smyrna, Tel. 123-J.

FOR SALE—New Standard Underwood typewriter, \$45.00 discount for quick sale for cash. Never been used. Phone 147-W.

FOR SALE—Gas range in excellent condition. Reasonably priced JIMMIE RALSTON, Phone 765.

## NEON SIGNS

DISPLAY SIGNS, Show Card Signs. Jimmy Ralston, Phone 765.

PAINT AND WALLPAPER—Let us do your painting or papering with guaranteed satisfaction at reasonable cost. Phone for appointment, 284-W—Jesse Nichols.

SAVE on your stoker coal. YOU can buy the BEST for LESS. Call 169 TODAY. Tennessee Coal & Produce Co., 500 S. Church Street.

**Armour's Big Crop Fertilizer  
Nice Cotton Seed  
For Planting  
RANSOM BROS.  
Phone 281**

FOR SALE—4 used coal and wood ranges in perfect condition. See MULLINS-OSBORN. Phone No. 4, West Side Square.

FOR SALE—Tomato, cabbage and other plants. MRS. W. F. JAGGERS, 328 East Burton. Phone 653.

## For Rent

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished room, with or without meals. TEL. 1233-M, after 5:30 o'clock.

FOR RENT—Two-room garage apartment. Lights and water optional. MRS. W. F. JAGGERS, 328 East Burton. Phone 653.

OFFICES OR RENT—In the Jackson building. R. W. VICKERS, Phone 902.

FOR RENT—4-room unfurnished apartment (upstairs) private bath, furnace heat. \$20.00 per month. Franklin Pearson. Miller-Jones Shoe Co.

NEW OFFICES FOR RENT—Five offices in my building adjoining the Building & Loan new building, West College St. All offices newly papered and painted, and have all conveniences, including gas heat. R. W. VICKERS, Phone 902.

## Announcements

**410 TAXI COMPANY**  
PROMPT, COURTEOUS SERVICE  
Phone 410 119 1/2 W. College

**CRICHLAW AGENCY**  
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE  
List Your Property for Sale or Rent

**WATCH, CLOCK and JEWELRY REPAIR**  
GUARANTEED WORK  
**ADAMS**  
Located in Ideal Barber Shop.

**DR. O. H. SIMS**  
Registered Optometrist  
Eyes Glasses  
Examined Fitted  
Upstairs Courier Building  
We do engraving—bring your jewelry and silverware.

**WANTED HAY and CORN**  
**Southeastern Flour Company**  
Successors To  
**FARMERS MILL & GRAIN CO.**  
Phone 120 or 352

WANTED—A \$5,000.00 loan from private party on a clear 75-acre farm property. Write Box 99, care The Rutherford Courier, giving rate and terms wanted.

READY FOR BIDS: The building committee of the Barfield Methodist Church is ready to receive bids on five Sunday School rooms. For plans see E. M. WILCOX, Eagleville, Tel. 24.

THE READERS NOOK has installed a complete new rental library Over 300 books to select from. No. 6, North Spring Street. Polk Hotel Building.

MANY OF THE LATEST books can be found at the READERS NOOK RENTAL LIBRARY. Polk Hotel Building, N. 6, North Spring St.

producer to consumer, a Congressional committee was told this week by E. J. Ryger of South Bend, Ind., manager of the Mid-West Producers' Creameries, Inc. of which the Rutherford County Co-operative Creamery is a member.

Ryger testified in opposition to H. R. 1, the federal chain store "death sentence" tax bill, this week on behalf of his organization, a regional butter marketing agency serving twenty-two cooperative creameries located in the states of Mich., Ind., Tenn and Ill.

Praising chains for their work in moving dairy surpluses, Ryger pointed out that "heavy production of butter in the past several years has brought about a surplus problem in our industry." He said that butter prices have been low and it is essential if producers are to receive a fair and reasonable price for their product that butter be distributed at the lowest possible cost. We find the chain store method of distribution is accomplishing this to a great degree."

Ryger was in Murfreesboro last October attending a meeting of the directors of the marketing organization.

## From Page 1 Smyrna Horse Show

will appear on the program, are: plantation class, fine harness ponies (58 in. and under); roadster under saddle, stallion, mare or gelding; special pony race for children under 16 years of age; steeplechase for mules; steeplechase for non-thoroughbreds; steeplechase (open to the world); negro musical ride; three-gaited combined horses to buggy and under saddle; walking class (3 years old and under, stallion, mare or gelding); Sam Davis Home Stake (three-gaited pony, 58 inches and under, riders not over 18 years of age); fine harness class (stallion, mare or gelding, 4 years and over, to be shown to four-wheeled vehicle); five-gaited Pony Stake (58 inches and under, riders not to be over 18 years of age); harness stake, (3 years and under, to be shown to four-wheeled vehicle); Smyrna Lumber Co. walking horse championship, any age; Haynes Haven Stock Farm (three gaited open stallion, mare or gelding); WLAC

## WILSON'S BARBER SHOP

Front of Jenkin's Pool Room

Try Our "HANDMADE" HAIRCUTS

They Fit!

**Roy Wilson  
Sam Burnett**

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of T. G. Miles, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that on the 29 day of April, 1940, Letters of Administration in respect of the estate of T. G. Miles, deceased, were issued to the undersigned by the County Court of Rutherford County, Tennessee. All persons, resident and non-resident, having claims, matured or unmatured, against his estate are required to file the same with the Clerk of the above named Court within one year from the date of the first publication of this notice, otherwise their claims will be forever barred.

This 9th day of May, 1940.

J. C. MILES, Administrator  
Estate of T. G. Miles deceased

Stake (roadsters to bike); Noel Hotel Stake (five-gaited stallion, mare or gelding).

GIVE MOTHER A LOVELY

*Elizabeth James* Creation



*Candide*  
by  
**Brewster**

For a halo 'round her angelic head . . . and stars in her eyes . . . "CANDIDE" by Brewster! Exquisitely fine fur felt and straw, in everything from palest pastels to most luscious colors, with matching or contrasting grosgrain bow. Exclusively ours! **\$2.95**

**Cecil Crods**  
**FRENCH SHOPPE**  
MURFREESBORO, TENN.



Smartly-tailored  
**HANSEN GLOVES**

When the occasion demands tailored smartness, this costume glove bespeaks distinction. Soft, Hansuede fabric with the new panel thumb and scalloped top. Five-button length. Washable.

ALL COLORS

**\$1.00 and \$1.50**

**Cecil Crods**  
**FRENCH SHOPPE**  
MURFREESBORO, TENN.

RAYON  
TAFFETA  
Contrasting  
TRIQUÉ  
STRIPE

LORRAINE SLIPS

famous for their perfect fit are now offered in the above woven and knit rayon fabrics carefully selected for their beauty and long wearing qualities.

COLORS: Tearose, White, Black and Navy.

SIZES: 32 to 44.

CHOICE OF TWO LENGTHS

- FEATURES
1. Laboratory tested fabrics insure long wear
  2. 4-gore alternating bias cut.
  3. Cut wider through hips for comfort
  4. Double front and back California top
  5. Guaranteed seams
  6. Adjustable shoulder straps.
  7. No twisting
  8. Perfect fit
  9. Dressmaker finish
  10. Full, accurate sizes



**Nelly Don**

GIVE MOTHER  
A  
*Dark Sheer*

FOR  
MOTHER'S DAY!

Dark sheer, accented with a frothy bit of white—necessity in every smart woman's summer wardrobe. The dainty embroidered organdy collar and cuffs are easily detached . . . the lovely dressmaker detail is soft, flattering. A Nelly Don design in cool, airy Donelle (rayon). Navy, brown, black, grey. 12-44, **795**

**Cecil Crods**  
**FRENCH SHOPPE**

Mrs. B. S. Flowers  
Reporter

# SMYRNA NEWS

Social Events of Our  
Friends

SMYRNA, Tenn. — The Smyrna Home Demonstration Club held its meeting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Jonnie Williamson with Mrs. Grady Haynes as co-hostess. The meeting was opened by the president, Mrs. Claude Carter. Mrs. Dodson Gregory led the devotional, Group singing was led by Mrs. Frank Ridley. The secretary, Mrs. Grady Haynes, read the minutes of the last meeting and a demonstration on cookie kisses was given by Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. Haynes. Miss Ray Cole demonstrated on "Ways to Improve and Beautify Windows".

Members present were: Mesdames Claude Carter, Lonnie Williamson, Grady Haynes, Henry Johnson, Doss O'Neal, Johnnie Braswell, Joe W. Chandler, Frank Miller, Frank W. Ridley, Marvin Lee, J. E. McCrary.

## Murfreesboro Pure Milk Co.

PASTEURIZED MILK  
Call 946 407 E. Vine

## H. S. BLACKMAN Real Estate

LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH ME  
Murfreesboro, Tenn - Route 2  
PHONE 978-W-2

## WOOL WANTED

See or Call  
**R. L. HAYES**  
PRODUCE CO.  
BEFORE YOU SELL  
Phone 790



**ABOUT  
YOUR  
EYES...**

**HOW LONG SINCE  
YOU HAVE HAD OVER**

Eyes, like teeth, do best when periodically checked over. No matter how good you think your eyesight is, you never know whether you are seeing with the ease and comfort that is rightfully yours until you have your eyes scientifically examined. Make a date now to attend to

George T. Fergus, George L. Binkley, O. W. Mingle, J. Dodson Gregory, Jessie Webster. Visitors were: Mrs. Silas Pruitt, Mrs. Leonard Bell, Mrs. Lester Goodman, Mrs. Charles Hodge.

A social hour followed the meeting during which refreshments were served and a picture of the group taken.

Mrs. Wallace Gentry and Mrs. Hubert Johns were honor guests at a birthday party at the home of Mrs. Gentry on the Jefferson road Thursday. Spring flowers filled the rooms and formed a centerpiece for the table around which were seated with the honorees, Mrs. Rufus Johns, Mrs. Joe Chandler, Mrs. William Steele, Mrs. Glendon Johns. Many gifts were presented Mrs. Gentry and Mrs. Johns. At the same time, Misses Joan and Geraldine Gentry were dinner hosts to Misses Judie, Claudia Sue, Connie Johns, Bryant and M. C. and Donald Steele, Dick and Jerry Johns. Mrs. Sam Edmondson entertained the Merry Makers club at her home in Smyrna Thursday afternoon.

A feature was a treasure hunt for Mrs. Wallace Gentry. Guests were Mrs. Hubert Johns, Mrs. J. W. Chandler, Mrs. Wallace Gentry, Mrs. Charles Tilford, Mrs. Rufus Johns, Mrs. Sirius Dodd, Mrs. Dallas Lawrence, Mrs. Rufus Johns, Mrs. William Steele and Mrs. John Waldron. An ice course was served.

Mrs. J. D. Gregory entertained the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Will V. Smith presented the program.

The Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Walker, Mrs. W. V. Smith and Mrs. M. A. Sanders attended the district conference at Watertown last Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Sullivan, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. George Binkley and Mrs. Frank Davis attended the WMU quarterly conference at Powell's Chapel last Friday, and reported a good program. The Girl Scout troop of Smyrna will meet next Thursday to perfect the organization and organize the girls. Miss Ann Rucker will be leader assisted by Miss Margaret Lemley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coleman entertained a group of friends with a fish fry Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman have just moved into their beautiful new home in the Tucker addition, and the guests were given the privilege of seeing the house. The fish was cooked in the out-door fireplace and the following were guests: Will Ross, William Ross Jr., Rose, Bloma and Mae Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas

Dickinson, Thomas Dickinson Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Pamlee, of Nashville, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Maddox, Mrs. Chloe Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weakley, Rebecca and Rachel Weakley, Elizabeth Lowry, Dora Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stallings, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Felder, Anne Carter Felder, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Hibbett, Mr. and Mrs. George Binkley, Rose and James Binkley, Marguerite and Louise Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Coleman, Annette Elizabeth and Mary Gibbons Coleman, Frances King, Vera and Kathleen Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Coleman, Marjorie Ragsdale, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Coleman, Anne Coleman, Mrs. Annie Watt Batey, Sara and Martha Batey, Anne Hart, Granville Waggoner, Sally Dement, Franklin Weakley, Mr. and Mrs. William Steele and family, James Earl Barnett, Earl, Marguerite Louise and Same Barnes Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phillips entertained with a dinner Sunday honoring the eleventh birthday of their daughter, Sara Frances. The central ornament of the table was a crystal bowl of tulips and narcissuses and at the end of the meal the birthday cake with candles was brought in and cut. Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and Sara Frances, were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ellis, of Lebanon, Miss Leota Brown, of Lebanon, Mrs. Quida McWhorter, Miss Pearl Vantrease, R. E. Vantrease, and Mrs. Edith Brown and son, of Eagleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Batey have returned to their home in Scarsdale, N. Y., Miss Adeline King accompanied them home. While here Mr. and Mrs. Batey were entertained by Miss King with a party at the Sam Davis Home with 50 guests attending, who were luncheon guests of Mrs. Annie Watt Batey, dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, and dinner guests of Mrs. Ernest King.

Mrs. Chloe Cannin has returned after several months visit to relatives in Chicago and Michigan.

Miss Sallie Dement spent the week end with Miss Frances King Coleman.

Granville Waggoner of Nashville, spent the week end with Walter Hughey King.

Guests of Miss Elizabeth Coleman Sunday were, Miss Sara Elizabeth Davidson, of Joelton, and Robert Bass, of Nashville.

Mrs. Carlisle Felder and Mrs. J. G. Phillips have returned from Knoxville where they attended the Parent-Teacher convention.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hibbett spent Friday in Louisville.

Mrs. Charles Funk of Port Huron, Michigan, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. L. Odum.

Leader: theme—"Youth and the World Today".

Crusade Theme Song.  
Scripture, Evie Gooch Neely.  
Prayer, June Oliver.  
Neely Quartette.  
Reading, Mary Claire Lee—"A Lamp in the Darkness".  
Offering, taken by four boys.  
Song by Choir—"A Church in the Wildwood".

Musical Reading, by Sarah White Neely—"My Task".  
Talk, by Jack Inman—"Methodist Youth Advance".  
Hymn by audience.

Sixty members of the Alpha Omicron Pi, pledge class, enjoyed an outing at Old Jefferson Springs last week. Picnic supper, games and contests were enjoyed.

Miss Lucile McDonald is attending State Teachers College.

Miss Jane Lee has returned to Murfreesboro after a visit to Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Lowry and Miss Elizabeth Lowry.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Barnett left Monday to attend the Bankers Association in Memphis, returning Wednesday.

Guests of Miss Elinor Tucker Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Lord Castlebury and son, Mrs. May Murray, and Mrs. G. W. Loring, all of Nashville.

The Boy Scout troop, with Scoutmaster J. V. Braswell and Assistant Scoutmaster Walter Hoover, attended the Hobby Fair in Nashville Monday night.

Mrs. Annie May Gresham has returned home after a visit with Mrs. Annie Selph in Lawrenceburg.

Mrs. Clarence Lenoir, of Murfreesboro, was a recent guest of her mother, Mrs. Ola Hagar.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Webster and daughters, with Mrs. Webster's mother, Mrs. J. E. Spurlock, pent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Spurlock, at Clarksville and visited Dunbar Cave in the afternoon.

## SHARPSVILLE

SHARPESVILLE, Tenn. — Homer Hoover, of Kittrell, was in this community Sunday.

Ross McElroy, of Porterfield, pent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sneed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Martin, of Murfreesboro, and Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander of Woodbury, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Sullivan.

Alice Crawford, of Murfreesboro, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Sneed Sunday afternoon.

Guy James was slightly injured in a wreck Saturday night.

The Rev. Vestal Tarpley and Sam Shipp were in this community recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sneed were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claybourn Harrell.

Last week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Reeves

Elmer Davenport visited Herschel Wall Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Altie Leyhew spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. George Sneed.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Lorance spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Bud Sneed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Alexandra of Woodbury recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Sullivan.

Mrs. Elbert Hutchinson recently visited Mrs. Wiley Sullivan

## BEECH GROVE

BEECH GROVE, Tenn.—Mr. and Mrs. Rye Eaton and daughter, Doris, and Mrs. Susie Eaton were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Eaton, of Tullahoma.

Miss Sammie Farrar was in Manchester Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey Parker made a trip to Bradyville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Auberry and little daughter, La Venia from near Shelbyville, were Saturday night guests of W. E. Mason and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldon Blackburn and daughters, Mary and Louise, of Shelbyville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Shelton.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Steep and children of Crosslin's Branch were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shelton.

In the Circuit Court at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.  
No. 351 Ref. Dkt.

L. D. CRESON

vs.

HESTER (BUSH) CRESON

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that Hester (Bush) Creson, is a non-resident of the State. She is, therefore, hereby required to appear, on or before the Third Monday of June, next; before the Judge of the Circuit Court at the Courthouse in Murfreesboro, and make defense to the bill filed against her in said Circuit Court by L. D. Creson, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed. It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Rutherford Courier.

J. MURFREE O'BRIEN,  
Circuit Court Clerk.

Fertilizers are required for the most economical cotton production anywhere in the State. Publication 235, "How To Fertilize Cotton In Tennessee", gives recommendations for different producing areas. Copies may be secured from county agents or by writing the U-T Agricultural Extension Service, Knoxville.

666

CHECKS  
MALARIA  
in 7 days and  
relieves

## BRADLEY'S CREEK

ROCK FORK, Tenn.—The Seminary H. D. Club met with Mrs. W. E. Hodge last week. Sixteen members were present. Miss Ray Cole showed many ways to fix attractive curtains and also told about the mattress making project.

Citizen III

W. E. Tucker is still sick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hodge visited Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Jones of College Grove Sunday.

Mrs. R. H. Bennett and Walter Strickland were in Nashville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Balir and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Wat Epps last Sunday.

R. H. Bennett and wife, Mrs. L. C. Smith, Mrs. W. G. Shearin and little daughter visited Mrs. Bennett Sunday.

If you have wool to sell, consult your county agricultural agent for places and dates of cooperative sales. A state-wide series is sched-

ed between May 20-31.

Good pastures are a kind of "trade mark" of successful farmers.

In the garden it is now time to set tomato plants, plant lima beans, cucumbers, cantaloupes, pumpkins, watermelons, squash, okra, and sweet corn.

## HONEST PLUMBING and HEATING WORK

One trial of our new service on plumbing and heating will convince you that you pay for the work we do and material used, AND NO MORE.

PHONE 333

ALEX'S

PLUMBING and HEATING  
SERVICE

ALEX BRILEY

Office at Sanders Auto Service  
Day Phone 333 Night 5904

# AMERICAN Dry Cleaners

3 PLAIN GARMENTS \$1  
Pick Up and Delivery Service

# TELEPHONE 373J

STORE YOUR FURS AND WINTER  
GARMENTS WITH US

ONE DAY SERVICE—SATURDAYS  
SMYRNA - - PHONE 118-J



BUY MOTHER

ONE of



**YOUR EYES...**  
**HOW LONG SINCE**  
 HAVE YOU BEEN CHECKED OVER  
 Eyes, like teeth, do best when periodically checked over. No matter how good you think your eyesight is, you never know whether you are seeing with the ease and comfort that is rightfully yours until you have your eyes scientifically examined. Make a date now to attend to this. Then if you need glasses or if your present lenses need changing, we will show you the added comfort that genuine Soft-Lite Lenses give you. These remarkable lenses cut down over-brightness without changing color values. You'll enjoy wearing them.

For complete eyesight service and further information about Soft-Lite Lenses consult  
**DR. JAS. R. NORTON**  
 Optometrist and Orthoptist  
 128 E. Main St. Phone 30

the organization, and organize the girls. Miss Ann Rucker will be leader assisted by Miss Margaret Lemley.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Coleman entertained a group of friends with a fish fry Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman have just moved into their beautiful new home in the Tucker addition, and the guests were given the privilege of seeing the house. The fish was cooked in the out-door fireplace and the following were guests: Will Ross, William Ross Jr., Rose, Bloma and Mae Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas



**WE'LL MAKE IT SING**  
 Your motor is bound to be a bit sluggish due to the wear and tear of winter driving. Let us check it and put it in A-1 condition without delay!  
**FRED BLACK AUTO CO.**  
 Phone 39 W. College St.  
 Next Door to Firestone

Miss Sallie Dement spent the week end with Miss Frances King Coleman.  
 Granville Waggoner of Nashville, spent the week end with Walter Hughey King.

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Mrs. Carlisle Felder and Mrs. J. G. Phillips have returned from Knoxville where they attended the Parent-Teacher convention.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hibbett spent Friday in Louisville.

Mrs. Charles Funk of Port Huron, Michigan, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. L. Odum.

Major J. B. Gracy has returned to Columbia after a visit to his mother, Mrs. B. B. Gracy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cheatham Ward and baby, of Atlanta, Georgia, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ward of Jefferson road.

Dr. Livingston, general secretary for the State of the World Alliance, spoke on "Sabbath Observance" at eight o'clock Sunday evening at the Baptist Church here.

**Seniors Return**  
 Fifteen members of the Senior Class returned Saturday from a three-day bus trip to Fort Oglethorpe, Chickamauga Park and the battle grounds of Chattanooga. Garret Davis used his bus for the trip.

Mrs. Robert Hearn and grandson, Frank Hearn Alley, of Nashville, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis.

The Girl Scout troop was organized here Sunday afternoon, when the girls and their mothers met at the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Charles Tilford was elected Scout Leader. Girls who will be scouts are: Marie Braswell, Rose Ross, Ann Felder, Gladys Gooch, Bloma Ross, Edith Ridley, Margaret Louise Coleman, Sara Frances Phillips, Jane Jordan, Martha Caroline Culbertson, Jane Pruitt, Jane Miller, and Mary Pat Gregory. The meeting this week will be held at the school.

Ralph Robinson has returned to his home in Gordonsville.

**Give Church Program**  
 Young people were in charge of the program at the Methodist church Sunday morning, rendering the following program.

Musical prelude.  
 Call to Worship—"The Lord is in His Holy Temple, Let all the Earth, Keep Silent Before Him".  
 Hymn.

**Westinghouse Home Cleaner**

Complete with all attachments **\$59.95**  
 \$9.95 for old cleaner.  
 Balance \$2.29 month

**McCord & Harris**  
 Appliance Department in Rear of Store

Ross McElroy, of Porterfield, pert Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sneed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Martin, of Murfreesboro, and Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander of Woodbury, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Sullivan.

Alice Crawford, of Murfreesboro, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Sneed Sunday afternoon.

Guy James was slightly injured in a wreck Saturday night.

The Rev. Vestal Tarpley and Sam Shipp were in this community recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sneed were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claybourn Harrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Delta Milligan and children were in this community Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Madden Warfield visited Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dickens Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jack Wall and children visited Mrs. Herschel Wall recently.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Print Brown, of Lascassas, was in this community Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Landrum McDonald, of near Kittrell, recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Claybourn Harrell.

Miss Lida Mae Sullivan of Murfreesboro, visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Sullivan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dickens and Guy James visited in Auburn Sunday.

J. W. Reeves, of Cookeville, spent

J. MURFREE O'BRIEN,  
 Circuit Court Clerk.

Fertilizers are required for the most economical cotton production anywhere in the State. Publication 235, "How To Fertilize Cotton In Tennessee", gives recommendations for different producing areas. Copies may be secured from county agents or by writing the U-T Agricultural Extension Service, Knoxville.

**666** CHECKS  
**MALARIA** in 7 days and relieves  
**COLDS**  
 Liquid - Tablets SYMPTOMS  
 Salve-Nose Drops FIRST DAY  
 Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

WHY PAY MORE FOR  
**INSURANCE**  
 Call  
**A. N. MILLER**

109 E. Main — Tel. 502

**A CROWN OF BEAUTY FOR YOUR HOME**

**A ROOF OF CAREY CORK INSULATED SHINGLES**

This shingle gives you not only the double value of roof and roof insulation; it gives you, in addition, distinctive roof beauty. The extra thickness, due to the cork back, creates a pleasing play of lights and shadows—a new note in roof attractiveness. The cork back acts as a barrier to heat and cold; makes your home more comfortable the year round. Come in or write for samples and prices.



**YOUNG & OGILVIE**  
 Murfreesboro, Tennessee

**Carey**  
**CORK INSULATED SHINGLES**



**BUY MOTHER**  
**ONE of**  
**FREEMAN'S**  
**DISTINCTIVE**  
**GIFTS for the**  
**HOME!**

**THE Famous**  
**TUFTLESS**

**\$39.50**

**PERFECT SLEEPER**  
 Tuftless INNER-SPRING MATTRESS

**FREEMAN**  
**Furniture Co.**

SO. SIDE THE SQUARE TELEPHONE 125

**FLOWERS**

**for MOTHER**

**JAGGERS-WADE'S FLOWERS**  
**ARE AT THEIR LOVELIEST NOW**

She loves flowers anytime, but when they come from you on Mother's Day, well just watch her glow with joy . . . her knowing eyes proudly glisten! Order her a nice bouquet, or perhaps a lovely potted plant from our selection. Stop in, opposite Post Office, or telephone 77.

**JAGGERS-WADE FLOWER SHOP**  
 OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE PHONE 77  
 "FLOWERS DELIVERED ANYWHERE BY WIRE"

# CHRISTIANA NEWS

CHRISTIANA, Tenn. — Mr. and Mrs. James Nesbitt entertained at dinner last Sunday at their home to honor friends and relatives. Decorations used were suggestive of spring in colors of green and white. The table was covered with a lace cloth and centered with a container holding a variety of spring flowers. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Claus Gordon and Richard III, and Miss Audry Gordon, of Shelbyville, Mr. and Mrs. Jim King and Mr. and Mrs. Dallas King, of Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Victory, Mrs. Oscar Threet, Miss Annie Threet and Miss Dorothy Prater were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fann Jr. at Shelbyville, Sunday evening.

Mrs. James Nesbitt and Mrs. Alex Allman were guests last week of Mrs. Ramsey Snell of Murfreesboro.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pruitt, Mrs. W. S. Pruitt and John Dickens attended the commencement exercises at Christiana high school.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. White attended the commencement sermon at Buchanan high school, last Sunday

afternoon.

Harry Young, of Nashville, spent the week end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Lynn, of Manchester spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beasley and family and were accompanied home by Miss Ruth Beasley.

Sara Lou and Martha McCollum spent the week end with their sister, Miss Mildred McCollum in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Young motored to Nashville Friday.

The Rev. W. M. Crawford, of Kelso, filled his regular appointment at the Presbyterian church Sunday and was dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Buford Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Beasley, Mrs. J. W. Beasley and little daughter, Betty Anne, visited James Beasley, at Central State hospital near Nashville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Victory Mrs. Tom Loyd and Mrs. Charley McCollum attended the funeral of Mrs. Edd Elkins, at Bell Buckle, Thursday.

Miss Rose Smotherman is visiting relatives in Shelbyville.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Young have

a new car.

Jack Sugg of Cookeville, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sugg.

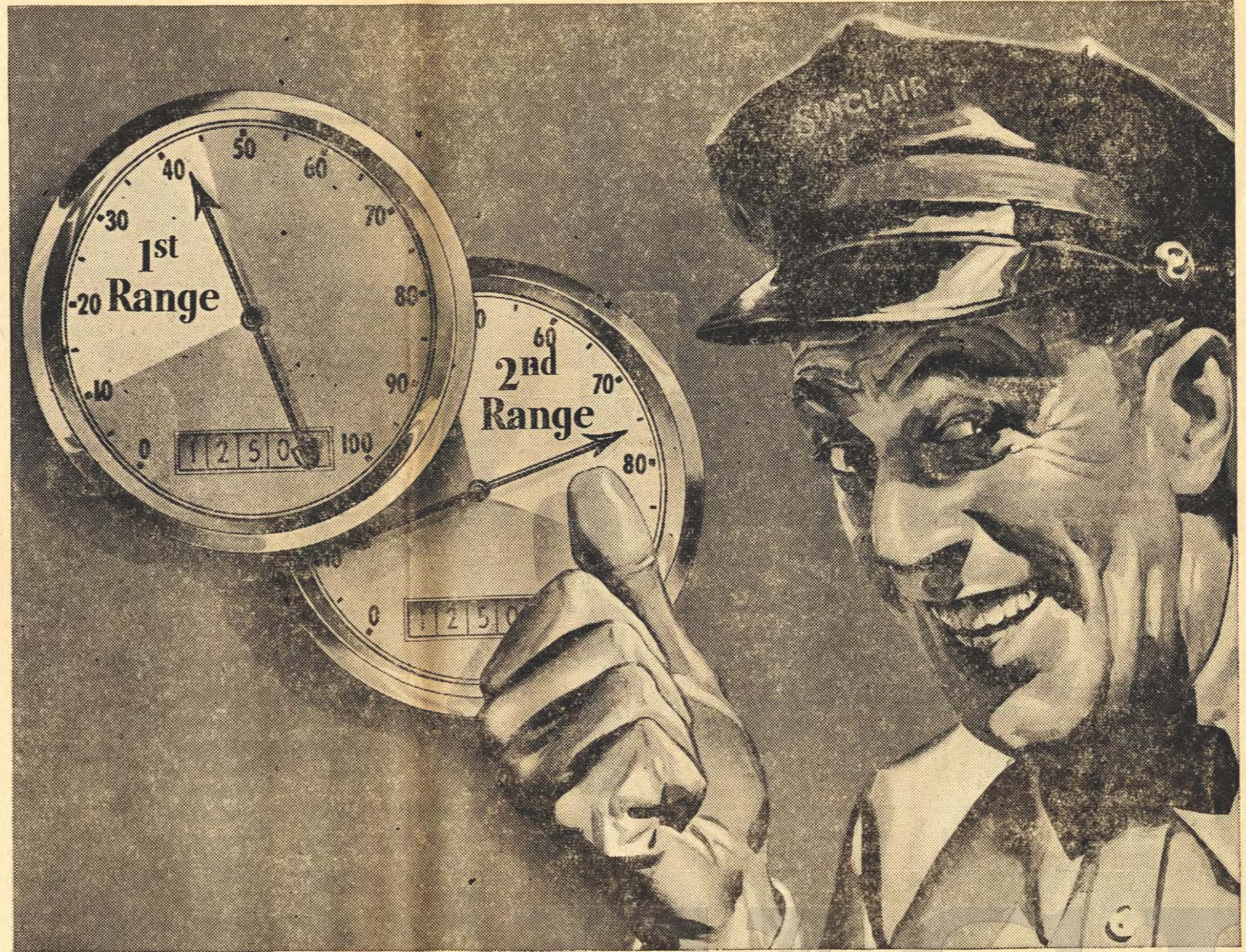
It is time to start a "blitzkrieg" on cutworms by scattering poison bait made in the following proportions: 1 pound Paris green or so-

dium fluosilicate, 25 pounds wheat bran or cottonseed meal, 3 gallons water. About 15 pounds (dry weight) will cover an acre.

An ample supply of fresh vegetables for the family table is good health insurance.

Soil that is worth farming is

worth saving—use lime, phosphate legumes, and crop rotation to control erosion and maintain productivity.



**"You get Double Range Anti-Knock!"**

## Boys and Girls

Bring Mother to the show as your guest



Mother's



# Mother's Day

Monday, May 13th  
1 to 6 p. m.

Mother's Day is Sunday, but we want to give mother a treat, so we're celebrating this Day on Monday, May 13th.

You be the host this time . . . bring your mother, buy one ticket for yourself and take your mother in to see the show as your guest.

ON OUR SCREEN:

**PART-TIME LOVE—  
OR ETERNALLY YOURS!**

The Year's  
Gayest  
Comedy  
of Love and  
Marriage!



WALTER WANGER presents  
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## PRINCESS

Monday---Tuesday

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Murfreesboro

UNIVERSITY

# CURRAY

The baseball sport is taking a larger hold on the lovers of the game over the county as there are several teams being organized here recently.

The Christiana baseball fans have gotten together and organized a team for the season. The community is known for its fine teams that have represented the little city in the years past. This year the team will be made up of such stars as Henry Nance, Sewell Lowe, Gilbert Gordon and others that have played on the team in the sessions past.

Reports comes that they will have a "cracker-Jack" team.

Over at Fosterville the fans have decided to have a team to represent them in the baseball world. Already they have been playing a few games, holding victories over Christiana and Bell Buckle.

At Porterfield, Paul Dismukes, the mayor of the city, will call a session Sunday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a team again this year. Last year the team had a successful season. "Buddy", as Manager Dismukes, is known will have several new men this year while he will be losing some of his last year's regulars. Any team in the county or nearby counties who wants games on Sundays, can get in touch with Paul Dismukes.

The Murfreesboro Woco Pep team will be gunning for victory No. 2 Sunday at the County Club when they tangle up with the Nashville Reds in a Mid-State League contest.

Last week the Pep team won a close decision from the Tullahoma Royals and this gave more pep

to the players and they are apt to go places during the rest of the season. The same lineup used by Manager Harlan last week probably will start for the locals Sunday. Wagster or Stockard will hurl the rubber for the locals.

All the men on the Pep team have started hitting the ball and more team work, should this continue and I believe it will, the Harlan outfit will give some of their competitors in the league lots of trouble before the season ends. So play ball, you Woco Pepsters, everybody here is for the team.

With three victories under their belts, the Murfreesboro Independents travel up to McMinnville Sunday for a tussel with the McMinnville club. The locals will be playing stronger competition than they have in the last three games. The locals have been hitting the "apple" quite a bit but their feilding has been poor.

Manager Evans hopes to get the team out of this and play better defensive ball.

The Murfreesboro White Sox managed by Ray Ingalls are in the line for games on any week-end. The team is composed of players that made up the old Murfreesboro White Sox team last year.

The colored fans of the city will not be leasure on Sunday afternoon for they are going to have a baseball team this season. The team's name is the Murfreesboro Tanglers. The team is composed of former Holloway High School athletics. Sunday the Tanglers will play Nashville Crawfords, their first game of the season on the Holloway diamond, game beginning at 2:30 o'clock. Manager William "Monk" Fletcher announced yesterday. A small admission of 10 and 15c will be charged to help in get-

## MRS. NEIL FITE HOSTESS AT HOME IN KINGWOOD

Mrs. Neil Fite was hostess when she entertained Monday night at her home in Kingwood Heights. Spring flowers were used in the living room where bridge was played. Following the game refreshments were served.

Guests were Mrs. Julian Landers, Mrs. Joe Steelman, Miss Betty Jackson, Miss George Elledge, Mrs. Mel Bryson.

## MISS FRANCES LONG HONOREE OF DINNER

Miss Frances Long of Springfield, who is a student at State Teachers College, was the honoree of a dinner Monday night when Mrs. James Long entertained at Mrs. Webber Earthman's tea room on University street.

The table had for a centerpiece, a crystal bowl with narcissuses, irises and tulips.

Seated with Miss Long were Annie Jean Donnell, Cora Sadler, Cranor Elrod, Webber Earthman, Gene Armstrong, Frances Pepper and Wayne Sexton.

## HOSPITAL AUXILIARY PLANS OBSERVANCE

The Rutherford Hospital Auxiliary held its regular monthly meeting at the hospital Wednesday morning at ten thirty with Mrs. D. L. Ledbetter, president, in the chair.

Following the business session plans were discussed for National Hospital Day which will be observed Monday.

## MISS JETTON HOSTESS TO LUNCHEON MONDAY

Miss Rebekah Jetton was hostess to a luncheon at the Cupboard tea room Monday for Mrs. E. D. Cannon of Los Angeles, Calif., who has been the guest of friends here.

The table was centered with a crystal bowl of irises, snowballs and narcissuses.

Seated with Miss Jetton and Mrs. Cannon were: Mrs. T. E. Hord Sr., Mrs. Mildred Hord Hick, Mrs. M. B. Murfree, Mrs. Joe H. Clayton Sr., Mrs. Hans Gebers, Mrs. J. W. Huggins, Mrs. T. A. Robertson and Miss Kate Letherman.

## GARDEN CLUB TOUR POSTPONED TO MAY 17th

The tour arranged by the Little Gardens Club which was to be held today has been postponed until May 17th, due to the fact that the Iris gardens will not be ready until that date, because of the late season.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

A benefit bridge, sponsored by the Girl Scout Council camp committee, will be given May 24 at the Scout lodge. Reservations may be made through Mrs. David Goldstein, Mrs. Ed Miller or Mrs. Claude Gattis.

## MISS ELIZABETH SMITH JAMES HARDY DAVENPORT MARRIED HERE SUNDAY

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth

ness College.

Mr. Davenport is a graduate of Lascassas high school and is connected with the Ragland - Potter co., Nashville. The couple will live in Nashville.

## SINGING, DANCING PROGRAM PRESENTED AT FACILITY

Another in the series of entertainments being presented for the patients and personnel of the Veterans facility was given last week by the American Legion Auxiliary, Department of Tennessee from Manchester, supported by 24 Tennessee college girls.

Mrs. W. M. McBride, Middle Tennessee vice-president was in charge of arrangements.

The program included: Hillbilly Band; Wade West and family; the Friendly Five Colored Quintet; The Rambling Rangers, directed by Jesse Earls Jr.; tap dance by Jean Hobson; Plantation dance by Lorene and Irene Hickerson; homemade banjo number by M. A. Freeze; dance number by William Hickerson and H. L. Vaney; jubilee singers; baritone solo by Bryan Bibson.

The Tennessee College girls presented a group of dances including a Mexican tango; Scottish highland fling old fashioned square dance. The numbers were arranged by Mrs. G. E. Lowe, Mrs. Oscar Al-

man, Mrs. Lewis Brinkley and Mrs. H. C. Elrod furnished transportation for the college group.

## GROUP HONORED WITH BIRTHDAY DINNER

Mrs. John Kelton was hostess to a birthday dinner Sunday evening for a group of friends.

The color scheme of pink and white was emphasized throughout. The centerpiece was pink tulips. Dinner was served in three courses.

Those participating were John Kelton, Sara Kelton, Mrs. Woodrow Medlock and Jesse Ray Zumbro. The Rev. Woodrow Medlock was a guest.

## MRS. S. H. WOODS ELECTED HEAD OF MISSIONARY GROUP

Mrs. S. H. Woods was elected president of the Missionary Society of the Central Christian church at an all day meeting of the Society and Ladies Aid at the home of Mrs. Cecil Elrod Tuesday.

Mrs. Earle Rees was elected vice president, Mrs. Henry Zelner, secretary, Mrs. Deery Riggs, treasurer and Mrs. E. R. Goodwin, literary chairman.

Those bringing papers were Mrs. John Woodfin, Mrs. Earle Rees, Mrs. John Tarver and Mrs. Aubrey Sook.

## PERSONALS

Mrs. James Long and Mrs. N. C. Maney were guests Wednesday night of Mrs. Frank Bell in Springfield.

Mrs. Ralph Sikes of Hudson, O. and Mrs. Bristow Nelson Jr. of Boston have arrived to visit Mrs. George Nelson.

Cannon Maney spent Tuesday in Chattanooga attending an insurance meeting.

Mrs. James Avent is at home again after spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Bradford in Nashville.

Mrs. B. F. Moore, Mrs. J. C. Beasley, Mrs. N. C. Maney and Mrs. John Williams left Thursday for a visit at Mrs. Sam Butler's cottage in Monteagle.

Mrs. W. A. Morris leaves Sunday for Black Horse Lea Room near Boston, where she will spend the summer.

Dr. James R. Norton and Mrs. Norton have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at the James K. Polk hotel.

Mrs. E. D. Cannon left Tuesday for her home in Los Angeles, Calif. after a visit with friends in Murfreesboro.

Misses Robbie Giles and Leona Alexander of 302 North Church street have returned from a visit with friends in Memphis.

Miss Marie Engles of State Teach-

ers College has returned from a visit with relatives in Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Link of Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Link of Gallatin and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Lawrence of White House, have returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Landers.

Mrs. Margaret Usher and daughter, Meryl, of Portland, Me., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Wise and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Sanders while en route home from Petersburg, Fla.

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anything, can express deep love and affection more than just plain flowers? Why not greet mother with lovely cut flowers, a corsage, or a beautiful blooming plant?

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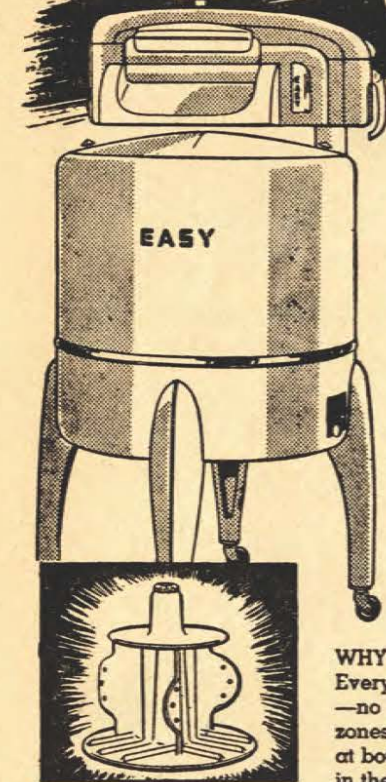
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128 NORTH CHURCH

Gardens Club which was to be held today has been postponed until May 17th, due to the fact that the Iris gardens will not be ready until that date, because of the late season.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS**

A benefit bridge, sponsored by the Girl Scout Council camp committee, will be given May 24 at the Scout lodge. Reservations may be made through Mrs. David Goldstein, Mrs. Ed Miller or Mrs. Claude Gattis.

**MISS ELIZABETH SMITH  
JAMES HARDY DAVENPORT  
MARRIED HERE SUNDAY**

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Hodge Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand M. Smith of Nashville to James Hardy Davenport, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Davenport of Lascassas, took place Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the First Presbyterian church. Dr. E. W. Williams, pastor, officiated in the presence of relatives and close friends.

Preceding the ceremony a musical program was given by Mrs. E. W. Williams, organist.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a model of navy blue crepe made with a matching bolero. Her small hat of navy blue was trimmed with a matching veil. Her only ornament was a brooch which belonged to her grandmother, Mrs. Rufus Smith. She wore a shoulder arrangement of Joanna Hill roses.

The bride's sister, Mrs. Robert L. Taylor Jr. of Franklin, was the only attendant, wearing a costume of powder blue with harmonizing accessories. Her flowers were talisman roses.

Sam Brown of Smyrna, served as best man.

Mrs. Davenport received her education in Murfreesboro schools and graduated from Memphis Central high school and Draughton's Business

training material for the team.

The following lineup probably will start: Brown 1b, Lewis 2b, Lawrence ss, McGowan 3b, House c, Coppage rf, Williams cf, Davis lf, Morton will twirl the rubber, but Manager Fletcher will call on some of the other to aid in the pitching.

The Tangles have several games on their books and hope to give both the white and colored fans plenty of entertainment during the baseball season as most of their games will be played here on the Holloway diamond.

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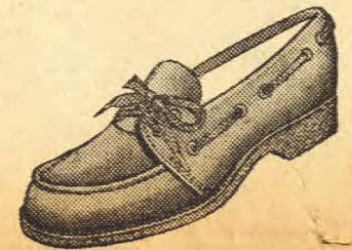


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To wear with your prints... your pastels. Imagine... at this price! **1.98**

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family



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Roomy moccasin-type in soft brown glove leather. Red cork rubber soles and heels. **1.98**



**Sport Oxfords**

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For school, vacation or sports—cool blue trimmed with white! Sanitized\* linings, cork and crepe rubber soles.

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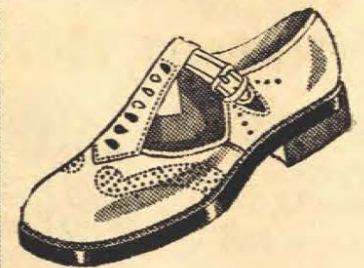
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JANUARY-FEBRUARY

# STORY

**The Sun Shines In  
August**  
**A NOVELLA**  
**of**  
**War-torn London**

**THE SUN SHINES IN AUGUST**

*Rebecca Merrick*

A new author's moving novella of how bombs came to Bow

**THE WINDFALL**

*Erskine Caldwell*

An ironically amusing story of Maine

**THE COMING OF AGE**

*Clare Jaynes*

A young woman comes to sudden maturity

**McEWEN'S AFFAIR**

*Frank Sisk*

A married man's life with glamour

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## Note From Canada

The Editors of STORY . . .

" . . . and after my congratulations on your tenth anniversary issue, let me add that five years ago I initiated the first and only graduate seminar in the short story in a Canadian university when I found, and have since found, that acquiring a familiarity with *Story* and *Story Anthologies* is one of the most stimulating experiences that a student of present-day literature can get.

"It has been a particular satisfaction to watch the gradual public recognition of writers whom we have picked out here, long before, as coming people because of their work in *Story*.

"I'd like to add, too, that Whit Burnett's remarks on Hammock Writing in his book 'The Literary Life and The Hell With It,' have been supplementary reading for those in the course who are trying to write stories themselves."

Earle Birney, Ph.D.  
Asst. Prof. of English,  
University of Toronto, and  
Literary Editor of the  
*Canadian Forum*.

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9th Annual

## COLLEGE SHORT STORY CONTEST

*Open to all registered students of colleges  
and universities in the United States*

### TERMS OF THE CONTEST

Stories submitted must not be less than 1500 nor more than 7000 words in length.

Each entry must be certified by a member of the faculty of the institution.

No college or university may submit more than two entries.

All entries must be mailed to **STORY** on or before April 1, 1942.

The submitted stories are to represent the best selection, by qualified judges, of the work of students of the school year 1941-1942. Such stories may be selected from the work done in English courses or they may be drawn from a contest specially designed to afford a selection. The story may or may not have first appeared in a college publication during the contest.

The editors of **STORY** suggest the following procedure in the selection of stories to represent any institution: The English department may officially conduct the contest, extending throughout the school year, or calling for entries that may be judged in time to have the selected two stories sent to **STORY** by April 1, 1942. The English department in such cases may select judges for the campus contest. Or, if the English department does not wish to engage in the matter officially, a contest may be arranged through the application of some member of the faculty, or of the campus literary periodical, or of a campus literary group or association. In the latter case faculty members should be represented on the Board of Judges.

All stories must be legibly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper.

The winning story will be published in **STORY**.

**STORY** reserves the right to allow reprints of the winning story in short story anthologies.

FISK  
UNIVERSITY



## CONTRIBUTORS

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REBECCA MERRICK, twenty-three, has spent most of her life in Montana and the Pacific Northwest. She attended the University of Washington at Seattle and did story writing under George Savage. In 1939, she traveled in Europe and lived for a time in a London settlement house and took a special interest in the Bow section of London. She is married to George Heidlebaugh and living in Washington. "The Sun Shines in August" was written in Whit Burnett's class at Columbia.

ERSKINE CALDWELL is one of the best-known short-story writers in the United States, in addition to being widely known for his books of factual interpretation of the country, illustrated by photographs by his wife, Margaret Bourke-White. He has recently returned from Russia from which country he reported for the New York *PM*.

CLARE JAYNES was born some thirty years ago in Kansas City and again the following year in Chicago. She attended Vassar for one year and was graduated from Vassar after completing a four year course. And although she already had one husband whom she had married in 1923, she was again lawfully married in

1927. She has two children and again three and her home is two of Chicago's north shore suburbs about a mile apart. She has traveled in most of the countries of Europe and the Mediterranean and has often appeared simultaneously in two places. Her likes include skiing, tennis, riding, music, raising camellias, blinis with caviar, etc. Her dislikes include most of these same things. In short, Clare Jaynes is a *nom de plume* for a collaboration. The authors, Jane Mayer and Clara Spiegel, have been writing for several years and have done all their work together. Stories over the name of Clare Jaynes have appeared in the United States and also in several English publications and her first novel, "Instruct My Sorrows," is to be published by Random House in the spring of 1942.

FRANK SISK is the author of "North to Jackson" which appeared in the January-February, 1941 issue of *STORY*. He is a member of the Hartford bureau of the Bridgeport, Conn., *Herald*. He is a husband and father. He was born in 1915.

ELLIOTT ARNOLD has written three novels (the last, "Only The Young"), besides a biography of Sibelius for younger readers, a textbook on journalism, and many magazine articles. He has been in newspaper work for ten years and even

*(Continued on page 4)*

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# STORY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SHORT STORY

JANUARY—FEBRUARY

VOL. XX

1942

No. 93

## C O N T E N T S

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EDITOR  
WHIT BURNETT



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BY THE COPY 40c

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FISK  
UNIVERSITY

CONTRIBUTORS

—Continued from page 2

done a movie script, but the contribution this month is his first published story. He was born in New York twenty-nine years ago, and is now in the *World-Telegram* editorial department. He is completing a fourth novel based on the underground movement in France today.

ED BELL is the author of the novels "Fish On The Steeple," 1935, and "Tommy Lee Feathers," 1938. For the last twelve years, he has been in country newspaper work in Tennessee.

W. E. FISHBAUGH was born in Rochester, 1906. He appeared before in *STORY* with "The Sunrise," May-June, 1939.



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have enough

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**PLUS & MINUS**

*A Survey of Reviews*

**INSIDE LATIN AMERICA**

By John Gunther. 498 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

+ N. Y. TIMES October 16 *Ralph Thompson*

. . . lives up to expectations and Gunther's reputation. It is a highly informative, patient and good-natured report on the twenty republics to the south, written by one of our most indefatigable journalists after a five months' grand tour. . . . He sets down his impressions, flattering or unflattering, in simple language and without beating around the bush. . . . There are judgments in "Inside Latin America" over which the experts may and probably will be delighted to quarrel with Mr. Gunther. . . . but from first to last it is a sane, solid and conscientious piece of work.

+ N. Y. SUN O. 31 *T. P. Headen*

Not only has he assembled all the available information regarding the physical, financial, sociological, economic and geographical material regarding the twenty nations which make up South America, but he has added a sufficiently large dash of history to make his picture understandable and rounded out his researches with some sound advice on what should be done by the enemies of the Axis. . . . Mr. Gunther has the added advantage of writing interestingly about any subject.

+ N. Y. HERALD TRIB. O. 29 *Lewis Gannett*

"Inside Latin America," like "Inside Asia," is the fruit of one brief trip, plus concentrated reading and preparatory interviews. That makes it all the more remarkable a tour de force. . . . It is frank and cheerfully skeptical. But it is obvious on page after page of his story that the Southerners liked this big, breezy, shrewd, friendly American as much as he liked them.

+ TIMES-PICAYUNE (New Orleans) N. 9

*J. H. J.*

The book renders a public service, it is timely, intensely readable, direct and concise. It is probably the best single volume on South America.

+ N. Y. HER. TRIB. BOOKS November 2

*Joseph Barnes*

. . . It is written much as "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia" were written, which is high praise. . . Mr. Gunther has developed such an effortless technique with his profile sketches of foreign leaders, his anecdotes, his details about the personal lives of dictators and other "inside stories" that his careful facts and figures about foreign countries are taken in the reader's stride. . . His general conclusions are listed at the beginning and at the end of this book.

+ NEW YORKER N. 1 *Clifton Fadiman*

It is impossible to summarize Mr. Gunther's information, for his whole book is itself a brilliant summary. . . Altogether, it's a useful job, enormously readable and full of those nuggety Guntherian phrases that light up a whole problem or individual with a few flashing words.

+ N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW N. 2

*Ernesto Montenegro*

If the journalist is the historian of the passing moment then Mr. Gunther is by this time one of the foremost world chroniclers. . .

+ PM'S WEEKLY N. 2 *Roger Pippett*

498 packed pages of fact and anecdote about our Latin American neighbors. . . Though it lacks the personal flavor of *Inside Europe* . . . it is alive with interesting general information.

75/25 SAT. REV. OF LIT. N. 15

*Katherine Rodell*

Nobody needs to be told that Mr. Gunther is a superb reporter, but if dramatic proof were needed it lies in a comparison of his book, with any of the recent products of the Pan-American-via-Pan-American-Airways school. . . The title . . . is something of a misnomer, for the book does not show the "inside" of Latin America, but gives instead a brilliant and panoramic view of the surface—of physical characteristics, picturesque highlights, political configurations, obvious economic problems. It does not delve into the "why" of any of these things. . . While there are minor errors of fact, I found only two misstatements worthy of mention.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT

A Collection of American Writings from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited by Bernard Smith. 928 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

+ LOS ANGELES TIMES September 21

*Milton Merlin*

This magnificent volume offers abundant demonstration of the fact that since the first colonists arrived on this continent the people have had a voice, many voices, many writers . . . a startling and cheerful continuity in the writings assembled . . . here are moving essays, poems, orations, letters, satires, stories and plays which express the democratic spirit . . . not just another anthology; it bids fair to become a classic for the people for whom it was written over three centuries of hopes, struggles and progress.

75/25 NEW YORKER S. 20 *Clifton Fadiman*

It contains generous selections . . . from the Mayflower Compact to Carl Sandburg . . . the modern period . . . is less striking than the pre-Civil-War period. . . The thread of democratic tradition is strong and unbroken, but its later literary expressions are light in weight compared to the grave, considered reflections of such men as Roger Williams, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Channing, Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Lincoln. The book as a whole, however, is impressive.

75/25 N. Y. TIMES S. 29 *Ralph Thompson*

A broad assortment and . . . a good assortment of writings on more or less liberal and . . . democratic American themes . . . Samuel Adams on political tyranny, Jefferson on religious freedom, Franklin on the slave trade . . . Thoreau, Howells, Parrington, . . . Beard, . . . MacLeish, . . . Roosevelt. . . Among the others . . . are . . . Dreiser. . . Odets. . . Richard Wright, Albert Maltz and Michael Gold. . . But Mr. Smith . . . might have chosen otherwise from three solid centuries of American history, literature, polemics and politics.

75/25 N. Y. HER. TRIB. BOOKS S. 23

*George F. Whicher*

A most timely book . . . Bernard Smith . . . is the first to arrive with a compendium for the general reader . . . the selections that he

presents are generally chosen for their ideological rather than their intrinsic merits. . . . The fact that nearly one half of the writers quoted belong to the twentieth century indicates a certain temporal provinciality in Mr. Smith's outlook. . . . The democracy it displays is democracy with a bend sinister.

50/50 NEW REPUBLIC S. 29 *Malcolm Cowley*

He has edited his anthology in . . . scholarly spirit. He contributes a sensible introduction and short biographical notes. . . . It seems to me that, in the choice of authors, it lays too much stress on New England. . . . I also feel that the book is too much concerned with the spirit of uplift . . . the book lays too much stress on ideas and doctrines; too little stress on the behavior of living people.

**HITLER CANNOT CONQUER RUSSIA**

By Maurice Hindus. 300 pp. New York: *Double-day, Doran & Co.* \$2.

+ N. Y. HER. TRIB. BOOKS September 28  
*Joseph B. Phillips*

Of all the authors who have written about the Soviet Union, Mr. Hindus has been the most consistent and thorough investigator of the changes which the Bolshevik state has made in the mental and physical makeup of the Russian, especially the peasant . . . it has the sinews of a strong argument. It takes account of the bloody political oppression, of the hardships and the unhappiness, which have been the lot of the Soviet citizen. But it also takes account of the new cohesion, the awakened sense of individual importance and dignity, and the crusading determination which has come out of those tribulations.

+ SAT. REV. OF LIT. October 4  
*William L. Shirer*

There must be good, solid reasons which explain not only why the Red Armies have done better against Hitler's panzer forces than all but a very few expected, but why Mr. Hindus thinks Hitler can never conquer Russia. Those reasons make up this book. . . . One of the most enlightening chapters of the book, he assesses Russia's productive capacity.

+ ST. PAUL DISPATCH O. 1 *James Gray*

The tone of this book while it is still earnest to the point of solemnity seems to carry more of an undercurrent of optimism. Mr. Hindus permits himself once more to tell some quite amusing human anecdotes.

+ NEW YORKER O. 4 *Clifton Fadiman*

Mr. Hindus . . . unlike the newspaper pundits, is writing not off the top of his head but out of intimate acquaintance with his subject. He may prove wrong, but his arguments are closely woven and not too obviously vitiated by wishful thinking.

**ELLEN ROGERS**

By James T. Farrell. 429 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.* \$2.50.

+ SAT. REV. OF LIT. September 27  
*N. L. Rothman*

Is as good as any single volume Farrell has written, and it is in fact a return to the force of effectiveness of the Lonigan trilogy . . . a full, probing portrait of the jackal, perfectly done, with everything Farrell has learned about this kind of literary portraiture turned on full power.

50/50 N. Y. HER. TRIB. S. 27 *Lewis Gannett*

Mr. Farrell's writing is without literary distinction, and his psychology is drearily monotonous, but it has a kind of relentless cumulative power. Within the drab limits of the personalities with which Mr. Farrell endows them, his characters are rigidly consistent.

50/50 NEW REPUBLIC October 6  
*Stanley Edgar Hyman*

Farrell is a writer with no imagination for plot, no interest whatever in the dramatic movement of people on a stage. He is a man for character, for what happens to people inside them. . . . Like Dreiser, Farrell has no ability at all for writing in the sense of *writing* . . . but he can achieve a valuable effect by no more than the infinite multiplication of accurate detail.

- N. Y. SUN S. 24 *William McFee*

Those who like Mr. Farrell's peculiar style, a cross between a telephone directory and a teletype machine, will like "Ellen Rogers."

**THE TIMELESS LAND**

By Eleanor Dark. 499 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Co.* \$2.75.

+ SAT. REV. OF LIT. October 4  
*Klaus Lambrecht*

Tells the story of the first settlers of Australia, the convicts who, outcasts from their homeland, were brought there by a few decrepit ships of the British fleet to build a new life. It is one of the strongest and most convincing historical accounts one has read in a long time . . . a novel of stern beauty and profound reality.

+ LOS ANGELES TIMES O. 5  
*Paul Jordan Smith*

Intensely dramatic story of hungers and conflicts—the struggles out of which Australia was born.

+ N. Y. HER. TRIB. BOOKS O. 5  
*Milton Rugoff*

A rich reconstruction of one of the stranger segments of the strange past.

+ ST. PAUL DISPATCH September 30  
*James Gray*

I wish I had a fine epigrammatic phrase to offer in place of historical novel. The best that I can manage is to say that "The Timeless Land" is the sort of thesis which remembers that history happened to people.

75/25 N. Y. SUN O. 2 *Arthur Maurice*

There is much that is fine in this book; though at times it is hard reading because of the necessity of constant reference to the glossary of aboriginal words and phrases.

50/50 NEW YORKER O. 4 *Clifton Fadiman*

A growing, extremely sensible interest in the history and fortunes of Australia may help to popularize . . . "The Timeless Land," though in its literary merits it hardly gets more than a passing mark.

**READING I'VE LIKED**

By Clifton Fadiman. 906 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster.* \$3.

+ LOS ANGELES TIMES October  
*Milton Merlin*

All anthologies . . . are personal, but none is so intimately a part of the editor as this. No academic standards shaped this book, simply the candid preferences of a professional reader who isn't afraid to admit liking "lunacies" as well

as "lucidities." . . . is as acute and persuasive as ever in his introduction and commentaries.

+ N. Y. SUN September 27 *Robert Molloy*

Some of the introductory bits he has written come close to being criticism. Not the heavy, pseudo-philosophical kind, but good, clear-sighted analysis of a writer's excellencies and shortcomings.

+ ST. PAUL DISPATCH O. 9 *James Gray*

He has written a long introduction dealing in his brightest and most epigrammatic style with the education of a bookman and he has also prepared critical estimates of the favorite writers gathered together for this casual symposium on life and letters.

50/50 PM's WEEKLY S. 28 *Malcolm Cowley*

The book is as consistently entertaining as any anthology I have read. . . . But . . . there are . . . questions. Is there any reason for omitting Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Caldwell and Wilson from a collection that includes so many lesser and less entertaining figures from the same period? . . . Is Thomas Mann the only author born east of the Rhine—the only German, Scandinavian, Czech, Italian or Russian whom Mr. Fadiman likes to read? Does he still believe that Jules Romains is the greatest novelist of modern times, or is he merely sticking to his story? And isn't there a single British writer under 45, not even Graham Greene?

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**THE LAST TYCOON**

By F. Scott Fitzgerald. 476 pp. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

+ PM's WEEKLY October 26 Roger Pippett  
 . . . he gives us a subtle and extremely penetrating study of a film director in the character of Monroe Stahr. . . . The story is told in the first person by Cecilia, a producer's daughter who is herself in love with Stahr. . . . It leaves me with the conviction that Fitzgerald will be remembered as one of the first-rate writers of his generation.

+ N. Y. TIMES BOOK REV. November 9  
 J. Donald Adams  
 . . . uncompleted though it is, one would be blind indeed not to see that it would have been Fitzgerald's best novel and a very fine one . . . it is the best piece of creative writing that we have about one phase of American life—Hollywood and the movies . . . Fitzgerald had created a memorable figure in Stahr.

+ SAT. REV. OF LIT. December 6  
 Stephen Vincent Benet  
 . . . is a great deal more than a fragment. It shows the full powers of its author, at their height and at their best.

75/25 ST. PAUL DISPATCH October 27  
 James Gray  
 It is good that some one at last has written seriously about Hollywood, some one who believed in its function, its technique, its poetry. Once more Scott Fitzgerald proved himself to be a shrewd and discerning innovator. . . . The best and the worst of Fitzgerald's brilliant mind were clearly evident in his last work.

75/25 N. Y. TIMES O. 28 Ralph Thompson  
 As it stands, the fragment is merely some 50,000 words long and not always strictly consecutive . . . there is not much reason to doubt that Fitzgerald was headed somewhere this time, and so far as it goes "The Last Tycoon" is interesting and stimulating reading. To an outsider parts of it are satirical and witty, other parts cryptic or simply curious, but those at home in Hollywood may feel otherwise. . . . How the whole would have shaped up in the end is, of course, anybody's guess. Fitzgerald, however, left behind various synopses and outlines indicating what he planned or hoped to do.

**THAT DAY ALONE**

By Pierre van Paassen. 548 pp. New York: Dial Press. \$3.75.

+ SAT. REV. OF LIT. O. 18 Maurice Hindus  
 This is a vivid and exciting book. It is loaded with information, also with dynamite. . . . His treatment of some subjects, notably the politics of the Roman Catholic Church in the Europe of today, will evoke sharp controversy, may even involve him in a battle. Yet the book will be widely read. . . . He presents countless personages, diplomats, generals, priests, peasants, workers, shopkeepers, artists, writers, almost all of whom had mesmerized themselves into invincibility or were corroded with inner decay. . . . After reading van Paassen's book one cannot escape the tragic conclusion that France is on the eve of another momentous and awesome revolution. . . . Fittingly enough, the book ends with a sermon on the coming redemption and the coming happiness of man.

+ N. Y. TIMES BOOK REV. O. 19  
 Milos Safranek  
 The plasticity of his style, his facility in writing, as well as his curiosity in delving into the exactness of the facts recorded, make these reportings true masterpieces of journalism.

+ CHICAGO DAILY NEWS O. 22  
 Sterling North  
 I hope that those who are discouraged and uncertain in their loyalties as well as those who are still courageous will forget their partisanship and listen to the magnificent logic of a great humanitarian, Pierre van Paassen. . . . It looks deeply into the past and the future. The work of a contemporary historian who is also a major prophet.

+ LOS ANGELES TIMES O. 19  
 Paul Jordan Smith  
 It will immediately be among the leading best sellers of the country and it will deserve its popularity . . . a book of dramatic incidents.

+ N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM O. 18  
 Harry Hansen  
 As in "Days of Our Years," van Paassen is best when describing the Dutch people and their simple lives; this is his native heath.

(Continued on page 103)



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# STORY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SHORT STORY

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## THE SUN SHINES IN AUGUST

by

Rebecca Merrick

VOICES, somewhat hushed in the fog, were saying tragic, morbid things in cheerful tones. Some people call it the Cockney sense of humor, but it isn't humor—it goes no further than voice quality.

A woman was leaning out of her window, calling to her neighbor across the street.

"Looks like the fog's liftin', Missus Dorcas. Not very cheery today, eh?"

"Not fer me."

"Well, wot is it?"

"Not much as ye can say. Me 'arry's reported missin'," sighed Mrs. Dorcas.

"Ah, that don't mean nothin'. This war's goin' to be done soon enough. They're more accurate this time, give ye a good line on wot's 'appenin'. Before ye 'ardly know it they'll say 'e's no longer missin', so cheer up."

"Well, it's mighty funny at that. 'ere it is August and ye'd 'ardly know anythin' we was doin'. Ye don't know whether we've started yet . . . or it might be all over but the signin'."

"I got work to do," cried the other woman, closing down her window.

Mrs. Dorcas stayed at her window watching the fog thin to the texture and appearance of yellow smoke. First of all the faces, she could distinguish Tommy Drinkwater coming down the street. People were apt to notice him. As a work of art, young Tommy Drinkwater was excellent.

The pale, chiseled stoniness of his face was somewhat softened by streaks of grime, and his uncombed hair curled gracefully beyond the lines of the pudding bowl which his mother used as a pattern when she took the notion to cut

his hair. Tommy's large, violet eyes gave him a calm innocent look, and they were glossy as his older sister's had been before she died.

But Tommy was a boy, not a work of art, and Bow's gray summers had left him unattractively pale and calm for a twelve-year old.

"Bless us, if it ain't Tommy Drinkwater!" cried the lonely Mrs. Dorcas. "'ello, Tommy! We're goin' to get a bit o' summer this arfter."

"It won't be no fog this arfter, but it won't be no sun either," Tommy complained.

"There's a pretty lad," soothed Mrs. Dorcas. "Wot ye need is a trip to the country. Your old man 'ad best look for a position and send 'is children out 'stead o' singin' 'is woes in the pub!"

By now, Tommy had turned the corner from Mrs. Dorcas and stood level with the butcher's cart, laden with tempting red squares of pasty meat, bare to the speckled grayness of Bow. The butcher sawed at the main chunk, thrusting new hunks aside, every few minutes stopping to shoo off the flies gathering around his cart.

Mournfully, innocently, Tommy stared at the cart. The moment the butcher was most deeply engrossed, trimming around the bone, careful not to waste anything, Tommy reached across the finished pile with his dirty, bluish fingers and dashed away with his fist full.

"Oh? Eh?" The butcher turned as Tommy was rounding the corner. "Tommy Drinkwater!" He hopped clumsily after Tommy a few feet, waving his cleaver. "Okay! I'll catch ye next time!"

It took two alleys of trained, cat-like running to make Tommy feel entirely safe. He held up his prize in both

hands, appraising the meat, wondering whether to eat it there or to think of an excuse, and take it to his mother.

"It might be me mother could make a good pasty of it," he said aloud.

"Sure, it might make a good pasty. And it might bring ye a good thrashin', too!"

Tommy darted a frightened glance behind him. The great frame of Patrick Shaw loomed above him, looking merry and childlike, one hand deep in the pocket of his unpressed trousers, and the other pulling at his green necktie.

"'ello, Patrick. Someone give me this for me mother," Tommy recited piously. "Rose—Rose ain't around?"

"No. Ye need not worry. I was lookin' for her meself."

"'ave ye got a sack for me to put this in?"

"That I have not. Here's a journal may serve your purpose." Out of his back pocket, Patrick pulled a crumpled sheet, half in English, half in Gaelic, headed *Irish Republican Warcry*.

"We'd best make sure there's naught in here I'll be needin'." He scanned the sheet hurriedly, and then wrapped Tommy's meat in it.

"Now we'll stick it in me pocket, and ye come along with me. I'll be needin' some help this afternoon."

"Oh," exclaimed Tommy. "Would ye go without ye 'ave Rose wi' ye?"

"That I would. It isn't anythin' Rose would particularly care for. It's a job for a man and a boy." Patrick winked. "We shan't even tell her about it."

They hurried out of the alleyway, past the market place toward Gladstone's statue.

"Coo, be we leavin' Bow?" cried Tommy. "Might we be goin' to 'yde Park, or the country?"

"No, we're goin' right to that—" Patrick pointed to the statue. "And why, might I ask, be ye always so desirous of leavin' for the country? Are ye lonely? Ye won't be long, son. Ye must look at the papers . . . if the country's not sick of the children, the children are sick of the country. Come along, ye've got to be quick to buck the traffic."

They darted across Bow Road into the small churchyard which fell under Gladstone's shadow.

"Now," sighed Patrick, seating himself on a chair-shaped tomb. "Here's where ye come in. Look at the base of the statue. What is it ye see?"

Tommy held up the only thing in sight. "It ain't but a broken bottle."

"Naught but a broken beer bottle. Good." Patrick fished a piece of string from his coat pocket. "We tie it around the neck, so, and we tie the other end to the finger of that fine gentleman up yonder."

"Oh, might I, Patrick?" Tommy was delighted. He had never learned how to smile completely, but occasionally one corner of his mouth turned up when he was given a wicked and unusual task.

"Ye certainly might. And when ye get the bottle up there—" in still another pocket he found a scrolled sheet—"dangle this in the breeze. There's a string on this end—now, start along up—"

"Wot does it say?" asked Tommy.

"Hang it up—just a little joke."

"Are ye sure it won't be wrong?"

"Go on—hurry up. Ye've still got some fog with ye."

"It might not be good if we see a bobby."

"Pooh! Come, lad, what could be evil in a sheet of paper?"

"It's about Ireland! I know wot they do if they catch ye!"

"Listen, Tommy, be a good friend of mine. I've been a good friend of yours—and of your blessed sister when she was livin'. Put up the bottle! They can't do much to ye for that. If anyone comes, I'll warn ye."

"Okay." Tommy slowly and nervously began climbing the statue, looking down to the base and then at Patrick.

"If ye don't hurry the fog will be quite lifted, lad. Don't look back."

"Yis!" Tommy started upward, breathing hard. He edged his way along Gladstone's arm.

"When I was eleven, I could have done it and be down by now!" breathed Patrick, quietly. He sounded impatient though his eyes were still round and merry.

"Aoo!" moaned Tommy.

"Now what is it?"

"I cut meself on the bottle!"

"Very well, leave it hangin'. Sure, that's fine, fine. Now, for the sign—let that down."

Tommy unraveled the scroll, so that for a moment *Hooray for the Republican Army!* dangled straight from Gladstone's outstretched hand.

"Good! Good! I'll go out and buy ye some jellied eels, lad! Come on now."

"Yiss," said Tommy, inching his way back from the arm, and starting down.

"Oh! it's slippin'!"

"Don't be frightened!"

"I ain't scared, but the sign! There it goes!" The Irish Republican banner floated to the feet of the anti-imperialist.

"Ye unholy imp of Satan!" Patrick said softly.

A tall policeman and a little timid one sprang on Patrick. "Are ye with that boy?"

"That lad? Comin' down? I was passin' the other way," Patrick began glibly, "and I saw this lad climbin' the statue, and I said to meself, why it's Tommy Drinkwater—what a thing for a boy of such a good mother to be doin', so across the street I come tearin', and here I stand beggin' him to come down, implorin' him to come home like the good boy he really is. Well—ye can see for yourself, he's comin' down."

By now Tommy stood trembling at the foot of the statue.

"It didn't stay—" Tommy began.

"Of course ye didn't stay, ye're a fine, fine lad. Come along!" Patrick smiled at the police, and beckoned to Tommy.

"There was a sign floatin' along with the bottle. Wot did it say?" asked the tall policeman.

"Sure did ye think ye saw a sign? For the love of all that's holy, lad, did ye indeed have a sign?"

"It didn't—"

"He's sayin' he didn't."

A girl had stooped for a brief second in front of the statue, picked something up, and then walked on with it. The police eyed her suspiciously.

"It looks as if I might be carryin' more than I ought," she excused herself. "Been droppin' something all the way along." She was green-eyed, freckled and seemed rather plain, except when she smiled at the police—then her eyes became brighter, her whole face was softened.

Tommy looked at her curiously, too overawed by Patrick to speak, but the girl appeared not to recognize him.

"More trouble for the police—forever in the black-outs, and now the fogs seem to be worse than ever," she exclaimed.

"We certainly 'ave our share," agreed the tall one.

"Haven't we all?" She darted into the traffic across the Bow side of the street.

The police started after the woman, lost her in the market street haze. "Look in front of the statue!" commanded the tall policeman.

"There ain't nothin' 'ere," the timid little one said.

"There was!" growled the other.

"Ye can search us," said Patrick laughing. "Here I come to save a little boy from wrong-doing."

"That woman was with ye!" growled the tall policeman.

"But she didn't even look at them, and ye may bet I watched," ventured the little one.

"Ye're clever, ye Irish." He turned to Tommy. "Look, boy. 'oo was that woman?"

"Jist 'oo do ye mean?" Tommy asked, wide-eyed.

"Ye know very well—she wi' the bundles."

"Oh 'er! No, sir."

"K-k-k-!" snarled the tall policeman. They walked off from Tommy and Patrick.

"Now come along to yer mother, lad," smiled Patrick. "A little more watchin' across the Road. It almost took ye last time."

In a moment more, Patrick and Tommy were back in the alleys, and the woman with the bundles was facing them, her hands thrust deep in her pockets, her eyes dancing angrily.

"No one but ye, Patrick Shaw, could think of such a trick! And what good is that goin' to do Eire?"

"Come, Rose, ye know I can't think if I haven't talked to ye first. Why did ye run off? Hmmm?" Patrick was laughing and relaxed.

"Lookin' for a job. If we must stay in

London we must be supportin' ourselves, ye know."

"Come girl, we'll always get our allowance from the Army."

"That's for printin' a journal. So much for that. Look at Tommy! Tremblin' like a leaf from that climb. I saw the lad up there, and I said, he's not up there for the sport of it—frail sick lad—just the same as his sister, Dolly, bless her. So I looked about and sure enough there was Patrick, the big lout, lookin' up, givin' orders."

"So ye are all in a stew about little Tommy, eh?" Pat's smile faded.

"That I am. From now on, I won't do a thing in IRA until that lad's safe in the country. The Germans comin' closer every bluidy day ye read of it. Soon they'll be bombin' up the river, and Tommy's to be safe. Riskin' his neck for a little strip of paper! To satisfy ye—and of no good to the Party or to Eire!"

"So ye're cryin' yer eyes out fer little Tommy, and here I almost went to jail! Me ivery thought is Ireland! Here Tommy," he reached into his back pocket, "take your stolen piece of meat and get home before it stinks up the whole alley!"

"Where'd ye get that?" blazed Rose.

"Don't blame me, Rose Corcoran, it's none of my doin's. Your precious lad is a great friend of the butcher's."

"Oh, Tommy," Rose chided softly, "did ye take it? I suppose a lad must eat somethin'. Don't ye worry, lad. We'll get ye off into the sunshine, Tommy."

Patrick folded his hands behind his back and turned away from them.

"I got to do somethin' for that lad," she continued. "The government won't take him—he's too old. And who'll

write him a recommendation for a private home?"

There was no answer from Patrick.

"Did ye hear me? The lad's a bright one, Patrick. With the right chance, he'd have manners."

Tommy felt uncomfortable by all this attention. He began backing away.

As Patrick's back was to her, she went to the other side of him. "Now listen to what I'm sayin' if ye only think he'd be a good one in the Irish Army."

There was no sound from Patrick.

"For the love of the saints, Patrick, don't be quiet like that. Nothin' else scares me—sure I get mad with ye when ye talk too much, or say somethin' ye really haven't the right—but I like ye that way, Patrick. Ye're always too hasty—that's the way ye are. But when ye're silent I'm always sure somethin' evil's to happen. I've seen ye this way twice, and both times I've felt all cold—and ye're no longer me friend. Oh, Patrick, look up and smile at me."

She put her hand timidly under his chin and looked anxiously at him. "La! I do believe ye're jealous of the little lad Tommy!"

Patrick smiled again. "Ah, Rose!" He took her hands and held them tightly in back of her, and then releasing them, he drew her close, tenderly, forgivingly kissing her. Tommy felt completely out of the picture now—he grabbed his parcel of meat and ran away.

Early in the morning, Tommy had uncurled himself from his mat on the floor of the Drinkwater bedroom, listlessly hearing his father rattle the London *Daily Mirror* and humming to himself.

"'ere's your tea, Aliciar," his mother was saying to one of the children. "Ye

must drink it without milk this mornin'. Want a bit o' bread?"

"'ave ye got marmalade?"

"Eat it dry."

"No."

Mr. Drinkwater stopped humming. "More nonsense about sendin' the kids to the country. I'd like to know where they think we'll find the money? Ye can tell them our children stay."

"We send Joan out, that much is certain," said Mrs. Drinkwater. "She ain't goin' to stay 'ere and 'ave the cough git 'er same as Dolly. She ain't well."

"Neither is Tommy," said Alicia. "'e was coughin' last night, and la! 'e's thin!"

"It might be we can get 'er off without payin'."

"It might be ye can look for work," snapped Mrs. Drinkwater.

"Are I goin' out to the sunshine?" asked Joan.

"Not unless ye be'ave."

Someone banged on the door.

"See 'oo it is, Aliciar."

"Go yerself. Ye're closest." Alicia was in the black closet of a kitchen, stacking saucers.

"Don't be narsty!" Mrs. Drinkwater thrust some newspapers and other debris into the bedroom, picked her baby off the floor. "Just a moment," she called cheerily. "Now, won't ye come in?"

"Just me, Mrs. Drinkwater."

Tommy recognized Rose Corcoran's voice, and started into the living room, his face and body still trembling from sleeping on the floor.

Mr. Drinkwater grunted hello, and went back to reading the *Mirror*. The rest of the family gathered curiously around Rose, who leaned against the wall, her hands thrust into her pockets.

"It's about time you're up," Rose

nodded toward Tommy. "It's Tommy I'm to see, Mrs. Drinkwater."

"Won't ye 'ave a drop o' tea first? Sit down and make yerself to 'ome."

"I'd love some tea." Rose sat on the corner of the nearest chair, her face alive and beautiful from excitement.

"Tommy," she began, "how would ye like to go away for a while?"

"Ye mean ye found a place like ye said?"

"'e goes away, same as me?" asked Joan.

Even Alicia, the oldest, came close to Rose and looked wistfully up at her.

"Where might ye be takin' Tommy?" Drinkwater demanded, putting down his paper and acknowledging the guest.

"Last night, Patrick and me were in Bow Road—past the statue—it was almost dark, and there was a new list of homes for children. What do ye think? There's a family named Barclay out Mill Hill and they want a boy exactly like Tommy."

"'ow could they?" asked Drinkwater. "'e's too lazy to work, and 'e ain't the perfec' young gentleman. Wot sort o' place is it?"

"A small family. It isn't so far out, mind, but it's away from the River. For one thing, it's so good a place, it'll be gone if Tommy can't go tomorrow."

"'eaven 'elp 'em wi' a boy like Tommy!" laughed Drinkwater.

"They want a boy with a problem. They're a religious group of some sort—somethin' new. Sure they'll love Tommy, and be of great help to the lad."

"We carn't afford it!" Drinkwater growled. "Tell 'em no!"

"Wait a bit, sir. It won't cost a farthin'."

"Oh? When's tomorrow?"

"August thirty-first."

"And it don't cost nothin'?"

"Not if ye get a family to take him. It's true, Tommy's too old for most places, but ye must remember, Mr. Drinkwater, he's too frail to work, ye know that well enough. How does it sound, Tommy? Way out at Mill Hill?"

Tommy nodded silently, making his little smile. The enthusiasm in Rose's voice and the fast rush of her words made it sound extremely pleasant.

"Do ye know a place for me, miss?" Alicia almost whispered.

"I'm afraid you're too old, Alicia. Fifteen, aren't ye?"

"Not quite." Alicia lowered her eyes from Rose and sulked.

"It's too bad, girl. Ye can get Joan in a nursery in Scotland, Mrs. Drinkwater. I don't know what to do about ye, or the baby."

"Oh, but ye mean Tommy's to go to a strange place quite alone? Oh, miss, 'e's a shy lad. 'e might 'ave a little trouble."

"Go on with ye! It's the best thing in the world. Saints above, missus, I wish his dear sister might have had such a chance before the cough was stranglin' her. This family—the Barclays—belong to the Cosmic Faith Society. Ye can't tell much, but all they have to say, it sounds they'll be good to little Tommy."

"Wot do ye say, Thomas?"

"It's of no cost, ye're sure?"

"None whatsoever."

"Then there don't seem to be nothin' more to say." Mr. Drinkwater resumed his humming and rattling the journal.

"Good! It's early tomorrow mornin' I'll be gettin' ye lad." Rose left quickly and happily, as she had entered.

Part of the fun of leaving would be letting Bow know about it. Tommy was

going to make certain people envious, or angry at his going away. He counted on few of them for good wishes.

"And where do ye think ye're goin'?" Mrs. Drinkwater demanded, when Tommy reached the door.

He turned the knob instead of answering.

"Ye can't even stay 'ere the larst day! 'ere I am wi' a sick baby on me 'ands and me fine boy can't even stay to 'elp, or dry the dishes!"

"Tommy, ye won't 'ave to 'ear that no more, will ye?" asked Joan boldly.

"Shut yer lip!" cried Mrs. Drinkwater, reaching out and cuffing Joan smartly.

"Aooooow!" Joan sniffled and puckered into tears. "I 'ates ye! oh, 'ow I 'ates ye!"

"Do ye now?" asked Mrs. Drinkwater. "Ye won't be sayin' that much longer, thank the Lord. It won't be long before I can get ye away!" She sighed deeply. "Come 'ere, Tommy, and do the dishes."

"I will later."

Mrs. Drinkwater lost all patience and slapped him quickly on both cheeks, and then burst into a spasm of coughing from the sudden violence.

Tommy, sorry he had angered her, especially this last day, patted her wrist lightly by way of apology.

"Go on out, do as ye please," she said weakly when she had recovered and cooled enough from the fit. Tommy was always puzzled when this coughing came on—she became so much more gentle, and tears were flowing down her cheeks.

He stood for a moment outside his flat, watching the two old ladies who were always leaning out of their windows, complaining across the street to each other.

"Ta-ta, Missus Dorcas. Bad mornin', eh?"

"Looks like it'll be the same all summer. And now this talk o' bombin' London."

"Coo! Ye don't fall for 'at guff?"

"Still ye can't say. I've 'ad a warnin', and ye know my warnin's."

"Ye mean like the time Bessie went off?"

Tommy waved up at them. "I'm leavin' Bow," he said. "Goin' out to the sunshine tomorrow!"

"Ain't 'e like 'is dead sister Dolly? Ye're leavin' Bow, Tommy?"

"Yissm!"

"Then God bless ye! 'ope it goes well."

"So many as 'as been sent back," sighed Mrs. Dorcas.

"Yissm!" Tommy felt he had gotten off to a good start and darted off to his next stop, the butcher's cart.

The butcher knew Tommy was there without turning. "I see ye. Git away from 'ere. Git!" He waved his knife menacingly, but cautiously high. "I saw ye run up wi' the fistful yesterday. I'm on to ye!"

"Oh don't worry about me," chirped Tommy. "I ain't goin' to bother ye no more. I'm goin' out of Bow tomorrow, leavin' for good. I'm goin' out to the sunshine."

"Goin', huh? Evacuated. Good. Nothin' 'as sounded better all mornin', ye little thief!"

"And where I'm goin' they'll 'ave pasties every day, they will." Tommy felt unusually talkative, knowing he and the butcher weren't likely to meet again.

The butcher turned to face Tommy. "I 'ope they do, lad, I 'ope they do," he said gently. "I don't wish ye bad, so long as I don't 'ave to put up with ye! I 'ope they fatten ye up and make

ye 'appy!" Then he went back to sawing his meat.

Tommy's little brown fist reached across the top of the pile. Without noticing whether or not the flies got away, he slapped the meat into his mouth and whirled around the corner.

"Ye dirty thievin' brat, they'll send ye back soon enough!" the butcher roared after him.

Tommy decided to pay a call at the settlement house, and walked toward it down a street loaded with war signs. One read *If Your Knees Knock Together Kneel On Them*. He wondered if he dared to knock it down. Perhaps he'd come back during the black-out.

Across the street, from the public house, came Mr. Drinkwater's laughter. It was a much more wide-awake sound than Mr. Drinkwater ever made at home, but Tommy recognized his father, and walked on.

At the door of the settlement house, the unwanted of Bow's children were gathered, rubbing their dirty, naked feet into the gutter, pulling at each other's hair, whining and quarreling.

"We seen ye, Tommy!" cried Marvin Bailey. "We seen ye take the meat! 'e's a thief, that's wot 'e is!"

"Oh no I ain't. And besides I'm goin' to leave Bow tomorrow. Goin' out to the country."

"Ha! That's talk," said Marvin. "Ye can't go, a big boy like ye, not without ye 'ave money. Where'd yer father git it?"

"Oh, I'm goin' out right enough. Rose Corcoran's sendin' me out."

"They'll send ye right back, and ye'll be glad at that," nodded one small girl decisively.

"Wot wi' all them cold people about there 'oo'd want t' stay?" asked a boy.

"There wasn't no one would talk to me. . . ."

"Ha! That ain't so wi' me. They'll keep me straight on," said Tommy. "There's a family w'ich 'as spoke for a boy like me."

"Oh, ye're the lucky one," marveled a barefooted little girl.

"Ye can't git aout o' Bow and stay, jist like that," said one named Ada. "We can't speak proper, that's w'y we 'ave trouble. We sound funny, like the Jerry refugees as lives in the 'ouse." She pointed to the door. "That's why we can't stay aout." Ada talked slowly and distinctly, but still lost none of her Cockney.

"Okay," said Tommy. "See if I come back 'ere."

"Coo, w'y should we want out?" asked a little girl who was dressed in a flour sack. It was cut too low in the neck and constantly fell down her arms, exposing her skeleton-like ribs. She modestly tightened her arms about her waist to keep the garment on.

"Ye've got to want aout," insisted Ada. "If ye speak right, it's all rosy, it is. And the people is always bright and smilin', wi' clean colors on. I didn't want to go away, but they made me, they did. Now, if I could learn to speak proper," she said brightly, "they'd take me back like I was one of their own."

"Bitte—children, excuse me."

The children raised their faces to a tall young woman in foreign dress. She had large, clear eyes, and a beautiful voice.

"What do you all in the doorway? Where is your playfield?"

The children didn't move.

"Let me by, please!" she begged the dirty children with old, old faces. "I can't reach the door above you."

"Wot's yer name?" asked Ada. "How old are ye?"

"I? Twenty-three."

"Ha!" cried Marvin Bailey. "It ain't true. Me mother is twenty-three." Marvin was a fat, puffy ten-year old. To be compared to his mother was insulting, and he intended it to be so.

"Ye be very fat," said the little girl in the flour sack.

"I? No, little one. It is only that you are very thin."

"'ave ye seen the sunshine?" asked Tommy. "Ye come a long way, don't ye? Wot are ye doin' 'ere?"

"I do not know why I am here. Let me through."

"But ye did leave 'ome! That's a match for ye, Tommy. Can ye imagine anyone but Tommy 'ere, 'oo's a thief, wantin' to go away from 'ome?" leered Marvin Bailey.

"Don't be narsty, Marvin. 'itler sent ye 'ere, didn't 'e, miss?"

By this time, the refugee started to plough through the children, and got out her key to open the door. Marvin Bailey jerked it from her, and without thinking, the girl struggled to get it back, exciting the rest of the children. They pushed and screamed around her, knocking her onto the cobblestones.

This sort of thing wasn't for Tommy. He felt it was better to go home and wait quietly for tomorrow, so that nothing would happen to impede his going away. He thought he might do the dishes. They'd still be there, waiting for him.

The Drinkwater children weren't content to stay where they were put. It wasn't a new whim, born of the war, and the rush of evacuation, for they hadn't been satisfied since the oldest girl, Dolly, had met Rose Corcoran and Pat-

rick Shaw. They still played games about going away; only it was always to Hyde Park they went—the only place Dolly had ever been. Rose and Patrick had taken her to the park for an IRA rally, about a year before she died.

"Might I at least take them to see the little boy with the pipes?" she had begged Mrs. Drinkwater. "It's a pretty statue wi' a great smile on 'is face. Down by the lake it is, Tommy, 'ow would ye like to see the lake?"

"One trip to 'yde Park is four loaves o' bread." Mrs. Drinkwater shook her head.

But *this* trip would not be a game, it was serious, and it was dangerous. Still, people got sent back from this sort of trip. Tommy was going to be cautious. To begin with, he was even inwardly patient at what ordinarily enraged him.

"La, but ye look lean, Tommy," sighed Mrs. Drinkwater when Rose came for him. "Well, be'ave yerself, and good luck to ye!" She kissed him quickly and handed him a small satchel.

As he started out the door, a wail arose from the two sisters, Joan and Alicia. The tears were not so much sadness at losing Tommy as a sense of tragedy in being left behind.

"Step lively, boy," said Rose. "Patrick's busy in Hyde Park, and we've got to check up on him, and still we've but two hours to reach Mill Hill. One thing, there's a boy at the Barclays, lad. He's a little younger than you, but what with his schoolin' and Cosmic Faith, whatever in heaven that is, I'm afraid he'll seem a great deal older."

Directly above the underground station, a silver balloon was shining in the gray dust, and when they started down the stairs to the train, Tommy and Rose could hear the Bow Cathedral bells ring-

ing clear, from away in Cheapside.

"Charing Cross, to Bank, Hendon Central, next car!"

"Patrick's speakin'," Rose kept saying, every time they changed trains. Tommy could never understand Rose's rapid turnings to and against Patrick. Right now she seemed proud of him.

At Hyde Park Corner, they walked upstairs, into a line of soldiers who were at ease, watching the corner rallies from the gate.

"Then, if it gets too good, we dash in and snatch the speaker," someone was saying.

"Ye'll have no trouble with Patrick," Rose said to herself, hurrying by, "if the boy thinks before he speaks, or someone doesn't get him too angry. Ye'd try the patience of a saint, Tommy, the way ye poke along, and gawk." Rose let go Tommy's hand and went into the crowd.

Tommy searched around for the lake. There wasn't any sun sparkling on it, as Dolly had promised, and it was empty of boats. He was disappointed in the park, and in the world outside Bow. The lanes were filled with restless soldiers, the same as the treeless alleys in Bow. He did like the fresh odor of the earth being turned up by the workers, but this wasn't the sunshine.

Where was Rose? he wondered. Hadn't they better hurry on to Mill Hill?

He searched through the crowd with the *Irish Republican Army* banner above their heads. He could hear Patrick Shaw's familiar voice.

"When is England to settle down and keep her promises with Eire? Is she callin' this war to forget her real duty? Does she think we're to bear the brunt of the second war? Sure the Irish won the last war for ye!"

"Ho! My good fellow!"

"Ye know that's true. Don't be denyin' it!"

"At any rate, you plan to see us licked now, don't you? And England still lets devils like you slander her from your boxes!"

Sometimes Tommy could see Patrick's angry face. Other moments, his head would be low, and his clenched fist would be raised toward the IRA banner.

"The only thing you Irish can do is fight and bicker. Can't you live peaceably with your neighbors?"

"Can't we? Can't we? Huh! Can't England? What's England fightin' with Germany for? We know there wasn't an Englishman could speak German at Versailles!"

"My dear boy, this is war. Don't pull the trite old peacetime tricks out of your bag. If you've something valuable to contribute to the Empire, say it. Don't be trite!"

"Trite? Tricks in me bag? All ye English think of. If ye can't get what ye want by coaxin' ye don't get it at all. Maybe the Germans get everythin' for themselves by purge. By God, so'd ye, if your tongue didn't serve ye as well. Why the war's as good as over, and England hasn't yet put up a battle—to look at us, ye'd never know there's a war—"

"Stick with your subject, my good fellow. Ireland never could get on with her neighbors!"

"Next I suppose ye will say everybody's out of step but England? The Welsh don't get on with ye, nor do the Scotch! And Gandhi's neither Irish nor German!"

"There's no treason from them while we're at war!" someone shouted furiously.

"Yes, and you've no right to tell us

what's good and what's evil. How do you justify the honeymoon bombings? You killed four innocent people in the Upminster bombing!"

"Yes! We did!" Patrick stopped speaking for a moment and bent over his box, completely out of Tommy's sight.

"Ye'll never in God's name forget that bombing, will ye?"

"No."

"By God no!"

"Hang the dogs who did it!"

The casual audience suddenly became intense, ready for a debate or a fistfight.

"Of course ye won't!" Patrick screeched above the other mumblings. "And we'll niver—forget—the horrors—of the Black—Watch! We'll niver forgive ye!"

"Long live Ireland!" cried one of his companions. "May Eire long reign in freedom from England's treachery!"

"To hell with England!" Patrick concluded. "May she be wiped off the face of the earth!"

There was a surprised silence, and Tommy could hear Rose, "Oh, Patrick, ye didn't mean to say that, sure ye didn't!"

Then there were cheers and screams and shouts, and a rising growl. Not a clear word reached Tommy. The soldiers rushed past him to dispatch the crowd.

"There'll be no more excitement here," someone said. "Let's go listen to the fellow from the Salvation Army."

"I think Mosley will be here later on."

"Mosley's in irons, thank heaven."

Rose, Patrick, and three handsome, furious, green-tied young men were being pushed along by the soldiers.

"Come on," cried Patrick. "We go in peace. They'll hold us but the night, and we'll be gettin' a meal off the Empire."

Tommy grabbed Rose's arm. "Rose,

Rose! This ain't the country! Be ye goin' to take me to the country, or no?"

"Hold a bit, soldier," Rose drew close to Tommy, and handed him a scrap of paper. "Here, Tommy, here's the address, and one shillin'. Hurry back to the underground and ask the conductor to help ye."

"Move on, move on!" muttered the soldier.

"God bless ye, Tommy! Stick tight there!" Rose called.

## II

THE change came as suddenly and pleasantly as Dolly had promised it should. The miracle happened!

—a blue sky where the train left the tunnel, it was a calendar August . . . not a spot, not a cloud, not a particle of soot to dull the atmosphere, and small white birds circling above the red tile roofs.

The train mounted above the level of the streets; Tommy looked down where there might have been dirty cobbles, and saw clean red bricks. There were spaces between the buildings, flowers at the doorways, and the sun continued to shine.

"Do look at that child. He's struck dumb! It's as though he'd never seen sunshine before!"

"He probably never has. Looks like a sootman's son. I'll wager he's from the East End. Simply millions are crowded in there. Some woman from an evacuation camp was speaking of it the last meeting. Made a thorough socialist of me for a while."

"It's a grand thing for the rest of us your fancies wear out so fast."

The train jerked to a stop at the Mill Hill sign and Tommy rushed off. Feeling clumsy and out of place, he stopped

suddenly on the platform and looked wonderingly about him.

Mrs. Barclay, above the turnstile, knew him immediately. "Up here, Tommy. Come up here, boy!"

He obediently walked to her, and then out into the street. His head was warm in the sunlight, just as Dolly had told him it would be. He looked up at this Mrs. Barclay, with her hair waved and pinned back, not a strand falling over her eyes, as his mother's hair did. There was a good feeling to her sweater against his arm, and the softness of her body. His mother was hard and rawboned in spite of her bulkiness, and her black calico was always ready to fall off.

Mrs. Barclay looked down at him and smiled. He liked her very much.

"My gracious! You're very thin, Tommy! We'll have to fatten you a bit."

"Yissm," he said faintly.

"Dear me, I believe you're shy. I suppose that's really best, until you find what's expected of you."

Outside the station was the Barclays' small automobile. Tommy got quietly in beside Mrs. Barclay, and stared blankly, innocently in front of him.

"I'll wager this is the first auto you've ever been in."

"He'll be all right if he keeps his place," she said quietly as she drove, so quietly that Tommy could barely hear her.

"Look, Tommy," she cried. "See the dog down the street?"

"Yissm." There was a large brown-and-white collie blinking on the green velvet lawn. Both the animal and the lawn were unlike any he had seen in Bow. There were endless dogs and cats in Bow, and one paid little attention to them; they were colorless, with a minimum of fur.

"That's your dog, Tommy. And this is our home."

The dog sprang up to meet the car, running straight for Tommy, muzzling under Tommy's arm.

"Lie down, Robbie! Go on, now! See, Tommy—I want you to notice. There are two doors to the house. Watch which one we enter—it would be a shame for you to burst in on the neighbors sometime."

Tommy stood dreamily on the lawn, breathing in the strange new odors. There was the baking, a richer smell than ever came from the Bow kitchens. Aside from the faint, sweet grass, *that was the only odor*. The windows gleamed like soap bubbles, and the sun streamed onto the hall carpet.

"You must meet Jack. I hope he doesn't frighten you. He's only eleven and he's almost twice your size. And he's not so jolly big for what we've got in the neighborhood."

A large, well-poised boy came into the house with a bat and ball in his hands. "Mother, I saw the auto drive up. Did you—oh, I see you have. Good afternoon, Master Tommy. We hope you will enjoy yourself here." Jack showed disappointment on seeing Tommy, and spoke distinctly to him, as though Tommy were five years old, or spoke some other language than English.

To Tommy, Jack was worse than obese. He was like the Bow ale drinkers. He didn't mind plump women—all the Bow women grew large after their children—but he had never been accustomed to fat boys.

"I think I'd best run back to club, Mother," said Jack. "It's nice meeting you, Tommy. I hope you'll enjoy your stay here."

"Let's go out into the kitchen, Tom-

my. I want you to meet Ruthie. She comes from Bow. Ruthie shall be in charge of keeping you clean. Perhaps you'll feel more at home with her."

Ruthie, a pretty girl of about twenty, was cleaning greens on a gleaming white porcelain table.

"Oh, Mrs. Barclay, is this the little fellow up from Bow? My but ain'—isn't he nice? We're going to have some good talks about back home! Sometimes I get lonesome for the old days. People was all so cheerful—wasn't none wouldn't lean out their windows and call to you. Why, there wasn't nobody on our street I didn't know."

"Now, Ruthie," smiled Mrs. Barclay, "if you believe I don't try to know everyone who lives near us!"

Ruthie colored. "No, Missus Barclay, I was just thinkin'."

"Of course. Now you clean the child—give him a bath and have him ready for supper. We're going to be great friends, Tommy and I." She brushed him impersonally across the hair and walked off.

Ruthie left her work and took Tommy upstairs.

Well scrubbed, but somewhat lost in one of Jack's shirts, Tommy sat in the kitchen watching Ruthie stir over the stove. He followed her work with excitement, but no pangs of hunger, for though he hadn't eaten since breakfast, his stomach was well disciplined.

He heard Jack and Mrs. Barclay enter, and then there was a man's voice—Mr. Barclay.

"What sort of a child have we got here?" Mr. Barclay was asking.

"He seems well behaved enough," said Mrs. Barclay.

"Mother, I'm sure it's going to be hard for me to get on with that little Cockney. I can tell quickly enough he isn't normal.

Has he uttered one word since he came?"

"It will be hard to get on to him, Jack, but it was the will of Providence that he should come. You know we talked it over after your father got the message, and it's settled. At least try to be polite. I know it is going to be a bit hard for us. It's always hard at first to love anybody."

"Now, Mary, if Providence asked that we should take him, we must try to give him love."

"Mother! Do you love him?"

"I—I shall love him, if I possibly can, Jack. But in the meanwhile, we must try not to hurt him. Don't let him find that he's a bit hard for us to love."

Tommy had never before realized in what way he was a problem. He felt uneasy about it when it was time to come to the table. He crept shyly to his chair, trying to smile a little so they wouldn't know he'd overheard them. Mr. Barclay winked at him, and Tommy instantly liked his face—the thick, winged brows, and the friendly, Patrick-Shaw-like eyes.

"That's much better, Tommy, all but the shirt," said Mrs. Barclay. "One thing you must remember—no dessert until you've eaten your greens."

She turned to her husband. "Did you do anything for the Society today, dear?"

Mr. Barclay nodded and began vigorously cutting the meat.

"At least I thought up a wonderful idea. I'm going to bring Cosmic Faith to England's enemies—to the dissenters."

"Harold, how fantastic! But how can you get around them? Certainly you see none in your work."

"No. No, of course not. I'm going to the jailhouse. It's the only place one catches them."

"Perhaps you shouldn't associate with them, Harold. I'm not too sure it's safe."

"My dear, our Society intends to

change all people. If we could change England's enemies into its allies, how soon we could win the war!"

"I beg pardon," Ruthie began. "Shall I take Master Tommy's milk, Missus Barclay? He hasn't touched it."

"Here now, Tommy. You must drink your milk."

"No."

"Jack, see that he takes his milk."

Jack smiled knowingly and put the glass up to Tommy's lips.

"No! No!" screamed Tommy. "H't's 'ard enough in tea!"

Jack continued forcing the milk through Tommy's lips until it was spilt onto the table. "Ach, miss I can't drink that stuff! Please don't make me again!"

"What did you say, Tommy?" Mrs. Barclay's eyes seemed a little wild. "Jack, leave the room, I don't intend for you to hear that talk."

Tommy slid off his chair and hurried into the parlor so that it wouldn't be necessary for Jack to leave.

"It's all right, Mary. You said yourself we must be patient. Here's some good material to work on, my dear."

"Boys pick things up so quickly. I couldn't stand to have Jack talking so!"

"You really needn't worry, Mother," Jack assured her.

"He's going to be marvelous to work with—we may have discovered something new for the group. Can't you see, that's the big point with the Cosmic Faith Society. Every evil we meet produces a challenge."

"Ruthie!" called Mr. Barclay, turning when she entered. "Ruthie, did you straighten out your little disagreement with the butcher?"

Ruthie lowered her head. "Not this time, sir. I'm awfully sorry. I—I guess I was a little weak today. I turned my back

on 'im, I did, and refused to speak to 'im."

"Good heavens, Ruthie. I don't believe you're sincere in carrying out your messages from the Cosmos. You simply must apologize. Never mind then, that's for you to conquer. I did my job for today. First thing this morning I went to the registration office and told them the decided advantages of fighting a war with absolute unselfishness. We can never hope to finish this war unless there is unselfishness and honesty in our manner of fighting it."

"Emily's father says it's selfish and dishonest to fight at all," said Jack. "He says you can't love a man and kill him too."

"Oh yes you can, when it's to rid him of—Emily's father against the war? Oh dear, what a pity, when it's already declared. I should like to know what good it does to be against something when it's well under way."

Ruthie had quietly backed into the kitchen and brought the dessert. "Does Tommy get one, Missus Barclay?"

Mr. Barclay turned to the parlor and saw Tommy looking at them. "Do come back to the table, Tommy. Let him, Mary. Jack will explain to him just what Cosmic Faith is all about."

"I'm not so sure I can, Father," Jack said modestly. With more than his usual patience, he watched Tommy settle comfortably back at the table before he began to teach him. "We let the Cosmos rule our day, Tommy. We follow the rules of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love."

"It's something terribly new," beamed Mrs. Barclay.

"Every time we do anything we ask ourselves, is it honest?"

"Ornest?" Tommy echoed meekly.

"Is it pure?" Jack continued.

"Yis?"

Mrs. Barclay interrupted, "That concerns heavy drinking, that sort of thing, Tommy."

"Then, is it loving?"

"Oh, lovin'?"

"If you want to change, and follow our Society, you may get up and listen in the silent time every morning. Just do as we do."

"Yes, Tommy. Whenever we have trouble, we listen quietly for our Faith to show us a way out."

Tommy worried for a moment over the standards. He had certainly not been honest; he had stolen bread, and potatoes, and hunks of meat; and his father drank heavily. As for the idea of being loving, it ran through his mind how Joan ran screaming through the house, yelling at her mother, "I 'ates ye, aoh, 'ow I 'ates ye!"

"Do you know what a wireless is, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded. He had seen one at the settlement.

"Our Faith is like a wireless, Tommy. It leaves a message with you in much the same way."

In Tommy's life he had heard a good deal about religion. Almost everyone in Bow was afraid of God, with all His ghosts and tempers. There was the great lady of the settlement house whom Tommy loved very much. She told the children that God was love, that He was the sunshine, and enough to eat. Now again, he found that God was something entirely different. God was Cosmic Faith. God was a wireless.

Tommy was amazed by these people. They never raised their voices at each other. He was quite certain that Mrs. Barclay had never slapped Jack, and there was no doubt that Jack would never dream of kicking his father. He wanted

to know the reason. Somehow, if he understood, they would love him. He had heard enough to be sure they didn't love him now.

The calm voices, he knew, were connected with the sunshine, and this listening to the Cosmos. Even the people at the settlement house were hurried, and there was a great deal of noise.

"We'd best let Tommy sleep with Jack tonight," said Mr. Barclay, as they started up from the table. "We'll fix up a better arrangement later. We should always have an extra room open for air-raid victims, should intensive bombing start."

Tommy and Jack entered their room just as the sun had faded. Concern worried Tommy out of silence. "Be there an air raid this night?"

"One can't say."

They undressed in silence. Jack brought out a pair of flannel pajamas which puzzled Tommy.

"One sleeps in them."

"But I got me sack wi' me. Ye need no give me it."

"Go on, take it."

Tommy turned to the window and saw great wings of gold across the sky as the first dark was setting in.

"Be they Germans?" He had never seen the night come any other way than graying into blackness.

"No. Come to bed, Tommy."

His heart pounded at the idea of sleeping in bed. "Up top?"

"Of course. Where did you think we slept?"

"At 'ome I sleep beside the bed with me old man's coat rolled up for a pillow."

"Would you care to sleep so now?"

"Wotever ye like."

"Mother!" Jack called downstairs.

"Tommy would like to sleep beside the bed. May he?"

"I should think it best that he slept in it, Jack," she answered. Mrs. Barclay came up and kissed them both.

"Now go to sleep," she said gently.

It was far away from the loud voice of Mrs. Drinkwater giving her evening commands, "Git ye to sleep, Tommy. We've enough trouble without ye stayin' up all night." Yet Mrs. Drinkwater was talking directly to Tommy. In the Barclay home, he felt out of what went on. More than he had wanted his own family to leave him alone, he wanted this family to love him. Perhaps if he could listen to the Cosmos, the wireless tomorrow morning, everything would be different. He turned shyly over toward Jack.

"I told 'em the sun shined out 'ere, I did." He waited for an answer. Jack turned over, far over to the edge of the bed. Tommy understood.

"'e's gettin' a message from the wireless," he whispered to himself, "and 'e don't wish to be troubled."

Perhaps that was why the sun shone and they were happy and peaceful. He dreamed sleeplessly of growing fat, and then walking through the streets of Bow with the Barclays. The children would stare at him in amazement, and even Marvin Bailey would be admiring him, speechless.

Then he would take the Barclays to his oldest sister, who would be lying sick, but not quite dead. They would bring her out to Mill Hill and find her a husband who would talk very gently to her across the table.

Suddenly, from thinking of her, he could hear the patter of his dead sister's feet, and visualize a form in the darkness. He slunk low under the covers, and fell asleep.

The first silent time hadn't turned out so well for Tommy, but the Barclays kindly neglected to ask him for a message, as they were anxiously comparing advice on a good, safe school for Jack.

"We're quite safe here, throughout August, no matter what they're saying about raids, but Jack, he's ready for public school, and we shan't take any chances on his nerves."

"Tommy, what are you going to do to amuse yourself today?" asked Mr. Barclay.

"Let him get acquainted with the community, Father. I'm going to be tied up with the club. You've no idea what all we've planned."

"It would be nice if you'd show Tommy about a bit first," suggested Mr. Barclay.

Jack thought a moment, and began sagely, "No, I can hardly do that, but perhaps Ruthie could take him shopping when she goes. I wonder—do you suppose there might be some more children from Bow around here? It'll keep Tommy from getting lonely."

"We'll leave it up to Ruthie, then," agreed Mrs. Barclay. "Come, let's be about our business. Tommy, Ruthie'll find something for you." Mrs. Barclay tenderly brushed Tommy toward the kitchen and hurried upstairs.

Ruthie was busy scouring pots and pans, and the idea of entertaining Tommy appeared to annoy her.

"Be ye goin' to the market today?" began Tommy timidly.

"No. We've plenty left from yesterday's. Is there something you want?"

"Just to go with ye."

"Why don't you go up to the Gardens? Loads of children playin' on the green, and more than like you'll find someone else that's lonely. Go along and find out."

Wearily, Tommy went up the street, looking for children or some sort of gardens. He noticed that the butcher shops were closed in, safe from the urchins, which seemed odd, as there were no children in sight. For a moment he missed the smell of jellied eels and pasty meats of the Bow carts, but the bright colored, canvas-shaded shops were diverting enough to replace the noise and familiarity of the market place. There wasn't anything particularly diverting to watch, and yet Tommy was content, and he kept alert, in case something might turn up. "It might be as good to wait to the Barclays," he sighed, turning back.

Of course! There was Robbie, the collie, lonely on the lawn. "Good boy! Good boy! 'ere I am!"

The collie yawned and stretched and then bounded toward Tommy, pushing against him with the force Jack might have expected, knocking him down, licking at his face, and barking enthusiastically.

"Come, me fine fellow, let me up!" Tommy was delighted with the dog. At first he lifted a corner of his mouth in the ordinary smirk, but that wasn't enough. He started to laugh, and his face was light, younger—he was like a little boy.

"Come to the step wi' me, boy! It might be Ruthie 'as somethin' ye'd like." He tapped on the window until Ruthie turned from her work, and opened it. "Ruthie! See wot we 'ave 'ere. A great dog as is 'ungry! Wot do we feed 'im?"

"Now! What's happened to ye? *There's* a smile for you! We don't feed him until five, Tommy, but if you'd like something yourself, I'll fix it."

"I'd like to catch a position like this. I don't want to go back to Bow, Miss Ruthie. Might they be lettin' me stay wi' them, workin', if ye gits married?"

Ruthie was flustered. "No one will marry me, Tommy. Find yer job some other place. I'm satisfied to be 'ere. They're good, these Barclays. They got —'ave funny ideas on wot religion is, but they aim to be good."

"Yis," said Tommy. "Ye know, this Robbie, 'e could be like a real brother, ain't it so, miss? I ain't never 'ad no brother, that is, so ye could play wi'. We 'ave a wee baby as carn't talk, but not anythin' to play with. No, this Robbie an' me, we git on good. 'ow does Master Jack like 'im, miss?"

"I don't think Jack ever noticed him much. Hurry on, the sun's nice now. Missus Barclay wants very much to send you back good an' brown an' fat."

Tommy shook his head, smiling. "Ye know, I ain't goin' 'ome, Miss Ruthie. I'm stayin' right on 'ere." Then he and his new friend ran out to the street. The sun had mounted until the morning shadows were gone, and the red roofs shone. "Little boy!"

Tommy turned to see a small, pretty girl leaning at the fence of the house next door.

"Who are you? Hmmm?"

"Tommy Drinkwater."

"Do you know how to swing somebody, Tommy?"

"Wot did ye say?"

"Pardon? What makes you talk so funny? Where are you from?"

"Next door."

"Well, come to the Gardens with me. I've got to find somebody to swing me. I'm too small to pump myself."

"Okay. But I don't know 'ow ye mean."

"Why, you aren't a little boy at all," the girl said coming nearer him. "You're probably a little girl—or a German."

"No. I'm just Tommy, an' this be Robbie."

"I'm Emily. Is this your lion?"

"'e's jist a dog. Come along, Robbie!"

"May I tell the children you're my brother? Please let me!"

"I don't mind."

When they reached the playground, Emily called to the children. "Look! Here's my brother!"

Most of the children were busy batting balls, or idly talking, and couldn't hear her. A half-dozen thought it amusing enough to gather around.

"They don't eat well at your house, I see."

"He's not her brother. He's the one staying up at Jack Barclay's."

"Sure, we know. He's one of those Cockneys; they're still evacuating, you know. Jack says he's sort of odd."

"From Bow? Of course, he lives by the river. Spot for the bombers."

"And this is his lion," continued Emily.

"Ha! Here Robbie!"

One of the children shied away. "Mother says we shouldn't come too close with the Cockneys. They speak English very poorly."

"It ain't no funnier'n as ye talks now," Tommy finally broke in. "Ye got one awful 'igh pitch."

Everyone began laughing, all excepting Emily. "We can't quite catch what you say. That was jolly! Say something more!"

The busier children were beckoned with loud shouts, and Tommy's circle grew. He enjoyed the attention.

"Don't let them make fun of you, Tommy. Let's sic the lion on them!"

"That's wot I mean to do." He pushed Robbie in the direction of the largest boy. "Go, Robbie! Bite 'im 'ard!"

Robbie opened his mouth, panted and

blinked for a minute, and then licked at the salt of Tommy's hand.

"Our lion doesn't bite silly boys," said Emily. "He's much too busy for things like that. Do you know who our lion really is?"

"No. Do tell us!"

"He's the one who guards England from all its enemies. He used to be inside the gates at Buckingham. Mother and I saw him there one Sunday morning when we watched the guards, and that's how I know."

"Huh! A fine guard he is! When a war's declared he comes where it's safe. He should've gone to Harwich or Plymouth, if it's true he's so brave!"

"Emily thinks 'e's a lion, and ye'd best not tease 'er."

"Really!"

"Indeed we'd best not. We'd do well to learn some manners from him. I say! If we could work it right we'd make it quite a game. We could teach him to speak properly if he'd allow us to speak Cockney!"

"Wonderful!"

"Look. Let's all sit down. Now, Tommy, suppose we teach you to speak nothing but standard. And we'll speak nothing but Cockney when we're around you."

"Jolly! One mistake and you're out of the game! Whenever we meet one another we must either speak Cockney or not at all!"

"All but Tommy. He speaks none of it!"

"My mother isn't going to like this. She said—"

"Shut up!"

"Okay! That be 'ow we works it. We be workers in a fact-ry, all but Tommy. He—'e be King George—is 'ighness, we calls 'im."

Tommy was using the great lady at the settlement house as a pattern. He had tried it before, to himself, and sometimes it sounded rather well.

"Now, children, come into the 'all—"

"H-h-hall!" coached Emily.

"Into the hall and have some biscuits."

"That be good, yer 'ighness. Then wot do we?"

"Then we be—"

"Then we shall!"

"Then we shall listen of the Lord's Words. From the 'oly Bible!" The settlement house lady always had them listen when she fed them biscuits.

One turned angrily. "Good heavens! Is this the real stuff, or more of the Cosmic Faith? There's forever people coming to our house with that stuff, and I won't have it!"

"Ho! Now then ye be out. Ye talked out o' yer accent!"

"Then I don't care. If you must be so particular, I'm going home!"

"It's all right, if ye—"

"You—ooo-ooo!" warned Emily.

"If yoo want nothing of the 'oly Bible, you need not listen," Tommy remembered the settlement lady's great diplomacy.

"Righto! Wot are the war duties, yer 'ighness?"

"Yoo must register at the Shelter."

"Aoh yes, ooo will ye send to Germany to bring back 'itler?"

"We don't want 'itler 'ere. Let 'im stay there! Make 'is 'ighness find some other duty for us!"

Tommy wanted to turn from the war. He knew nothing about it. He decided to speak with authority like one of the women from the settlement who was in charge of the children.

"Yoo must go to the orfice for yer duties. If yoo wish to help me, put up the cheers—"

"Chairs, yer 'ighness?"

"Chairs around for the men's club meetin' this night."

"For parliament, do ye mean?"

"That's it. Yis."

"He can't be our King! He knows jolly well that parliament doesn't sit when the King is present. No chairs in Westminster! Let me be your king!"

Tommy took command of the game. "Yoo must not speak for the rest of this day."

As the game wore on, Tommy grew relaxed and, for the first time in his life, felt at home. The crown had always belonged on his head, and he had always known he would be a good leader. He made them push him and Emily on the swings, and he even pitched their balls, though his arm had no strength.

When the sun dulled, the children scattered home.

"Come over for me tomorrow, Tommy," begged Emily, when they reached the Barclay house. "We'll look at some pictures."

"Okay."

"Don't say okay, Tommy, say right! It's much more proper. Good night!"

It was a horrible evening for the Mill Hill residents. The children refused to give up their lazy Cockney accents and they found other privileges in this new life.

"I don't see why I should warsh me ears! I guess I kin sit to the table without washin' me 'ands. Let me be!"

"I tell you, Craig," the mother would weep, "I knew it would come to Mill Hill, too. I can't stand this! If those evacués are going to ruin the language we've spent thousands of years building up, we must get a petition to segregate them."

"Not them, ma! There's but one of 'im. And 'e speaks right enough. 'e don't talk like this!"

The lady was lost. "I've spent my motherhood guarding against this. That jargon belongs in the cinema. Ooof! Like crawling worms!"

In other homes, the rebellion was more dangerous.

"I guess I won't 'ave to go up to Scotland to school this fall. The government says only to thirteen. Ye know jolly well I come more'n a year above it!"

"What did you say?"

"I said I ain't goin' back to school, and I won't leave Mill Hill."

There was a dazed glance exchanged between the husband and wife. "Refugee at Barclay's! I met him on the street this morning. He looked so harmless."

"And 'e is."

"You aren't going back to the Gardens any more."

"No! Nor anywhere else that child might be. Poor Mrs. Barclay!"

There was defiant laughter next door. "When the war's over ye'll find me livin' in Bow."

"Where did you get such an idea?"

"Today I met a Cockney. A good boy 'e was, too. I'd like to know more of them."

"Oh? This is the first good reason I've yet heard for calling off the war. We've got to put people back where they belong."

At the Barclays, Jack was even more calm and polite with Tommy.

"I hear you were playing with Emily Knowles."

"That I was," Tommy answered quietly.

"Did you have Robbie with you?"

"Robbie? We're like brothers."

Jack colored, but said nothing.

When Tommy came down to the next quiet time, he found Mrs. Barclay there before him. He squirmed uncomfortably under her silent stare.

"I 'opes to git a message, Missus Barclay."

"Tommy, has the Cosmos given you any yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"If you get no message, Tommy, you realize it's because you've done something wrong. You have static on your wireless."

"'ow, Missus Barclay?"

"I mean, are you always good, and loving?"

Tommy felt secure and sinless in his security. "Oh, yes ma'am."

"And honest?"

The days back in Bow no longer seemed real to him. A pair of cotton gloves lifted from a shop, a stolen loaf of bread, and hunks of meat grabbed from a cart all were part of an ugly dream. Hunger wasn't tangible or real now. "Yis," Tommy answered. Only his speech worried him now. He was going to be more careful.

Mr. Barclay seated himself quietly, and Jack held his head in his hands, looking reverent on a footstool. Even Ruthie, standing in the corner with her eyes closed, seemed to be getting a message. Tommy was dreaming, and his eyes were wandering. It was useless to listen to the Cosmos. He found that the morning before, when tears almost came.

Besides, what good would it do? What more could he want? He had all the things his sister or Rose or Patrick had ever painted—the sunshine and good friends.

The heads were lifted.

"Well?" Mr. Barclay began cheerily. "I certainly was given great thoughts.

Ruthie, what about you? Did you happen to receive any message?"

"Just to be more careful with the dusting, Mr. Barclay."

"And what about apologizing to the butcher?"

"I apologized yesterday. Told him I wouldn't swear no more."

"And what did the butcher say?"

"Well, nothin'. Just—it's all right now. Oh, he said he was sorry he delivered the wrong kind of meat."

"Ruthie! Didn't you say anything about bringing him into the Cosmic Faith Society? What an opportunity you missed!" Mr. Barclay was crestfallen. "It was quite possible he would have joined you for Cosmic Tea some afternoon, if you'd invited him."

Mrs. Barclay smiled and leaned toward Ruthie. "Now when on earth did you go to the butcher shop? We had warmed roast last night, left over from the day before. Isn't that so?"

"I was goin' past on my way—" Ruthie bit her lip. "Oh, Missus Barclay, I was lyin' to you. I haven't apologized at all." Ruthie lowered her eyes to the ridges of pastry on her fingernails. There was a disgraced hush through the group. Even Tommy was embarrassed.

"Well, Ruthie, it's one of the hardest things a person can do—apologize," soothed Mr. Barclay. "But you must. You must come out straight and honest. Until you do so, the Faith won't speak to you. There'll be static on your wireless." He paused until the right moment, and then resumed brightly. "So much for that. Have you anything to say, Tommy?"

"No."

"What about you, Jack? I suppose you've something rather good."

"Well, I believe I have a thought. You

know, I haven't appreciated Robbie nearly enough. I shall take him with me today—the message came to me that I should pet Robbie more. We should learn to become good friends. Don't you think it right for me to learn to be kinder to my dog, Father?"

"I should think it would be wonderful, Jack," smiled Mrs. Barclay.

Tommy suddenly looked and felt ill. He reached blindly for some way to make Jack feel as kindly to him as to Robbie. Perhaps he could take them both along.

"I've a short, odd message," said Mr. Barclay. "Mary, tonight, I'm bringing someone home for us to change. I don't know who, nor how we'll do it. But be ready for us."

"Someone from the office, dear?" Mrs. Barclay suggested absently.

"Jove no, someone from jail."

"We're hardly advanced enough for hardened criminals!"

"They won't be hardened criminals, dear—dissenters from England, in and out every night. That was my message."

"Then try to have them here by eight o'clock." Mrs. Barclay arose, closing the session and sighing wearily. At the first opportunity, Tommy went out to find Robbie—to win him over before Jack called him. The dog licked Tommy's hand, and then rolled over dead to be scratched. Tommy put his arms tight about the dog's mane and buried his face in his fur. Perhaps he'd stay there and hold the dog until Jack had left.

"Shouldn't Tommy be in to breakfast?" he heard Mr. Barclay asking.

"I think he's a bit homesick. One should expect that. In fact, I'm beginning to wonder if he wouldn't be better off with his people."

"On the contrary, my dear, I don't see why he should go away merely because

it's a bit hard to make the first adjustments. He's growing sleek already. You know, Tommy's an extremely beautiful child."

Mrs. Barclay couldn't agree with her husband. "He's more strange. In fact, I don't think he's at all normal for a child. Jack's my idea of a handsome boy."

"Well, at any rate I think Tommy should stay with us for the duration."

"I only hope it won't make it harder for him in the end. Everything's packed for the day at camp, Jack. Get Robbie and go along with your father."

Jack went to the front gate and gave a low whistle which would have brought his dog except for Tommy's tight hold on the mane. "Stay 'ere old boy," he whispered. "Stick wi' Tommy!"

"Robbie! Come here."

Robbie shook himself loose and started toward Jack.

"Come on back, Robbie boy! Come back!" Tommy's voice trembled with rage. Robbie returned, wagging his tail, puzzled.

"You oughtn't try to take my dog, Tommy," Jack cautioned softly. "That isn't the way to repay people who've been kind to you."

With all the gentleness in the tones, Tommy found the words more fearsome than Marvin Bailey's most screeched reproaches, back in Bow. Jack took Robbie by the collar and joined his mother and father at the auto.

The radiance left Tommy's face, his eyes seemed innocent and old once more. His expression was distorted and frightened. "Aoh, I done somethin' awful," he groaned, watching the Barclays drive out of sight. "I been wicked and I got static—"

Emily Knowles had seen Tommy standing alone, and ran out to him.

"Hello, Tommy, how's His Majesty?"

"I ain't no majesty," he said quietly. "I ain't nothin'. Robbie's gone."

Emily shook her head. "I am afraid it's bad for you, Your Majesty. You can't very well rule without a lion."

"Robbie's gone," Tommy sighed with conviction, "because I can't listen to the wireless."

"Can't what?"

"Nothin'." Tommy walked away from Emily, toward his house. "Aoh! I got to stop bein' wicked!"

After the first night, they had let Rose Corcoran free from prison, detaining her only a moment to testify on Patrick.

"He didn't mean that which he said, ye may be sure," she told the court. "But few are the times he thinks before he acts. Sure, he's a fine upstandin' Englishman, if he can cool off long enough—"

"Very good," said the magistrate. "Let's give you, Patrick Shaw, twenty-four more hours here to cool a bit—for the good of the Empire."

Rose gasped.

"It might be ye too could think a bit before ye spoke," growled Patrick.

Rose knew what had happened to Patrick. It was happening more and more frequently to the IRA. The first night he had Irish rioters to talk with; it no doubt had been wild and exciting. This last night would put him in a temper. He was in with a great den of men waiting for trial, some only whining off a stiff drunk, or whimpering at having been caught thieving during a black-out, and a few exchanging words in alien tongues. There wasn't a chance to sleep, nor would any of his cell mates arouse his sympathy.

Rose paced in front of the entrance,

wondering how she might sidetrack his mood. She was walking back and forth in this manner, her face dramatically troubled, when Barclay came in search of a prospect to awaken spiritually. He watched her curiously, started through the door, and then in a moment he was back beside her, watching her intently.

Rose frowned her disapproval and turned away from him.

"May I—help you?" Barclay blurted out.

"That ye may not!"

"I intend to, anyhow. Please, I've got to. If you'd be good enough to stand still a moment and listen to me, I'm quite sure it'd be easier for both of us."

Rose settled against the wall opposite Barclay and peered intently through the window of the door, waiting for Patrick. She was listening to Barclay, stuttering and twisting his ideas. "Now see here, this is difficult to say. This morning our family was gathering around for our silent time, and I got the idea of bringing some of Britain's enemies into our group."

"Do I look the enemy?"

"Not at all, that's not what I mean. At any rate, the place to find these enemies is in a jailhouse, so I came at my first leisure. I start to the door and meet a young woman in some terrible kind of trouble."

"Trouble? Ah!"

"But one has just to look at you! At any rate, I wondered whether I'd been guided here to aid you."

"Go along with ye, find yer British enemy within the jailhouse. I need no help."

"Look here, how do you know you don't? Do you know what the Cosmic Faith Society is?" Barclay quit stam-

mering. "Are you so sure we couldn't help you?"

Rose turned and gave him whole audience. "Cosmic Faith? I've me own religion—there was a day I was a fair and good Catholic. Now what is this idea of yours?"

"Oh, I couldn't dash it off my fingers. My wife and I plan that whomever I select as needing Cosmic Faith was to come to our home tonight. We'll relax over a cup of tea, be free with our troubles, share our experiences. Then we'd like terribly to acquaint you with the work of our society, and the help you may gain from the Cosmos. You can't be too sure we haven't something for you."

"That I can't. Nor can I be too sure what it is ye have for me. How in the name of heaven would I be knowin' ye really are all religion and honesty?"

"Oh, but look here, we're three of us—four, with the évacué. You've nothing to fear!"

"Ah, indeed, I'll take your word!"

"See here, this is my name and address," Barclay added innocently, handing Rose his card.

"Barclay?" Rose's face softened with interest. "Of Mill Hill?"

"It isn't a bit hard to find, and I'm quite sure you can walk it from the station."

Rose smiled. "I'll come, Mr. Barclay."

"Good enough! About eight. I've got to hurry off now."

"And I might bring me a friend, Mr. Barclay?" Rose added, putting the card into her pocket.

"Splendid. Whomever you like," he nodded happily, hurrying off.

Barclay had hardly turned the corner before Patrick appeared.

"Patrick! Guess who I just met!" Rose cried, taking his arm as he came through the door. "Barclay! The fellow who has Tommy. We're going out to see Tommy tonight!" She looked up to find that Patrick wasn't listening. There was something on his mind that made him look wretched.

"Come, Patrick, never before have I seen ye so low!"

They started off together in silence. "I'm glad ye can still smile in this mess we've got into," Patrick grumbled.

"And now what 'appened?"

"Nothing. Nothing but that I've been doin' a bit o' thinkin'. And I need somethin' to eat. To hell with the IRA!"

"And to hell with England—all for a lack of sleep. In the name of Dominic, Patrick, ye need a shave."

"There I was nursin' two sick drunks—up on me feet the whole night. No, ye don't find me gloryin' all the ways ye can think of to get into trouble. I'm fed up with sleepin' in jail once every fortnight."

"Good enough, Patrick," Rose agreed. "What shall we do, go back to Éire—are ye ready for the plow once more?"

"Go back? Madam, I don't like what I come from, and I don't like what I'm doin' now. I'm lookin' up somethin' new."

"I thought maybe—I've been thinkin' for some time—that if we could go back, then both of us might be happy."

"I'm sick of Ireland, and the whole business!" Patrick howled.

"Patrick," Rose chided softly, "ye didn't mean that, sure ye didn't."

"That I did!"

"Come along, lad. We'll find some place to eat."

"That's not it, I tell ye. I'm of no use to anyone. I'm among them that

are the enemies of the rest of the world."

"Ye're right, Patrick. We must find some better way of servin' Eire."

"Sure, Rose, I haven't the faintest notion what it is I'm doin' for Ireland."

"Aye, that's the truth, Patrick," Rose sighed impatiently. "And if ye'd listen a bit, there's a lot I could teach ye. Ye've good stuff in ye, man, but—"

"So I'm a bad job to work with, am I?" Patrick growled, stopping short. "Go out and find someone else, someone easier to teach."

"Oh, but ye're the best worker I've known, Patrick!"

"That's right, I know me own strength. But I can work better alone."

Rose colored, and the soft helpfulness left her voice. "Without me?"

"Without anyone."

They walked on, without looking at each other, brooding over what the other had said.

"And just what do ye intend to do?"

Patrick shrugged. "Aye woman, 'tis peace and calm I want."

"Peace and calm, is it? Tonight ye'll get plenty of that, if I'm to judge anything from this Barclay fellow. We're out to see Tommy."

"Not tonight, Rose," Patrick begged wearily. "I must have me sleep."

"Come, Patrick, ye wouldn't disappoint Tommy? Nor would ye have me goin' away to Mill Hill in the black-out, alone?"

Patrick sighed, and was silent a moment, rubbing his tired eyes. His pleasant smile came back. "I don't know what I was thinkin'. I'm just a bit weary."

"There's a good man. We'll go out together and maybe, Patrick, ye can find your peace and calm."

"Ah, forget what I said."

"What ye said was true, Patrick. We're gettin' nowhere, neither of us. I'd be doin' better to be back on a farm—and maybe ye should turn to somethin' new. Though I don't know what it might be."

Patrick pointed across the street to a heavily boarded eating house. "Let's see if a pint of ale will solve our problem."

When they reached the door, Rose stopped Patrick, almost fiercely tightening her fingers over his arm. "Wait a minute, Patrick. Ye did mean what ye said, didn't ye?"

"Sure, I couldn't say, Rose, me head's all clouded. I'll know better tomorrow."

In spite of the warm afternoon, there were no children in the Mill Hill Gardens.

"They're all getting ready for going to school up north. It's much safer there," explained Emily. "They'd certainly come play with you if they could."

"No," Tommy shook his head. "They ain't 'ere because I'm bein' punished. I been wicked."

"Oh, no, Tommy, you're not wicked," said Emily.

"Miss' Barclay told wot I 'ad to do Aoh!" A new thought struck him. "If I gaow on like this, it might be I 'ave to return to Bow!"

Emily grew tired of Tommy's complaints and, quietly and politely, she left him. "He's not feeling at all good," she said to herself. "I'll come see him tomorrow, when he's in a better mood."

Tommy thought over the rules Mrs. Barclay had given him for getting along outside of Bow. If he couldn't learn to obey them, there was little doubt in his mind he would be sent back to Bow.

"Have you been honest, Tommy?" he remembered her asking.

"Yis, aoh, yis, I been 'ornest."

"You're quite sure?"

He sat on the front steps, brooding, the rest of the day. This was more serious than merely getting Robbie back. Whether he obeyed Mrs. Barclay's wireless would decide whether he could stay. Just now he wasn't a part of either family. The Drinkwaters had faded into unreality, and the idea of being a Barclay was still a dream.

Tommy was neither a mouse nor bird.

"I got to tell 'er," he whispered.

Barclay was the first to notice that Tommy was as sober as when he first came.

"Where's Tommy's smile?" asked Barclay.

Mrs. Barclay patted him on the head and walked by. "He's homesick, poor dear."

"Oh no," murmured Tommy.

"Then it's because Jack and Robbie are gone," said Barclay. "They'll be back late tonight. Mary, I wonder why Tommy shouldn't be sent up north with Jack. I'd like to see him have Jack's educational chances. The boy's awfully quick."

"We really don't know him yet," said Mrs. Barclay.

"All the same, I'd like to figure out something to make him happy."

"Homesickness," Mrs. Barclay repeated decisively. "I've got to run upstairs and freshen for that guest of yours."

Tommy almost lost courage. Mrs. Barclay certainly wasn't inviting any confession from him. Barclay was settled deeply in a newspaper. Tommy sat quietly in the living room until he could no longer stand it. He jumped up and ran upstairs. In another moment he rapped at her door.

"Missus Barclay!" he called.

"What do you want, Tommy?"

There was no answer.

"Well, come in then."

He timidly opened the door and walked over to the dressing table. Mrs. Barclay was seated before the mirror putting cream on her face. "I . . . I . . . ." Something warm choked his throat and blinded his eyes so that he could no longer see her.

"Something wrong, child?" Mrs. Barclay turned toward him anxiously.

"Tommy, you're ill!"

Her sudden interest gave him new strength.

"Oh, Missus Barclay, I been wicked! I been so wicked! I got static right enough, like ye said. I ain't been—'ornest. I stole bread, and candys, I did, and pasty meat. One day I took a pair o' gloves." He waited for Mrs. Barclay to say something, but she only stared at him.

"Wot kin I do to 'ear on the wireless, lady? Wot kin I do?"

Hopefully, he waited again, visualizing her answer . . . of course it's forgiven now, Tommy. You're one of the family, and you can listen with us in our silent times. Robbie's as much yours as he is any other person's . . . But Mrs. Barclay was pale and silent.

"Stole?" she finally asked. "Stole, Tommy? How many times? Just once or twice?" Her voice was hard.

"Whenever they wasn't looking I stole, I did."

Mrs. Barclay went to the door. "Harold, come here a moment." She waited for him.

"Is Tommy ill?" Barclay asked.

"Tommy told me that he's been—dishonest," Mrs. Barclay explained.

"I 'ad static. I been wicked. I stole!" Tommy sobbed.

"Dishonest! Static! Jove, Mary!"

Barclay was enthusiastic. "You mean he's confessed! That's quite wonderful!" Mr. Barclay stretched his hands out to Tommy. "Everything's just ripping, Tommy. You're one of us. You will get messages, now you've confessed. None of us are sinless, are we Mary?"

There was no answer.

"Well, are we?"

"I suppose there is a difference in sins. Tommy says he'd done it repeatedly."

"What a brave boy to admit it. Jove, you must have gotten awfully hungry some of those times."

"Wonder what Jack would think?" pondered Mrs. Barclay.

"I've a hunch this is only a taste of what's going to happen this evening!"

Mrs. Barclay looked very brave. "And the one coming tonight, you met her in a jailhouse, didn't you?"

Mrs. Barclay, who had been frowning thoughtfully all the while they were awaiting their guests, bounced up enthusiastically after Ruthie answered the door.

"A Rose Corcoran, ma'am, and Patrick Shaw," Ruthie announced quietly, leaving them at the hallway.

"Do come in," Mrs. Barclay smiled.

"Aye, thank ye," Rose said awkwardly, peering into the living room until her eyes met Tommy, standing by the window, beaming in silent awe at the appearance of his friends.

"Tommy!"

"Would ye look at the boy!" boomed Patrick.

"You're friends of Tommy's?" Mrs. Barclay asked, mildly astonished.

Tommy came forward to greet them. "'ello," he whispered, trying to maintain the Barclay calm. He hoped his very quietness would subdue these noisy

friends, make them more acceptable in the eyes of the people he must please.

"Really, this is a great surprise, inviting acquaintances of our Tommy," Barclay smiled cheerily. "You know, it'll be much easier for us to get under way, now we've a common bond."

"Isn't it odd my husband should select two friends of Tommy's?" Mrs. Barclay repeated gently. "And then, my husband said you were having some sort of difficulty."

"Ye might say all Tommy's friends are in trouble, Mrs. Barclay," Rose answered nervously.

"So Tommy informed us this afternoon. What were you picked up for?" Her tone suggested it might be thievery.

"Irish Republican Army," Patrick answered decisively.

Mrs. Barclay appeared relieved. "Then it wasn't black-out activity?"

"What do ye think, havin' the likes of us?" asked Rose.

Mrs. Barclay smiled. "My husband was looking for English dissenters."

"Oh, we're not dissenters because, as ye well know, we're not English," Rose explained.

"That's rather true," admitted Barclay. "You've a lot to hate England for. We really owe you an apology."

"That ye do!" Patrick became alert, ready for battle.

"Then of course, England has her grudges against you. There's no love lost between England and Ireland."

"Nor shall there be!"

Tommy bowed his head, a little ashamed of Patrick's lack of calm, and his big, booming rudeness.

"The Barclays don't believe in hatred," Rose explained. "In the Cosmic Faith Society, that's their strongest point to have no hatin'."

"Don't believe in hatred! Ye've but to look around ye to see what a lot there is." Patrick began orating. "Take Eire. She's a perfect right to hate. The world's goin' to starve her out, so she has to stand alone against the world."

"Aye, Patrick," smiled Rose wearily. "But this afternoon ye were cursin' Eire and sayin' ye would turn to somethin' new. 'Twas peace and calm ye wanted. Forgive the man, Mrs. Barclay, for burstin' out so."

"Name a good man who wouldn't," said Mrs. Barclay.

"Aye, he has a good brain, but faith, it takes his heart so long to cool off, it's of no good to him at all."

"But the heart too has its place," smiled Mrs. Barclay.

"Sure, it has, but right now I thought it might be a good thing to find out what it is ye have to teach the two of us. What was it this mornin', Mr. Barclay?"

"The Cosmic Faith Society. My dear girl, there's so much to be said about it, now especially, when I can see from what you've both said you're troubled. You want calm. You'd like change. We can help you gain both."

"Aye, if I changed, 'tis by meself," said Patrick drowsily. He was falling under the Barclay lull, and growing weary.

"Of course you change alone, but we all need a helping hand. And there is none better than the Cosmos, for gaining new life."

"You see," interrupted Mrs. Barclay, "when you reach the Cosmos, you awaken, spiritually."

"Aye, if that's the way ye want it, and there are many that do, but me, I want no new life, Mrs. Barclay. I want to go back to what I used to be. Ye shouldn't always be jumpin' from one

thing to the next. What ye were as a child, that ye were meant to be."

"I take that to mean Tommy should go back to Bow?" smiled Mrs. Barclay.

"Aye," said Patrick. "Ye'd send that poor lad back to the slums?"

"Back to Bow? I don't 'ave to go back, niver," Tommy shook his head at Rose.

"Nay, that's not what I mean and he knows it!" Rose cried impatiently. "Tommy niver was a child. In Bow he'd become a worthless burden bringin' about more rottenness, helpin' Bow live forever, growin' blacker, uglier. Nay, Patrick, ye well know I mean there are those of us who were happy children. Sure, there was hard work, and at times there was famine, and it was wrong. But leavin' the soil, I helped no one get more to eat. I don't understand revolutions and armies."

"Speak for yerself then. Would ye have me go back to the streets of Dublin?"

"Ye were not always on the streets of Dublin."

"Aye? Then back to a worthless bog? 'Twas no better than Tommy's life!"

"Then perhaps ye'd best listen to Barclay and see if he has somethin' better."

"Good enough," said Barclay. "It begins with the idea we've all committed some terrible sin that has made our life the wretched thing it is. We suffer from these terrible sins."

"And Tommy?" asked Rose. "What is the sin the lad's committed?"

"Even Tommy," Barclay beamed. "Tommy's confessed his sin, and has at-tuned to the Cosmic Faith. Am I not right, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded happily from his corner, remaining calm in the accepted Barclay fashion.

"He's confessed to doing evil, quite of his own. Volunteered it. And you say yourself, Tommy's better off than when last you saw him.

"Sure, from fresh air and good food, he's better off," Rose corrected.

"No, no, it's deeper than that. The change came over the lad after he confessed," said Barclay warmly. "Tell them what you told us, Tommy."

Tommy trembled nervously, and he kept the corners of his mouth from working into a smile. "I stole," he said, rather happily. Even as he pronounced the words, they washed the guilt away.

"Oh, that," said Patrick, yawning. "What did ye do, tell him he got no dinner without first confessin' a sin? Sure, 'tis no sin to steal, when it's the only way of eatin'."

"Then say that of all thieves," Barclay continued. "We all sin to satisfy wants. And from this day, this lad will never do without food, now that he receives messages from the Cosmos."

Patrick was still a moment, and then he looked up at Barclay. "This Cosmos, can it get ye the thing ye want?"

"And what is it you wish?" asked Barclay.

Patrick shrugged his shoulders, wondering what it was exactly he was needing, and Rose looked vague, waiting for Barclay to tell them what it was they wanted.

"In the Cosmic Faith there is peace. Come now, the both of you are interested in gaining it. First of all, you haven't the answer in fighting. Nothing of that sort helps. You have to learn to apologize, go halfway."

"Then why are we fightin' Germany?" asked Patrick, sleepily.

"I didn't start the war. Now it's declared we must stop them."

"Eire's been fightin' longer."

"Perhaps that's true. Any war's bad. And it's especially bad if it's hurting you, your personal life."

Barclay began directing his words toward Rose, who seemed doubtful. "Don't you want to join in our moment of silence before the Cosmos? Shan't we try it? Here we're puzzled, wanting peace, wanting to better understand the ideas twisted up within us—"

"What is it ye mean, Cosmos? What is it happens?"

"One listens, quietly, bearing in mind whether they've always been truthful. Or perhaps you're a bit selfish, or not kindly enough. Sometimes the problem is Tommy's sort, dishonesty. All of us in Cosmic Faith are guided to throw off some impurity. Oh, great ideas come to us because," Barclay nodded, "we've become pure in our hearts."

"I niver heard that before," said Patrick.

"Ye may not have, Patrick," Rose disagreed, "but it rings familiar to me ear. Faith, it was not the Cosmic Spirit to which I was told to listen."

"This is something quite different, quite superior," Mrs. Barclay assured her. "You are thinking of the Church, are you not?"

"Maybe, for the first time, I was thinkin' a little further than the Church."

"Wouldn't ye like to hear them out?" begged Patrick.

"You mean, hear the Cosmos out," corrected Barclay.

"It doesn't seem ye've given us time enough," said Rose.

"Oh, but most of the Cosmos, you learn for yourself, and the initial step is nothing. Merely listen, having your heart pure. Then of course, you must follow the ideas that come."

Tommy had a great desire to help Barclay start Rose and Patrick on the path of righteousness and happiness. "Be we 'arvin' a quiet time, Mr. Barclay? Please Rose, carn't we try?"

"We've nothin' to lose," Rose shrugged.

"Then it's settled!" cried Barclay, clapping his hands. "Sit relaxed and quiet, so that these thoughts from the Cosmos will come to you. Afterward, we'll share them." He turned and smiled at Tommy.

"Good luck, lad."

The hush was a soothing one. Patrick gave a great sigh, and relaxed into the side of the sofa, his head resting in his hands, sincerely meditating.

Under the influence of the Barclays, Tommy tried earnestly to get a message, but thoughts of Robbie and Emily and the children in the Gardens came more rapidly than he could battle them. He made plans for the next day. Someway he'd ask for Robbie after the quiet time before Jack had the chance, and they'd go to the Gardens. He was sure God wouldn't mind.

He began watching Patrick, puzzled by his soft, clumsy smile and his half-closed eyes. At first Tommy wondered if he might be sleeping, but then he remembered Mr. Barclay had looked that way in the morning silent time. This must be what it was really like to get a message. Rose was thinking, biting her nails and concentrating on something, but he could tell she hadn't learned anything from the Cosmos, and he was very sorry for her.

When a long time had ticked away, Tommy decided it was necessary to conjure up a message, something which might delight Mrs. Barclay. He was connecting the lack of sunshine and the loud Drinkwater voices with his early

thoughts—they never listened to the wireless!

"Well?" Mr. Barclay broke the silence. "Don't we all feel better?"

Patrick opened his eyes and sighed comfortably. He sat erect, his face suddenly serene and gentle looking. Tommy could tell there was a change in him.

"My, you look to have—discovered the Cosmos," said Mrs. Barclay.

"Ye think so?" asked Rose. "I'd say it's the first time he'd had a rest in days."

Patrick looked at Rose, smiled and shook his head. "'Tis a new kind of rest, girl," he said gently.

"Patrick!" Rose gasped. "What's the matter with ye?"

"Ye needn't be afraid, Rose Corcoran," he continued softly, in obvious imitation of Barclay. "Sometime it'll come ye, the same as with me. From the Cosmos."

It seemed to Tommy that Patrick was out of his body.

"Ye've got the right idea, bless ye," Patrick said to Barclay.

"There *is* a change in you," Mrs. Barclay bubbled.

"There is. I feel all calm within me. Sure, I can start in doin' somethin' worthy now—like I was sayin' this afternoon."

"Ye're jokin'," Rose laughed feebly. "Ye sound as dramatic as a sick cow."

Patrick smiled benevolently at her, and then calmly toward his new friends.

"Now, Patrick, go on with ye, it pains me to see ye so. I might have known better than to let ye remain silent a whole hour in the presence of strangers. It's always meant a quarrel or somethin' worse."

"I'll niver quarrel again," said Patrick vehemently.

Tommy was struck by the queer holi-

ness which had come over Patrick, and his eyes were on him, wide and reverent.

"Tell us about IRA. What is it you do in the group that seems to make everyone so miserable?" Mrs. Barclay asked curiously.

"Well—" began Patrick.

"Well, nothin'," said Rose. "If ye want to change, change, but for the love of heaven be loyal to yer old friends, Patrick Shaw!"

"I think it best for all concerned that we know the background of your unhappiness—sort of a confession, like Tommy made!" Mrs. Barclay begged.

"It's best for no one!" Rose cried.

"I'm sure it's not necessary," said Barclay, regarding the angry trembling of Rose's lips. "Well then, Patrick! Let's hear your resolution. If you're to start over, you must begin now while the idea's strong. Don't put it off."

"Ye don't find me puttin' off anythin' The time comes to begin again, and ye find me beginnin'."

"Come, Patrick, what is it ye intend to begin?"

"Honest work, woman. I'll find me a job in England. She's at war and she needs me. That's me message."

"From the Cosmos? Did it come to ye in a dream, Patrick Shaw?" Rose smiled slowly. "And it told ye whether England would trust ye—changin' yer mind ivery month, and yer loyalty as well? When do ye begin? How do ye begin?"

"I begin alone. I'm goin' out to find meself work."

"Patrick! Are ye still angry with me? Ye said ye'd do that only this afternoon."

"Of course I'm not angry with ye, girl. This was me message," he repeated gently. "Don't take it hard, I still leave ye

to the IRA. Ye said I didn't understand what it was about."

"Then ye are angry. I didn't quite mean that, Patrick."

"Ye said it was fine with ye if I wished to start over."

"But ye haven't—"

"Brave spirit, Patrick!" interrupted Mrs. Barclay. "There's the moral way. How beautiful and good of you to change. Lucky, lucky England!"

"Yes, I'll be goin' out alone, Rose," Patrick continued. "Each mornin' I'll be listenin' with the Barclays, wherever I be, and me place in England will come."

Rose was hurt and confused. "So ye're leavin' me, Patrick Shaw? Holy Mary, I should have known better than to drag ye here. He was angry all day with me, Mr. Barclay, and dead with weariness. He said he wanted better to sleep than come with me. Now he can't think and I've made him angry!"

"Whish, girl, I'm not angry with ye!"

For a moment, everyone was silent, waiting for Rose to answer. She seemed alone and small and hurt. Suddenly she began to laugh, nodding her head.

"Then this is the way again, eh Patrick Shaw? Ye're weary of IRA. From one thing to another, niver back, niver finished with the last. There was to be nothin' permanent in our workin' together!"

"If God sees it right, I'll be back."

"Don't be a fool, Patrick. If ye must be trouncin' off ivery time a new idea hits ye, don't blame it on God. Ye're hitched up to the Cosmos now. Blame it! Aye, we were niver meant to marry."

Barclay gently ignored Rose, hoping to quiet her. "You're leaving the IRA?" he asked Patrick.

"I work only for Unity now."

"What a victory!" Barclay rubbed his hands together.

"'Tis a victory for IRA, we discovered a traitor in time," Rose arched.

"Well," Barclay smiled forgivingly at her, "it's struck me how late it is. Tommy ought really to be in bed. Let's have a bit of tea and hear the boy."

Ruthie had stood in the doorway, waiting for a lull in the conversation.

"I was just thinkin', Missus Barclay. We'd best go in the dinin' room for tea. It's growin' dark, and we've the black-out screens up there."

Everyone was excessively gentle with Tommy. They sat back waiting for their tea to cool, listening to him.

"I got a message," he said brightly. "Wot's wrong in Bow is people ain't listenin' to God."

"God?" asked Rose. "What does the lad mean, speakin' so of God? I thought he was with this Cosmos."

"He couldn't understand it quite," smiled Barclay. "We explained it to him as being most like God."

"Yis, people ain't listenin' to God," continued Tommy. "They 'as 'omes where people been wicked. If they wasn't for static the sun would shine right through, it would."

"What static, Tommy?" asked Rose.

Barclay winked at her. "He's quite taken with the idea of reaching God—that is, the Cosmos, via wireless—it sort of gives him the feeling we have in reaching the Cosmos."

"That's blasphemy, it is!" cried Rose. "I don't mind ye listenin' to this Cosmos, and then ye can let the rest of us use the old name for the Almighty, and worship as we find proper! But ye need not mix your Cosmos into our bargain, and stir in a little wireless!"

The Barclays looked at Rose with mournful pity. "What were you saying, Tommy? If people would listen to the Cosmos, there'd be more sunshine?"

"Yis, yis!" exclaimed Tommy. "The sun would shine clear out to Bow if there wasn't for thievin' and like that."

"Merciful mother of God!" cried Rose.

Mr. Barclay was completely wrapped by Tommy's idea. "Jove, it's been one thing after another this evening. What an idea! Poverty caused by lack of Faith! That's absolutely right, you know! It's got to be changed. Just as I changed you, I can go down to Bow and change those people."

"There's many others had the same idea," said Rose.

"Oh, not quite like this. I'll enter every meeting house, every pub, munitions factories—everywhere there are miserable people, I'll tell them what Tommy's told me."

"You're going to do this, Harold?"

"Of course."

"But you've your business to attend to." Mrs. Barclay turned to Patrick. "I leave it to you, Patrick. Do you think it's possible for someone of another station to help those people? Of course not. You, for example, you're going to do great things for Ireland—toward unity—because you're one of them."

"He is no longer," said Rose. "People must stay as they are to do any good."

"There! You see! To do that work Harold, even Rose agrees, it must be someone who's of the same station—"

"I don't speak of stations," growled Rose. "I'm of a much simpler plan. The wrong we did was to leave Eire. We got along fine there."

"But I devote the rest of me life to Eire!" cried Patrick. "It's true, Mrs. Bar-

clay, as ye say, ye have to work with your own people."

"That's right. And it'll be all the same in Bow. A person from Bow who's been changed could do a world of good. He'd know ever so much more how to reach them."

"Yes, if there were someone from Bow," said Barclay, "but so far there is no such person."

"Have you forgotten Tommy?"

"What do you mean?" Barclay looked at his wife as one looks at someone who has just uttered an incoherent phrase.

Mrs. Barclay beamed at Tommy. "Can't you see what I mean. Tommy's from Bow. He's the fellow to change it."

"Oh no, Mary. Tommy wouldn't know at all what I mean."

"Wot do ye want me to do?" asked Tommy.

"Go back to Bow and bring them sunshine, Tommy!"

"He's only a child, Mary."

"You said yourself he was sharp. With the aid of the Faith, he can do a good deal."

"I'm not sure the child has really found the Cosmic Faith yet."

"And a little child shall lead them!" Now Mrs. Barclay had begun weeping over Tommy, and there was a quiet sincerity to it which seemed to touch Patrick deeply. She became so greatly affected that she got up and went to Tommy, drawing him to her as though he were now really one of her own.

"Tommy, there was a real purpose in your being guided here. We're truly grateful to you."

"I'm to go with Mr. Barclay to Bow?" Tommy was happy. "Ye mean ye want me to show 'im the place?"

"That isn't at all what ye mean, is it Mrs. Barclay?" asked Rose. "Ye mean

to get that lad back where he came from, out of this house, isn't that so?"

"Aoh no, Rose," said Tommy. "I ain't goin' back to stay!"

"Oh, now, Mary, you wouldn't want that."

"It isn't I, nor what I want, but my message, Harold."

"My guidance tells me it's absolutely cruel to send that child back, under any pretext. No!" This was the first time Tommy had heard Mr. Barclay raise his voice. Patrick, who had been carefully imitating him, was startled, and hurt.

Mrs. Barclay hadn't altered. She took her arms away from Tommy and sat down again. "We mustn't raise our voice, Harold."

"Are I goin' back?"

"I don't think so, Tommy," said Barclay. "Let's not think of it for a moment. Let's have more tea."

"They got us both, eh, Tommy?" Rose said lightly. "Imagine sendin' a wee broth of a boy into a pub—'ow do ye do, sir? I come to save ye!"

"It always seems hard to change at first, Rose," Mrs. Barclay soothed. "One must be strong. I had to suffer when I accepted this new way."

"I'm acceptin' no new way."

"Though perhaps it might be easier if you did, now all your friends have."

"It'll be no more for him to go back to Bow than for me to leave all the excitement of the Irish Republican Army," said Patrick. "Tommy's got to suffer a bit, with the rest of us."

"Of course. You *want* to bring Bow the sunshine, now don't you, Tommy?"

"Sunshine, Missus Barclay?"

"Yes. You just said so."

"I did?"

"Of course ye did," said Patrick. "We

should send the lad to Bow before he forgets completely."

"Right tomorrow, while the idea is strong," urged Mrs. Barclay.

"Don't let's rush, Mary. I've not had time to think it over."

"One must rush into this, Harold, and take the chance. What would happen to the world if all our fine resolutions were given a chance to cool?"

Patrick smiled the calm new way at Rose. "Ye'd take him back, wouldn't ye, Rose?"

"Certainly I don't intend to stay with Mrs. Barclay."

"Ye'll take him back?"

"I will."

"It's working out beautifully," said Mrs. Barclay. "Rose, you may stay here the night—we've a room here for air-raid victims."

"Which is exactly what I am," said Rose. "More a wireless-raid victim!"

"And I shall start this very moment scouring England for a job." Patrick stood up immediately, the same way a person would make a dive into cold water immediately, before he softened.

"Do wear your green necktie," begged Mrs. Barclay. "It'd be such a striking change—from IRA to Cosmic Faith!"

"That's the last thing on earth ye'd better do," said Rose.

"But I ain't goin' back to Bow?" asked Tommy.

"No," said Mr. Barclay.

"Will I iver see ye again?" Rose watched Patrick back away toward the door, but she didn't get up.

"If iver it was right to be friends, dear Rose, we'll meet again though I'm a new man."

"Ye won't be back."

"If it's the Cosmic will, he'll come back," said Mrs. Barclay.

All traces of humor left Rose when Patrick put his hand on the doorknob. Her voice was leaden. "Put it as ye will, it won't be the will of the Cosmos for him to come back!"

"Good-bye, Rose," said Patrick, smiling a little sadly. Then, without looking at the Barclays any more, he turned abruptly and went out.

"If that's the sort ye are, Patrick Shaw," Rose called after him, "I'm well rid of ye!"

There was an uncomfortable silence of four people who suddenly had nothing in common with each other.

"You'll feel much better if you can cry, Rose."

"I'd not cry over that weaklin' for your satisfaction, Mrs. Barclay."

Tommy stared hatefully at Mrs. Barclay. It seemed right for him to be on Rose's side. "Do ye send me back again?" he asked her.

She nodded. "To bring sunshine to Bow, Tommy."

"Oh, lady, don't send me away! I'm sorry I been wicked!"

"It isn't me, Tommy."

"Let's keep him here, Mary."

"I heard something wonderful in that child's message," she concluded fervently.

Now Tommy could see it wasn't Mrs. Barclay who had been wrong. He was being punished for making up a story.

"You're tired, both of you." Mrs. Barclay stood beckoningly by the landing. "I'll put you two to bed."

"Please, Missus Barclay," Tommy begged once more as he followed her upstairs.

"Good night, Tommy." She opened the doors to the bedrooms and patiently made each of them comfortable.

When she was back in the parlor with

her husband, Tommy ran to the door and listened.

"They'll be better tomorrow, both of them. You'll see."

"What on earth possessed you?"

"I don't know."

"You're blessed right you don't know!"

"That's not what I mean at all. It's no malice. One never knows what guidance is!"

"I'm dumbfounded myself. You've had something against that child, almost from the moment he came here. Is it his speech—that first night at dinner?"

"Of course not."

"Then he's such a handsome lad—and Jack—I wish I could see into your mind."

Tommy could tell that Mr. Barclay was exploding, while his wife stayed monotonously strong.

"I feel then it's because you're afraid he'll have an influence on Jack. You needn't be. Jack's not even kind."

"You're not being fair with me. The idea came to me, not from me. You've got to believe it, Harold."

"I suppose there'll be no peace until he goes." Barclay was silent after that, defeated.

Tommy went back to bed and listened to Rose's sobs in the next room. Her sobbing became louder, like the sobbing of one of the cats in the Bow alleys, and he could hear a strange undertone—his sister pattering across the floor. When he slipped deep under the sheet for protection, new ghosts haunted him, and they were much more real than footsteps. Mr. Drinkwater was drunk, humming to himself, his mother was yelling at Alicia, stopping a moment to cough herself blue in the face, and then, Tommy could smell the horrible, dank odors of Bow.

"Wake up, Master Tommy," Jack Barclay was crying in his ear. "You've missed the quiet time completely. Mother thought it best that you sleep."

Jack was smiling graciously at him; he was exuberant, talking right to him. It made Tommy wonder if the silent hour of the evening before wasn't something he'd dreamed. In reality he'd confessed, fallen asleep, and awakened to find himself a member of the family.

"Hope things will be better when you get to Bow." Jack sat on the edge of the bed. "You know, it's jolly nice of you to want to help everyone."

"Back to Bow?"

"Had you forgotten?"

Tommy remembered clearly.

"I'll hurry down and wait for you at the table."

Tommy dressed rapidly and went out for one last look at Robbie. The dog was tied to the back porch, and it wagged and jumped on seeing Tommy.

"Wot a good dog," Tommy whispered.

"I don't care if I go back, if ye come along. Not so much, I don't mind."

"Tommy, let's see if we can't eat a good breakfast." Mrs. Barclay was waiting for him in the kitchen.

"Yis, Missus Barclay."

Tommy sat quietly at the table, drinking his milk and being agreeable, as long as possible. "Might I take Robbie when I go," he finally asked, "might I, Missus Barclay?"

"Now, Tommy, there'd be no place for him. Besides, large dogs like Robbie need lots of green grass, and sunshine."

"But 'e'll 'ave sunshine."

"Of course, when you've changed everything. Then, Tommy, then you may come back and get Robbie."

Robbie was lost.

When Rose came down the stairs, she no longer wore a bravado look.

"Won't you have something to eat, Rose?"

"No thank ye. But if ye could spare a few shillin's fare, to make up for breakfast, we'd be grateful. I've not a farthin'."

"Certainly. Mr. Barclay will give you something on the way to the station."

"Then, Mr. Barclay, if ye're takin' us, suppose we go right now?"

"I'll get my coat," said Barclay. He looked guilty, sensing the misery he had caused, and hurried Tommy and Rose out the door.

"Good luck, my dear!" Mrs. Barclay clasped Rose's hand, and smiled brightly down at Tommy, with the kindly distant look she had given him ever since their meeting. "Everything will be best this way, Tommy. It wasn't meant for you to leave Bow for long."

"Look, Mrs. Barclay," Rose cried. "Ye haven't given Tommy a fair chance. Ivery one likes the lad, once they've known him."

"Oh, I quite agree," said Mrs. Barclay. "Good-bye."

Emily was sitting on her doorstep when they went off.

"You've got your satchel, Tommy. Where you going?"

Tommy ran down to the auto without turning to answer.

"Tommy! Don't act that way! I don't think you're wicked!" Emily called, remembering yesterday. By then, they had driven off and Mrs. Barclay had gone back into the house.

"See here," Barclay said when they reached the station, "I didn't mean to do anything wrong in bringing you here. I had such a vision—nothing petty."

He absently bought the train tickets and got them through the gates.

"Forget it."

"My wife's really awfully nice, you know. I can't see what got into her. We'd found some wonderful things together in the Cosmic Faith Society."

"You're all right, Barclay. And it might be Tommy didn't belong there. His mother loves him, that she does. She probably needs him. As for me, it's punishment, all this, for the day I left Eire."

The train shot into the station. "I hope I may see you again, Tommy. It's so hard now—let me know if—"

Barclay thrust two five-pound notes into Rose's hand.

"Thank you," Rose mumbled, dragging Tommy on the train. They looked back when the doors were shut and saw Barclay hunch his shoulders and walk away.

"If we'd another place to go, Tommy."

"It might be I'll go back some day, Rose?"

"I don't know, Tommy. Ye might say, will Patrick come back? I think not. I'm not sure."

"They 'ates me, don't they, miss?"

"No, Tommy, he'll not be comin' back. He'll stay with England until somethin' better comes."

"But if I'm arful good, Miss Rose? Mr. Barclay don't 'ate me, that I know." Tommy wondered if Barclay might come—now there was bombing at Plymouth—if the German bombers flew overhead and killed Mrs. Barclay and Jack. Oh, no, he didn't want Mrs. Barclay killed. He only wanted kindness from her, he wouldn't mind if she'd just let him stay on, the way Ruthie did.

"Ye see what I mean, Tommy? Patrick's not comin' back. There'll be no more pranks to scold him for."

"Might be the Barclays will git lonesome," he said. He tugged Rose's arm.

"Might be they'll come for me this very night."

"No, lad, they won't be here, not them. Barclay'll forgit ye, once his wife works on him."

Tommy fell to dreaming of all the possible ways they might meet him. He hoped it would be when his mother had slapped him. Jack would look horrified the way he had when he first heard Tommy speak. Mrs. Barclay would cry, and hold him close to her.

"Do ye know, Tommy, there's not a thing on earth I can do. I'm fit for nothin'."

"Oh, no, Rose. It was larst night ye said ye was good at hoein'," Tommy said earnestly.

"Ah, that's no longer. Don't be foolish, Tommy. Ye won't, ye're learnin' early. Ye can see how I feel, knowin' him such a long time."

"Yis, a long time."

"He was me only friend. Ye know, it's hard for me to make friends, Tommy, I've such a temper. I don't think I'll find another."

"Rose, how might I change Bow? Wot shall I do?"

By this time they were out of the underground, going toward Market Street. Tommy held his breath to keep away the odors, making them all the worse when he finally drew them in.

"Would ye die of anguish for losin' Robbie, Tommy? I think not. Ye're afraid of death, and there are other dogs. Truly, I think ye'd not die of losin' a friend, for ye're far too young."

"Die? Oh, no."

At Gladstone's statue the automobiles and lorries sped in four directions, somehow failing to hit each other. A balloon from the Bow River Barrage had

floated down Gladstone's shoulders, and it flapped about him like a cloak.

"Listen, Tommy, sure ye can find yer way home from here?"

"Straight up from the statue. Wot's the matter, Rose? Ye're comin'?"

"I've somethin' to do. Go along, then."

"Rose, Rose! I can't change Bow myself!"

"That's exactly what ye've to do, poor lad." She pushed Tommy away. "Tommy, wait! Take this money and hide it. Ye might help yer mother a bit. Good-bye, dear."

Tommy walked toward home, past Bow Bells, hurrying by the black doorway remembering that sometime he must walk in and tell those men his message.

"It's a rotten shame it is, poor Drinkwater! Ye can't get a job, even now!"

"Ye find few as can bear up under their troubles, the same as I. Why, every one of the women 'as that raspin' cough."

"Don't worry, h'it's goin' to be somethin' doin' for all of us, now France 'as fell. There's goin' to be a sloppy mess!"

The traffic around Gladstone's statue stopped with a horrible screech of brakes and a crash.

"Auto accident, more'n like. There's a job for ye, Drinkwater! If they's many more, they won't be none left to fight the war—"

"It's Rose!" Tommy caught his breath, and then started running. A small crowd, difficult to push through, had developed around someone. He couldn't make out who it was they were bending over. "Rose!" he screamed.

Someone was explaining the accident to an officer. "I couldn't see—it happened so dashed fast, and the day's so misty—"

"Sure. Suicide more'n like."

"Rose!"

"Ah, hush with the screamin'!" Rose

caught Tommy by the arm and drew him across the street. She was pale—noticeably shaken by the accident.

"Ye're all right—"

"Sure I am. It isn't me time yet. Ah, Tommy, ye aren't the only one's gettin' messages. When they come from the Lord, they come a bit slower, 'tis true, but now I can see clearly what I have to do. We're not stopped yet, Tommy."

"Ye're not goin' to leave me, Rose? Be ye 'elpin' me change Bow?"

"Ye can't change Bow, lad. 'Tis a place bewitched. But there are some of us in Bow who can be helped. There is none other sees what we're good for. Aye, Tommy, the world's wrong about a lot of us. We can be of help, and we can be happy, too, and we can work out our problem by ourselves."

"Wot is it? Might it 'elp me, Rose?" Tommy asked hopefully. There was a look about Rose's face that seemed an answer to all Tommy's problems.

"If I'm lucky, I'll be helpin' ye, and ivery leftover child in Bow, Tommy. Go on home, lad. I'll be back for ye."

"Be ye all right, Rose!"

"Sure, there's no Patrick Shaw or Mill Hill biddie will be scarin' me. I'm goin' to find a place for us—not just ye and me—'tis no time to be selfish."

"Will I be goin' back to the country?"

"Wait and see."

When Rose walked away, Tommy was left puzzled and disheartened. He turned down Market Street, past the butcher, who put a protecting hand over his meat and glowered silently as Tommy passed.

"Well, Tommy Drinkwater!" cried a neighbor. "'ow be ye? My but ain't ye changed in such a little while. Such a pretty lad. Come back for a visit?"

The old women on his block were lean-

ing out of the top floor windows, shouting as they always did.

"Ta-ta, Missus Dorcas. 'ow be ye today?"

"Fine, but for the old mis'ry in me back."

"Bless me if it ain't Tommy Drinkwater comin' by. 'ello, Tommy, I'd 'ardly know ye."

Fat Marvin Bailey was leaning in the doorway, leering at him. "Look 'o's back. Ye couldn't stick it out, Tommy? Ye was the one said ye could stay on, and la! ye're back quicker'n any other!"

Tommy hardly heard him, for there was the louder, more familiar sound in his own home, Mrs. Drinkwater scolding.

"I suppose ye think ye'd do better aout entertainin' the soldiers?" she cried at Alicia. "Ye ain't so fancy, me pretty. Ye're best off with yer own family!"

"It ain't that—a tall. I don't mind stayin'. But ye don't do anythin'. Ye just sit there, starin' out the window. Wot do ye take me for? All I do is wash the clothes and git tea. I ain't got no friends no more."

"Don't be narsty, Aliciar. Leave me be. I don't feel well and ye know it."

"Oh, oh! I wish I was dead!"

"Shut up. Shut up!" Then there was a spasm of coughing. When Tommy opened the door he found his mother doubled up and purple, and he was sorry for her. She had no voice left.

"Tommy," she whispered.

"It's Tommy back! La, ain't 'e a grand one though?" beamed Alicia. "Did ye come to take us back wi' ye? Eh, Tommy?"

"I come back to—" the words wouldn't come. He lost his idea when he opened the door, and in that same instant he felt aloof and above his family. There was the dirty laundry piled on the chairs, which

was as far as Mrs. Drinkwater had gotten before she began scolding Alicia. The baby was sitting on the floor like a healthy lizard, too tough to become ill, cooing and clapping its hands. He didn't know why he'd come back.

"Why don't ye say somethin'? Ye grown too grand for us?"

Tommy went over to the window and looked up, out at the fog lifting slowly from the streets. It sprang from the river and formed a curve, cutting the people of Bow off from the sunshine and from God. In his mind's eye he saw that it was very solid on top.

Then, realizing it was useless to listen, he burst into tears.

### III

BY September, Tommy Drinkwater was old, and beaten. Mrs. Drinkwater had given up scolding him. She let him go his way; chased him out of the house in fact.

"The look of yer long face, always starin' at me, and the way ye don't talk, w'y should I 'ave to put up wi' ye? Go along!"

Then Tommy would wander through the street until he was too hungry to wander any more.

By September, the children of Tommy's neighborhood were as melancholy as he was. There were about sixteen of them, too old for camps, too undesirable for private homes, who walked about like unowned curs. When the food was particularly scarce the children became savage, angry little animals. All night long there would be the splintering of glass from the unprotected shops, and the police came upon ugly, frightened little children.

The old people, leaning out their windows and watching them, saw that the

children weren't behaving naturally any more, and they were filled with helpless pity.

"Did ye ever see the like? They won't look at each other, ye carn't git them to play, and wi' no one 'ome to look after 'em nowadays, things is bad—bad. W'en they go to the air-raid shelter, they won't speak wi' the other."

"And w'en they come aout wi' the All Clear, they run abaout, stealin' and breakin' things, like little tigers, they are."

"They ain't pretty no more. It used to be they wasn't nothin' so sweet as a Bow child, no matter 'ow thin."

Tommy Drinkwater, comin' up below them, would look soberly up at the gossips, and explain. "It's because they ain't 'ornest, that's why they's unhappy."

He would walk on, leaving them bewildered.

"Wot a change in Tommy Drinkwater. He used to be the mischief-maker, and naow 'e don't do nothin' but look wise and old, and shake 'is 'ead at the rest of 'em."

"La! Tommy Drinkwater ain't well."

"That 'e ain't. 'e's not long for this world. 'e's goin', like 'is sister Dolly went."

Tommy believed that himself. He was sure he was going to die, and all this because he'd failed completely. He found the thing he'd wanted in life, and how to keep it, and he relived his three days at the Barclays', and his downfall, until little bits of it were always flying back into his mind.

He would stand across from the street of the butcher's cart by the hour, hungrily watching the man and the silent, cat-like children who seized his meat and ran.

One time he walked close by the cart, and the butcher turned and handed him

a hunk of meat. That was the last day the butcher came to Market Street. After that, the streets became more silent, and the air-raid drills were more regular, more frightful and sincere.

It was only a block from his house to the alley where Rose and Patrick had used to meet, and Tommy used to go there, and sit quietly in the doorway, saving his energy, so he wouldn't be too hungry when it was time to go home.

"Yis, Missus Barclay," he would whisper. "I'm glad ye come back. I been 'ornest some time now. I could listen on the wireless if ye'd show me 'ow, once again."

"Thirty days fer talkin' to yerself! Tommy, boy, it's good to see ye!"

"Patrick!" Tommy looked up and twisted his mouth in the old leering smile. There wasn't a trace of hard luck about his old friend—Patrick seemed not to be embarrassed or to remember ever having played at being meek and gentle.

"Ye don't look to have done much changin' of Bow," he laughed in his old cheerful way.

"I can't, without Rose 'elpin' me. Ye said so yerself."

"She's still mad with us, eh? Let's the two of us find her, Tommy, what do ye think?"

"I don't know where she is."

"So Rose wouldn't stick by ye? Well, let's not be blamin' her. Where's she stayin'?"

"And I don't know that, Patrick."

Patrick haunched down in the doorway and stroked Tommy's hair apologetically, as though Tommy were a dog he'd wounded.

"Come, lad. We've been a bit wrong, but I'm of no good without that girl. Where'd she go? Eh?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Won't ye be forgivin'? Faith, that's the one thing the Barclays didn't mention, and the one thing ye must be. If Rose were here, she'd forgive us."

"I forgive ye, Patrick. Ye didn't know. I ain't seen Rose since the day we left Barclays'. She said she was comin' back. But I don't think she will."

"Sure she will, lad. I'll wait around with ye till she does. She'd best not see ye like this. Ye're such a sight, Tommy, 'twould scare the girl. Let's go for a bit of a walk, like in the old days." Patrick strode down the alley.

"I ain't comin' with ye," said Tommy. "I'll git 'ungry if I walk, an' we got black bread wi' mustard 'ome."

"Hsst!" Patrick half turned. "Come along!"

"No. I'd 'ave to steal if I gets 'ungry, and that would be trouble!"

"If ye keep me company, like a good lad, I'll see ye have somethin' special for dinner."

Tommy followed Patrick out past their old haunts, past broken windows and doorways lined with unsmiling children. In one doorstep sat the little girl in the flour sack.

"I thought ye got sent to the country," said Patrick, smiling at her.

In response, she stuck out her tongue and ran indoors.

Patrick shuddered. "Did ye iver see such an evil look?"

"Ye best not talk to any others. They'll —"

A volley of beanshots hit Patrick on the neck. He winced. "At least someone's enjoyin' himself, and it might be that's better'n what ye're doin'."

"It ain't someone enjoyin' 'imself. It's Marvin Bailey, more'n like, and 'e's mad."

"Isn't there anyone to look after them at home?"

"They be workin', all them at 'ome. Even me father's workin', and Alicia. And me mother's up in camp wi' the baby."

"Alicia's workin'? She's but a small fifteen. Ah, now, Tommy, that isn't right."

"Lots of 'em is workin'. Next year I be workin' too, and it's good enough for us. I been disornest, like the lot o' 'em."

"Oh, me good mother!" Patrick roared. "Come, lad, ye don't follow that Barclay stuff? May the Lord forgive ye, if ye do. Can't ye see, lad, the children need someone to be good to them. They must eat, and have somethin' to keep them busy. That's why they're dishonest, Tommy."

Tommy shook his head. "Nothin' as could 'elp 'em."

"Not even a bit of kindness? What if we were to treat some of them as Mr. Barclay treated ye?"

"Wot difference'd that make. 'e made me leave, didn't 'e? Besides, there won't be none o' us when the war's over. We'll be down in the shelter, and woosh comes a bomb, carryin' us off quick like. And it'll be wot we 'ave comin'. There ain't a one in Bow as listens to the wireless!"

"Come, this is no way for a child to speak. Can't ye see, lad, they've had as bad luck as ye had with the Barclays and they're no worse than the outside children. Do ye think they wouldn't be as pleasant as the Mill Hill playmates, if they'd the chance? Let's see a bit more hope and good will on yer face, lad."

"Wot kin we 'ope for? If Rose'd come back, but she ain't comin', somethin' good might be 'appenin'. Rose was 'ornest that night. And we wasn't," he looked accusingly at Patrick.

"Come, lad!" Patrick cried despairing-

ly. "I'm no good without the girl, but give me a chance! Tell me what I might do to make ye happy? What might I do for the lot of ye?"

"I 'ave to go clear to the settlement shelter," Tommy explained. "If ye'd like to see me, come to the alley later." Tommy was glad to see Patrick, but he felt like a stranger with him, the way he felt with everyone in Bow since he'd gone to the Barclays. He started in the direction of the shelter, slow, at first, until the growing shrieks of the siren directed him to run.

The mistress of the children's shelter had often tried to entertain them. She told ghosts stories until the listeners screamed for her to stop, seeing her apparitions lurking in the dark corners of the damp, dimly-lighted shelter.

Sometimes they would cry they were thirsty, and she would scold them, as there was no running water. This particular evening, one of the children had stolen some candy, and was sucking selfishly on it, before the eyes of the others.

"Ye might at least let me divide it," complained the mistress.

"I'd like to kill 'im!" howled Marvin Bailey.

"Yaa!" laughed the boy with the candy. "This war's wot ye needed. It'll give ye a lean look, and ye need it!"

This would start the puffy Marvin Bailey crying. "I can't 'elp bein' fat. I ain't been eatin' 'ardly a tall all summer, and I ain't gettin' no leaner."

"There, don't feel so bad," soothed the shelter mistress.

"Leave me be," growled Marvin.

All the children edged away when she came near them; they hated the mistress much the same as they hated each other.

"Ye're a fine lot," sighed the mistress.

"Ye're not like children, and ye certainly ain't old, or worth much. It'll be a lucky day for the lot o' ye, when ye get carried off by a bomb. Ye're a mean, ugly bunch."

"Coo, wot do it matter? The bombers is closer tonight, ye can tell right enough!"

Then the children listened to the faint whirring sounds, and kept silent, waiting for death.

When the All Clear sounded, they filed out, squinting gloomily in the gray twilight. The curiously tuneful sound of a harmonica made them stop and look about.

"It's Patrick Shaw!"

Patrick was leaning against the sandbags, and he nodded without answering, changing his tune from one Irish air to another. The children gathered around him watching him as they'd watch a madman, smiling a little crazily and accompanying his tunes with a clumsy, rhythmical jig.

Tommy was bewildered at Patrick's merriment, but not the least amused.

"Wot's the matter?" he whispered confidentially.

"Did ye iver hear that one?" Patrick asked the children, after they made it apparent they would stay on. He gave no heed to Tommy. "Ye'd care to learn the words or no?"

The children waited for his next move without answering, even exchanging polite questions with each other over this strange fellow.

*Oh, Brian O'Flynn had no britches to wear*

*So he took him a sheepskin and made him a pair!*

*With the inner side out and the outer side in*

*But it all was exquisite to Brian O'Flynn!*

"But ain't that fine?" said the little girl named Ada.

"Isn't it a beauty?" Patrick agreed. "If ye like it well enough, how'd ye be at dancin' to it? The rest of us will sing and watch ye perform."

"Might I try?" asked the little girl who wore the loose flour sack. "Me mother says I could dance if someone'd but teach me 'ow."

"Ha!" cried Marvin Bailey. "Someone'd 'ave to 'old yer straps up if ye mean to dance. Ho ho!"

"It's wicked of ye to talk so, Marvin Bailey!" cried Tommy, in one of his feeble attempts to make people see their error so that Bow might have sunshine. "Ye carn't be wicked. Everytime one o' ye acts so, it 'urts Bow. It means we carn't git to the country!"

"Yaa!" Marvin snorted. "Ain't 'e the fine one. Oh, Tommy Drinkwater 'ad naught 'e could wear!"

"No more preachin' from ye," laughed Patrick. "Come along, Tommy, help me like a good lad. Reach in me pack, on one of the sandbags, and pass that inside it to your friends."

"Now," he turned to the girl in the flour sack, "come along, miss, what's the name?"

"Cec-cecelia," the girl told him.

"Cecelia, I've the thing for ye." Patrick found a string in his pocket and tied the loose straps across the shoulders. "Now ye're all right to dance with the best of them."

Patrick balanced the harmonica between his teeth, took Cecelia by her hands, and began an elegant hornpipe.

"We might be singin'!" one of the boys said shyly. "I know the words, I do."

Listen wi' me! *Oh, Brian O'Flynn 'ad no britches to wear—*"

Tommy was forced to crack a slight smile, though he remained aloof from the rest of them, letting them sing as much as they liked. He found Patrick's sack, examined and distributed the candied carrots inside. Immediately he did this, the singing stopped and the children began gnawing hungrily. Cecelia let loose of Patrick's hands and eagerly ran for her share. There was a silence except for the chewing of carrots. Patrick leaned against the sandbags and watched them, looking well pleased with himself.

"Do ye know wot else we might do?" one of the boys wondered quietly.

"Not now. It's near dark. What sort of thing do ye mean?"

"Well, we can't work, bein' small-like. There ain't no settlement no more, or it might be I could make little arnimals—"

"Of clay," Tommy explained.

"That's 'ow it was. I made me a dress once, before the war. And it used to be they was classes in 'ow to speak proper."

"Now we don't do nothin'," said Cecelia.

"Patrick Shaw'll see if he can't find somethin' for ye to do. Ye're feelin' pretty sorry for yerselves, are ye not?" He motioned to a girl with sea-blue eyes and a horrible complexion.

"Come here a moment, lass. I want to show the rest of them somethin'. Ye see these spots on yer face? Be careful what ye're eatin'. No, all of ye be careful, no more stealin' of candy, nor eatin' of meat. It isn't good meat ye have here. Be good and careful what ye eat, lass."

"I can't," the girl whined. "When I gits that 'ungry, I must eat wot we 'ave!"

"Of course, ye must do that, lass, of course." Patrick was silent.

"Now," said Ada. "I'd be right glad to darnce for ye, if only ye'd play on that." She indicated the harmonica.

"It's worse than dark, lass," said Patrick. "I've a bit of thinkin' to do."

"Ye're comin' back tomorrow?"

"Next time ye come out of the shelter, I'll be waitin' for ye."

"Don't forget," warned Ada. "Tomorrow I gits to darnce!"

"First off, tomorrow," promised Patrick. He waited until Tommy caught up with him. "Begorra, that was fun. They're nice ones, are they not, lad?"

"'ow long can ye think o' games for them? Patrick, ye're a good man, ye are, but it ain't changin' Bow, and they ain't livin', Patrick!"

"Ye're bringin' no sunshine with the look on yer face, boy. Let's see ye smile."

"Wot good does it do? Without Rose, we can't do nothin'."

After that, Patrick became the one person who could handle the children. They did good things to please him, and bragged to him when they failed to go night raiding, or when they'd learned something. They seemed to like each other when they were around him, but immediately after he had gone, they fell back into disagreeableness.

The sound of Patrick's harmonica would come on them when they were staring absently, or thinking harsh thoughts, and immediately they would become little children, running after him, singing the newest song he'd taught them.

"There's good to a man who can 'andle them roughnecks," Mrs. Dorcas called to her neighbor.

"True enough. If Patrick Shaw would but take all charge o' them, they'd be bearable. But 'e ain't around enough by

far. And w'ere do ye suppose 'e gets them goodies 'e's always feedin' 'em?"

"Never arsk questions," said Mrs. Dorcas. "No air-raid siren for two days, ain't it odd? Do ye suppose the war's over?"

"It is not," shuddered her neighbor. "I been waitin' for a quiet, it means somethin' bad."

"Ye and yer prophecyin'," sighed Mrs. Dorcas. "And w'en is this arful thing 'appenin'?"

"Mark me words," warned the other, "I 'ave a feelin' it's tonight."

That night the whole city felt in its bones that something terrible was happening. The siren blew louder, longer it seemed, more menacing. In the shallow Bow shelters, it wasn't long before they could hear the droning of planes, directly overhead this time, heavy over the Bow river. The children were huddled together, comparing the sounds they heard.

"'at one come close to the bakery, ye might think!"

"Aow!" cried Ada. "If only the All Clear might sound and we might see Patrick!"

"'e ain't safe," said Marvin Bailey. "Wot if 'e ain't there w'en the All Clear sounds?"

"Go-w-on," said Cecelia. "'e'll be there right enough, 'e always is."

They sat another hour until they could actually hear the sound of gunfire. Tommy became nervous.

"I'm goin' out," he said. He went to the entrance, and the mistress held him back.

"If Patrick's all right, I'll be back 'ere! Let me be!"

"No!" shrieked the mistress. "I'm responsible for ye, and ye stay 'ere w'ere it's safe."

"Safe eh?" sneered Marvin Bailey. "A

bomb comes right over us, and it'll get us, wait and see!"

"No!" cried Ada. "Then I must be aoutside w'ere we kin run!"

"Patrick'll be there to 'elp us," said one of the boys trustfully.

Tommy twisted out of the mistress's grasp and pushed open the entry-way of the shelter. The rest of the children followed him.

"Go along if ye must!" screeched the shelter mistress. "It'll serve ye good, bomb ye to bits, and we'll all be best off. Wot good are ye any'ow? Ye ain't worth the savin'!"

The children were out in the black night. Nothing close to the ground was visible, but the sky was glowing with the blinding white beams of the anti-aircraft lights.

"Ach, ain't it beautiful?" said Ada.

"I don't see Patrick!"

"'e didn't come," said one of the children mournfully. "'e forgot tonight."

"'e didn't forgit! 'e was killed, that's wot!"

Little Cecelia started howling.

"Shut up," said Marvin Bailey. "Watch the fight or go back inside!"

In a moment, the children had scattered through Bow, and Tommy began his search after Patrick.

Tommy stopped to listen to the overpowering night sounds in his favorite alley. All was black, and at first his mind was on the whirl of warplane motors, and the burr of plane fighting plane. Occasionally he heard a bomb land near the river, and then a part of the distant sky would light up red, and quickly discolor again. In one or two spots, the red mounted restlessly.

All these sounds were supernatural, and Tommy was frightened and alone.

When he heard the sound of voices further down the alley he gave a start, and almost ran away.

"It's truly me, Patrick!" someone was saying.

"Rose!" Tommy held his breath, not sure whether it was the real Rose, or something left on his memory.

"Ye came back, me dear little girl!"

"Came back! And who was it left, might I ask?"

"Ye're goin' to forgive me?"

"I'm that weak I can do nothin' else."

"Ye were absolutely in the right, girl. The farther I got away from the Barclays and their wireless, the sillier I was, and the more wicked Mrs. Barclay appeared to me. Sure, they had me on their list everywhere I went—IRA. Couldn't trust me! No one would give me a job, but for a few days harvestin'. I was good at that, Rose, and I might of stayed, but it couldn't work without ye, girl. I came straight back to find ye. Look what I find, girl, the world's upside down. And ye! Ye seem so faint, lass. Did ye come back for me? Sure ye did!"

"I came back to get help of ye, Patrick, but not for that alone. How's Tommy?"

"Like an old woman. Ye might not like him now. He's not the Tommy ye left behind."

Tommy winced at this, but drew closer to them. As he came up, it seemed they were a little clearer, almost as though it were growing daylight. For a moment an airplane wheeled carelessly into the district of Bow dropping an incendiary bomb, leaving a dwelling in flames, and then returned to its formation above the river.

"For the love of Mary, what might we be standin' here like a couple of sick birds with plenty of time?"

Tommy had watched them, close

enough in the shadow to seem only one person. Rose pushed Patrick away and leaned against the wall, her thin, pale face dimly lighted by the building, burning close by.

"I'm weary, man, with all I've done since last we met. Listen, I've been drivin' clear from Scotland since early this mornin'. I've a lorry parked up Bow Road. It's the safest place iver I could find. It comes from a message, Patrick; I got it after ye left me to do glory for England. I couldn't go back to the IRA. A lot of silly quarrelin'. There was Tommy with death written on his face, and the little walkin' I've done through Bow, there are many like him. Patrick, I knew there was one thing to do, and but me to do it, now I'd lost ye to the Cosmos."

"Forget that, girl, ye need me now. If ye can help the children, that's what we need."

"Up in Scotland, there's a gamin' estate, I did some harvestin', and dryin' of things for the winter, and talked a good man into lettin' me have it for children the rest of the world says is worthless. We'll be responsible for the tares, so to speak, Patrick, the ones nobody else wants. And why should we not? Who wants us? What good is it we might do anyone? Are ye willin' to work, man? Like ye did as a boy?"

"Just try me!"

"Good enough. We'll none of us be idle now. All hands together. We're goin' to breed pure and honest people to be here when the war's over and the rest of us are licked. We'll have no roof over our heads until we build it, and we'll eat what we plant ourselves. Come on, Patrick, let's get the children. Where are they?"

"In the shelter—I'll be off. Drive to the statue, and we'll be there to meet ye."

"Patrick, ye carn't. It's too late!" Tommy finally edged up to them. "They left, Rose. We carn't go now. They ain't in the shelter, they come aout lookin', for ye, and w'en they couldn't find ye, they all went off. They said they was goin' to be killed!" Tommy's voice trailed off into a whine.

"Oh! This isn't Tommy," breathed Rose. "Tommy, ye aren't natural! What's all this talk of can't, and die? Ye run out and get the children together. And be quick about it!"

"I'll round 'em up in a moment," Patrick took out his harmonica. "Tommy, go help Rose, whatever she wants ye to do, and I'll go among the children."

As Patrick started out of the alley, a wide formation of planes swept over the East London district, scattering bombs in Stratford and Bow and Mile End, drowning out the sound of Patrick's harmonica. In the lulls, Patrick came out the louder.

By the time Rose and Tommy reached the lorry, Patrick was back, with a group of frightened, silent children trailing him.

"Are we goin' to the country, 'ornest?"  
"'adn't we best 'urry?"

"That we had," said Rose. "The lot of ye, climb in the back, and we'll start off."

"Look, it's daylight!" cried Ada. "This time it is, for true!"

"No, no! It's sunshine! The sun's shinin'," said Marvin Bailey.

"No such thing, Bow's afire," said Patrick.

The children stood motionless before the truck, watching the dull, gray district of Bow become livid, and beautiful. The only thing to mar its loveliness was the constant drone of planes, and the close sound of bombs bursting.

"Rose!" screamed Tommy. "We carn't

make it! Ye've got a whole buildin' in front of ye!"

Rose clapped her hand over her mouth. Some timbers had fallen in back of the lorry, blocking them. As Tommy had warned, a whole front of a building had landed in the street—the lorry was blocked.

"It's too late, Patrick," Rose almost sobbed.

"Too late? Let's see a bit of Irish spunk, girl. Just down the street there are sandbags. Let's each run for one and put the flames out!"

Practised at swift caution, the children dashed back with sandbags, and furiously beat at the burning framework, even the smallest girl among them tirelessly fighting the flame of the section she had chosen. Patrick cleared the road of the hot debris, wincing a little as it burned his fingers, but working too fast and gingerly to realize the pain until he was finished.

Tommy helped earnestly, not quite willing to share the trip to the country with the rest of them. When they were finished he walked up to Rose.

"I knew ye'd come for me, Rose."

"I come for the lot of ye, Tommy. Ye must work with the whole of us now. Are ye willin' for that?"

"If ye want me to."

Marvin Bailey had been looking up at the building with the front missing. "La! Don't it look undressed? Ye can see wot they was doin' w'en they left, the 'ole bunch. See, they was goin' to 'ave a bit o' tea when they come back!"

"But they won't 'ave it now!"

"Coo! When they comes back, it'll be gone, the 'ole building."

"Wot a waste, all them rugs, and bedcovers!"

In a moment, Tommy Drinkwater was

climbing the drainpipe, drawing in his breath from the heat, landing in a bedroom. He gathered up the bed coverings and everything he could imagine Rose would use.

"Look, Rose!" he called down. "Let's take it. It ain't disornest, takin' this? No, it ain't disornest. It'd go to waste. Wouldn't it?"

For a moment there was no answer, but he could see her smiling in the glowing street.

"Throw it down, lad, it's somewhere in the Bible, don't let good things go to waste!"

Tommy ran from one room to the next, calling cheerfully to one of the children below. "Make it a good catch! Careful! That might break!"

The sound of the warplanes, and the menacing closeness of bombs were completely forgotten for the moment, as Tommy raced from one flight to the next, agile, no longer afraid.

"We've all but filled the lorry," Rose called up to him. "Now, come along, the Lord's been with us, and His patience might be worn by now. Jump down, Tommy. The drain's ready to melt. Patrick, back up so Tommy might jump!"

"One thing more!" Tommy was shrill and child-like.

"Hurry, Tommy, me love!"

Tommy had heard a low whine, one flight above him. Without thinking, he was on the drain, burning himself painfully, and then he was safely in the next flat.

He stopped a moment to locate the whines. There was a scratching on the

door of the next room. Tommy pulled at the hot doorknob. There lay on the floor, a tired, weak dog, long-haired, flop-eared, as dark as the winter night. The dog crawled up to Tommy and licked his feet.

"Tommy! my God! Are ye all right? Patrick, we must be after him!"

"Stop worryin' over Tommy, he can take care of himself. He's found some-thin' we'll be needin'."

"In another moment, the buildin' will fall!"

"I'm comin' now," Tommy answered. "Do ye think we kin make it, Rose?" Tommy was standing on the edge of the top flat, the flames circling in back of him, giving him a clean, healthy glow. The dog in his arms licked at his face and allowed himself to be crushed tight against Tommy.

Tommy was smiling, all the way, and his eyes were bright.

"See wot I got us?"

"Come on, Tommy, jump, ye'll make it safe enough. Come on, ye little saint!"

The children piled the rugs and blankets into the center of the lorry, and Tommy leapt straight for them, holding the dog over his shoulder, guarding it against the jolt.

The truck started up the north side of Gladstone's statue, creeping cautiously, slowly, and the children looked back, wonderingly at the livid sky. In a moment, the drone of warplanes became distant, and the anti-aircraft fire ceased. All that could be heard in the darkness was Patrick Shaw playing his harmonica, and a chorus of children, singing.

# THE WINDFALL

by

Erskine Caldwell

WHEN Waldo Murdock, whose trade, when he felt like working at it was rendering creatures, came into the unexpected inheritance, there had been no commotion in Brighton to equal it since the time when, eleven years before, one of the Perkins brothers, with no more forewarning than a stroke of summer lightning, ran away in broad daylight with the resident minister's second wife.

As for the townspeople, none of them, not even Aunt Susie Shook, who told fortunes by reading tea leaves or coffee grounds if necessary, had ever had the remotest idea that anything in the nature of sudden wealth would fall into Waldo Murdock's scrawny lap, while at the same time, of course, people were quick to say that if he had not been sitting down, as usual, instead of being up and doing, there would have been no lap of his for it to fall into; and certainly Waldo himself, even though he daydreamed about almost everything else under the sun, had never entertained such a farfetched thought in his mind.

Waldo did not even know he had a brother in Australia and, even if he had known it, he would never have imagined that he would be remembered in a will. From Bangor to Burlington, all the Murdocks, especially the home-owning branch of the family, were known throughout the entire region north of Boston for their

trait, which relatives-by-marriage and other outsiders called cussedness, of not acknowledging kinship with one another. And as it was, it was all Waldo could do to force himself, after having cast aside pride of long standing, publicly to admit blood relationship with another Murdock, even if he had lived in Australia, long enough to go to the bank in Waterville and cash the check the lawyer from Portland had handed him.

"Pay no mind to what the people say," he told the clerk in the bank. "There may be others in the State of Maine bearing the name of Murdock, but there's not a single drop of mingling blood that I would own to. I'd sooner claim kinship with my old black cow than I would with a so-called Murdock."

Dessie, Waldo's wife, was, at the beginning, the most levelheaded of all. She maintained her mental balance, if only at the start, much better than Waldo and some of the townspeople. Dessie, although afterward she regretted not having gone along, even remained at home and tended the house chores while Waldo was away in Waterville cashing the check. There was only one thing she did out of the ordinary that forenoon, and that was to make Justine, the hired girl, air the parlor and shake out the scatter rugs, even if it were not Saturday.

During all that time the neighbors

were ringing her up on the phone and asking what she was going to do with all that money, but that, too, in the beginning, failed to veer the even measure of her thoughts.

"When the check is cashed, if it's not worthless, and it'll be a wonder if it's not, there'll be ample time at hand for me to go out of my way to think about it," she told them. "Right now, and likely forever after, it's nothing but a scrawl and a promise on a slip of paper."

Dessie went back to work with her lips a little tighter each time she finished talking to one of the neighbors on the phone. She was not exactly worried, she told Justine, but she was feeling impatient. Waldo failed to come home at the noon hour for dinner, and it was not long after that before she, like everybody else in Brighton who was working himself into a frenzy over Waldo's sudden windfall, began thinking of the things that could be done with the money.

Late that afternoon Waldo drove up to the dooryard and left the automobile standing there instead of putting it away in the shed where it belonged.

Justine came running to tell her.

Dessie was so on edge by that time that she jumped several inches off the chair seat when Justine, who was as excited as she by then, ran into the room where she was.

"Mr. Murdock's back!" Justine cried, twisting her fingers.

"He'd better be!" Dessie said. "If he hadn't got home when he did, he could have just kept on traveling, for all the concern I'd ever have."

"I guess Mr. Murdock has the real money," Justine said, looking over her shoulder. "He looked like he was feeling good about it when he got out of the auto."

Dessie leaped to her feet.

"Go on about your tasks, whatever they be, Justine," she said crossly. "It's none of your money, if there is any, anyway."

Justine went to the kitchen and watched Waldo come along the path to the side door.

Waldo came in, throwing his hat on the table. He looked at Dessie for a moment, cocking his head a little to one side. His coat pocket sagged heavily.

Neither Dessie nor Waldo spoke for a while.

Presently Dessie walked up to him and held out her hand.

"Guess I'll take charge for the time being, Waldo," she said stiffly. "Hand it over."

Waldo reached into his coat pocket, drawing out a mostly empty bottle and handing it to her. She stepped back, looking at it severely. Then, without a word, she grabbed the bottle by the neck and slung it with all her might across the room. It struck the wall, shattering into dozens of pieces.

"I might have known it, and I would have, if I had only had the sense God has given most people!" she said, raising her voice. "I've got only myself to blame!"

Waldo reached for a chair.

"Now, there's no cause for a human to take on so, Dessie," he said. "Everything turned out, from here to there and back again, like it was made to order."

He reached into his pants pocket and drew out a bulging roll of greenbacks. The bills were tied tightly around the center with a piece of heavy twine. Dessie forgot her anger the instant she saw the money. The scowling lines on her face disappeared completely while she watched Waldo bounce the roll up and down in his hand.

"All I've got to say," she began, "is that I never thought I'd live to breathe the air of the day when a deceasing Murdock would have the decency to do the honorable thing with his money, even if he couldn't find means of taking it along with him when he went, which would be a wonder if he didn't try to do, and he probably did, anyway."

Waldo leaned back and let her talk to her heart's content. He felt so good himself that he wanted her to have a good time, too. He let her speak what came to mind without uttering a single grumble.

"Have you any more blood relations that we've neglected to remind ourselves of, Waldo?" she asked, leaning toward him. "It seems to me that I recall your second cousin in Skowhegan saying once some years ago that a Murdock went to California at the end of the Spanish-American War and prospected for gold. It might be that he struck it rich out there, which a lot of people did, so I've read, if reading can be believed. If we'd been more particular about your blood relations in the past, we wouldn't have to sit here now and wrack our brains trying to call them to mind at a time like this."

"Guess I have no blood relations of the name of Murdock," Waldo said firmly.

Dessie drew a deep breath and looked longingly at the large roll of greenbacks bouncing up and down in her husband's hand.

Suddenly she leaned forward and grasped the roll desperately.

Waldo snatched it from her.

"I think we ought to start making plans," she said.

"This is Murdock money, woman," he said quickly. "A Murdock made it, and a Murdock shall spend it."

Dessie sat up decisively.

"Well, anyway, we'll be sensible," she

said calmly. "We won't throw it away on trifles like a lot of people would who I could mention, if I had a mind to."

"I've got it all settled, Dessie," Waldo told her, smiling as a kindly feeling came over him. "Guess we can afford to have a good time now at our age. Maybe we won't be lingering here much longer, which would be a shame if we hadn't taken full advantage of it by the time we went. Wouldn't be no sense in hoarding it only to have to pass it along to somebody else after we are gone."

Dessie nodded approvingly, her spirits rising again.

"I've always wanted a fur neckpiece, Waldo," she said, her face bright with hope.

Dessie did not sleep a single wink that night. For an hour after they had gone to bed, she lay silently tense, listening. Waldo did not stir. He lay on his back listening to Dessie's labored breathing.

Just before midnight Dessie got up as quietly as she possibly could and tiptoed to the foot of the bed where Waldo had laid his pants over the back of a chair. It was dark in the room with the shades drawn, and she took care in feeling her way to the chair. She was trembling nervously when she touched it, and the jerking of her breath had started a pain in her chest. Without losing any more time she slid her hand into the pants pocket.

"Get your hand out of my pants, Dessie," Waldo said, rising up in bed. "Leave that money be."

Dessie dropped the pants without having touched the money, and went back to bed without a word. Neither of them spoke as she lay down again and tried to make herself as comfortable as possible

for the remainder of the night. After that both of them lay staring into the blackness of the room.

Just as dawn was beginning to show the first signs of breaking, Dessie slid carefully from the bed and crawled on her hands and knees toward the chair. As she was rising up to reach the pants, Waldo sat up erectly.

"Don't want to have to mention it again about you putting your hand in my pants pocket," he said. "Leave that money be, Dessie."

Dessie dropped the pants and went to the window. She stood there watching a red dawn break in the east. After a while she began dressing, and as she was leaving the chamber she heard Justine starting a fire in the kitchen stove.

While she and Justine were preparing breakfast, she began to realize how uneasy she really was about the money. She had spent a sleepless night worrying over the wealth, and she was afraid she would not get a chance to spend a single penny of it herself.

"Mrs. Murdock," Justine said, coming and standing beside her, "Carl and I could get mated right away if we had the money for a chamber suite."

"Let Carl Friend make his own money," Dessie said sharply, turning on the girl. "Me and my husband have worked hard all our lives for what we possess. It won't hurt Carl Friend to do the same for you, if he wants a family."

"I couldn't sleep much last night for staying awake wondering if you and Mr. Murdock wouldn't want to help me out," Justine said persistently. "Especially because I've worked here for you six years without asking favors, and I didn't think you'd miss a little of all that big inheritance from Australia."

"Mind your own affairs, Justine!" she

said sharply. "Besides, Carl Friend can get the money from his own family if he wants to furnish a house for you. Those Friends have made plenty of profit in roof-tinning in the past."

"They won't help any, Mrs. Murdock," Justine said sadly. "And Carl and I don't want to have to wait and wait and wait."

"You don't have to hurry the marriage for any reason, do you?" Dessie asked suspiciously.

Justine looked at her for several moments, her thoughts racing through her mind.

"Not exactly," she admitted at last.

"Well, then," Dessie said, turning away, "in that case, you can afford to wait."

In turning abruptly she almost walked headlong into Waldo. He had come into the kitchen and was going toward the pantry. After Dessie had stepped out of the way, she watched him go into the pantry and pick up several cans off the shelf. He found an empty coffee can and left, going through the kitchen and out the door without a word being spoken. Dessie watched him leave, wondering what he was about to do. She went to the window and watched as he walked to the tool shed and came out a moment later carrying a spade. With the coffee can in one hand and the spade over his shoulder, he disappeared out of sight behind the barn.

It was not until almost ten minutes had passed that Dessie realized what Waldo was doing behind the barn.

Just as she was opening the door to run out there and observe him from the corner of the barn, Waldo walked into view. He came toward the house, carrying the spade but not the coffee can. Dessie's heart sank. He had buried the can, and the money with it, and she had

failed to get out there in time to see where the wealth had been hidden. She walked back into the kitchen and placed breakfast on the table.

Waldo came in a few minutes later, washed his hands at the pump, and sat down at his place. He began eating as though nothing out of the ordinary had taken place out behind the barn. Neither she nor Waldo had anything to say to each other during the whole twenty minutes they were at the table. When he finished eating, he got up and put on his hat.

"Have some affairs to attend to in the village," he said shortly. "Will be away for the forenoon, the whole of it."

Dessie nodded. She had to grip her hands tightly in order to hide her impatience. She waited until Waldo had got into the car and driven over the hill out of sight, and then she grabbed Justine by the arm and pulled her through the door. Pushing Justine ahead, Dessie ran as fast as she could to the tool shed, where she quickly snatched up two spades, and then hurried toward the back of the barn.

She set Justine to digging right away, while she looked the ground over carefully, hoping to find evidence of a freshly covered hole. She searched for nearly half an hour without finding a single trace of the hole she was positive Waldo had dug, and after that she went to work, digging methodically.

After several hours Justine slumped to the ground, completely exhausted. Dessie was tired, too, and the blisters on her hands made digging so painful that she could hardly bear to hold the spade. But she forced herself to keep on, allowing Justine to rest a few minutes.

"Get up and dig, Justine," she called breathlessly, not being able to bear seeing her idle any longer.

Justine crawled to her feet and tried to push the blade of the spade into the stony earth. She wanted to beg Dessie to let her rest some more, but when she glanced up and saw Dessie's closely clamped lips, she knew it would be useless to ask.

Dessie stopped for a moment to ease her back. When her eyes were raised from the ground, she saw Fred Paxton leaning over the stonewall beside the road a hundred feet away.

"Going fishing, Dessie?" he called. "See you're digging fishing worms."

Dessie thrust her hand against the small of her aching back and straightened up a little more.

"Thought I might," she said slowly. "It's been a long time since I went."

"Now that you and Waldo have all that money to falute on," Fred said, "I guess you and him can afford to spend all your time doing nothing but fish, if you have a mind to."

"Maybe," she said, tightening her lips.

The mere mention of the money inflamed her thoughts until she could not see clearly. She bent over the spade, thrusting the blade into the rough, stony ground with all her might. She kept doggedly at it until she was certain Fred had walked out of sight over the hill.

Later she sent Justine to the kitchen for some bread and potatoes left over from breakfast, and when Justine returned, Dessie sat down in the shade of the barn and ate hurriedly.

"While I was in the house, Mr. Murdock phoned and said he wouldn't be back in the forenoon," Justine said. "He told me to tell you he would be away in the afternoon, too, the whole of it."

Dessie leaped to her feet.

"Why didn't you tell me right away when you came back a minute ago?" she said angrily.

Justine glanced at the stony ground.

"We're not going to dig out here the whole afternoon, too, are we, Mrs. Murdock?" she inquired pleadingly. "My hands are raw with blisters, and—"

"Never mind that," Dessie said firmly. "We are going to dig this afternoon, the whole of it!"

"But, Mrs. Murdock—"

"Shut up, Justine, and do as you are told!"

When Dessie fell on the bed at dusk that evening, she had never before in all her life felt so thoroughly miserable. Not only had she spent the entire day digging in the stony ground behind the barn, but, moreover, she had not been able to find the coffee can. Her back felt as if she would never be able to use it again.

Once upon the bed, she moved her body carefully, easing herself into a prone position. Justine had gone out earlier in the evening with Carl Friend, and Waldo still had not returned. Dessie felt so tired and lonely that she wanted to cry. Just as she felt tears coming into her eyes, the phone began to ring. She lay motionless, listening to it ring for several minutes, hoping all the while that it would stop so she could begin crying.

The phone did not stop, and it sounded as if it never would as long as she lived. She got to her feet, pressing her hands over her ears in order to keep out the sound, and stumbled painfully to the hall. There she sat down in the chair beside the stand and lifted the receiver.

"Hello," she said unsteadily.

"Is this Waldo Murdock's wife?" a voice boomed.

"Yes," she answered, wondering who it could be.

"Then you'd better bestir yourself and fetch Waldo home where he belongs be-

fore it's too late. This is Charles Mason. Waldo is over here at my place, in the east part of town, annoying my household, and if he was a Democrat, I'd shoot him myself, instead of turning the job over to his wife. I've never in my life seen a man behave like he's doing. I guess it's public knowledge by now, otherwise I wouldn't be repeating it that sudden wealth has gone to his head, but that's still no excuse for the way he's doing."

"What's Waldo doing?" Dessie asked, shouting impulsively into the phone.

"He's befuddling Miss Wilson, the schoolteacher who boards at my house, into going away with him. He says he's going to set sail for Australia or somewhere."

"But he can't do that!" Dessie protested.

"That's what any average, normal, level-minded human being would think, too, but I don't know what's going to stop Waldo if you don't come and get him right away, because he's already befuddled Miss Wilson into going to Boston with him tonight, and starting out again from there the first thing in the morning. He's got Miss Wilson believing everything he says, the lies along with the common truth. Looks like she would be on her guard, knowing she's associating with a newlyrich, but she's too far gone now to listen to reason. Waldo pulls out his wealth every few minutes and waves it in front of her, and the sight of that big roll of greenbacks acts on her just like chloroform would on an average being. I've done my best to—"

Dessie gripped the phone.

"Did you say Waldo has a big roll of money?" she shouted. "Greenbacks tied with a string around the middle?"

"He surely has, Mrs. Murdock. It's the

biggest roll of money I've seen on a man since the Democrats took over."

Dessie, who had risen from the chair until she was almost erect, sat down, hard.

"Let him be!" she said coldly. "I don't want part or parcel of him. He had me digging in stony ground all day looking for that money in a coffee can, and it wasn't there at all. Let the schoolteacher take him. I've had my share, and more, of suffering, and now I'd be comforted to see somebody else have a goodly portion of it. Sudden wealth will show up a man's true nature every time, and I'm glad I found out the true size and shape of Waldo Murdock's nature before I wasted another single day of my life on him."

"You mean you're not going to try to stop Waldo from going away to the other end of the world with Miss Wilson?"

"No!" Dessie said emphatically. "Waldo Murdock has a free hand from now on!"

She hung up the receiver. A moment later she slumped brokenly in the chair. She called Justine several times before remembering that Justine had gone out with Carl Friend.

After that she hurried into her clothes and went back to the phone. She rang up Thornton Blanchard, her lawyer, and told him to come right away. He lived only a few miles distant, and he promised to be there within fifteen minutes.

While waiting for Thornton Blanchard, Dessie paced up and down the hallway, her face grim and determined. Her mind was made up, and she knew the sooner she acted the better she would feel.

After a few more minutes, he drove up to the house and stopped his car in the dooryard. Dessie went to the step, holding the door open for him. Thorn-

ton Blanchard hurried inside and went directly to the table in the center of the living room.

"Is there something wrong, Mrs. Murdock?" he asked anxiously.

"There is now, but it won't be much longer," she said, sitting down at the table, "not after I set things right I should have attended to twenty years ago."

Blanchard sat down and opened his briefcase, slipping out a pad of ruled yellow writing paper and a pencil. He watched Dessie's face, waiting for her to begin.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Murdock," he told her, adjusting the pad on the table.

"I want a divorce," she said quickly, "and I want it in a hurry. How soon can I get it, or do I have to go find myself a better lawyer?"

Blanchard sat up.

"Joking aside, Mrs. Murdock, right after you and your husband inherited all that wealth, you want a divorce?" he asked unbelievably.

"That's what I said."

"But, why?"

"Never mind my reasons," she answered. "When I go to the store and ask for a pound of sugar, I don't have to tell the clerk my reasons for wanting it, do I?"

"No, but—"

"Then go ahead and get me my divorce."

Blanchard fingered the writing pad nervously. After several moments he shook himself, and glanced across the table at Dessie.

"Have you any grounds, Mrs. Murdock?" he inquired cautiously.

"Of course, I've got grounds. I've got

all the grounds needed, and a plentiful supply to spare."

"What are to be the grounds on which the suit is to be based, Mrs. Murdock?" he asked, bending over the pad and gripping the pencil tightly.

"Cussedness," she said, leaning back.

Blanchard looked up.

"That's what I said," she nodded. "Cussedness!"

"The judge that hears this suit might not—"

"I don't care what the judge thinks," she retorted. "It's my divorce, and I'll have grounds of my own choosing whether the judge likes them or not."

Blanchard tapped the pencil on the table several times, his mind deep in thought.

"As your attorney, Mrs. Murdock," he said finally, "would you mind telling me in confidence on just what grounds you do base your contention?"

"Waldo Murdock tricked me," she said angrily, relieved to have an opportunity to talk about her troubles. "He went and made as if to bury the inheritance in a coffee can behind the barn, but didn't, and then went off and stayed from home all day while I broke my back, and Justine's, too, digging in stony ground for it."

Blanchard drew the palm of his right hand slowly over his face. He leaned back after that and gazed professionally at the ceiling. He was doing his best to keep from saying, on the spur of the moment, anything of a rash nature.

"And I want alimony, too," Dessie spoke up. "I want all of it."

Blanchard sat up.

"What do you mean by all of it?"

"All the inheritance, of course," she replied.

Blanchard was silent for some time. He looked down at the pad, studying the texture of the paper minutely. After a while he looked up at Dessie, fortifying himself with several deep breaths.

"It's going to be difficult, if not impossible," he said gravely. "Downright difficult, Mrs. Murdock."

"That's your job," Dessie told him. "I've worked hard for my living, too."

Blanchard expelled the breath from his lungs and took a fresh start.

"For one thing, Mrs. Murdock, we have no community property law in this state." He leaned back, rolling the pencil between the palms of his hands. "Naturally, that rules out automatically any possibility of a legal division of Waldo's wealth, whatever it may amount to. But let me put it another way. I'll review briefly the background of the whole matter. A wife is subject, more or less, to the will of the husband, all things being equal, of course. However, the marriage contract also subjects the husband to the will of the wife, placing the shoe on the other foot, so to speak. Now we arrive at the conclusion that the two members of the partnership are each and individually subject to the will of the other. But, and let me speak frankly, in our present society, it is the wife's own responsibility to devise, instate, and employ methods, means, and opportunities for enticement that will cause her spouse to desire of his own free will and accord to bestow, shall we say, a single largess, or, as the case often is, continuing largesses, upon her while united in wedlock. Now, as you no doubt realize, Mrs. Murdock, the average wife, to put it bluntly, by showering her favors upon her spouse obtains, in most instances, a bountiful portion of his goods, chattels, and wealth, in some cases benefits that, judged by worldly stand-

ards, are far out of proportion to the value—"

"No!" Dessie said emphatically.

Blanchard cleared his throat and bit his underlip.

"It might be best, in the long run, to let the presiding judge set the sum you might obtain from your present husband," he said wearily. "I'm afraid I won't be of much help in that connection. However, I can proceed with filing the divorce papers, and the matter of alimony can be taken up in due course."

"When can I see the judge about getting the money?" Dessie asked. "Tomorrow morning?"

"I'm afraid not," he said, shaking his head. "Your suit couldn't possibly come up for trial until the next term of court, come autumn."

"Come autumn!" Dessie cried.

Blanchard nodded.

"You mean wait all that time!" she cried excitedly. "Why! Waldo Murdock will have every penny of the wealth spent long before then. There wouldn't be anything left for me to sue for!"

"Well," Blanchard said, shaking his head, "I don't know what can be done, then. The terms of court are set by statute."

The side door burst open, and they both turned around to find Waldo standing in the doorway blinking his eyes in the bright light! After adjusting his vision, he walked into the room and went to the vacant chair between Dessie and Blanchard.

"How be you, Thornton?" Waldo said, reaching out and grasping Blanchard's hand. He shook it hard.

"Fair," Blanchard said uneasily. He glanced at Dessie. She was staring at Waldo. "Fair," he said again.

Waldo seated himself.

"Thought for a while today I needed to see you about a matter, but I changed my mind. There's no need, now."

"Well, I'm glad you handled the matter without needing any help," Blanchard said, stumbling over the words.

"Decided not to bother handling it," Waldo said, "so, I just dropped it."

"That's fine," Blanchard said, wondering.

Waldo made himself comfortable.

"Was trying to figure out a way to have a good time and keep the money, too. Figured it couldn't be done. So, I decided to get shed of it."

Dessie was about to leap from her chair when Waldo reached into his pants pocket and tossed the big roll of greenbacks across the table to her. The tightly bound roll of money tumbled into her lap.

For a moment Dessie looked as if she did not know what in the world had happened. Then slowly her eyes began to bulge and she looked down into her lap. She stared at the money dazedly.

"Waldo—" she said, her speech choked.

Tears began to flow down her cheeks, and Waldo squirmed uneasily in his chair. He dropped his head, glancing up at her from beneath his eyebrows every now and then.

"Waldo—" she began again. She could not continue.

Waldo wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Figured a man with no more sense than I've got ought not be allowed to possess that much wealth," he said, still looking down. "So, I decided there was only one thing to do and that was to get shed of it." He glanced from Dessie to Blanchard. "It makes me feel better to be shed of it, the whole three hundred and fifty dollars of it."

Her chair falling over backward as she jumped to her feet, Dessie ran to Waldo. She dropped on her knees beside him and threw her arms around him.

"Waldo—that schoolteacher—"

"The mind was weaker than the eye," he said, glancing up at Blanchard. "The mind was weaker than the eye until she said she wanted me to give her the money to carry."

He looked down admiringly at Dessie.

"Waldo," she said haltingly, "I needed that exercise out behind the barn." She looked up into his face. "It did me a lot of good."

Blanchard pushed back his chair as quietly as possible, gathering up his pad and pencil as he backed away from the table. He had almost reached the door when he was startled to hear somebody singing in the kitchen. He stopped and listened, and by that time Dessie had heard it, too. She raised her head and listened intently. It was Justine singing at the top of her voice. She had never sung like that before, not even during the day.

Dessie got up and went to the kitchen door. She threw it open and stood back.

"Come in here, Justine," she called into the next room.

Justine walked slowly past her and went as far as the table. She stood trembling, fearing she was going to be scolded for singing in such a loud voice at that time of night.

Dessie followed her to the table.

"What did you tell me this morning about not having cause to hurry marriage

with Carl Friend, Justine?" she asked her.

Justine gripped her fingers tightly.

"That's what I said this morning, Mrs. Murdock," she replied after hesitating to answer for several moments. She glanced quickly around the room at Waldo and Blanchard. "But—"

Dessie nodded.

"You can't fool me when I hear such singing as I heard a minute ago, Justine," she said. "I think it would be a good thing if you and Carl Friend went ahead right away and bought that chamber suite you were speaking to me about this morning."

She handed Justine the roll of bills and walked around the table to the chair where Waldo sat. Justine looked at the greenbacks in her hand, gripping them tightly before she could bring herself to believe they were real.

"Thank you, Mrs. Murdock!" she said, tears beginning to trickle down her cheeks. "How did you know?"

"Never mind, Justine," Dessie said quickly.

Justine began backing toward the kitchen doorway.

"That money never was intended for us in the first place," Waldo said. "We couldn't have managed it, even if we had had a smart lawyer to help."

Dessie dropped on her knees beside Waldo, throwing her arms around him again. They both turned and looked toward the door where Blanchard was standing. Without a word, he turned, opened the door quickly, and stepped out into the night.

# THE COMING OF AGE

by

Clare Jaynes

THE headwaitress ushered the two middle-aged couples and the young girl into the deserted solarium. "We serve all our meals in here, now that it's so late in the season," she said.

They looked around and felt the desolateness of this sunroom, empty under the glaring, artificial light. The unset, yellow-painted tables and all the unoccupied, straight-backed, yellow-painted chairs looked stiff and unfriendly; the blue-tiled floor shone hard and garish. Beyond the many windows the California night hid the gardens and pressed against the uncurtained panes to reflect the five people in grotesque distortion, swelling too the hanging shapes of the Japanese lanterns above them.

The room's cold simulation of warmth struck the party momentarily silent. Then Mrs. Ferguson, serene with the acceptance learned in her fifty years, spoke from the head of the small refectory table where they had just been seated.

"I'm really sorry about the main dining room being closed. I didn't realize they'd put us in the tearoom. I've never seen it without the sun before."

"Never mind," Mrs. Harris reassured her hostess comfortably. She looked across the table at her husband to include him in what she was saying. "What matters to Milton and me is that we're hav-

ing this reunion with you and Lewis after fifteen years. And that we're finally meeting Sue. But I'm afraid it isn't very exciting here for you, Sue, is it dear?"

Sue sickened at the patronizing tone and gave a polite smile, feeling no politeness. Everybody took her for eighteen, but it seemed as if her parents and their friends would never concede that she had grown up. There was Mrs. Harris' tone, for instance; but she could hardly be blamed after Sue's mother had said a minute ago, "Oh, yes, Sue is nearly sixteen now . . . going on ninety, you know." Did it make them feel younger than their fifty-odd years, Sue wondered, to keep insisting that she was only fifteen? And that only fifteen meant a little girl in every way? All her mother's women friends treated her in that pat-the-little-girl-on-the-head manner. The men weren't so bad now, though. Most of them showed her a kind of mock exaggerated courtesy, as if they at least acknowledged her young womanhood. They were all that way, she thought with resignation, except this Mr. Harris sitting next to her. She had only known him a half-hour. But she didn't like him. He hadn't treated her like a baby, certainly, but there was something else there, something that did not belong in the face of one of her father's friends.

She let their conversation drift over her head. "Sorry it's so empty here." "Late in the season." "Milton, you *must* see the murals in the peacock room before we leave this evening." The quiet familiar tones of her mother's voice, Mrs. Harris' Southern accent, the men's deeper tones.

Suddenly Mrs. Harris addressed her. "I used to know your mother when she was your age."

Sue tried to look brightly interested.

"But she wasn't as pretty as you are," Mr. Harris rumbled beside her.

Sue felt the intense pathetic gratification of youth at last accepted by its elders. She looked up at Mr. Harris with a quick smile. Then she snatched her eyes away from his. What a funny way for him to look at me, she thought. She glanced quickly at her mother, but Mrs. Ferguson hadn't seemed to notice anything. Her gray head was bent toward Mrs. Harris', as they talked softly, reminiscing.

Sue ate her soup silently, her mind filled with thoughts that were more emotions than words. She was an only child, born to her parents late in their lives. She wanted so much to be accepted into their adulthood, not pushed back any more into that intermediate span of teens from which she was certain she was ready to emerge.

Over her elders' conversation she heard a car drive up outside and her imagination peopled it at once with some people from Hollywood, a movie director and his wife. They would come to the door of this lighted room and see her sitting there, looking so young yet so composed among these older people. The director would see her, slim and small beside the huge Mr. Harris and his practiced eyes would take in the shape of her face and the thick shoulder-length black

hair which her father teasingly called her "glamour locks."

Look, the director would say to his wife, that girl there, a type, what we've been looking for.

Unconsciously Sue straightened, sitting young and eager, her eyes on the door, her shoulders back, the beige wool of her light frock straining across her high young breasts.

Something insinuated into her day-dream, became solid, real, sickening. Mr. Harris' leg, his knee were pressing against hers under the table. She looked up at him startled, but he was talking to her father, seemingly unaware of what he was doing. He couldn't have done it on purpose, she thought in shocked repudiation of her own suspicion. But then as she continued to stare at him she saw him clearly, awfully, in one complete instinct-illuminated look. She saw his bigness, his heaviness, his grossness. There were bags of dark flesh beneath his eyes and his cheeks were loose with the looseness of past dissipation. It was a face of jowls and pouches and thick, drooping sensuous lips. She saw his hands on the table and they were horrible to her, immense hands with fleshy, freckled, hairy backs.

She shrank, drawing into herself, pressing her thighs tight together, moving all of herself beyond his disgusting touch.

"I'm afraid this empty place isn't very exciting for you, after all, Sue," Mrs. Ferguson said.

Oh, thank you Mother, thank you for talking to me now. She smiled. "Oh, but it's fun, Mother, being out with you." Her eyes sought Mrs. Ferguson's, trying to convey to her what had happened, asking for help. But Mrs. Ferguson only smiled back encouragingly. As if she were helping me at a school play, Sue

thought despairingly. She doesn't understand what I mean. She thinks I'm just flustered at being with grown-ups. Oh, Mother, don't let that man touch me again.

Imperceptibly she edged her chair closer to her father's, away from Mr. Harris. Now he couldn't touch her even when he leaned toward her to speak to her father.

She listened to her mother and Mrs. Harris talking of old mutual friends. She interjected remarks with false brightness. "You can't mean Mrs. Montgomery, Mother! She *never* could have been beautiful."

"Oh, but she was, Sue, wasn't she, Eleanor? One of the prettiest girls at school." Mrs. Ferguson beamed on her daughter, showing her pleasure that Sue was able to enter into the conversation and still remember her place as a youngster.

Enveloped in that smile of her mother's and included now in the women's conversation, Sue began to feel safer, easier. It didn't matter that she had no interest in their friends, those indescribably dull and unromantic ladies who she was sure had never stirred or even wanted to stir sentimental desires in any boy's heart. She didn't want to think of romance now or love or anything like it. She wanted to feel protected. And they were safe, these ladies who were her mother's friends, safe and comfortable and unalarming.

Then Mr. Harris suddenly spoke to her and in his tone she sensed again that something which was like the slow pressure of his leg. His words were paternal enough, full of interest in the activities of youth, but the thing was there in his voice. She answered carefully, politely, aware of her father's attention, aware also, from the kindly expression of his face, that he did not understand what this

man was doing to his daughter—for Mr. Harris was keeping her in the conversation, making her the center of it, holding her up to the others, holding her up for his own eyes.

She struggled to retain her composure, not to feel his looking at her. But it was there, a looking down, slantwise, so that as he appeared to bend a kindly paternal glance on her she could feel the fingertips of his eyes on her breasts, on her half-bare arms, her lap and her thighs—his lids drooping, his lips drooping.

She looked up at her father, her eyes desperate. And she saw he had not noticed. Her mother, then? No, she did not see either. But his wife, Sue thought in an agony of shame, she must see. She must see and be sick and humiliated. But Mrs. Harris was nodding and smiling. They were all blindfolded with the complacency of their grown-upness. None of them could do any wrong. They could not see, because they would not see. And so they were letting Mr. Harris undress her with his eyes, feel her with his eyes, while they looked on smiling and approving.

A slow, sulky anger grew in Sue, a heat and at the same time a coldness, a scorn of her elders which was stronger than anything she had ever felt. How can they be so dumb, so unwilling to see? she thought. How can they be taken in by his idiotic fatherly business? He's disgusting, he's vile; I could throw up.

She grew hard now in her anger, sullen and unresponsive, furious at her elders who were permitting this to be done to her. She did not even hear how the conversation about the peacock room began.

"But you must see it, Milton," her mother was urging Mr. Harris. "It's a

room for small dinners and the murals are really exquisite. It's a beautiful room."

"By all means, have a look at it," Mr. Ferguson said. "Go down to the end of the dining room off the lobby over there. It's the small room that opens off the end."

"You really shouldn't miss it," Mrs. Harris said. "I told you so after I was here yesterday."

"Oh, I want to see those paintings, all right," Mr. Harris said. "But I won't wait until after dinner. I'll go now." He pushed back his chair. "Will you be my guide, Sue?" He asked.

The girl's mind walked down the long unlighted, narrow dining room to the small muraled room at the end, to the room in darkness with unknown light switches, to being there with this man.

"No," she said, sullenly. "I won't be your guide."

There was a second's shocked incredulous silence. The adults stared at her. She glared back stonily.

Then her mother said, "She doesn't mean that, do you, Sue?" There was warning and command in her tone.

And her father said in a voice of controlled quiet, "Of course, Milton, Sue will be glad to show you."

But they mustn't do this to me, they must not, Sue thought wildly. They must see what he wants, they must. They have to believe me. Are all grown-ups like that? They stick together. They won't help me, even my own father won't help me. Oh, please won't you have some faith in me, some faith in what I feel about this man?

She heard the polite patter with which her mother and Mrs. Harris were trying to cover up her sullen refusal. She heard Mr. Harris' laughter and joking with its

my-my-what-a-naughty-girl overtone and she heard her father's order to show Mr. Harris the way to the peacock room. And so, abandoned, she gave in.

"All right," she said ungraciously. She got up and marched out of the room without looking back.

The dining room was long, dimly lighted for a few yards near the lobby, narrowing into total darkness at the far end where it opened into the black square of the unlighted peacock room. Sue's fear walked beside her down the center aisle between the ever-fading silhouettes of empty square tables set around with empty painted chairs. She felt how small she was and how thin and young. She felt the hugeness of the man lumbering behind her; she could hear his breathing and her flesh crept.

At the entrance to the peacock room she paused, feeling along the wall for a light switch, hastily, nervously. She felt him crowding toward her, pushing her into the room. She slid along the wall, her back to its surface, her outstretched hands searching frantically for a switch to release her with light. She could see nothing other than his face, hung, a dim pale patch above her, chin level with the top of her head.

She felt the suffocation of his suit closing her in between him and the wall, the rough dark wool against her, the smooth wall at her back. Then the immense hands descended on her, fumbling over her. "That's not the wall," she said, "that's me." She tried to move, to create a pretense that he too was looking for a light switch.

"That's you," he said thickly, "you, you. I want you. I want to kiss you." His breathing was loud, a thing which only her instinct understood. His hands were a horror.

She wanted to scream but couldn't. Then she knew with sudden clarity that he was counting on her fear to keep her quiet, to keep her from struggling so that nothing could be seen when they re-joined the others, nothing to give either of them away.

And with this knowledge her fear was pushed out by anger that he should try to make her a conspirator against herself. It was a cold, strong anger, which was new to her experience, an anger which told her she was all-powerful here, that her intelligence was working, where he was beyond intelligence.

As his face came close to her she pushed her doubled fists with all her strength against his chest. He stepped back from her, then groped forward again, his hands still too wanting for him to think of pinioning her arms.

"You. You." He kept repeating. "Don't do that to me. You're so exciting. I want you. You. You. I want to kiss you."

"Don't touch me again," she said quietly.

She felt his hands fumble out to her, his wet lips on her face. She struck him, slapping him hard across the cheek. The sound was sharp and loud in the empty room.

The man stepped back.

She turned and felt her way to the door. She walked out down the funnel of the long dining room to its lighted end. She walked quietly. She did not touch her disarranged hair, nor stop to close the zipper of her dress where he had pulled it open half down the front. She knew her cheeks were white and her eyes blazing. She could still feel

the muscles of her face pulling tight, at her lips, at her nostrils, at her lids.

She walked into the sunroom and quietly took her place at the table. For an instant no one noticed her. Then her mother said, "But Sue, what did you do with Mr. Harris? Where is —" The sentence died incomplete.

Sue saw the three pairs of incredulous adult eyes fixed on her. She felt hard and strong, sure of herself. This is what they deserve, she thought. This is what they deserve for their conspiracy to treat me like a child. This is their punishment for not believing me. Now they can see that I knew what I was doing.

I'm sorry for you, you fool, she thought, looking at Mrs. Harris and seeing the woman's weak blue eyes fill with tears. You ought to know what he's like. If you don't, look at him. Here he comes.

Mr. Harris walked in and took his seat. "Very interesting, those peacocks," he said. "Very beautiful."

In spite of his bent head the mark of Sue's slap was clear on his cheek.

"Oh," she said hard and quiet, "so you saw them after all. Were you able to find the light switch after I left? You can see," she said to the others, "how he mistook me for the light switch."

She heard the gasp from her elders. She smiled an angry adult smile and turned to her mother.

"Could I have some coffee, please?" she asked.

She saw her mother's mind form the usual automatic "You know you're not allowed to drink coffee. You're too young yet." But the words were not spoken.

"Bring my daughter some coffee, please," Mrs. Ferguson said to the waitress.

# McEWEN'S AFFAIR

by

Frank Sisk

ONE evening during the fifth year of their marriage it occurred to McEwen that he was no longer in love with his wife. As soon as the fact was admitted, proof of it leaped so readily to mind that he realized his thoughts must have been running toward this end for a number of days, maybe weeks or months.

To begin with, he didn't think his wife was pretty any more. That frail flowerlike quality, which had been her chief attraction for him, had withered considerably; now she was a thin colorless woman with blondish hair and a pale bony face. Secondly, her voice, unnoticed until the moment, was without modulation, sharp and tinny, and since she never said anything he was the slightest bit interested in, that made it all the worse. Thirdly, and probably most important, he felt that his wife didn't love him, either. She tolerated him, that's all, because lack of imagination or matter of habit disallowed another course.

He was eating supper in the kitchen at the time. Over the table hung the usual dull silence, broken occasionally when his wife asked him if he wanted this or would he pass her that. They chewed mechanically at their food, like two ruminative animals, their eyes glazed and far away, lit neither by thought nor appreciation of what they were eating. Finally

McEwen looked up from his plate. He looked at his wife's face. Her brows were raised in an abstract expression that narrowed and wrinkled her forehead, giving her the appearance of moon-struck stupidity.

Disgusted, he placed the knife and fork crosswise on his plate, shoved back his chair and got to his feet, with a glance at the clock on the butterfly shelf above the table.

"Are you finished?" asked his wife disinterestedly.

"Yes," he said. "I've got to be somewhere at seven-thirty."

This was unusual. As a rule, on all evenings, except Saturdays when they went to the movies, he would repair to the parlor immediately after supper, get the front section of the newspaper and settle down in his easy chair for several hours of reading. When his wife had done their few dishes, she'd join him, taking the chair on the opposite side of the floor lamp, with the other section of the paper in her lap. And there they'd sit, with the radio turned low, separated from each other until it was time to go to bed.

"Seven-thirty?" his wife was repeating, looking at him with faint curiosity. "What's so important at seven-thirty?"

He was standing in the center of the

kitchen, buttoning his vest. "Just a little engagement," he replied, with a polite smile. "Nothing much. Don't wait up for me." And he walked into the other room, the smile hovering at the corners of his lips.

His wife came to the kitchen doorway, still holding her napkin, and watched him, puzzled. She didn't speak until he had donned his topcoat and was reaching his hat off a chair. Then in a voice half angry, half petulant she said, "Where are you going? Back to the office?"

He didn't answer. He went to the mirror on the buffet and inspected his face, holding his chin at an upward angle and running his fingers gently along the jawbone. "I guess I don't need a shave," he said, aloud but obviously addressing himself.

"Not if you're just going to the office," said his wife.

He pretended not to hear. "What did you say?" he asked, still in front of the mirror, and setting his hat at a jaunty slant on his head.

"I said you won't have to shave if you're just going to the office," his wife said, quite annoyed by now.

He turned and regarded her for a moment with amusement. "No," he said. "No, you're right. I won't." Then he crossed to the smoking stand near the easy chair, picked up his pack of cigarettes, lit one and started for the door leading into the hall. As his hand touched the knob, his wife spoke again, this time with a definite trace of anger.

"I wish you'd tell me where you're going."

He didn't look back. "Why to the office, of course," he said, mockery in his voice. Then he opened the door and left.

From force of habit he strolled to the street corner and waited for the bus he

took each morning on the way to work. When it came along he boarded it and rode downtown, getting off in the theatre district. It was a cold January night but McEwen didn't mind it at all. In fact, as he moved through the theatre crowds, under the bright lights, he felt actually warm and cosy. After a few minutes of indecision, he approached the Rivoli's box office and bought a ticket.

When he came out three hours later it was only five minutes to eleven, so he spent another half-hour in the tavern next door. He drank three glasses of beer—which was something of a record for him—and then, delightfully mellow and sleepy, he went outside and waited for his bus.

His wife was asleep when he got home. It was a little before midnight. He undressed in the bathroom so as not to disturb her. But as he crawled into bed, she suddenly propped herself up on one elbow and looked at him. The room was dark except for the moonlight coming through the window and spilling on the floor.

"What time is it?" she asked, surprisingly wide awake.

"About two," McEwen lied.

"Two?" She was incredulous. "And you're just getting in? At two? Where've you been?"

"Out," he said placidly, settling back on the pillow and pulling up the bed covers. He couldn't quite make out her features, but he could imagine how she looked: her hair done up in curlers, her face oily with cold cream, her rougeless lips compressed in a severe little line of annoyance.

"You've been drinking, too, haven't you?" she finally said. She must have smelled the beer on his breath.

He yawned. "Yes," he admitted

sleepily, "we had a few drinks. I guess they made me tired. Good night." He rolled over on his side, his back to his wife.

"Who was with you?" she asked. "Anyone I know?"

"No," he replied, his voice muffled by the quilt which he had pulled up as high as his ears. He was enjoying the situation immensely, more than he had enjoyed anything in a long time, and he was taking a sadistic pleasure in making it last. He heard his wife change her position, the bedsprings creaking.

"Well, who were you with?" she demanded. "There's no need to be mysterious about it . . . or is there?" she added sarcastically.

"Maybe," he said. "Good night now. I'm tired."

"Listen here," she began, snapping on the night-table light. "I think I have a right to a civil answer. Staying out till two in the morning, I think I'm entitled to an explanation of some kind. After all, I'm your wife."

McEwen rolled over on his back, blinking his eyes in the shaded lamplight, and grinned. "I don't think you'd understand," he said.

His wife glared indignantly. "Oh, I'm just stupid and insensitive, I suppose. Who was it, Joe Ryan or somebody?"

"No, it was not Joe Ryan. It was nobody you'd know."

"I might surprise you," she said. "Now who was it?"

He finally sat up, keeping the expression on his face sufficiently sleepy, and yawned. "All right," he said. "It was a woman."

"A woman!" Her voice was high, sharp and more tinny than ever. "You're lying. I can see it in your face."

"That's fine," he said easily. "Well, good night then." And once more he sank back on the pillow and closed his eyes.

"I know very well you're lying," his wife said, then added after a pause, "Aren't you?"

"Please turn out the light," he said. "I'm tired."

"You're lying, aren't you?" she said in a quieter tone.

"Yes," he said. "Now please turn out the light."

This time she obeyed. McEwen sighed deeply, then settled down to regular breathing. But his ears were alert. He heard his wife moving around on her side of the bed, trying to get comfortable for the night. The springs creaked. Then a long silence. Her breathing was inaudible, so he knew she was awake. He lay there, with the respiration of a man asleep, listening for the first sounds of her familiar snoring, but they didn't come. When he again opened his eyes it was morning and he could hear her moving about the kitchen.

At breakfast they observed their customary silence, but now there was something hidden behind it, a number of words curbed just on the tip of the tongue. Determined to appear unmindful, McEwen ate a hearty meal, noting with perverse pleasure that his wife scarcely touched a thing. As he poured his second cup of coffee and lit a cigarette, he made a few favorable comments on the weather. These brisk winter mornings, they certainly gave a man plenty of pep, didn't they?

"Then you're feeling all right?" his wife asked.

"Fine. Why not?" Frankly, his head was still a bit heavy from the beer he had

drunk the night before, and his stomach didn't feel so good, either.

"Well, you didn't get much sleep," his wife said, "and I was wondering."

"I feel fine," he said. "Never felt better."

"Long as you didn't drink too much," she said tentatively. "I think it's the liquor more than anything that takes it out of you the next day."

"Five or six cocktails never hurt anybody," he replied.

"Five or six?" She lifted her brows and stared at him pointedly. "You were drunk then?"

"I wouldn't say that," he said. "A little high maybe. But I was all right by the time I got home. Sober as a judge."

His wife paused, then asked hesitantly, "And what you said—about that woman—it was true?"

"What I said? I don't remember saying anything about her. Only that we had a few drinks together."

"Then it's true," flared his wife. "You were out with a woman, weren't you?"

McEwen's face was bland. "Why, sure," he said. "I told you that last night, didn't I?"

She rose to her feet and stood back from the table, looking at him with menace. "Who is she?" she asked hatefully. "Some little stenographer at the office or something?"

McEwen calmly took a sip of his coffee. "It's nobody you'd know," he said.

"I demand to know her name," cried his wife, furious.

He set the coffee cup back on the saucer and regarded her with a weary smile, a smile of infinite patience. "Her name is Phyllis," he said. Phyllis was the prettiest name he could think of, so much prettier than his wife's, which was Mabel, that he knew the comparison

would hurt her. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Phyllis what?" she asked dangerously.

"Her last name wouldn't mean anything to you," he said, smiling.

She was outraged beyond words. Wrapping her housecoat tightly around her thin body, she walked out of the kitchen. He heard the bedroom door slam shut. Then, finishing his coffee, he doused the cigarette in the cup and got up from the table, feeling that he had already done a good day's work.

Late that afternoon he phoned home to say that he'd be detained and not to wait supper for him. His wife received this news coldly, responding in a few curt monosyllables, and finally hung up on him while he was in the midst of a deliberately obvious alibi concerning a certain account which the boss wanted a complete estimation on by morning.

That evening he ate supper in a cafeteria and went to a movie again, returning home by eleven o'clock. His wife, as he expected, was sleeping in the guest room. The next morning nothing was said one way or the other. To all outward appearances it was just one more dreary breakfast.

A week passed, with McEwen carrying on his strange affair in the politest possible manner; never actually flourishing it, referring to it only in discreet hyperbole—"I promised Joe Ryan I'd sit in on a little poker tonight," or "I think I'll go out for a walk, if you don't mind. It's getting kind of stuffy in here." To which his wife presented a sullen face at first, then a face of stolid indifference.

Apparently, thought McEwen, she is going to accept the matter passively, which simply goes to prove another point against her—she hasn't any pride.

Several more days went by, and then

she found the lipstick in the pocket of the coat he asked her to send to the cleaners. It was a masterly stratagem designed to bring the affair to some sort of crisis. For McEwen was beginning to weary of the movies and the evenings away from his comfortable easy chair. Already the late hours he forced himself to keep were putting pouches of fatigue under his eyes, and his whole system felt a little run-down. Therefore, the evening of the day he'd left the lipstick in his coat pocket, he came home from work confident that the denouement was at hand. That it didn't come as soon as he entered the kitchen was cause for mild surprise, even momentary relief to him. Throughout the meal he watched his wife covertly, wondering where she was getting all this amazing self-control. Or maybe she hadn't found the lipstick after all.

"Did you send my coat to the cleaners?" he asked pleasantly.

His wife was sitting at her end of the table, pouring tea. "Of course," she said; and then, as if by afterthought, she added, "Oh, yes, and I found the lipstick, too." She set the teapot on the cork serving mat and looked across at him with a sly vindictive smile.

"The lipstick?" he asked, affecting perplexity. "What lipstick?"

"Why, the one in your coat pocket, the coat I sent to the cleaners." She was smiling at him in a strange catlike way, a smile of cunning and guile. He didn't like it at all. It threw him off his pace and made him feel uneasy.

"Oh, the lipstick," he said. He managed a sheepish grin, like a man embarrassed but resolved to laugh it off. "I forgot," he said apologetically, "I should have thought—"

"It was just what I needed," his wife said, her voice nearly silky. "And just right for my complexion, too."

"Of course," he said, summoning an expression of broad relief to his face. He was now playing his part beautifully. The husband whose carelessness has nearly exposed his extra-marital affair to his wife. For a moment it looks as if he's going to be found out. But, no! Just when all hope seems lost, when he is almost on the verge of confessing that the lipstick belongs to another woman, his wife comes to the rescue under the misconception that the lipstick is intended for her. So the husband, breathing a large sigh of relief, says, "Of course. Why, of course." It was perfect. In fact, watching his wife's strangely satirical smile, McEwen decided that it was *too* perfect. The cues were a little too stagey. It was not a one-man show any longer.

For somehow his wife had gotten into it and was playing a part he couldn't quite understand or appreciate. Watching her guardedly, he reached out for the sugar bowl. "Well," he said, wary, "I'm glad you found it. I meant to—that is, I intended to mention it last night but—"

"That's all right," she said, taking a sip of her tea. "And long as I have it now, that's what counts." Her gaze was ironical, amused.

McEwen, beginning to entertain a horrible suspicion, said, "Of course," for the third time.

"It's lucky I'm not the jealous type," his wife continued, "or else I might have thought it was for what's-her-name."

"Phyllis?" asked McEwen weakly. He was certain now that his wife knew the real story. Probably she had followed him or had him followed. There was nothing to which she wouldn't stoop.

"Oh, yes! Phyllis—that's the name. By the way, how is she these days? You haven't mentioned her lately."

"Phyllis?" he repeated, looking blindly at the clock on the butterfly shelf. "Oh, fine, I guess." He pushed back his chair and got nervously to his feet, his sole desire being to escape from the room, to get out of the house and far away from his wife's glittering eyes and her thin insinuating voice. "Is the clock right?" he mumbled, self-consciously stroking his nose with his forefinger and looking like a man on the verge of running out of the room.

"As far as I know," his wife said. "But don't tell me you have to go down to the office again tonight?" she added with mock disappointment.

"No," he said, buttoning his vest with fumbling fingers. "No, not exactly. I was just thinking I might—" He searched frantically for some excuse that would make his retreat both plausible and graceful. Instinctively he didn't want to say anything about Joe Ryan or poker, or

about taking a little walk out in the air where it wasn't so stuffy. And yet, what else? A few cocktails with somebody? No, that would be stepping right into it with his jaw out. The movies? That was downright laughable. He stared helplessly at the clock.

"Well," said his wife, her tone suddenly taking on a metallic edge. He couldn't bring himself to look at her, but he felt that her mouth had grown set in the harsh lines of scorn, that her eyes were studying him with cold contempt, that her arms were folded determinedly in front of her. His spirit quailed. His head began to ache with the fever of embarrassment. "Well," his wife repeated, louder and firmer this time.

"Well," he muttered, giving her a side-long glance, "I was just thinking I'd stay in tonight." Then, lowering his eyes in confusion, he hastily left the kitchen, feeling like an awkward child, sure of nothing in the world except the unmitigated fact that he did not love his wife. No, by God, he hated her.

# PORTRAIT OF ALLISON

by

Elliott Arnold

THIS morning when Allison Lee woke she held a levee, as she did on all mornings, with her mother and her French maid paying enchanted homage. The first thing Allison did upon opening her eyes in the darkened room—Allison kept the blinds drawn—was ring the little gold-plated bell that stood on the dressing table next to her bed. That brought in Celeste, the maid. Without saying a word Celeste moved quietly through the room, reached out from long habit to the exact spot on the table she could not see for the smoked glasses. These she placed on Allison's eyes, murmuring at just that moment, "Good day, m'mzelle."

Even though it was the first gesture of the day, Allison, as usual, managed a brilliant smile. She answered, good morning, in the soft accent she still retained from her birth and childhood in the West, and then Celeste switched on the sun lamp. The lamp was placed in precisely the exact position so that its rays just covered Allison's slim and lovely body. Allison always woke in exactly the same place in her bed every morning and there never was any need for her to move for the maid to adjust the lamp.

For exactly five minutes Celeste permitted the ultra-violet rays to play on Allison and then Allison turned over and

took five minutes of it on her back. Then the lamp was turned off, the blinds were drawn, Allison rose, stretched, looked out, and since it was a nice day, said, "It *is* a nice day, isn't it?" If it had not been a nice day, she would have said, "It's *not* a nice day, is it?" always adding, "But perhaps it will get nice later on." Allison was openly cheerful. She used the word "nice" frequently. It was a favorite word. When she said someone was a "nice" person, it was the second best compliment she could pay that person. The best compliment was "very nice."

After the maid left the room, Allison's mother, who acted as her secretary, entered the room. Allison's mother was a charming, middle-aged lady who woke very early every day and immediately read all the gossip columns in the morning tabloids. Frequently the name of Allison Lee was mentioned. Allison Lee was an opera star and opera stars did not usually find themselves in Broadway columns, but Allison Lee was very beautiful. She had made two pictures in Hollywood and often sang over the radio and the columnists regularly reported her romances. Allison never went to the night clubs where the columnists usually obtained this type of information—she did not drink, nor smoke—but nevertheless her beaux, as she called them, were all duly tabulated,

sometimes, on a dull Monday, even leading off a paragraph in Winchell's column, which was considered a far greater mention than when it was buried deep in the paragraph. The first sentence always is in blacker type.

Mrs. Lee read these columns primarily to see if Allison were mentioned, but it was a labor of love because Mrs. Lee was a bright and spry person and was very curious. If none of the columns had anything in them about Allison, or about Allison's friends, Allison never bothered to read them. She was not very curious. When Mrs. Lee finished the columns she remained in a state of alert until the little gold bell tinkled. Then she started for the kitchen and began to squeeze the juice of three oranges. She had learned, from experience, that she could squeeze the oranges, strain them, and then put in two chunks of ice in about the length of time it took the sun lamp to shine on the front of Allison. During the time the lamp browned the back of Allison, the ice chilled the juice to just the proper temperature. Allison possessed exceptional sense perception and could tell immediately if the orange juice were left standing.

"Good morning, Mama," Allison said when her mother entered the room.

"Why good morning, honey," Mrs. Lee said.

"I slept very well," Allison said, since she had slept very well. Often she merely said she slept well. On rare occasions she reported she slept badly. Allison was very accurate about everything. Whatever the remark, Mrs. Lee had the proper battery of answers, ranging from "why that's fine," to "too bad, honey." Allison was just under thirty but it pleased both her mother and herself to refer to her occasionally as though she were getting up to

go to high school. On these occasions Mrs. Lee called her "child" or "little girl."

Allison had given a performance at the opera the night before, so this morning Mrs. Lee asked, "How did you sing last night, honey?"

"Just fair," Allison replied, sipping her orange juice.

"That's not what the papers say," Mrs. Lee contradicted happily. "They said you were magnificent as usual. The *Times* said you never have been in better voice, that you did Mimi with such pathos, such feeling."

"Perhaps he was just being kind," Allison said graciously.

"You know the *Times* is never just kind," Mrs. Lee bristled. "If they said you were magnificent you must have been and I know you were. Besides all the other papers say the same thing."

"Well that's good," Allison said with finality. "I have to sing again tonight and it's good to have that encouragement."

"As though *you* need encouragement," Mrs. Lee said, laughing.

"I do, Mama," Allison said. "I really do."

When Allison finished her orange juice she exercised for exactly ten minutes. This exercising was actually a disciplinary routine. Allison believed in discipline. In reality Allison was lithe and slender and often critics, listening to her truly splendid voice and the power and sustaining quality of her singing, marveled that it could come from so unoperatic-looking a chest. As a matter of fact an article based on just such an observation had appeared only a few days before in the magazine section of the *Sunday Journal-American*.

The ten minutes up, Allison stopped

and looked into the full-length mirror. Her hair was tawny, and lay long and low on her head. Her eyes were a miraculous blue and since Allison never dissipated they were this bright sea blue even upon awakening. Allison had a soft and creamy complexion which she cared for carefully. The cold cream she put on at night disappeared by morning and as she looked in the mirror she saw a clean, serene countenance.

Allison showered and then had coffee and one slice of toast. She was just finishing the coffee when the phone rang and she felt a quickening in her stomach and she said quickly, "That's Bill."

"It might not be," her mother said, smiling.

"It's Bill," Allison said. "I know his ring."

"Child, you are demented," Mrs. Lee said.

"Answer it, *Mama*," Allison said.

Mrs. Lee picked up the receiver and then smiled again and said, hello Bill, and then laughed and Allison knew that Bill was teasing her mother again. Mrs. Lee talked to him for a few minutes and laughed several times and all the while Allison was tight and wanted to take the telephone from her mother and say very quickly, hello, Bill, my darling, but she didn't, she couldn't, and she waited until her mother said, yes, Miss Allison is awake, and then she reached out for the receiver.

"Hello, Bill," she said, and her voice was just the right tone, pleasant, light, charming, friendly.

"How are you?"

She could see him in his studio now. He probably was wearing the paint-stained sweat shirt, and had stuck the brush behind his ear. He always got up early to get the morning light and

usually had painted for hours before he called her.

"I'm very well, Bill," Allison said. "I slept very well. How are you?" Her voice tinkled.

"All right. Still a little overhung."

"Bill, you weren't drinking again." Just the right amount of reproach in her voice, she knew. She wanted to shake him hard and she wanted her voice to say that, but it was properly reproachful instead.

"Why not?" Bill asked.

"Do I have to watch over you all the time?"

"No. Just two nights a week. The other times I do all right watching myself."

"Bill, you're such a child." Bill was not a child, she thought. He did not drink alone. There were sudden pictures that could hurt, only Allison would not let them hurt.

"Yeah," Bill said. "The usual time to-night?" he asked.

"Yes, honey," she said.

"Anywhere special you want to go?"

"Just home," she said. "Just home with you."

"Sure there's nowhere you'd like to go? I'll make reservations."

"You know I don't care for night clubs, Bill. I don't drink and I don't smoke and just to go and sit in some smelly little place seems so silly to me. I'd rather just go home with you."

"Good title for a song," Bill said. "I'd rather go home with you—there's nothing else I'd like to do. . . ."

"All right," she said primly. "All right, make fun of my honest emotions."

"I'll pick you up in the dressing room."

"All right."

She hung up the receiver and lay back in bed. Bill was someone new. He was irresponsible as most artists were, she

thought, and her mouth became soft. She had met him only a few weeks before at a cocktail party at which she was having a very boring time because she never touched cocktails and the butler seemed annoyed when she kept asking him for orange juice. Bill Hendricks had been staring at her, long and coolly, and she had known it and then he had shaken his head and walked up to her and said, "Beautiful, but icy." Bill was very tall, and his hair was wild and black and she had thought he was drunk and was ready to excuse his bad manners on that ground, but he held his Martini up to her as though he had read her thoughts and added, "That's from me and not from this. This is the first. Maybe after awhile I won't see the ice. Now it's cold and clean and belongs with a snow background. Your face, I mean. Not the Martini. The sky ought to be just a shade lighter than your eyes, to bring them out. Beautiful, beautiful face. Frozen." He looked at her for another moment and then walked away.

Sally Orland, her hostess, rushed over to explain that Bill was an artist and crazy anyway and everybody let him talk anyway he pleased and after awhile Allison left and as she rode along in the taxi with her escort, someone very neat and completely unexciting from the social register, she was annoyed with herself to find that the only thing she was angry at Bill for was that he never had returned to say anything more after the first time. She thought for a moment that she would call him up and say something amusingly nasty to him, but she decided she couldn't do that. She waited for him to call, almost knowing he would call, but it was almost three weeks later, and since that time she had been seeing him once or twice a week, spacing him judiciously be-

tween Robert, the architect who was wooing her now for the eighth year and was confident he was on the home stretch, and Fred, the social-register person who had a wonderful career ahead of him in Wall Street, even today.

Allison lay back on her pillow today and thought about Bill and was vaguely disturbed. Bill did that to her. Robert and Fred were known quantities. They never surprised her and usually she was grateful for this evenness. Her relationships with them were secure and smooth. She didn't quite understand Bill, and sometimes she thought he was laughing at her. She could never say why, and Bill always denied it, but she felt that just the same.

Mrs. Lee re-entered the room and Allison smiled brightly and asked, "What's on the program this morning, *Mama*?"

"Well," Mrs. Lee said, opening a small, black engagement book. "You have a lesson at one. At two-thirty you promised to coach June. At four you have a fitting for your new evening gown. You promised to have dinner with Robert."

"I'll be very happy to help June in whatever little way I can," Allison said.

"You are so good."

"No, *Mama*, if a girl can't help her little old school chum who hasn't been too successful she isn't fit to have a friend."

"Bless your heart, child," Mrs. Lee said. "It's only a real success who could be so generous."

"I made up my mind that I would be successful, *Mama*," Allison said. "I believe that when one makes up one's mind to do something, and is determined to do that thing, one can't help but succeed."

"Of course, June never had your voice to start with," Mrs. Lee said. "I remember when you were both little girls and

her mother used to bring her into the house, all dressed up so pretty, and used to tell how well the teacher said she sang."

"She *was* so pretty," Allison said. "I used to be so jealous of her. I *was* a funny-looking little girl, wasn't I *Mama*." I remember how frightened I was to grow up. I always used to think I never could get a fellow." She smiled a little and closed her eyes. "I think I was the homeliest girl in town. I was afraid to go to parties because none of the boys ever would pay attention to me."

"It is strange, how things work out," Mrs. Lee said. "Now look at you."

"Now, look at me," Allison repeated softly. "Sometimes you can't change all the way inside though. Sometimes that fright remains."

"Hush, child, you don't mean to tell me you want me to think you are still frightened of boys," Mrs. Lee said.

"I'm only joking, *Mama*," Allison said. "About June, I don't say June could have become an opera singer but she could have done far better with herself. In some other kind of singing. June is such a sweet girl but she does lack will power."

"She certainly does," Mrs. Lee said.

"She got things much too easily," Allison said.

Allison dressed rapidly. She believed dressing was a waste of time and used as little time on it as possible. She had an air about her, however, and her clothing seemed immediately to belong to her, and to her body alone, as soon as she put it on. She had a way of walking, with her chin high and her eyes very wide open, blue and clear-seeing. She favored wide-brimmed sports hats, and wore them with the brim pulled down over the side of her face.

Allison and her mother lived on Sutton Place. As soon as she reached the street she called a taxi and gave him the address of her music teacher, a little Russian émigré. She burst into his office twenty minutes later, smiling graciously at the teacher's secretary, sailing past the secretary into the studio where Professor Glinkoff was waiting for her. The professor was a short, bald-headed man who worshipped Napoleon. Once, in Moscow, before the revolution, he had got very drunk and he wandered out in front of the Kremlin and fell asleep. When he woke he thought he was in heaven. The street was filled with horsemen and at their head was Napoleon Bonaparte. He started to shout and jumped up and down and ran in front of Napoleon and tried to kiss his hand. Then he was yanked away and he discovered they were just making a moving picture. He never forgot that day and through the passage of the years he almost got to believe he really had seen Napoleon.

"Good morning, professor," Allison said enthusiastically.

"Good morning, Miss Lee," he said. "It is always so good to see you. You are so filled with strength and vitality. It is a pleasure to see you come in."

"Why, thank you, professor," Allison said widening her eyes.

"I have read the papers of your singing last night in *Bohème*," the professor went on. "The critics said you were magnificent. I am very proud of you, Miss Allison, my child."

"I have you to thank for it, Professor Glinkoff," Allison answered with her very sunniest smile that always seemed to show twice as many teeth as anyone else ever had, and each of them twice as bright.

"Ah, I wish I could have heard you,"

the professor said rapturously, holding his hands together.

"You shall this evening, this very evening," Allison said. "I'm doing Tosca. I shall put two seats in the box office for you."

"Miss Allison, you are so good to this old man I am moved almost to tears," the Russian said. He looked sadly at a bust of Napoleon.

"It is my pleasure to repay you a little for the wonderful things you have done for me. You shall come tonight and enjoy yourself," Allison said. She placed her hand on her hip and held her head and chin high. She was very tall and slim, and she was most beautiful.

She took out her little black book and marked in it, two tickets for Glinkoff and then she took off her hat and coat and started to vocalize. Her voice rang high and true. It made her feel good to sing. She was certain then, sure of herself; this she could do, and do well. Nothing frightened her when she sang. She really did not need Glinkoff any more these days, the days of her studies were well behind her, but she sincerely believed the association of her name added greatly to the Russian's stature as a teacher, and since Glinkoff had taken her on and coached her when she was an unknown, she was genuinely grateful to him.

She sang for half an hour, listening gravely to Glinkoff telling her exactly what she knew herself and could have done without stirring from her bedroom, and then after repeating his instructions carefully, she left. Glinkoff put his arm in hers and walked through the door to the reception room, saying loudly, "All right, Miss Lee, we shall see you then the day after tomorrow." She presented him with that wonderful smile again, and he kissed her hand and returned to his stu-

dio. The professor's secretary came up to her and told her that a dear friend would love to have one of her autographed pictures, and Allison said, certainly, and signed a picture the secretary gave her with "With my sweetest regards, Allison Lee."

She had a little time when she left and it was a warm and lovely day and she decided to walk. She walked head high, with long, swinging steps, with the grace and sureness of a thoroughbred. When she finally reached her home, June was waiting for her.

June was still pretty. She rushed up to Allison and kissed her. She had a soft small voice and sweet manner, which, when exploited properly, occasionally was successful in night-club appearances. She had a milky freshness about her that made night-club drinkers sentimental. She had got an opportunity to sing for two weeks in an obscure roadhouse in New Jersey and she had rushed to Allison for some last minute rehearsing. Allison whipped off her coat and started in immediately.

"I want you to remember one thing," she said sternly. "Remember that the audience is there to listen to you. Remember you have a lovely voice. You must stand there, strong and confident—(her chin unconsciously rose and she held out her right arm and cupped her hand)—and sing out. They will listen to you and they will love you."

June looked at her in admiration. "Oh, Allison, you are so strong."

Allison shook her head. "Strength, my dear, is a matter of mind. You must will yourself to be strong and you will be strong."

"It's easy for you to say that."

"It is not easy," Allison said slowly. "But it can be done. Come," she said briskly. "Stand up. Throw your head

back. Lift up your chin. You are an artist. You are in a lovely night club. The orchestra is playing. The lights are dimmed. There is the spot on you. All right now—*sing!*"

June started to sing Stardust. She sang it softly, without too much skill, but with a great deal of feeling. She hunched over a little, clasping her hands tightly at her breast.

When she finished, Allison shook her head. "No, no," she said. "Too much indecision. Much too much indecision. You sang that as though you half expected your audience to rise and walk out on you. You must have bearing. You must command your audience. Look at me."

Allison strode to the center of the room. She was well above medium height and her slimness made her seem even taller. She lifted her head. Her eyes widened and a full, confident smile appeared on her lips. She looked radiantly from side to side, taking in a full room, seeing everyone in it, taking everyone into her orbit. Then she started to sing, lifting again her right arm and cupping her hand. Her voice filled the room, full and strong. Her intonation, her phrasing, were impeccable. She finished the song an octave above its actual note. Then she dropped her head slightly and smiled again.

"There," she said. "That way."

June seemed almost awe-stricken. "Oh, Allison," she said. "Allison. That was glorious. Your voice is so beautiful. I could never sing that way. When I listen to you I want to quit trying to sing altogether."

"Of course you can't sing the way I do, my dear," Allison said. "You have not had operatic training. But you must never say you feel you should stop sing-

ing. That is what really does harm to your voice. You must know you want to sing, and you must sing. If you want to badly enough you can, you know. Now, come, try again. Lift your chin way up. Open your mouth wide and sing out."

Allison rehearsed June until six o'clock and when they were finished June was exhausted. Allison was as fresh and strong as though she had done nothing. She took June by the shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"You will be a success, my dear," she said sincerely. "I know you will. You will not fail. We shall rehearse every day. Right up to the night of the opening. We shall get the proper clothing for you. Don't worry about it. I'll pay for the clothes and you can repay me when you receive your first check. You must succeed." She stared into her eyes. "I know you shall succeed."

"I don't know how I'll ever repay you," June said. "Allison you're wonderful."

Allison smiled and patted her arm. She hurried into her room and undressed. She showered again and dressed rapidly. When she re-entered the living room again Robert was there. Robert was sandy-haired and pleasant-faced. Allison held out her cheek and he kissed it lightly. "Hello, dear," she said.

"Have we time for dinner?" Robert asked.

"Just for a bite," Allison said. "You know I never eat heavily before a performance. We don't have too much time anyway."

"It's rather important that I talk with you this evening," Robert said.

"All right. We'll just run into a little place near the opera house."

In the restaurant Allison ordered a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. Robert toyed with a drink.

"I have a chance to form a partnership with a guy I used to go to college with," he said. "It might mean everything."

"Bob, that sounds wonderful. When will you do it?"

"That's just it. That's what I wanted to ask you. What do you think of the idea? It would mean giving up a nice secure berth that I have now and venturing out into something that might fail completely."

Allison put down her sandwich and thought for a moment. "It seems to me to be a glorious opportunity, Bob," she said slowly. "I know that you are so capable and I feel that it would succeed. But it's something you'll have to decide for yourself. I couldn't have that choice on my conscience."

Robert shook his head impatiently. "Don't be absurd. It's just that you have such good judgment. If I felt you thought this was the right thing for me—I'd take it without hesitation."

"But I don't know anything about architecture," Allison said.

"It's not that exactly either," Robert said. "You just have sound common sense. You know me. What do you think?"

"I think if you yourself are frightened that perhaps you better not," she said. "It's how you feel about it that counts. If you have confidence, if you are sure—that's all you need."

He took her hand and held it tightly. "You give me that confidence, darling," he said. "With you believing in me there doesn't seem to be anything I couldn't do."

Allison smiled. "I'll have to hurry along now, dear," she said. "Don't bother to take me to the house. You have some dinner. Call me tomorrow."

"All right, darling," he said.

Allison knew exactly how long it would take her to dress and make up for her role and she arrived at the opera house at precisely the right time. Kennedy, the burly policeman who always was stationed at the opera house stage entrance, opened the door of her taxi and greeted her. Allison bowed slightly and said, "Good evening, Kennedy. How are you tonight?"

"I'm fine, Miss Lee, fine. Good singing to you tonight."

"Why, thank you, Kennedy," Allison said, surprised, as though he hadn't said the same thing to her every time she sang.

She walked into the entrance, and said hello, cheerily, to Pops, the old man at the door, repeated hello in exactly the same tone of voice to the colored man who operated the elevator, and then said it for a third time, without the slightest variation, to the colored girl who served as her maid at the opera.

"How is your husband feeling, Vera?" she asked solicitously.

"He is much better, Miss Allison. Thank you so much for asking."

"Why, you're quite welcome my dear," Allison said. Allison always remembered little personal things about people and asked them about them. She knew that people liked her better for this show of democracy.

Allison Lee sang very well again that night. She was in superb voice. Her voice was clear and loud when it should be clear and loud and it was soft and sweet and appealing where it should be soft and sweet and appealing. Her acting was perfect. Her beautiful face and figure always were successful on the huge opera stage. Her gestures were faultless, as faultless as constant rehearsing could make them. She was called back several times after the curtain fell.

Then she hurried to her dressing room. She was just finished when Bill was announced. She held herself very contained and raised her right hand and gave it to him, and said, hello, making it the fourth time that evening.

"How are you?" he asked. His eyes always seemed to grin at her.

"Why, I'm fine, young man, and you?"  
"Sing all right?"

"I suppose so." She tilted her head to one side and smiled slightly. She had often posed for pictures in that position.

"You look beautiful."

"Thank you, William."

"I'm merely reporting."

"Beautiful and icy," she said.

"You remember."

"Could one forget?" She raised her eyes archly. "Honey, could one forget?"

"All right, lady. It still goes. Beautiful and icy."

"I like that firmness and constancy about you, Bill," she said. "I'm ready. Let's go."

A woman's voice called into the dressing room, "Good night, Miss Lee."

Allison looked up quickly and said, "Why, good night, honey." She turned to Bill. "That little old girl says good night to me every time I sing here. I don't even know who she is."

"Never could tell that from the way you called out good night. You'd think she was your sister."

"Ah, well, it makes her happy to say good night to me and to have me say good night to her. So I say it. You wouldn't have me ignore her, would you?"

"Yes, I would," Bill said. "Never mind. You must have your welfare work."

"Bill, don't be nasty tonight. I'm not going to pick up anything. If you want

to say nasty things you can say them but I'm not going to answer you and it takes two to make a quarrel."

"All right," Bill said.

They left the opera house and got into his car. "Sure you don't want to stop off somewhere and get a bite?" he asked.

"No, dear. *Mama* probably left some sandwiches and cake in the icebox. Let's go home and have a picnic."

They found that Mrs. Lee had left some sandwiches and cake in the icebox.

"I suppose you would like a drink?" Allison asked.

"Despite the quiet nausea in your voice, the answer is yes," Bill said.

"We have some Scotch. Nobody drinks it here but we keep it for guests."

"True Western hospitality," Bill murmured.

"I ignore that. How do you want it?"

"With plain water."

Allison poured out the drink and watched him swallow a mouthful. "I don't see how people can drink that stuff," she said.

They ate the sandwiches and then sat down on the couch in the living room and looked at each other for a few minutes and said nothing. It was so strange, she thought, the laughter and the sarcasm and the wall, the whole wall, seemed to fall away when they were alone like that. It was something they both seemed to know and still it was a knowledge that nullified itself for the slightest word, the quietest gesture, brought the wall up again. They could sit and touch with their eyes; it seemed that anything else could break their feeling. After a few moments more, knowing before he did it that the movement would spoil it, would make them their outside selves again, Bill reached out and took her hand and then he pulled her toward him to kiss

her. She turned her head slightly when it came close to his face, so that his lips touched her cheek instead. He pushed her violently from him.

"My God," he said. "Can't you ever kiss like a woman, instead of shoving your face up to be kissed like a baby?"

"Bill," she said, wondering if he could possibly know how much she wanted him to kiss her, to kiss him.

"I know," he said, pushing a cigaret into his mouth, lighting it. "I know. Allison, for God's sake, what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know, Bill," she said, almost whispering it.

"I was in the opera house tonight."

"You were? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I wanted to hear you again without your knowing I was there. Allison, you stank!"

"Bill!"

"I stick to that. Your voice was perfect. Your acting was perfect. But you stank. You were an automaton on that stage. You sang and moved like a well-oiled machine. My God, Allison, there was no warmth, no real feeling at all. I sat there and watched you and I wanted to go up on the stage and shake you. Like this—" He reached out and took her shoulders and shook them violently. "Allison—for Christ sake don't you have any nickname? Allison—for the love of God you're twisted up into a tight, hard, bright little knot. There wasn't a thing between you and the audience tonight. They admired you but they didn't feel a thing. I *know*."

"Bill," she said.

"What the hell are you crying for?" He got up and looked down at her. "Listen, Allison. Have you ever been in love, really in love?"

"No." She said it quickly and so softly it almost was not said.

"Do you love me?"

"Oh, Bill—"

"Answer me. Do you love me?"

She didn't say anything.

"Listen to me, Allison. Listen. I love you. It's a crazy thing to happen to me, with you, but I love you. Listen, Allison. We could make it into something. Allison, it will be like nothing you've ever known in your life. Listen, darling. I've got a farm in Vermont. Let's get into the car now and drive up there. We'll see the sunrise together."

"Leave at this hour, Bill?"

"You're not singing again for almost a week. We could have three wonderful days up there, darling." He sat down and took her hand. "There's food there, darling, and firewood. There's music. I'll paint you, darling. We'll be alone and with ourselves. We can find ourselves out there. What do you say?"

"Bill, you're crazy."

"You be crazy too. Darling, for one time in your damned time-table life, be crazy. Put some things into a bag and let's go."

"I couldn't, Bill. I have to rehearse a friend. I promised Mama I'd help her pick out some clothes. Why, what *would* Mama say?"

He looked at her for a moment and then said, "Oh God."

She reached out and took his hand. "Bill, you listen to me. You asked me if I love you. I don't know, Bill. Perhaps I should know but I don't know." She looked up and her chin went out. Her eyes were so very blue; she felt empty and frightened inside but she said—"Yes, I do know. I don't love you." Then her chin dropped a little. "Bill, I'm not worth waiting for, if you would

want me to wait . . . Bill, there's a high wall around me. Don't ask me to explain anything. Bill, you're right. You're right in everything you've said. It's very hard for me to say this. If you want to wait . . . I don't know why you should. Bill, it would take patience. It would take so much understanding. No one has the right to ask that of a man . . . this is so hard to say. . . ."

He stood up and looked at her and then he picked her up and brought her face to his and she moved her head swiftly and automatically into his chest. He held her away from him and then after a moment, said, "I wish I wanted to slap you." He said it slowly. "I don't even want to slap you."

He picked up his hat and coat and walked out. She sat in the room and stared after him and then she went into

her room and slowly undressed. In bed she tried to cry but she couldn't cry. She knew as she was trying that she couldn't cry. She had not cried for years. She was a very strong woman, she thought, and she never cried any more. No, that wasn't true. Bill had made her cry only a little while ago. Crazy, that was a good thought. God, please, why didn't I go, she thought, please, God, why didn't I say yes and go, she thought about the sunrise, she thought, please, God, why didn't he slap me? God, she thought. Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill. She thought strangely now of June and then she thought, Bill, and again, Bill, and she knew he could destroy the wall, she knew he would destroy the wall. It was such a very high wall, she thought, holding her lips together. Anybody would be secure and strong behind that wall, she thought.

# CHEROKEE BLOOD

by

Ed Bell

I GUESS everybody that played on our Calfkiller team claimed Indian blood more or less but me and Will Buck our Old Man said had the mostest. We was full of it.

Our Old Man was named Sooner Mitch. He'd broughten us to Calfkiller attar a life like the rolling stone and settled down and started showing them how to play football out at Calfkiller High School. It wasn't long then before everybody in that country was talking about us Mitch boys.

Old Sooner said we's the best football players in Tennessee, een though we was his boys, and the reason was our blood. It took a Indian to do it like a natural man.

"They're thorbored," he'd say. "Just looky thaw—they high cheekbones and that lightfoot walk. Ain't they a couple of war whoops now?"

Then one of the boys at Reeder's barbershop, where Old Sooner gets his hairs whacked now and then, would up and ask what about mine and Will Buck's yaller hairs. All Indians they heard of had black hairs, they'd say.

It always kind of got him but he wouldn't let on.

"Don't come at me with that. The Cherokee gals I knowed in the Smoky Mountings when I was young and at myself, they had yaller hairs all right."

Our Old Man would wink his eye.

They wouldn't lay off Old Sooner. When you got him going, there wasn't anything more fun in Calfkiller. When we learned that the woman teacher was coming, the boys around Reeder's wouldn't give him a minute's rest.

"What about this lady that's coming to run our school this fall, Old Sooner? Looks like you'll have to get along with her, bein' she's kinfolks and all?"

Our Old Man said, "Don't you worry. She won't stay long. We'll put the high life to her when the time comes, kinfolks or no. But one way you look at it, she ain't raley no kin of me and the boys. She's just the Widder's dead brother's wife."

Our Old Man and us called his wife the Widder in a way of joking.

Doc Reeder was whacking Sooner's hairs. He was also a horse and cow doctor besides a barber. He laughed out loud.

He said, "That's a whole lot of kinfolks you'll find out. This Mis Dolly she's tough titty they say. They say she means to wear the britches in Calfkiller."

"We'll put the high life to her like we done several more," Old Sooner said. "The Widder outn broughten no lady teacher here. She just done it fuh spite of me and the boys."

Our little old step-mammy was well-

to-do and well considered in Calfkiller, spite of what some said was her weakness in marrying Old Sooner. She had a good little gob of money laid back. She took an interest in politics and helped run things. Especially the school.

The Widder believed in learning some education and our Old Man didn't. Atter football was over ever year, he didn't have no patience for schoolteachers.

Football was Old Sooner's meat. Schoolbooks just wasn't. If he could sturve up a little hell and get a teacher run off ever year, he'd do that very thing. I guess that was why the Widder slipped him this fast one.

She was on the school board already so this year she politicked around and got one of her own women kinfolks hired from away off to come and be principal at Calfkiller High School. She said it couldn't make things any worse'n what they already was.

Was a lot of talk about this woman as fall come on. Her name was Dolly Mahaffey. We'd never seen her till that day she first come. I'll never forget the sights of that day. We was all down in town waiting and ready.

We first seen her automobile come bucking over that big rump in the road where Main Street leaves off the highway into Calfkiller. It was a old two-seated Dodge car with a old mange-looking hairdale dog riding the hood, rubbing his tail back agin the windshield.

Her two daughters was on the front seat with her and the back seat was full of quilts and cooking ware and a coop of chickens. The chickens had their heads out the cracks. Wasn't a face in the bunch you could look at and not laugh, unless maybe the hairdale. And them chickens poked out the cracks, looking at

us like we's a uncivilized people they coming among.

The old Dodge come along. Aunt Dolly had to keep juicing her down Main Street with a piece of binder twine run out and hitched to the carburetor. They stopped in front of the drugstore. Aunt Dolly got out. She had on a gray shirt and some greasy overalls.

"That's her all right. That's our Aunt Dolly," Will Buck said. "They said she was the ugliest mortal in the world and the truth was there."

He'd come up behind me walking like a cat and I hadn't heard him. That Will Buck could really handle his feet. It made me prouder than ever of our Indian blood—atter sightin' this sample of what the Widder was kin to.

"I want you to look," Will Buck said.

First thing Aunt Dolly done was take out a long-stem pipe. She lit up and drewed in a couple of long ones and puffed them out. Then she come on around and started shaking hands.

"I'm the new boss of the school," she said. "I want to meet everbody and get it over with. Those are my two sprouts in the car."

Then here come the Widder with Old Sooner slinking a short ways in the rear. The Widder and Aunt Dolly and them two ugly daughters hugged and kissed and then the Widder brought Sooner over and met him with Aunt Dolly. You could tell that Aunt Dolly didn't consider Sooner much pickins for a woman of the Widder's standin'. But Old Sooner didn't see she was cold on him. He was too busy listenin' to hisself brag.

"I guess you heard all about me and my team out at the school?" he said, laughing big and whacking her on the back with his open hand. "Got the best

bunch of football players in the State of Tennessee, not a-braggin'. Beat Fallin' Waters three year straight."

Aunt Dolly moved out of his reach. She didn't say much. Just nodded her head. She was cold. Even Old Sooner begun to feel it. She went on shaking hands and passing talk with the Widder. They walked away from Old Sooner. Somebody behind him laughed and he whirled around to see who. He was red at the gills. Then he sneaked away somewhere. To get him a shot, I guess.

Atter a little he come back and whispered in Will Buck's ear. Then Will Buck whispered to me and I went off to tell Leonard, Afton and Schuyler and all the rest of the boys we went to school and played football with.

We was all excited about what Old Sooner told us. We never heard anything like it before in all our lives. He said Aunt Dolly didn't have a sprig of real hairs on her head. It was a kind of family secret, but all her hairs burned off in the automobile accident long ago that killed the Widder's brother. It burned her bald and crippled her for life in the legs. One leg was shorter than the other.

What she wore for hairs was one of them things called a toopy wig, Old Sooner said. He didn't know if'n she stuck it down with glue or not. That's what he aimed to find out tonight. The Widder already had Aunt Dolly's house fixed up for her to move in. It was on a hill near the school and behind it a corn patch.

We all got together along about good bedtime that night. Old Sooner had a plan. He said for us to lay low in the corn patch till he went up and took a look and put one end of the rawzum string to the house.

He come back snickering.

"I want you boys to snoop up one at a time and see it's like I been tellin' you," he said. So we did and there was Aunt Dolly smoking her pipe with her toopy off and that oldest daughter rubbing her bald head with something from a bottle. Some of the boys liked to laughed out and ruined it all. We went back and rolled in the corn rows.

"Now Will Buck," Sooner said, "you go round to the front. I done opened the door with this skellygon key. When they cut off the light and get settled, we aim to play the rawzum."

It was Old Sooner's plan that she would get excited and run out without her toopy. Will Buck would dosh in and steal it and Aunt Dolly would have to come to the first day of school stark naked bald.

We thought Old Sooner was really slick. Will Buck went around and hid in the front yard. A little later on we saw the window go dark. Old Sooner drawed the rawzum string tight and struck a few licks with the rawzum. It made a godmournful noise. We laughed with our bellies laid flat on the ground. Everthing was quiet, excepting a little rustle of corn blades. A big round moon was shining down and lit the back porch of the house like day. Old Sooner struck another lick.

We saw Aunt Dolly step outside. She didn't have on her toopy and her bald head was like the moon. She had something bright and shiny in her hands.

Then the next thing we knowed we's on our feet and heading through the corn. That thing in Aunt Dolly's hands was a double-barrel shotgun. She'd let one barrel go as we started to run and then the next one at our backs. We heard shot spattering through the corn.

Old Sooner said not to run, but we did

and he wasn't far behind. When we got back to town Will Buck was already there.

School started but it was some few days before our Old Man got up his nerve to come around.

"Well, Miz Dolly here I am," he said. "I guess the boys has loafered around long enough. If hits all right with you I'll call practice this afternoon and start whuppin' a team into shape."

She told him to go ahead. She acted uninterested like. Nobody had breathed a word about us trying to rawzum her house and she hadn't spoke of it. But we had a peculiar feeling that she knowed exactly who was behind it and all. She told Old Sooner she might come out to practice herself in a day or two and make a few suggestions. Said she was mighty interested in the game. Old Sooner thought that was a joke.

It was one afternoon atter school. We's down on our football field having a hell of a good time. Our field was in new ground. It was full of stump holes and the biggest stumps that was too much trouble to dig up we had left standing.

Old Sooner was setting on a stump hugging his fruit jar. He always brought it along to practice. Our two tackles, who was twin brothers we called Bull and Heifer, was mauling each other around and cussing. They always argued about which one was the best.

We looked up sudden and saw Aunt Dolly come hopping across. I guess Old Sooner decided he'd better shine. He called us all to get around him. Bull and Heifer kept on hitting each other same as he hadn't spoke.

"You boys there," Aunt Dolly said. She went right over and grabbed one of our big tackles in each hand. "Hasn't anybody ever told you bullies any man-

ners?" She drug them by their napes over to the coach's stump.

Old Sooner was giving us his talk.

"Well boys, you know we got to go up agin the Red Road gang next week. They're not much but we got to be ready. I been studying the almanick and everything looks good. Moon's just right—signs under the goat. You know what that means. We got to go in there fightin' and kick 'em in the grinds. They can't take it."

Aunt Dolly puts in, "What's all that, Mister Mitch?"

Sooner looked at her hard.

"I says the sign's under the goat," he said. "That's the way you play football. Study the signs and let the other side have it where the sign is—heart, gizzard, head, grinds. Ever one of them boys knows the zodiac by heart."

"Sweet Jesus," Aunt Dolly said, "I never heard such bull. I believe you're nothing but a whiskey head."

"Looky here lady," Old Sooner said, "if I do say so I made this team what it is and it ain't cost this town or school a penny yet. I'll stand on my record—"

"You're teaching these boys to drink and cuss and the Lord knows what else. I think we'll be better off without you hanging around here."

"Who in the hell are you?" Old Sooner said.

So the upshot of it was they had a row and Aunt Dolly ordered him to get off the school grounds and stay off. She said she'd coach us herself.

Me and Will Buck stood there and saw our Old Man's feelings hurt to death. We went away with him but we come back next day. I guess we couldn't stand for anything to go on in Calfkiller and us on the outside.

Aunt Dolly started teaching us all

about passing and kicking and how to screw up the other side by calling off numbers. She come out there ever afternoon in a pair of football pants. She could kick that ball with her short leg or long one either and throw it like a slingshot. Damn if it wasn't something. She must been crazy but doggone if we didn't start loving that ugly little old lady teacher. She had a way about her. You couldn't help yourself.

This new kind of football, we liked the kicking and passing all right. It saved your wind. But we never did a damn one of us get the hang of them numbers. Then she said never mind about the numbers.

Aunt Dolly wouldn't let Old Sooner on the school grounds and the Widder told him to leave us boys alone or get away from her roof and table.

Old Sooner said, "That woman is makin' squats outen my Indians. I don't aim to have it."

"Well they're gettin' education along with it," the Widder said. "If you got education it's something can't nobody take away from you."

"Don't you worry—nobody's aimin' to take them two pretty boys away from us. We got us a couple keepsakes now," Old Sooner said.

Old Sooner couldn't say much else. The Widder had the money and when she tightened up on the puckering strings Old Sooner had to go dry.

The Red Road boys put our waters on in that first game. They never done it before. Aunt Dolly said it was good for us to get beat sometime. Old Sooner was tickled in a way and in a way he was sad.

He laid around the barbershop half drunk most of the time. He tried to coach me and Will Buck all he could on

the sly. I guess he hated Aunt Dolly's very guts, but he sure did want us to take these Falling Waters, our mainmost rival. That's more than you could say for Doc Reeder and his crowd. They just throwed off on our team all the time now, especially me and Will Buck and our yaller hairs.

Old Sooner would get them told.

"Just wait till that old Cherokee blood rises proper. My boys'll run wild."

We got beat one more time and then won a couple and then it was time for the big one with Falling Waters.

Old Sooner bet Doc Reeder a piece of cash which I'm sure he took when the Widder wasn't looking.

The frost was spewing the day we played Falling Waters. We played that year on our grounds. Old Sooner come loaded.

He said the sign was in the tender spot and we knowed what to do.

A big crowd was there. Most of them was for us, outside of Doc Reeder and the barbershop loafers. They piled stumps around the sidelines and started fires. Old Sooner didn't need any fire. He run up and down the sidelines yelling, "Got my money on you boys."

Falling Waters had come over to get us this year, no two ways about it. They was big as studs. Looking back, I'll have to say I was considerable scared, feeling too big and awkward and wishing I was littler.

Aunt Dolly shuck all our hands and said be good sports. We looked pale and Falling Waters looked big and red.

They begun coming at us. I was backing up the line. Will Buck played safety back. He pranced around way back there yelling nastiness at Falling Waters. He'd beat his chest and slobber a little and I got to feeling a little better.

We pulled some long passes first thing when we finally got the ball. Ever time we passed one of them, Falling Waters would snatch it and light out. It was all we could do to keep off a score let alone make one ourselves.

They knocked the air outen me. I wanted to keep laying there when it come back but Will Buck jerked me up and cussed me. Then they knocked it outen him. One time or another they had us all on our bellies clutching for air. Them Falling Waters laughed at us that day.

The wind blowed the smoke from the stump fires across the field. I felt cold and lonesome, wishing it was over with from the very first. They had Will Buck's eyes black and his mouth sticky with bloody gom. I spit cotton and then my mouth was too dry to spit.

It wore along and we hadn't done a bit of good. I could hear Doc Reeder teasing Old Sooner up and down the sidelines and it made me madder at Doc than I was at Falling Waters. It didn't get Sooner down. He kept up the big talk. "Kick 'em in the grinds boys. They can't take it." He had more hope than we did.

Falling Waters got to busting Will Buck so hard ever time he took the ball he'd slant for the sidelines. Falling Waters would squall, "Yaller, yaller!" when he did. They didn't mean the color of his hairs.

Finally Will Buck whammed down the ball. He said he's quitting. We begged him not to leave us. He decided to stay on a little more. Then they really cold-cocked him flat on the sod. We tooked time out and pitched water in his face. Old Sooner wanted to give him a snort from his jar. Aunt Dolly said no that wouldn't do.

Old Sooner said, "My God woman,

you've disgraced Calfkiller already. They ain't two whole minutes left to go. We might at least git us a tie."

He'd finally broke down. He set down and held his head.

Aunt Dolly said no we wouldn't lose. She told us to take extra time out and wait for her. Then she run off to the schoolhouse.

In a minute she was back dressed up so anybody not familiar with her limp would never knowed it was our Aunt Dolly. She had on a extra suit with shoulder pads, headgear and everthing. I don't guess Falling Waters would cared if they had knowed. She substituted herself for Leonard at quarterback.

Will Buck had got his senses back. Aunt Dolly made it up to shoot him a long pass first thing. We was back to our own goal and I figured we was just a beat bunch of boys.

Will Buck went down the field to snatch it. Aunt Dolly dropped back behind the biggest stump on our end of the field. The pass never got anywheres just like I knew. Before Aunt Dolly could cock her gun, Falling Waters was all over Will Buck. They had him down there under a pile, while the others was coming through for Aunt Dolly. They come at her around one side of the stump. She waited just long enough so the stump was between them and her and doshed around the other way.

She sailed out and down the field with that thing tucked agin her right bosom and then changing it to her left. The Falling Waters got up off Will Buck to see her coming. She went straight till she was close among them, then started to zigzag. She give them the short leg and then the long one, running width-wise the field and then working back across. All us other Calfkillers could do

was yell for Aunt Dolly and jump straight up and down.

She got clear all but one man. She really turned on the fan. It was like one of them swaller birds skimming over the ground. But that man wouldn't give up. He keeps right with her and as they approaches the last line we see him reach out long. He gathers in a handful of her head just as she's about to cross. Her head snaps back, something pops, and then the headgear comes off in his hand and also Aunt Dolly's toopy wig and she crosses for the touchdown stark naked bald.

It was a sight to see.

Old Sooner run out hugging and kissing everybody. Fighting broke out all around the field and the sticks and rocks flew. It look like hell had come for a time, but the Calkillers outnumbered the Falling Waters.

Aunt Dolly stood alone down there and we saw she was crying her eyes out.

The poor thing was grief-struck and for good reason—we'd won the game but them damn Falling Waters had got away with her toopy wig. Aunt Dolly just stood there in the cold smoky wind crying like a woman, all the rest of us rejoicing.

Then we went to her. Old Sooner put his arms around her.

"This gal's a borned Cherokee if I ever seen one," he whooped, drunker with joy than he'd ever been on lickens. "She got scalloped in the Smoky Mountings at the age of two and hit never growed back."

Then us boys went up and patted her one at a time, saying everthing would be all right. The wind blowed smoky and cold and her little old face was streaked with dirt. We talked like a funeral now.

"Don't cry Aunt Dolly," we said. "We'll all chip in and buy you a new toopy fuh Christmas."

Doggone if we didn't do that very thing.

# WINTER CANARIES

by

W. E. Fishbaugh

IT just would not sing that day. It sat hunched up on its perch with frowzy feathers, utterly silent and still, and it would not even eat. If ever anything looked sick, it did. And she wanted constantly to be doing something for it. All nerves over it; she couldn't let it alone, even for ten minutes. He had almost given up wondering why. But that, he couldn't quite. It all seemed so unnatural.

It might have been only the lack of the brittle, trilling sounds throughout the house, their fresh new house in the raw subdivision, still smelling of paint, but how it could produce so strange an intensity of concern in her, that he could not understand. The intensity was the thing. He could not fathom it, utterly.

All the morning, while the swift, silent snowstorm had been in progress—darkening the rooms, making them gloomy—he had watched her from behind first the Sunday paper and then the novel he had now, going back and forth to the cage, a worried look cast over her face, carrying this or that, and always stopping in front of it and saying the same crooning doggerel to it in such a pleading and urging tone of voice. He was quite sick of it now, in spite of his baffled interest. And the dinner had been a misery.

For his part, he was only too glad the bird had stopped singing one day, espe-

cially because it was a Sunday, the one lone day he could really be at home with her.

It was such a senseless, metallic singing, anyway. To him the trills had sounded utterly meaningless. From the first they had only annoyed his eardrums. So he was very damned glad of it.

But she was calling it by name even now, saying, "Can't you sing a *little*? Can't Chickie really sing just a *little*?"

"Ah, Chickie," she mourned. "Come and sing. . . ."

And she stood, her head bent forward, before the slight, brassy cage, poking a wistful finger at the little hunched up fluff of yellow.

"*Chickie!*" she demanded, almost stamping her foot, "Why *don't* you sing?"

He looked at her again, amused, but a little annoyed, from over the top of his novel, registering the effect her hair made curving away so sleek and brown over her childlike ear. She was beautiful in so many ways. Her skin had such a glow to it. So warm and soft, even to look at, and her shoulders were so snug. So fresh in a print house dress.

She was quite a wife to have all to oneself.

But had it been all to himself, he wondered, behind his novel.

Ever since they had moved into their

first house, their nice new house just a month ago, it had seemed as if she had been in opposition to him and, in a way, had taken the canary over with her to her side!

It sounded silly, of course, said that way, but it was true. There was not just herself. . . .

She had held long conversations with it. Sometimes she confided to it dolefully how cruel he was to her. Imagine! The absurdity! And after those long confessions, good God, how the bird had seemed to sing!

But then, today it did not. It just sat hunched up and sick-looking in the pale light that came from the snow outside, and it was silent, didn't move at all on its perch. Moping. Like she did so often.

Well, he was damned glad for the silence.

He could forget the whole trifling, aching business now and get a little peace.

But could he?

"Doesn't Chickie *want* his dinner?" she was asking it. "Won't he even take a little drink of *water* Chickie?"

"*Chickie!*" she cried, working herself up to out-and-out despair, "What's *happened* to you!"

"Oh, he's got the pip," he said, masculinely, from behind his novel. "He's sung out, as I've been trying to tell you. He just wants to be left alone, that's all." But he had a sickish feeling in the pit of his own stomach, nevertheless. And being masculine like that didn't seem to help it, either.

She paid no attention. To any of his advice about the bird she never did, willingly.

"I've done *everything!*" she said, putting the back of her hand despairingly to her forehead.

"He's just had too much hemp, probably," he said, trying to fight down his feeling. "It makes them sing all right, but when they get too much of it in them they have to sleep it off just like a man who's had too much whiskey."

"Hemp does *not* make them sing," she flared at him. "They sing because they're happy. Because they're just alive and so full of joy. They're not like you," she said, turning away.

"Ah-h-h!" he said, laughing sourly. "It gives them *Liebestraum*, somebody discovered that. Didn't you know it? It gives them the idea that every day is love-making day, and everybody thought that kind of singing was just too sweet for words. So now they have to wear themselves out. The poor things."

"It does *not!*" she said angrily, over her shoulder. "You just say those awful things because you know I don't like them!"

They were still surprising and shocking themselves with each other. They had been married only three months, and each disappointed the other in some secret-self way they could not talk about.

"Oh, fiddle-diddle," he said, filling his pipe. "You're getting yourself into a state over it, this canary business. And it's silly. I've noticed you never will face an unpleasant fact, anyway, tiny as this one is. Did you know that finches are *blinded* to make them sing? Well, they are. They're forced that way, with a hot needle. They sing best in the dark, so down into the dark they go, to please people."

"John!" she cried, turning toward him with a distraught face. "John! To ever even consider saying a thing like that! And you do it all the time. The coarse, cruel things you say! You say them all the while, you disturb everybody. Oh!"

she cried angrily, looking at him with a little horror, "I can see it in your eyes, even now!"

"My, my!" he said, holding his pipe before his mouth. He scratched a match and lit it stubbornly. "Aren't we delicate!"

He put his book aside and sat a moment looking at her a little bewilderedly.

There she was, hurt again. Her shoulders were saying it loudly as she stood, turned away from him. He would have to do something; bring her back, as usual.

"Come here, Lois," he said.

He patted his chair as she glanced at him and then away.

"There's something I want to tell you," he said.

"More about blinding finches?" she said, averting her head.

But, then, she came. And she sat on the arm of his chair, a little prim, a little reproachful.

He put his arm around her waist. She did not move away.

"We don't get on very well, today, Lois," he said. "Not to mention all the others. . . ."

"It's only you," she said, looking down at the rug. "It's you, you're always sticking pins into me. You are . . . you just take a delight. . . ."

"Wait a minute. . . ." he said, forcing her to be quiet.

Then he began again.

"There's not a single thing I've said to you, Lois, that hasn't been a positive, proven fact. That's all. I haven't taken 'a delight' or 'stuck pins,' as you try to say. I haven't. Everything I've said has been common, everyday fact. Fact that even the merest schoolboy knows, or could verify in any of a dozen places."

She said, "I know it. . . ." slowly, her head lowered.

"And yet you turn on me," he said, "as though you thought I had invented them. As though I had invented it all, cruelty to finches, and everything!" His voice rose, almost a catch in it.

"I know it. . . ." she said again, brushing her hair back with her hand.

"Well. . . a fact is a fact," he said, rather feebly, and laying down his pipe. "At least that's the way I learned it. It's just something that doesn't ever change . . . that can't change."

He turned his palm upward, in passing, just to show how utterly impregnable all facts were. Clear as day. All of them.

And she looked down at it, his hand, turned up so simply, and yet, she felt, laying up so much hard masculine law against her! It started her anger flowing again. Oh, he was always imposing, imposing, imposing!

"You're *so* glad, aren't you! she said, down low. "You're *so* glad about your facts!"

"What do you mean?" he said, "Glad!"

"You *love* what they do for you against me!"

"What the devil!" he said. But he was startled, nevertheless.

"Yes, you do!" she said. "And you *like* me, defeated! That's the only way you *do* like me!"

"What are you talking about!" he said, disgustedly.

"Facts!" she said, close to his face. "Your facts! Oh, they're not 'just facts' to you, at all, John! You call them that, but with you they're something else. They're just the same as clubs! You hit people with them! You *hit* them!"

"Now you're just hysterical," he said, laughing nervously. "A hysterical. . . ."

"Well, *I'm* a fact!" she said, turning his face abruptly toward hers with a quick hand. "Do you hear! I'm a fact! A different kind of one!"

"Look out—" he said, twisting his face away.

"I'm a fact," she said. "I'm one, too! But you don't think of me that way, do you? But I am. *I'm* a fact!"

He was straining back away from her hand. Her eyes held him, though.

"Do you know what I'd like to do, sometimes?" she said, intensely. "Do you see this?"

There was a paper knife on the table. She took it, holding it in front of his eyes a moment.

"If this was real," she said slowly, taking it in both hands. "If this was *real* . . . why, I'd like to take it like this, and then hold it like this, and then push it. Push it hard, like this!"

She had grown more excited as she talked and her hands trembled. She had the point pressed against his chest.

"It's really like *you*," she said. "It's really just like you do . . . only you don't know it!"

He laughed.

She pressed with it harder, then.

"I'd like to," she said, her voice trembling. "Oh, but how I'd like to!"

"Well, go ahead, then," he chuckled. She was being absurd. He had to laugh at her.

"You don't know!" she said, slowly, solemnly shaking her head. "You don't know. . . .!"

He noticed her eyes had widened. Her mouth had opened a little, too, and her forehead was strained, and glistening curiously.

"Yes . . . *wouldn't* I!" she said, marveling coldly. "Wouldn't I, though!"

She had gradually pressed harder and

harder. Now it was difficult for him to breath. A little more than a game, now.

"Lois?" he said.

But with strange fascination, she kept pushing it into his chest.

"Lois!" he warned.

He clasped her wrists tight with both his hands, beginning to despise her, now . . . he thought.

"Lois!" he cried, angrily.

Hearing that tone in his voice, and feeling herself held so tight, frustrated even so physically, she suddenly lunged at him, lunged with a cry of sick hate. He wrenched away, turning her wrists as she struck, arching his body as he twisted halfway round in the chair. Then he rose up in all his strength and flung her from him.

"What the devil!" he cried.

His voice trembled with after-fear. He stepped to one side, and she slid to the floor, her body shaking. There she began to sob quietly.

"My God!" he said, his head turning wildly about. He took a step back from her. "What a creature you are!" His eyes were big and dark. "Well!" he said excitedly, waving his arm. "One minute a canary lover, and the next actually swinging a knife, like a witch!"

He stepped over her feet and started for the kitchen.

"Oh, Cassandra!" he said, inexactly. "Cassandra, the killer!"

"Oh, you shut up!" she cried, in a muffled, bitter voice. She lay there very still.

He came and stood in the doorway wiping his hands dry on a towel. There were beads of water on his face, too. He had forgotten to wipe them away. He rubbed his hands together with a nervous briskness in the cloth.

"Oh, Cassandra!" he said, again, being very brisk with his hands. "What a woman!"

She sat up. She caught her hair up together and fastened it.

"Why don't you say something," he asked, louder than he needed to, looking down from the doorway. "Why don't you ask my forgiveness?"

She would not look at him.

"Or isn't it really worth anything?" he said, throwing the towel nervously into the kitchen behind him.

He came forward.

"I didn't really know we could achieve this kind of melodrama," he said. "Maybe we missed our calling!"

She got up suddenly, in a rush, and went away from him. He followed after, with a slight wariness, his eyes intently on her.

But she went faster than he and escaped into the bedroom. Then she locked the door.

He stood looking at it. Then he turned around and came back.

He took up his pipe, filled it nervously, and lighted it. Then he sat down and opened his novel again.

It had become merely pages of white, printed paper, the novel. Just that. None of it took his attention. Not one tenth the intensity of his own life, and so in a little while he threw it disgustedly aside, and sat, smoking his pipe.

Maybe it *was* the house, he thought. It was queer. Something quite strange about it. It grated on the nerves. It was all so new and un-lived in, for one thing. They both felt themselves aliens in it. There was tension, tension outward, all the while. And so many times he found himself catching his breath over some little hidden fear, he didn't know

what. And he needed her, then, needed her very much.

Perhaps she needed something, too. Something besides himself. Maybe even the canary's singing. In a new house, he decided, out in the country, in a subdivision in the winter . . . well, you certainly needed some kind of buoying up. And he ought to tread more lightly.

She couldn't become a wife, know and accept him as a mate, all in a hurry, certainly. He couldn't expect that. It would be slowly, that. . . . And the house, the location, it was very much against it, their being city-born.

Then he gradually felt something strange as he sat. Obeying an impulse, he looked out the window. It was that it had suddenly cleared off, very bright and still. The landscape was so clean. So still and snow-clean. Wonderful.

The late afternoon sun was out. It swept in long, warm rays across the still, smooth white of the snow. The trees looked black. There were blue shadows beyond the trees, and not a mark or a footprint anywhere. The sun mysteriously warmed the face of the trees. He started forward with interest.

Then he sat back.

In a little while he rose and went through the rooms and tapped on the bedroom door. There was no answer. He tapped again.

"It's cleared up," he called. "The sun's out. . . ."

"It's really fine, Lois," he said. "Everything new!"

He waited.

"Let's go for a walk," he said. "Come on, Lois. You won't be able to sulk the whole evening away."

"Come on," he said. "Let's make up and go for a walk. We've got to sometime. Might as well be now."

"Lois. . ." he called.

And then from behind the door she said, rather angrily still, and almost with a groan, "Oh, I'm coming!"

When she appeared she was dressed in her fur coat and arctics and was wearing the little fur cap she had so carefully bought for "the country." But her face was white, and still she would not look at him.

"It's fine out," he said, following her to the door, wondering about her.

They went out and stood on the little excuse for a porch. They both blinked in the level sun.

There were icicles hanging from the low eaves. Caught in the sun now they shot out a spinning iridescence. Straight up and down, they were, looking like white organ pipes, but they pointed down fiercely toward the snow.

"Look at these," he said, in a kind of wonder, running his fingers over them.

She gave them a glance.

"You might take one along, you know," he said, grinning, "then you could try it all over again!"

She jerked around. "Now, I'm not going," she said. "Now I'm not!"

"Oh, yes you are!" he said. He held her tight by the arm, and then, as they stepped from the porch, he shattered the icicles suddenly, fiercely, with his gloved fist.

The pieces cut a shower of deep, jagged holes in the snow, the only mar in it anywhere.

"It's a foot deep!" he said, exulting, as they started away.

"Maybe it's only eleven inches," she said.

Their house was in one of the newer developments. All about it there were broad, flat fields and woods. More space than either of them had ever lived in be-

fore. It was a bit raw and lonely in winter. The fields were just squares of lonely, solid white. The fence lines writhed thinly with dead wild grapevines. And there were no birds, no life. No hope, almost. The fields were too desolate. There were the iron-looking woods as the only other choice.

"Let's go in Jensen's woods," he said. "Remember? When they were building the house?"

"That was in the summer," she said, stressing the difference.

"The trees are the same," he said.

"Are they!" she asked.

"Oh, come on, Lois!" he said. "Snap out of it!"

"I'm snapping," she said.

But the color was coming back into her cheeks. The sun streaming over her young face framed by her fur cap made her very beautiful for him. He strode forward, summoning eagerness.

"Get your lungs full!" he said, breathing deep.

But she couldn't respond. She made it seem as if she was being hurried, pulled along. She hung back, making him feel callous and a boor.

He shook it off as well as he could.

"Come on!" he said suddenly, "Let's run through the snow!"

"No!" she cried, with a catch of self-pity. She broke away from him.

He looked at her. But this sort of thing just *couldn't* be kept up. *Nobody* could live this way!

"All right," he said, with that fear again deep down in his stomach. "Then we'll have a snowball fight!"

He scooped up soft handfuls.

"No!" she said, stubbornly. She was standing very rigid. Not in it at all.

"Look out!" he said, motioning toward her with the snow, "here it comes!"

"No!" she cried, holding up her arm. But then, seeing it about to strike her, it happened.

In spite of herself she gave a little cry and dodged. She darted to one side, avoiding it easily, and his snow plashed back into itself.

Raising and holding the other hand-ful high above his head, he swung about with laughter rising in his throat, relieved to see her responding finally to something real, with no indwelling sick temper. He almost trembled with the desire to keep it up, keep her spirit risen.

With eyes quickened and wary, the whites even showing a little, she ran past him in her fur, crouching like a quick animal, and then, suddenly, she started running for the woods.

He flung his snow to one side and set off after her. Now they could live for a while, he thought, now they could live.

Soon she was among the big trees, ahead of him. She dodged from one to the other, giving little cries of natural fear, springing the saplings back at him, showering the snow down over his head. Then she darted across a clear space, the snow puffing out away from her in little furious gusts. He came after, shouting, scooping up snow as he ran.

He gained on her by the side of a ravine. She turned, and ran up along it, panting, now. She could hear his bigness close behind. And suddenly, she had a little panic. He was too big, too close. There was a little of the feeling of being chased by a beast.

"Don't!" she cried, flinging it over her shoulder. "Oh, don't, John!"

But he misunderstood. Once again he thought it play. He came up close, running, breathing hard, so that the snow being flung from her heels showered back upon his clothing.

And then she stumbled. She fell head-long with a cry, in a shower of snow.

He halted and stood over her, breathing hard, where she lay, face down in the snow, his gloved hands holding his ammunition.

He still laughed. And when she raised herself on her arms he was amazed to find her crying. She saw him towering over her, still threatening, still stupidly holding the snow. And although he let it fall, then, without a thought, when he bent down and tried to help her, all tenderness, she flung herself away and sank face downward again, her body shaking.

"Oh, go away!" she cried.

He felt as if he had lost his arms. It had all come back. He stood still, looking at her, feeling hopelessly severed again.

"Lois. . ." he said to her.

She jerked her head back and forth in the snow.

"But I didn't mean it should be like this. . ." he said.

She would not speak to him, and she did not move to rise. She only laid her head sidewise in the snow, away from him.

He looked down at her, feeling helpless. Then his sympathy began to leave him. He brushed the snow from his gloves and went a few steps away.

"Sulk, then," he said, darkly.

He looked up at the sky. There was the sunset, now. A wintry red, fading mauve, and yellow. He stood looking at it. The trees about him were all black, now. The branches overhead meshed tightly before a sky that was still light blue. A pale halfmoon hung in it, far, far up. Paler than a mourning-dove. Like some miracle.

But it *was* good, he thought. All of it was good. Couldn't help but be. To be in it, alive in it, was nothing but good. About her, he did not know. She would not try to forget herself, go with it. Couldn't, it looked like.

She and her damned child ways, he thought. Well, he had gone and done it again. But he knew the remedy. Married a few months and he was an old hand at it already. Oh, Lois . . . please, little Lois . . . I love you Lois . . . and I'm sorry for everything. I'll apologize for what I've done. I'll even apologize for the sunset, for the branches, and for the moon up there! I'll apologize for everything. I'll apologize for you, too. You need it, and maybe you're worth it. At least, I know damned well something is!

But the house, he thought. Maybe it *was* the house. She had been all right in the city. But this new house, now, being alone out where it was, maybe that was it. Out in nowhere, and everything dead all around it. Because, now, in the winter, it did seem dead. He felt it often himself. A little fear coming at him, from underneath it seemed, and making

him catch his breath and need her more than before. . . .

What was it, really? The space? The distances always seen and felt? But that wasn't anything to be afraid of. Thousands of people lived facing it all the time. It was all right. It was good. It had to be! All of it. . . . It was only them, then. Their own selves. They simply had to change, somehow. They had to learn how to live in it. . . .

Learn, again. . . . But it would be better in the summer. He was sure of that. If they could only get through the winter somehow, then they would be all right. For when the leaves came, and the birds were back, then they would get on better with each other. They had to, certainly. That was the plain fact of it. There wasn't anything else. . . . And the word "fact" coming up in him again. So automatically. . . . It made him cringe. . . .

He stood waiting for her, then, in the twilight cold, there in the wintry dusk, the silence, listening to her snowy sobbing . . . like some strange owl hunting far off in the woods. . . . They had to change, he thought. They *had* to. . . .

**SURVEY OF REVIEWS**

(Continued from page 8)

**SARATOGA TRUNK**

By Edna Ferber, 352 pp. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50.

+ N. Y. SUN Nov. 5 *Lawrence Perry*

With unfailing eye for colorful background and dramatic appeal, Edna Ferber casts her new novel . . . in New Orleans' Vieux Carre and in Saratoga of the middle eighties . . . her researches have been painstaking, profound, her attention to detail meticulous, her transcriptions . . . authentic. . . . She has filled her pages with action, color, vivacity and crowded drama . . . flamboyant and at times thrilling.

+ CHICAGO DAILY NEWS N. 5 *Sterling North*

Miss Ferber continues to be the master of super costumery. She likes fabrics, odors, sounds, and particularly food. In fact, her writing makes sense in all five of the senses. And her characters have a way of stepping from the lines and walking around the margins of the page.

+ N. Y. HERALD TRIB. N. 3 *Lewis Gannett*

It is a continental fairy tale, filled with that lush awareness of the reality of the American legend which gives Edna Ferber's writing its extraordinary vitality. . . . No American historical novelist has done more to make the past live, breathe and fight in the minds of a new generation. But she never falls into the anemic mood of the tired escapists who distrust the present and think that all the colors have faded from the American palette.

+ PM's WEEKLY N. 9 *Sally Benson*

No matter how magnificently the men who make pictures do the story of Saratoga Trunk, they won't be able to do what Miss Ferber has done in 352 pages in black and white with words.

- N. Y. TIMES N. 6 *Ralph Thompson*

As a work of American history, Saratoga Trunk is about 79 per cent Spanish fandango. . . . As a novel, it is as corny as ensilage and as credible as something by the late Mrs. Susanna H. Rowson.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933, of STORY, published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }  
County of New York }<sup>ss.</sup>

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. B. Algase, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the magazine STORY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Story Magazine, Inc., 432 Fourth Ave.; Editor, Whit Burnett, 432 Fourth Ave.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, A. B. Algase, 432 Fourth Ave.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Story Magazine, Inc., 432 Fourth Ave.; Whit Burnett, 432 Fourth Ave.; Martha Foley, 432 Fourth Ave.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity, other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is \_\_\_\_\_. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

A. B. Algase,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, 1941.

(Seal) CHARLES M. FRY,  
Notary Public.  
(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

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# FELLOWSHIPS

Nashville, Tennessee  
December 6, 1940.

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Mr. George M. Reynolds,  
Director of Fellowships  
4901 Ellis Avenue  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Reynolds:

In filling out the application for a Rosenwald Fellowship with which to write a novel, I was uncertain as to whether or not a transcript of college work would be required in my case. I attended a State College about three years, but never finished because of some disagreements with the administration. Although I can secure my record, I would prefer not to do so for personal reasons if it would not bar me from consideration.

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