THE COURIER

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THE COURIER

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Ralph Hodgson: 1871-1962

By RALPH L. SCHROEDER

I.

It is now November, the clashing month of winds farewelling a season. Yet in that breath of Godspeed and Fare-thee-well is wrapped the sound of pleasure. To have known the wonder of a season is to welcome, through parting, a new adventure.

It is now November, that came upon the heels of All-hallows Eve, to genuflect into the Day of All Saints. From time immemorial, we calendar our days through remembrance.

It is now November the Fourth, in the Year of our Lord, 1962. Because it is Sunday, it is a day given to bells and to leisure. In the newspapers, on this day, there is a different bell, tolling through words, the muting sound of departure. Under the byline of Canton, Ohio, November third, one reads:

> *Ralph Hodgson, the British poet, died today near his secluded farm in Minerva. He was 91 years old.*

One goes into lost time, back to that September day of Saturday the Ninth, 1871, when in the County Durham of England the child was born. Victoria Regina, ten years in widowhood, now in the thirty-fifth year of her reign, purviewed her kingdom and its culture from Balmoral Castle in Scotland. Alfred, Lord Tennyson was poet laureate of the British Isles. There is a song that belongs to every borning day; and, though it is dark, it is soon forgotten through rejoicing. That song is of little moment, for the people have need to sing their own rhythms: the farmers while haying, the peddlers in London Town of cockles and shells.

It is to this world that the child grows, and comprehends its need for song. Coming late, and never prolific, Hodgson gave to the world only his finest lines, and that always through pure lyricism. His first volume, under the title poem, "The Last Blackbird," appeared in 1907. In this, he spoke of an affinity with that bird:

> And straight I knew who thus in angel guise
> Would have my news—some trick of lip or brow
> Guessed me her rank; I said not otherwise
> Than ill indeed it went with linnets now.

His next printed appearance was in 1913; and there one recalls that

> Eve, with her basket, was
> Deep in the bells and grass,
> Wading in bells and grass
> Up to her knees . . .

Oh innocent maid! Nor is one likely to forget the very serpent "tumbling in twenty rings into the grass."

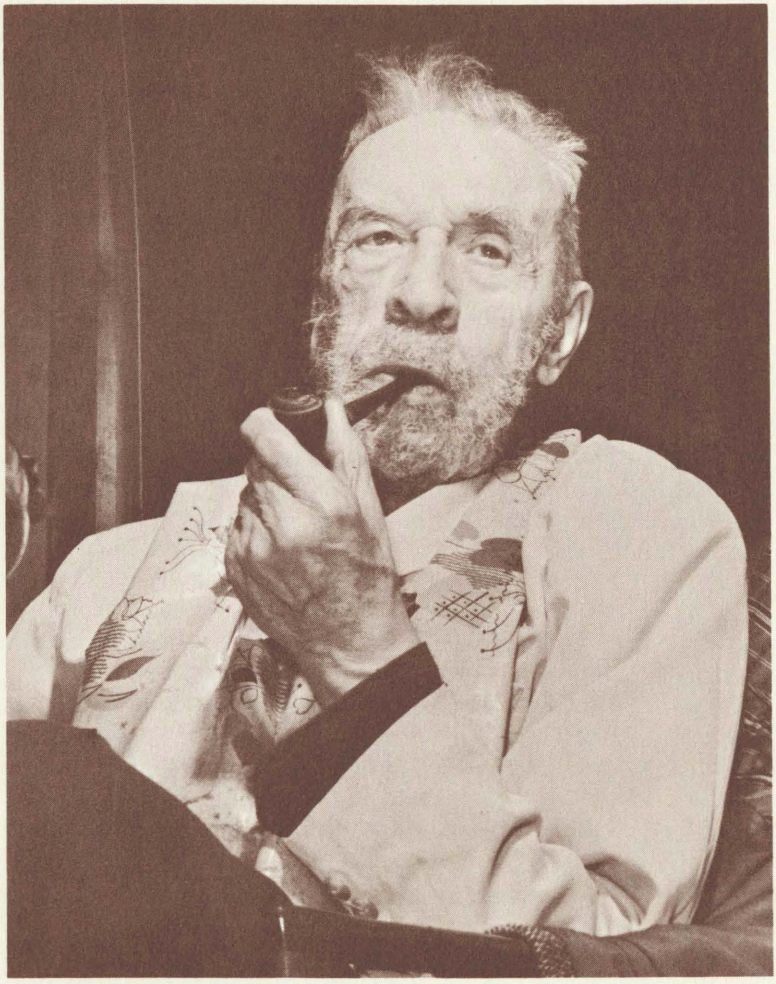
During the same period came "The Song of Honour" and "The Bull." In this last, we encounter the dying beast, where

> . . . things abominable sit
> Picking offal buck or swine,
> On the mess and over it
> Burnished flies and beetles shine,
> And spiders big as bladders lie
> Under hemlocks ten foot high;

This is surely of the lushness of Henri Rousseau's paintings. Yet it is not a mere beast dying. It is the death of a monarch.

> Pity him, this dupe of dream,
> Leader of the herd again
> Only in his daft old brain,
> Once again the bull supreme
> And bull enough to bear the part
> Only in his tameless heart.

It is not only of a beast, this picture of the dying monarch, but



Photograph by Cliff Haga, Canton, Ohio *Repository*

Ralph Hodgson

"aged and now ageless"

of man, worn and aged. Yet it is man with the tameless and triumphant heart.

To follow the poet does not always explain his art. To know that in the land of cherry blossoms, while teaching at the Sendai University in Japan, Hodgson found romance, does not unlock the mystery. Again that, during his later years, he sought seclusion at his rural home near Minerva, does in no way diminish his lyricism.

It is now November the Sixth. Across the land people are going about their daily tasks, on this a day of National elections. At Minerva, there is a gathering of people. They go to the small Methodist Church, and there, during the brief moments, reflect on the mystery of song. Do they marvel that out of the man, now grown silent, such songs could have arisen? Do they, in very fact, know these songs? It is not significant, one way or the other. The man has made his gift. In the very essence of his song lies the treasure. Somewhere there are those who will read Hodgson's lines. In later years, when the man is forgotten, others will turn the pages of a book and realize that here are words that soar. They will wing to show that, out of the ashes we call life, man will forever rise to the glory of song.

The lyricism of Ralph Hodgson starts at the beginning of life, and marches to its very end in anticipation of adventures to come. Seemingly, long years ago, he wrote of the moor, perhaps reflecting the countryside of his youth. Yet it was not of youth that he then sang, when he wrote:

> Not all the world, not all the world's gone by:
> Old man, you're like to meet one traveller still,
> A journeyman well kenned with life and limb;
> If this be he now riding up the hill
> Maybe he'll stop and take you up with him. . . .
>
> "But thou art Death?" "Of Heavenly Seraphim
> None else to seek thee out and bid thee come."
> "I only care that thou art come from Him,
> Unbody me—I'm tired—and get me home."

To have known the wonder of life's seasons is to welcome a new adventure. That for Ralph Hodgson is Homecoming. It is now November.

II.

Such was the ruminating mood upon the passing of a poet. Ralph Hodgson, aged and now ageless, was yet to be given back to the treasury of earth. Perhaps one thought of that English bard who wrote the famous Elegy, foreshadowing his own interment at Stoke Poges:

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
"Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
"Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
"Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The days of death are lent to melancholy!

It was one of betrayal, this burial day for Ralph Hodgson. Out of the murk of November weather, the sun broke forth. Save only this day was given to sunshine. Before and after, the skies were an endless cast. It was a day of betrayal. Riding through the early morning hours, there was the glitter of frost, wisps of fog clung to valley floors, while the fields, cornshocked, were those of harvest bounty.

Ralph Hodgson, the British poet, dying in Eastern Ohio, that too seemed a betrayal of sorts. To be sure, there were names along the way—New Castle, Edinburg—that would have echoes familiar to the ear of an Englishman; but there were also other names: Shenango and Mahoning. These have no place in England's lore. This land and these rivers, where Delaware and Iroquois braves once lingered, mark the site of Kuskuski villages. How curious it all seemed, yet one rides on into the glory of the day.

At Minerva: Now enter quietly to pay respect. In a grey cloth covered casket, white quilted satin inside, lies the stilled singer. Amid the modesty of seasonal floral pieces, one is lulled to the notion of stillness. Ralph Hodgson, a slight scar upon his right temple, with dapper 'kerchief, shirt and tie, might well have seemed an English lord within the dignity of death. Instead, he was born to poetry. He had come from Darlington, County Durham, in what seemed to have been a long journey from home, for in the final decades of his life he had chosen to live in Eastern Ohio. The question was posed, "Why did he choose to live here?" To answer this is merely to repeat that

such was his choice. These hills were the hills of his heart. He was at home among them.

For Ralph Hodgson, the years of his life had also been a long journey. Having passed his three score years and ten, meant almost to be forgotten. Such is the callous of this world.

There were a few relatives present, in addition to the poet's widow; and a few friends. During the noon hour there was random talk about the poet: His years of childhood . . .

Who spoke of Darlington in County Durham, with its markets and fairs; Darlington situated on the road that runs from Watling Street to the mouth of the Tees; Darlington, where Ralph Hodgson was born? No one! Neither was there talk of the unfathomable and sulphurous waters of the Hell Kettles near Darlington, nor of the dark, barren moors that stretch farther and beyond the borough proper. In thinking of Hodgson's childhood haunts, perhaps one should have thought of the shepherd boy from Lauderdale, who after death was refurbished into the incorruptible St. Cuthbert, sacred above all to County Durham; but there was none of this.

Instead, the poet's widow spoke of her husband, softly calling him *Rafe,* as was her daily habit. There was random talk about the poet, his years of childhood when his father, Ralph Hodgson, died, though when once asked his sire's occupation, the poet recalled, "He was a gentleman!" His mother, Mary Graham Hodgson, who lived to see her son's first poetic publications; his aunts who conducted the school where the poet had received his earliest formal education. Yet it was all of the vagueness of mist, lingering in the timelessness of time itself.

Shortly, there was a gathering in the church. Someone played an organ. The melody, with its haunting refrain, was more a lullaby, half-forgotten amid memories. Next, there was a hymn, strangely mellifluous:

> Now the laborer's task is o'er;
> Now the battle day is past;
> Now upon the farther shore
> Lands the voyager at last.
> Father, in Thy gracious keeping
> Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

The order of worship does not matter. The words spoken were those that echo timelessness, perchance a psalm, a prayer; and soon the cortege moved out of Minerva.

Slowly, up into the hills, the cars moved to a country churchyard. Looking across those valleys, one knew why Hodgson had chosen them for home. Little else mattered. A British poet was laid to rest high to the valleys, amid those hills and pastoral beauty. That seemed significant.

Of those who came to pay their respects, one should not be forgotten. There was a salesman who had travelled from Franklin, Pennsylvania, nearly one hundred miles. His was not a tie with the academic world, from whose rank only few were present. Rather, he had come out of a love for poetry; and, simply, as he himself put it, because Hodgson was a great poet.

Leaving the hills, one realized that for Ralph Hodgson it had all been a great journey.

"In True Friendliness"

By Clare Boothe Luce

Editor's Note: The illustration shown on the next page is a reduced reproduction of the original telegram in the papers of Dorothy Thompson left by her to Syracuse University. In Dorothy Thompson's handwritten reply beneath the message from Mrs. Luce the deleted part is very easily read in the original document. Anyone curious to know how this reads, may have his curiosity satisfied by writing the Editor. The beautifully interesting piece which follows was written especially for The Courier *by Mrs. Luce upon learning of this particular document in the archives of Syracuse University Library. "You may indeed include my telegram in your interesting publication," Mrs. Luce wrote. "Thank you for your courtesy in sending me the telegram* [a photocopy] *of which I had no record and which I am glad to have now in my possession."*

Dorothy Thompson and I first became friends in 1933, when, as I remember it, she was still Mrs. Sinclair Lewis and I was an editor of *Vanity Fair*. We were congenial because we were both interested in domestic and above all foreign politics. Both Republicans, we came increasingly to detest Hitler's Fascism and to fear what it portended, not only for the moral order of Europe but for the security of the United States. My anti-Fascist play, *Margin For Error* (1939), and my book, *Europe in the Spring* (1940) will show that I felt quite as strongly as Dorothy did on the obscenity and enormity of Nazism even though I did not have her exceptional talent as a political commentator.

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NA332 105=WA NEWYORK NY 6 518P

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON=
88 CENTRAL PARK WEST=

1940 NOV 6 PM 6 D6

WELL THE CHAMPS ARE STILL THE CHAMPS CONGRATULATIONS ON THE MAGNIFICENT JOB YOU DID FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE TO BE THE RIGHT THING AND MORE POWER TO YOUR PEN TODAY AND TOMORROW STOP NOONE MORE EARNESTLY HOPES THAT YOU AND THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN WELL AND TRULY THAN I DO STOP AND SINCE QUOTE WE IN AMERICA MUST MOVE TO MEET EACH OTHER ALSO UNQUOTE ACCEPT THIS FIRST MOVE OF MINE IN TRUE FRIENDLINESS BELIEVING THAT AGAINST YOU I HAD NO PERSONAL BITTERNESS NOR EVER SHALL HAVE ANY STOP I ALSO DID WHAT I THOUGHT RIGHT STOP YOURS FOR A GREAT COUNTRY=

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE=

Clare Boothe Luce
I forgave all when you swatted
Hamilton Fish [redacted]
[redacted] Dorothy Thompson

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Nevertheless, in the 1940 Willkie-Roosevelt campaign we parted company politically. While we both believed that our entrance into the war was inevitable, I took the view that we were already *in* the war; that the White House, facing into an election, was deceiving the American people about the true situation; and that we were not militarily prepared for the dreadful hour which must come. I believed that Mr. Willkie, if elected, would prepare our people morally for the conflict, and also see to the tooling up of our industries for war production.

Miss Thompson, who was also a personal friend of Willkie, nevertheless felt that he would not give the country the moral leadership it was getting from F.D.R. (Despite Mr. Roosevelt's moral leadership, Pearl Harbor came, and found the U.S. with only fifty first-line combat airplanes.)

Soon after Willkie's nomination, Miss Thompson wrote a *Herald-Tribune* column coming out forcefully against Willkie.

It so happens that the first public political speech I ever made was in refutation of the arguments Dorothy gave in this column. She made an even more forceful rejoinder to my speech. As I remember, she took to the rostrum herself. The public was enchanted with the spectacle of two women, both quite capable of writing and delivering their own speeches, seeking to demolish each other's arguments, and at the same time throwing in, as all campaigners do, some perosnal jibes. If you have copies of these speeches, you can decide for yourself which lady resorted more to the "personal attack".

After the campaign was over I sent Dorothy the telegram now in your possession. And in 1942, she gave my Congressional campaign a very friendly endorsement in one of her columns. We remained friends until her death.

As you know, Miss Thompson died in many ways a very disappointed and unhappy woman. Her political position in later years lost her a number of her friends of her anti-Fascist days, and she was bitterly, even venomously attacked by the very liberals who had once warmly supported her. But no doubt you are familiar with her professional history.

As for myself, the lesson I learned from our debate and have never forgotten is that the time has not yet come when two women can safely debate politics (or any other subject) in public, as men do and have always done. Differences of opinion between women are always treated by the press as inspired by personal dislike and are used as evidence that every woman, at bottom, fears and hates every other woman for reasons of sexual jealousy.

In our debate we were reported as having "struck out with bared claws", "pulled hair", "hissed", "meowed", "scratched each other's eyes out". The whole lexicon of a back-fence female cat fight was used to describe our speeches, although our arguments were supported by no less logic than is common among campaign speakers. Nor were we any more "emotional" than two male debaters in any close election. To be sure, in similar debates between men, the lexicon of the press is also belligerent. Men "lash out", "deliver foul blows", etc. Nevertheless, their debates are treated as manly affairs, the underlying presumption being that a debate between two men is a rational exercise and there is "nothing personal" in it—certainly nothing to do with their sex.

In any event, I determined after that debate never to get into a public argument with another woman—for the sake of all my sisters who are trying to overcome the prejudice many men have toward them in their professional or public capacities.

Over the years, efforts were made to entice me into arguments with Mrs. Roosevelt, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and many other Democratic women. The record since 1940 is that I have never made a critical comment on the public position taken by any other woman, even when it was politically awkward to avoid doing so. This was not a difficult decision to take: First, because I really admired all women who tried to make such contributions as they could to society; and second, because there were always quite enough men I disagreed with politically to keep me forensically well occupied.

Tryphena and Thomas Hardy

Miss Lois Deacon, who once served as Secretary to the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, England, has long been an ardent admirer of the famous literary figure Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), whose works included such outstanding books as *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872), *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873), *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Return of the Native* (1878), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), *Jude the Obscure* (1895), and other well-known and well-read writings which have enriched the realm of literature for a long time to come.

For more than five years, Miss Deacon has persistently researched a little known area in the writer's early life, and has now produced a brochure which answers questions Hardy scholars have been wonder-

ing about and worrying about in their studies of his works and the factors which influenced their writing.

The title of Miss Deacon's recently published work is *Tryphena and Thomas Hardy,* and it has an introduction by Richard Curle and an account of an interview between James Stevens Cox and Mrs. Eleanor T. Bromell, Tryphena's daughter.

As Mr. Curle points out, *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy (1840-1891),* written ostensibly by his widow, Florence Emily Hardy (published in 1928, the year of his death), was largely the novelist's own work, and he, having a strong antipathy to the obtrusion of personalities and the probing into private lives, had obviously let remain a great deal unrevealed and unwritten.

When a new edition of this work was issued in 1962, a reviewer observed that to read this volume was "to experience again the bewilderment, the exasperation, the sense that vital issues were being evaded, which one felt so forcibly more than thirty years ago."

Again, according to Mr. Curle, though Hardy was naturally an extremely reserved man, his reticence regarding his early days had, for those who read his poetry particularly, a curiously one-sided aspect, for it was perfectly clear that many of his verses were addressed to a definite young lady and hold within the core of their feeling a sense of hopeless farewell which could only derive from a radiant but frustrated love. It is evident the lady concerned was not the first Mrs. Hardy, for it is well known that this marriage was a joyless one, and many readers of Hardy's poetry have wondered who was the girl who so completely absorbed his youth and whose memory remained touchingly with him into his old age.

Through tireless and devoted efforts, Miss Deacon discovered the pieces of the puzzle, fitted them all into their proper places, and the hitherto unknown facts are revealed and set forth convincingly in her interesting revelation. Copies of *Tryphena and Thomas Hardy* may be obtained from Mr. Cox, antiquarian bookseller and the publisher, at The Toucan Press, Beaminster, Dorset, England. (See "Cox of Beaminster", *The Courier,* Vol. I, No. 11, September 1961.) Among the unusual illustrations is one from the original photograph of Hardy at the age of twenty-two which he gave Tryphena at the time of their engagement and a splendid likeness of Tryphena herself when she was eighteen showing her very dark eyes, heavy eyebrows, beautiful mouth, pretty nose, and plentiful dark chestnut hair, all reflecting composure and dignity, with a hint of barely concealed caprice and a certain willfulness.

Oscar Wilde: The Aftermath

After three sensational trials in 1895, Oscar Wilde was convicted and sentenced to prison for two years with hard labor. Issued a few weeks ago, *Oscar Wilde: The Aftermath,* by H. Montgomery Hyde, a distinguished English author, barrister, and criminologist, is the first authoritative and complete account to be published of the prison experiences of the great poet and dramatist and of his writings during the long months he was in Pentonville Prison, then in Wandsworth, and finally in Reading.

This work is based largely on the official government records in the case, to which access has always been withheld in the past. After a great deal of red-tape and arbitrary obstruction, Mr. Hyde raised the matter as a Member of Parliament on the floor of the House of Commons, and eventually the papers were made available to him. No restrictions were placed upon their use for the purposes of this book of 215 pages.

The poor state of his health saved Wilde from the more severe forms of hard labor such as the treadmill and a useless and back-breaking contraption known as "the crank". Nevertheless he had to pick oakum and sew mail bags in solitary confinement, and it was not until fourteen dreary months had dragged by and he was on the verge of a complete mental collapse that the literary man was permitted to have writing materials, pen and ink, pencils, paper, and notebooks. In addition to containing detailed accounts of his prison existence, his involved bankruptcy, and the unhappy estrangement from his beautiful wife ("wonderfully loyal"), the book includes copious extracts from Wilde's amazing prison correspondence and some most remarkable quotations from the hitherto unavailable reports and memoranda of the various prison governors and medical officers.

This splendidly organized volume presents a sombre and at times terrifying picture of penal conditions in England at the close of the previous century and of their impact on a man of Wilde's personality and acute sensitivity. It is a grimly unbelievable story which Mr. Hyde, a leading authority on the life and writings of Oscar Wilde, recounts here fairly and objectively.

Note: In Mr. Hyde's list of fifteen *Authorities* cited and quoted, one notices that four of them are catalogues of secondhand book dealers and auctioneers, which emphasizes the importance of such publications as legitimate sources of information and tools of the writer and biographer. Copies of all four are in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room. The publisher of *Oscar Wilde: The Aftermath* is: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, London, W. C, 2, England.

Did Longfellow Snore?

Mr. Donald T. Pomeroy, member of a distinguished New York family, graduate of Syracuse University (1926), nationally known realtor and businessman, outstanding civic leader, and member of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University Library Associates, telephoned the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books recently and told him he had some books he wanted to donate to the University Library, and asked him to set a convenient time when he could come to look them over.

The Curator was in the beautiful Pomeroy Syracuse home in thirty minutes. A sudden and heavy rain delayed him a little bit.

Mr. Pomeroy explained that he wanted the Curator to look through his library in the upstairs study and then along the book shelves in this room and then in the other rooms and also those overflowing out onto the sunporch, and take out the volumes which would be most useful to the students, scholars, researchers, and others who study and read in the University Library. There was no limit, Mr. Pomeroy generously declared, but he wanted to give only those books which would be most beneficial, and he did not expect the Curator to grab off *everything* from the shelves helter-skelter.

The Curator, desirous of being discriminating and not desirous of being piggish, spent two days going back and forth over the shelves of the attractive and interesting library, examining all the books, selecting some, leaving some. Mr. Pomeroy is an assiduous and an omnivorous reader of the best literature, and the assignment was a most pleasant one for the excited Curator.

The result was that by actual count 434 excellent volumes of the choicest writings by and about the best authors, some in sets complete, and all in splendid condition, were transferred to the shelves of Syracuse University Library. Some are to be consigned to the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room, especially an immense Pomeroy family Bible, not a rare edition, but one exquisitely bound in rather thick leather boards, appropriately decorated in gold and illustrated throughout.

A Curator cannot be expected to read all the unfamiliar books which come his way, but among these 434 was one appearing to be unusually interesting which for some reason or another the Syracuse University Curator had never before seen or heard about, much less read. It was accordingly singled out, and enjoyed. The work concerned the great American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and his family.

Every American, if he does not know them by heart, has at least

read or had read to him, the enchanting verses of Longfellow's poem, "The Children's Hour", and certainly he remembers

From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with the golden hair.

From this it appears there were at least three girls in the poet's household. But were there any others, any boys?

Professor and Mrs. Longfellow (his second wife, burned fatally by an accidental fire, 1861) had six children, two sons and four daughters, all born in the famous old Craigie House on Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It was one of the boys, later an accomplished and successful artist, Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow (1845-1921), who wrote the volume included in Mr. Pomeroy's gift, *Random Memories* (Boston, 1922), an informal autobiography, witty, enlightening, prejudiced, not always good-natured or charitable, which might really be a document for study by psychologists and psychiatrists. In it Ernest pointedly decries his misfortune at being the son of his father, an illustrious parent, and cites the consolation rendered by people who "generally try to make matters better by reminding him that it is a well-known fact that genius skips one generation." (Robert Todd Lincoln is a prime example of an offspring who suffered from this foolish illusion; Whistler's father and Sinclair Lewis—"Mr. Dorothy Thompson"—are something else.)

Imagine the bearded bard's comfortable study a short time after the noon meal on a crisp autumn day in 1862. The elder son, Charles Longfellow, nineteen years old, is away with the United States Army trying to suppress an armed rebellion in thirteen then-sovereign states of the Union. In the following intimacy, Ernest, reminiscencing leisurely and amusingly, reveals the answer to the interrogational title above:

> When my brother went to the war, he left behind his Scotch terrier, called Trap, who was then getting old and rheumatic. He attached himself to my father and followed him everywhere, and spent most of his time in my father's study sleeping on a closed furnace vent, where just enough heat came through to make him comfortable. My father used often to take a nap in the afternoon in his armchair in front of the fire. As gods nod, so do poets sometimes snore. When this happened, it seemed to disturb the dog in *his* slumbers, and he would get up and paw at my father's knee till he waked him up, and then would lay himself down again with a sigh

of contentment to continue his own sleep undisturbed. There was something so human about this that my father never resented it.

The great poet Longfellow was human after all, and he did snore.

Librarianship and Publishing

In 1958, Syracuse University School of Library Science inaugurated a series of publications entitled: *Frontiers of Librarianship.* No. 1, "Contemporary Library Design", was edited by Dr. Wayne S. Yenawine, Dean of the School, and contained three very scholarly papers: "Public Library Design", by Francis Keally; "School Library Design", by Margaret I. Rufsvold; and "College and University Library Buildings", by Howard Rovelstad.

No. 2, 1959, "Library Evaluation", also edited by Dr. Yenawine, contained three papers: "Evaluation of Book Collections", by Rudolph Hirsch; "Evaluation of Personnel", by Philip E. Hagerty; and "Looking Back is Forward Looking", by Samuel Simon.

No. 3, 1960, "The Reading of Youth", was edited by Virginia Tozier, Instructor in the School, and consisted of "Reading and the Delinquent Child", by E. Preston Sharp; "Reading and the Gifted Youth", by Richard L. Carner; and "Reading of Normal Youth", by Julia Losinski.

These are very important documents by outstanding experts in their respective fields.

No. 4, "Librarianship and Publishing", has just recently been issued under the editorship of Carl H. Melinat, Professor of Library Science in the School.

This latest addition to the series is based on the fact that the publisher's product is the librarian's stock in trade; and in it three recognized authorities explore and clarify the nature as well as the extent of the relationships between the two closely allied fields of Librarianship and Publishing. "The Influence of Librarians on Book Publishing" is by Dr. Robert B. Downs, Dean of Library Administration and Director of the Library School at the University of Illinois. "The Other Side of the Coin", is by Mr. Lawrence F. Reeves, Field Sales Manager, Educational Division, Affiliated Publishers, Inc., of New York City; and the third paper was written by Daniel Melcher, Vice President and General Manager of the R. R. Bowker Company.

All three of these papers will prove of great interest not only to librarians and other professional people in the field dealing with

books, but also to the layman and the non-professional reader of *The Courier*. One here learns of a great many things which are perhaps common knowledge among certain people, but which have not heretofore been stated in such a clear and scholarly manner.

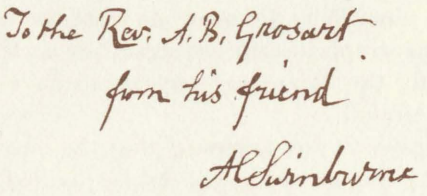
Symbol of the School of Library Science, Syracuse University

"Librarianship and Publishing" was printed and bound by the Syracuse University Press, and copies may be obtained by ordering from the Press ($1.50 per copy): Box 87, University Station, Syracuse N. Y. 13210. In this book the symbol of the Syracuse University School of Library Science is used for the first time. It was designed by Professor Melinat who utilized the Lydian Cursive type face.

A. C. Swinburne Pardoned from Hanging

In *The Courier* of last June a little piece entitled "The Erased Unheled", pp. 3-4, described a copy owned by an unnamed Syracuse University Library Associate of the first edition of *Marino Faliero: A Tragedy,* by Algernon Charles Swinburne, containing a presentation inscription by the author in which the name of the recipient had been rubbed out, and also related the account of the recovery by scientific methods of the name originally written by the great poet and dramatist. It proved to be that of *Dr. A. B. Grosart,* with whom Swinburne had been on friendly terms for about thirty years.

Another Library Associate, Mr. Lowell Kerr of Brooklyn, New York, editor, publishing business executive, and Swinburne collector and scholar de luxe, read "The Erased Unheled", and thereupon informed the Editor of *The Courier* that in his private collection he had a copy of the first edition of *Marino Faliero* bearing a fine, clear autograph presentation inscription signed by the author in ink on the half-title and that the recipient there named was none other than Swinburne's old friend of the Presbyterian ministry, Alexander Balloch Grosart!



MARINO FALIERO

Swinburne's Inscription in Mr. Lowell Kerr's Copy

His copy, Mr. Kerr added, was at one time owned by the noted librettist, author, and bibliophile, Harry Bache Smith (1860-1936), and was included in Smith's magnificent catalogue of his extraordinary collection entitled *A Sentimental Library* (privately printed by the DeVinne Press, 1914, 332 pp.). It is described on page 205 ("With unopened leaves."), and on the next page are listed two more books inscribed by Swinburne to the same Grosart. Following the last description, Smith appended this note: "Dr. Grosart did not open the leaves of the books presented to him by Swinburne, which, a German might say, was not groszartig."

Why the two copies of *Marino Faliero,* both originally inscribed to Grosart—Mr. Kerr's copy with the inscription intact and the other with the name erased?

Research fails to reveal any facts on which an answer might be based, so one can only offer a brace of surmises: Swinburne inscribed one (the Smith-Kerr) copy and dispatched it to Grosart; later he inadvertently inscribed the second one, and then recalling having sent the first one, he erased Grosart's name and laid the book aside. Or, Swinburne wrote and signed the inscription: *To Dr. A. B. Grosart with best regards,* was dissatisfied with the wording, wanting something more friendly, with Grosart's ministerial title; and penned and signed the other inscription in the second copy: *To the Rev. A. B. Grosart from his friend,* sent this to the Presbyterian scholar, and then erased the name in the first book and put it away. There do not seem to be

any other possibilities in this case. Thus is answered the question in *The Courier* last June: Why did someone erase the name of the noted recipient in an autograph inscription signed by such a famous author as Swinburne? And the "someone" appears to have been none other than Swinburne himself.

In the June piece it was suggested that the "nasicornous fustilarian who did this erasing should have been keelhauled and then hanged to the yardarm." In view of the subsequent developments which point to the near-certainty that it was Swinburne who erased his own writing, and since this was a privileged action, it is believed any doubt should be resolved in his favor and he be pardoned from any punishment, including that of being hanged to the yardarm.

Sherlock Holmes and William McKinley

Mr. Richard G. Underwood, Director of Syracuse University Press, announced yesterday the forthcoming publication of two books, both of which should be of interest to Library Associates and other readers of *The Courier:*

Sherlock Holmes in Portrait and Profile, by Walter Klinefelter, 128 pages, illustrated. $5.50.

What does a detective look like? To generations of readers, he looked like Sherlock Holmes—a tall, lean man in a deerstalker cap, smoking a curved underslung pipe—the most famous fictional detective of all time. Yet not even Sherlock Holmes always had that appearance.

In his scholarly introduction to this book, Mr. Charles Vincent Emerson Starrett (Chicago critic, editor, rare book collector and expert, recognized authority on Arthur Machen, Ambrose Bierce, and Stephen Crane, author of a dozen or more books including *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes,* and a stalwart Baker Street Irregular), declares, "Currently, no doubt the picture of Sherlock Holmes in most minds is that of [Philip St. John] Basil Rathbone [the South African actor, 1892-]; but it was not always so—once it was the portrait of William Gillette [the American actor and matinee idol, 1855-1937, adored by all the theater-going ladies for his handsome physiognomy and heroic manners]. The evolution of that famous profile is a story in itself, the story of the detective's illustrators no less than his impersonators. It is the story Walter Klinefelter tells in his delightful book."

The picture-account of the master detective's illustrators traces

the evolution of Holmesian portraiture in England and the United States over a period of nearly sixty years.

Not every illustrator saw Holmes as his friend and constant companion, Dr. John Watson, described him: "In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing . . . and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of decision."

In spite of this authoritative description, Holmes's first illustrator, D. H. Friston, portrayed him in *Beeton's Annual* for 1887 as a gaudily dressed, side-whiskered dandy wearing an incredible hat of no relationship whatever to a deerstalker. Even more heretical were the crude sketches by Charles Doyle published in 1888. The great Holmes illustrators were Sidney Paget in England, and the American, Frederic Dorr Steele, the greatest of them all, whose drawings of Holmes span almost forty years, from a series in *Collier's Weekly* in 1903 to an advertisement for Basil Rathbone's flicker, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in 1939.

Both scholarship and devotion have produced this treasure-trove of some sixty illustrations and the story-by-story account that accompanies them. Mr. Starrett declares, "Scholarship aside, it is . . . a fascinating research that admirers of the Master on all levels will hail with satisfaction."

Mr. Walter Klinefelter is a bookman, a carto-philatelist, and of course a Baker Street Irregular. Among his many books are *Maps in Miniature, The Fortsas Bibliohoax,* and *Ex Libris A. Conan Doyle: Sherlock Holmes.* He taught for many years in public schools in Pennsylvania.

William McKinley and His America, by H. Wayne Morgan, 608 pages, photographs, notes, index. $9.00.

This full-scale critical biography of the twenty-fifth President and his era draws a portrait that differs from the popular image of William McKinley. In a fast-moving, anecdotal narrative style, the author explores the phases of his subject's life and political career that have too long been obscure and perplexing.

With particular emphasis on McKinley's thirty years in national politics and his tenure in the White House, Dr. Morgan in this broadly based study indicates that McKinley was sympathetic to Labor, that he outgrew his rigid protectionism, that he was caught by events rather than impelled or forced by William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer into the outbreak of the American-Spanish conflict, and that

his foreign policy was internationalistic and farsighted in scope and aspect. The book describes and analyzes McKinley's skill as a politician, his phenomenal personal charm, and the philosophy and attitudes behind his decisions and policies.

This engrossing biography traces the experiences that contributed to McKinley's legislative position in later years, his strict upbringing in a frugal yet liberally minded household in Niles, Ohio, his exploits as a volunteer soldier in the War of Secession that won him honors and the rank of Major, and his experiences as an Ohio lawyer. Elected to the U. S. Congress in 1876, he achieved national attention for his stand on the tariff, rising to the powerful position of chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. After two terms as Governor of Ohio, he became the nation's Chief Executive in 1896 and 1900, and his was a national popularity that cut across all lines, political and otherwise.

On 6 September 1901, McKinley was shot by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz at Buffalo, New York, and when he died a few days later, the nation was plunged into sorrow and mourning.

Dr. Morgan's examination of the political atmosphere which prevailed in the late nineteenth century includes a detailed and exciting behind-the-scenes account of the *modus operandi* of politics as practiced at local, state, and national levels. His narrative is thorough and his analysis is intelligent and acute throughout.

Since McKinley's administration has been recognized as a watershed in American history, it is quite likely that historians will value Dr. Morgan's wealth of new and carefully documented information on the period and the man responsible for many of the significant decisions which advanced the prosperity of the nation. The general reader will no doubt delight in the human, bark-stripped-off accounts of a warm-hearted, honest, idealistic man who was also President of the United States.

Dr. H. Wayne Morgan, Department of History, University of Texas, is a young scholar of notable productivity. This is his fourth book to be published within a year, the others being *Eugene V. Debs: Socialist for President; The Gilded Age: A Reappraisal,* which he edited and for which he wrote the introductory chapter; and *Writers in Transition,* the first two published by Syracuse University Press. Dr. Morgan received his doctorate degree from the University of California at Los Angeles, and has specialized in United States history of the late nineteenth century.

Editor's Note: Word has been received from Mrs. Rietta Gantter, Promotion Manager, Syracuse University Press, that a ten per cent discount will be allowed to members of Syracuse University Library

Associates when they order books from the Press. It will, of course, be necessary for members to identify themselves as such when they order.

The mailing address of Syracuse University Press is Box 87, University Station, Syracuse, New York 13210.

Through A. Conan Doyle's Magic Door

Mention of Sherlock Holmes automatically reminds one of his creator, Arthur Conan Doyle, famous British physician, novelist, historian, and spiritualist, who lived from 1859 until 1930, and whose first editions are now eagerly collected by the many admirers of his writings.

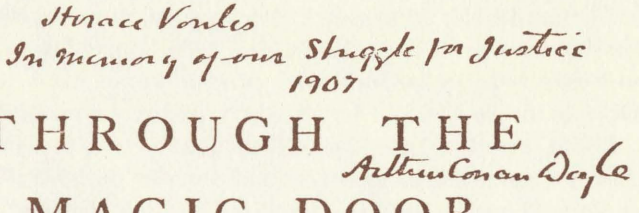
One of the copies of Doyle's works in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room is not only a first edition, but also a presentation copy with an autograph inscription signed by the author. *Through the Magic Door* (London, 1907) is a volume of fascinating essays by Doyle about some of his favorite books in his personal collection. The "Magic Door" is the entrance to his library, and the volume opens with the enticing paragraph:

> I care not how humble your bookshelf may be, nor how lowly the room which it adorns. Close the door of that room behind you, shut off with it all the cares of the outer world, plunge back into the soothing company of the great dead, and then you are through the magic portal into that fair land whither worry and vexation can follow you no more. You have left all that is vulgar and all that is sordid behind you. There stand your noble, silent comrades, waiting in their ranks. Pass your eye down their files. Choose your man. And then you have but to hold up your hand to him and away you go together into dreamland. Surely there would be something eerie about a line of books were it not that familiarity has deadened our sense of it. Each is a mummified soul embalmed in cere-cloth and natron of leather and printer's ink. Each cover of a true book enfolds the concentrated essence of a man. The personalities of the writers have faded into the thinnest shadows, as their bodies into impalpable dust, yet here are their very spirits at your command.

The person who cannot resist such a tempting invitation is then treated to a series of enchanting chapters dealing with such luminaries as Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Walter Scott, Samuel Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Samuel Pepys, Nathanial Hawthorne, Samuel Richardson, Charles Robert Darwin, Robert Louis Stevenson,

George Borrow, Edgar Allan Poe ("Poe is, to my mind, the supreme original short story writer of all time."), and a host of other greats and near-greats who left their infinitely fine marks on English and American literature for all time to come.

The copy of the first edition of *Through the Magic Door* in the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room bears the following inscription by Doyle on the title page: *Horace Voules In Memory of our Struggle for Justice 1907 Arthur Conan Doyle.*



Arthur Conan Doyle's Inscription

Recipient Voules was Horace St. George Voules (1844-1909), the noted London journalist and editor of halfpenny evening papers and other periodicals, including the magazine *Truth*. The "Struggle for Justice", mentioned by Doyle in his inscription, referred to the concentrated endeavors by Voules and Doyle and others of the English writing fraternity for copyright protection of their works in the United States. (By an Act of Congress in 1891, the United States accepted the principle of international copyright, and in 1897 a Bureau of Copyrights was established as a department of the Library of Congress.)

The book later came into the possession of John Needles Chester, and on the inside front cover is his attractive bookplate, and throughout the volume are numerous marginal notations and underlinings which are proof of his reading with enjoyment. Later Dr. William Pearson Tolley, Chancellor of Syracuse University and a book collector in his own right, acquired this copy for his private collection and recently included it in a significant gift with other books to the Library.

Stephen Crane's Bugs

It is now fairly well agreed all around that the unsigned front-page article in the New York *Tribune,* 1 June 1891, under the peculiar heading: *Great Bugs in Onondaga,* was the brain-child of none other

than a young student attending Syracuse University who was in the habit of doing almost anything other than preparing his lessons for the classroom.

Not at all inclined toward earning a college education, he greatly preferred to wander and observe along the canal waterfront, through the slums and saloons, to visit the newspaper offices and police courts, and to play on the University baseball team as catcher or shortstop. This nineteen-year-old special student was Stephen Crane, within the next few years to become one of the great American authors and short story writers. In his capacity as the local Syracuse correspondent for the New York City newspaper, he sent in the startling story about the *Great Bugs* in Onondaga County.

In a previous issue of *The Courier* (Vol. III, No. 1, March 1963), this unusual entomological item was reprinted for the first time since its original appearance, and accompanying were scholarly academic opinions from three authorities regarding the reasonableness of the attribution. Professors Olov Fryckstedt (Uppsala University), Edwin H. Cady (Indiana University), and Walter E. Sutton (Syracuse University) agreed the article is an early specimen of Stephen Crane's authorship; and since then there has not been a single dissenting opinion offered for the record.

In the same issue of *The Courier* the reprinted article and the three authoritative statements were followed by a complete quotation of the editorial which appeared in the *Tribune* on 2 June 1891, probably written by Willis Fletcher Johnson, day editor of the newspaper and Crane's friend and employer. This hilarious editorial, entitled "The Syracuse Bugs" is a most amusing bit of critical banter, and reveals an interesting relationship between the editor and the university student-reporter.

So much for the material which appeared in *The Courier* last March.

Subsequent research and investigation have determined that the story of Crane's dispatch does not—and should not be allowed to—break off at this point. There is more, and the sequel is here revealed to run the whole account on out to the end.

Crane's story appeared in the New York *Tribune* on 1 June 1891, followed by Johnson's editorial the next day, 2 June. On 1 June, the Syracuse *Standard,* under the heading and sub-heading: *Huge Electric Light Bugs./What a Wild-Eyed Patriot from the Sand Hills Thought He Saw,* published the first half of the story in quotation marks word for word (except for several small variations) with added introductory and concluding paragraphs. The first paragraph reads as follows:

A wild-eyed man in overalls told a Standard *reporter yesterday a story of the strangest character. The fellow was from the sand hills. He acted as well as talked strangely, and was evidently suffering from alcoholism. He gave his name as William Davis. This is in substance the story he told, frequently interrupting himself to insist that what he related was an actual fact:*

Here follows the quoted part of Crane's dispatch beginning with "Southeast of Brighton Corners" and extending in an unbroken paragraph through "slaughtered bugs." The concluding paragraph reads:

The story, of course, is too improbable for belief and could not be verified. Davis had perhaps in his sober moments read or heard the reports of caterpillars and other insects stopping trains in Minnesota and South Carolina and in his unfortunate mental condition yesterday believed that he had actually witnessed a spectacle of a similar nature.

The *Standard's* rival newspaper, the Syracuse *Daily Journal,* spying this piece, took the only course it could, and in its issue the next day, 2 June, poked out with a jab headed: *The Syracuse Bugs/New York Tribune,* under which it reproduced verbatim Johnson's entire editorial, published in the New York *Tribune* on the same day.

Thus the dispatch and the editorial, both originally appearing in New York City, were picked up and brought to roost in Syracuse where the story had originated, no doubt much to the amusement of the young university student who had started it all.

Nor is this the place to leave off. Curiosity impels further investigation. Did the event actually occur anywhere in Onondaga County? Was there any *factual* basis for Crane's dispatch in or around Syracuse? Was there any happening at all on which Crane could hang such a story? Careful search of all newspaper files, old records, local histories, and personal interviews with retired quarry officials failed to turn up any clue whatsoever. There was no known record of a real event involving crushed and crackling bugs greasing the rails of a spur track running into a quarry or anywhere else. Richard N. Wright, President of the Onondaga Historical Association, was consulted and his assistance solicited, but he and those around him could not turn up anything even remotely resembling a local contemporary fact on which Crane might have based his story.

At this point, Richard G. Case, erudite staff writer on the Syracuse Syracuse *Standard,* under the heading and sub-heading: *Huge Electric Herald-American,* produced an excellently composed story which appeared in his newspaper on 26 May 1963 under the banner heading:

'Great Bugs of Onondaga' Invented by Crane/Famed Writing Style Gives Him Away, in which he labelled the story a hoax and the nineteen-year-old Stephen Crane as the unmasked hoaxer. (This article is illustrated by reproductions of two photographs of Crane and of two scenes drawn by the splendidly imaginative artist, Fred Heyman, who later graciously presented the originals to the Curator of Manuscripts and Rare Books at Syracuse University who has them hanging in his cubicle right next to the Lena R. Arents Rare Book Room in the Main Library). No objections or dissenting voices were raised against Case's plain and reasonable denomination of Crane as a myth maker. Any Crane devotee or collector of *Railroadana* will certainly want a copy of Case's piece for his private library.

Stephen Crane's Electric-light Bug
As fancifully conceived by the splendidly imaginative artist, Fred Heyman, of the Syracuse *Herald-American.* The tail light indicates this specimen is phylogenetically related to Haase's *Genus Phengodes hieronymi.*

Nor should the matter of Crane's story be laid to rest at this point. There is another aspect to be explored. One wants to delve deeper and discover, if possible, what it actually was which prompted Crane to perpetrate the yarn he composed. What gave him the idea to concoct the account out of whole cloth? What was it that possessed Crane to cook up such a ridiculous story so patently a creation of his own mind and not at all related to fact? Something must have given him the idea. Can this be pin-pointed to a certainty? Behind every story ever written, there is another story. What was it in this case of Crane and the *Great Bugs?* What made him write it? What inspired him?

In *The Revelation of St. John the Divine,* one finds a reference to bugs, or precisely to locusts, as big as horses "and on their heads *were* as it were crowns like gold . . . and their teeth were as *the teeth* of lions. . . . And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings *was* as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle." In all the Bible there are more than three dozen verses relating to locusts, grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, and

bugs in general, and one wonders whether the child Stephen had impressed upon him the monstrosity of these Biblical creatures by his vociferant parent, the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Townley Crane, preaching from his Methodist pulpit or reading the Scriptures to his brood in the quietness of the parsonage. Did Crane remember these *Acridiidae* when he came to write the *Great Bugs* piece; were they buried in his subconsciousness?

Somewhere along the line before he came to Syracuse University had Crane become familiar with the book entitled *The City of the Saints,* by the famous Richard Francis Burton (London, 1861; New York, 1862)? There the English explorer described the grasshopper scourge in Utah Territory, and quoted Lieutenant Gouverneur K. Warren, U. S. Army (Topographical) Engineers as declaring that the multitudinous swarms of these insects often "fill the air for many miles of extent, so that an inexperienced eye can scarcely distinguish their appearance from that of a shower of rain or the smoke of a prairie fire . . . To a person standing in one of these swarms as they pass over and around him, the air becomes sensibly darkened, and the sound produced by their wings resembles that of the passage of a train of cars on a railroad when standing two or three hundred yards from the track." In another passage in the book, Burton states that the "frightful bug" is compared by the Mormons to a "cross between the spider and the buffalo", is dark, ungainly, and exceedingly harmful, and "whose onward march nor fires, nor hot trenches, nor the cries of the frantic farmer could arrest." Was Stephen Crane familiar with these descriptions by the great Englishman? He could have been.

Another book Crane may have picked up somewhere is: *A Concise History of the Mormon Battalion in the Mexican War, 1846-1847,* by Sergeant Daniel Tyler, Salt Lake City, 1881 (but actually 1882). There the author, who served with the battalion, wrote that the ravaging insect in Utah was called the "Black Philistine" and was described as "Wingless, dumpy, black, swollen headed, with bulging eyes in cases like goggles, mounted upon legs of steel wire and clock springs, and with a general personal appearance that justified the Mormons in comparing him to a cross of the spider and the buffalo . . ."

One interesting little bug bit which Crane is not likely to have read or known about, but which might have caused him some amusement as well as served him for what it was worth is an article in German by a naturalist named Haase, published in Berlin, 1888, and later reported by David Sharp in his book entitled *Insects* (London and New York, 1899). The German's paper dealt with an unusual specimen of bug about which Sharp commented that from time to time, since

the commencement of the nineteenth century, there had been imperfect accounts of extraordinary light-giving larvae of various sizes, but attaining in some cases a length of three or more inches; and also that they had been reported as giving a strong red light from the two extremities of the body and a green light from numerous points along the side of the body. This was the *Phengodes hieronymi,* otherwise known as the railway-beetle!

In his wanderings around the Syracuse railway depot, Crane may have heard the story about the origin of the sand-box on the locomotives. The story is preserved by Seymour Dunbar in his volume *A History of Travel in America* (Indianapolis, 1915), and included by B. A. Botkin and Alvin F. Harlow in their volume *A Treasury of Railroad Folklore* (New York, 1953). According to Dunbar: "The origin of the sand-box on locomotives was due to a plague of grasshoppers in Pennsylvania in 1836. They covered the ground in myriads, and seriously interfered with the running of trains on the railroads then in operation. For a week or two the roads employed men to walk back and forth along the tracks and sweep the insects off the rails with brooms, but this expedient was unavailing, for no sooner were they displaced from one point than the little pests jumped back again after the track sweepers had passed. Scrapers were then installed on some engines, and small brooms on others, but these attempts to remedy the trouble also proved useless, since the brooms were worn out in a short time and the contact between scrapers and rails made it necessary to run the trains at a crawling gait. Finally some genius whose name has been forgotten hit upon the plan of attaching sand-boxes to the locomotives in such a way that streams of sand should be automatically deposited on the rails in front of the wheels The scheme proved an unqualified success, was adopted by other existing roads, and used thereafter by all new ones."

These cited sources are recognized as merely bare possibilities, perhaps too far-fetched and remote to the determination of what actually prompted Stephen Crane to write his dispatch to the *Tribune;* but nevertheless they are possibilities, and as such they deserve consideration, slight though it be.

Searching for a clue closer to Crane, one goes back to the version of the original story as it appeared in the Syracuse *Standard,* 1 June 1891, and there notes in the concluding paragraph a reference to "the reports of caterpillars and other insects stopping trains in Minnesota and South Carolina". This bears looking into.

Unfortunately, nothing so far has been turned up about caterpillars or other bugs interrupting the railway system down South Caro-

lina way, but out in Minnesota, the researcher appears to have struck the Mother Lode.

From Mr. Michael Brook, well-known and respected Reference Librarian of the Minnesota Historical Society of Saint Paul, comes the information that "The Minneapolis *Journal* of 23 May 1891 carried on page one a story headed "Millions of Worms", reporting that trains on the Milwaukee Road near Mankato, Minnesota, were held up by the mass of caterpillars on the tracks. The area had been infested for two weeks."

The search is then turned toward the New York *Sun,* and there one finds in the Sunday issue, 24 May 1891, page eighteen, column five, the following little piece:

> Caterpillars Delay Railroad Trains.
>
> Mankato, Minn., May 23.—All the trains on the Milwaukee road this morning were delayed at point seven miles out of this city by millions of caterpillars which had crawled upon the rails to sun themselves. Sand boxes were soon exhausted, and two locomotives were hardly sufficient to move the train. The morning freight was an hour and ten minutes in going two miles.

Did this bit of bug news appear in any Syracuse newspaper which Stephen Crane may have read? Of course the *Sun* account may have been available to him, but was there something closer, right in his lap, so to speak, which he could not have failed seeing?

In the Syracuse *Sunday Herald,* on the front page in the issue of 24 May 1891, one excitedly reads the following dispatch:

> Caterpillars Delay Trains.
>
> Minneapolis, May 23.—A special to the [Minneapolis] *Journal* from Mankato, Minn., tells of an army of caterpillars about eight miles from that place which has delayed all trains on the Milwaukee road. Millions of caterpillars came out on the track to sun themselves and were ground to grease. They have infested the locality for two weeks past, destroying many fruit trees.

So it is now found that an authentic story of an army of millions of caterpillars delaying and hampering some trains out in Minnesota and being ground into grease on the tracks is placed right in the hands of Stephen Crane only a few days before he manufactured his piece for the New York *Tribune* about the "Great Bugs of Onondaga".

Is there any connection? Is this Minnesota story the immediate source which inspired Crane to write his piece?

To bridge this last gap, it is appropriate to obtain the opinions of a couple of well-known Stephen Crane experts. Mr. Ames W. Williams, recognized Crane authority and bibliographer (See his: "On Collecting the Writings of Stephen Crane", *The Courier,* Vol. II, No. 4, December 1962; and also *The Courier,* Vol. I, No. 12, December 1961), and Mr. Louis Zara, editor, publisher, and author of short stories, scenarios, dramas, and books of fiction, the last including his popular *Dark Rider* (1961), a novel based on the life of Stephen Crane and the dramatic ingredients of his unconventional life, have read and considered all of the foregoing, and have most graciously furnished their opinions which follow:

Ames W. Williams:

The deductions made by Messrs. Fryckstedt, Cady, Sutton, and Mayfield in their respective efforts to establish the authorship of *Great Bugs in Onondaga* are plausible and persuasive; they reflect a background of sound scholarship and an intimate knowledge of the subject—qualities frequently lacking in contemporary literary analysis and criticism.

The collective conclusions are indeed gratifying in the light of the means of identification I originally employed in leafing through enormous volumes of brittle and yellowing newspapers in the search for Stephen Crane. Beyond great enthusiasm for the quest and a rather superficial knowledge of the known canon, my only other aid was a small dowser— a toothpick manufactured of Sullivan County willow *(Salix viminalis Sullivanis).*

Quite by accident while reading in the Library of Congress and chewing upon such a fibrous relict of an indifferent Capitol Hill lunch —I observed that the toothpick would vibrate furiously when I came upon a bit of authentic prose. This curious phenomenon prompted some amateur detection and I discovered that the source of the toothpick was Sullivan County, a place steeped in Crane associations. (An unidentified blight—could it have been Haase's destructive railway-beetle or Brigham Young's "Black Philistine"?—descended upon the Sullivan County willow in 1948, and the tree is now extinct. The entire inventory of the particular toothpick manufacturer was purchased and destroyed in order to prevent its falling into the hands of spurious scholars.)

With the help of this little contrivance, endowed with the same occult powers that discover water, oil, gold, or lost wills in unlikely places, my research produced surprising results. Time and scholarship have confirmed the accuracy of my dowser.

Louis Zara:

I have truly enjoyed the splendid detective work done on *Great Bugs in Onondaga,* and I endorse wholeheartedly the comments of Profs. Fryckstedt, Cady, and Sutton. Stephen Crane left his marks indelibly, as he usually did.

Mind also that this boy loved to write tongue-in-cheek. He was always spoofing a bit and, in whacking at his elders, often transposed bits of characters. Glory be! Who else could write of 'A wild-eyed man in overalls", and thus create a picture while violating the first canon of journalism, namely, that a reporter *must* give names? With his phrase "evidently suffering from alcoholism", he was perhaps already jibing at the beloved brother Townley. Note: "He gave his name as William Davis." But William is the brother who was the sedate lawyer and successful, and Davis was probably none other than Richard Harding Davis whom he emulated in those days and who was just then publishing his sketches of his travels in the West "out of a railroad car window." Coincidences? Only if the act of creating anything can be termed a coincidence.

The writer of that editorial in the *Tribune* surely appreciated the author of the hoax, commenting parenthetically "though to genius nothing is impossible". That word "genius" is not one that an editor applies unless he too admires the hoax and the hoaxer. Another phrase runs: "the beginning of a series"—and it was Johnson who soon was to run a series of articles by Stephen Crane.

Tongue-in-cheek irony leads to hoaxes. Remember the fire story hoax? ["When Every One Is Panic Stricken", New York *Press,* 25 November 1894; first separate printing (100 copies) under the title *Fire!,* issued by Ames W. Williams, Alexandria, Virginia, 1954.] And the *Tribune* surely considered the reportage on the Junior Order of United American Mechanics parade in Asbury Park ["On the New Jersey Coast", New York *Tribune,* 21 August 1892; first book appearance in *The Public Papers of a Bibliomaniac,* by Charles Honce, The Golden Eagle Press, Mount Vernon, New York, 1942; also, contained in *Stephen Crane: An Omnibus,* edited by Robert Wooster Stallman, New York, 1952.] as no more than a hoax, a serious one this time, and fired him.

Young Crane was flexing his creative muscles. Light and sound delighted him, excited him, and called forth his best free-wheeling turns of phrase. No need to sign his piece. He was grinning behind every word.

Editor's Note: Just a few weeks ago, the bugs were at it again, and made news on the front page of the Syracuse *Post-Standard,* 25 June 1963, in the form of an Associated Press dispatch from Hannibal, Missouri. Under the headline: *10-Inch Layer Of Bugs Stops Cars on Bridge* appeared the following account of the entomological phenomenon which occurred out in the "Show Me" State the day before:

> Hatching willow bugs piled up 10 inches deep Monday on the Mark Twain Bridge over the Mississippi River and stopped traffic for 30-minute periods while workmen shoveled the bugs off the bridge.
>
> Highway Department trucks spread cinders to give passing cars and trucks traction. The hatching insects clogged vehicle radiators and grills.
>
> Workmen said the inch-long insects were probably attracted to the bridge by lights.
>
> The brown-colored bugs are also known as willow flies and willow saw flies. They hatch from willow trees along the river banks.
>
> Their life span is less than two weeks. Hatching will continue another two weeks.

Shades of yesterday and Stephen Crane! Had the nineteen-year-old been around to read *this* Syracuse newspaper, one wonders what kind of eerie tour de force he might have been inspired to conjure and concoct. Syracuse and the surrounding country might have been reported as being subjected to a gripping horror such as pervades Daphne du Maurier's masterpiece of macabre mood entitled "The Birds".

In any event, it is fairly certain the Hannibal bugs would not have escaped the young man's imaginative attention.

Abraham Lincoln and Herman Blum

Dr. Herman Blum is Pennsylvania Member of the Civil War Centennial Commission, Founder and Director of Blumhaven Library & Gallery of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Board of Craftex Mills, Inc. of Penna. ("Weavers of America's Finest Quality Upholstery Fabrics"), Member of the Board of Managers of Moore College of Art, Science & Industry, Trustee of Philadelphia College of Textiles and Sciences, abundantly gifted both as artist and writer, and a devoted and expert collector of anything and everything pertaining to the political history of this nation and its leaders.

In Blumhaven Library & Gallery is a most outstanding and valuable collection of Americana (the literary section emphasises the production of Bibles in America), while the Memorial Room contains a remarkable display of materials relating to the life and achievements of Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Blum is a dedicated Lincoln scholar, has lectured far and wide about the sixteenth President, and recently produced a booklet carrying four titles on the front cover: *The Enduring Impact of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Did an Appalling Disease Make Lincoln Great?, The Paradox of his Rise to the Presidency,* and *Is There a Sixth Copy of the Gettysburg Address?* This enlightening publication is forty-three pages long with quite a number of interesting illustrations. It is all excellent reading.

The Editor of *The Courier* was a privileged recipient of a complimentary copy of this Lincoln booklet sent by Dr. Blum about a week or ten days ago. As the result of some most pleasant correspondence with this industrialist, civic leader, and collector, the Editor is now pleased to announce that members of Syracuse University Library Associates may obtain a copy by making their request known in writing to: Dr. Herman Blum, Blumhaven Library & Gallery, 4651 Leiper Street, Philadelphia 24, Pennsylvania.

"By all means", wrote Dr. Blum most generously, "they may have a copy as long as the edition lasts. No charge and pleased to send it."

Each requesting member who wants to take advantage of this kind offer by the gentleman from the City of Brotherly Love is requested to identify himself as a Syracuse University Library Associate and a reader of *The Courier.*

Memorials

Friends and Families have established Memorial Funds for the purchase of library books inscribed in memory of:

Pauline Brewster Wells
Mrs. Marie N. MacVey
Howard Hunt Reynolds
Payne Bigelow, II
Alan H. Burnap

Additional contributions have been made to the existing Memorial Fund for:

Edward A. Smith