A Magazine -- Six by Nine September

6 + 9

Gift
Mr. Reisinger

Six by Nine

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ERRORS TO BE CORRECTED

A magazine produced and published in district six of New Jersey by nine workers of the Federal Writers Project of the Works Progress Administration

Introduction . . . .

This experiment in initiative, done in free time outside of regular project hours, has been made possible by the co-operation of the contributing staff of the project, comprised of:

Editor

Albert Truman Boyd — *Supervisor*

Associates

Carl John Bostelmann — *Assistant*
Benjamin Goldenberg — *Supervisors*

Writers

John C. Zuleger
George Clark Hannifin — *Professional*
Edward H. Holder — *Writers*
Caulder B. Perryclear

Illustrator

Lewis W. Biebigheiser — *Prof. Writer*

Proof Reader

Evelyn C. Howard — *Prof. Writer*

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Contents . . . .

All illustrations are from original linoleum cuts executed by Lewis W. Biebigheiser, who designed this magazine and printed the entire edition on his own press.

The Historical Records Survey . . . .

Caulder B. Perryclear

THE history of our country is pregnant with innumerable incidents, the records of which lie hidden in remote and obscure places, inaccessible to the average historian whose resources do not provide for exhaustive research. Some lie buried in musty vaults, in the archives of Municipal, County and State offices. Some are promiscuously hoarded in cellars and attics of historical societies whose facilities admit of but little display and whose means do not supply proper filing, indexing and annotating accoutrements. Some are in jealously guarded private collections, unapproachable except through intimate acquaintance or strong influence. The minutes of churches and various social organizations contain much valuable data, and many individual manuscripts, maps, documents, portraits, and other items of historic interest are the treasures of individuals.

To find, list, coordinate and make available a comprehensive index of the buried treasure of American historical data was a worthy task upon which to set a nation-wide force of white-collar W. P. A. Workers, within the Project known as the Survey of State and Local Historical Records. It is not unreasonable to assume that the discovery, preservation and making accessible of the basic materials for research in the history of our country would justify the undertaking under any conditions, but, when the task may be used to furnish employment to those who by education and experience are suited to such work and who through physical infirmity or a weight of years are unfitted for more arduous enterprises, then the wisdom of the undertaking becomes undeniably apparent.

It is true that not all of the field workers, the majority of whom were, of necessity, drawn from the relief rolls, were qualified for expert service. Much of the material gathered requires considerable sifting, but in no other way could the search for data have been made so exhaustively without prohibitive expense. There is no doubt that the net result of the work that has been done will greatly enrich our store of historical records, as well as adequately meeting the contemporary economic crisis in the lives of the persons provided employment through the project.

The work of the Records Survey has been supplemented by research workers of the Federal Writers Project, who have similarly uncovered a great deal of important and interesting authentic data which will be of enormous help to future historians of the nation.

States' Rights As Legal Tender . . . .

Carl John Bostelmann

"YOU and I and John Calhoun, and maybe Andrew Jackson!" ran the line from the old refrain. It served later in the lyric that was sung by marching columns disciplined by passion and synchronized by martial music. It became the requiem for states' rights.

The significance of the lilting line seemed doomed to lapse when the last echoes of the Sumter bombardment died on the balmy Charleston wind. The political issue it symbolized was in complete surrender and was laid down wearily when the rifles of the Virginia Greys were neatly stacked close by a courthouse on a road from Richmond.

But historians, who have a habit of evading the facts of history, would have us believe that the war between the states was a social war, a war of liberation, a war arranged to settle a feud between nullificationists and abolitionists. It is an old lie.

states' rights ended there, and years of predatory reconstruction ensued. Railroads were built—interstate. Big business developed—interstate. John D. Rockefeller and Standard Oil became the symbols of the new era. And the locusts were busy eating for sixty years afterward.

The faith and credit in states' rights remained of no par value—like Confederate currency. It became a part of genuine Republican Party pride that the issue was forever banished from the political scene, and it remained conspicuous in their pride until recent years.

So this new shout about states' rights is relly nothing more or less than a fairly cheap plagiarism of that popular marching song of the sixties, the classic DIXIE. Brokers at the stock exchange who a few years ago found time heavy on their hands and liked to idle the long unpleasant hours away singing, "Wait 'Till the Sun Shines, Nellie", now have a brand new song. But its refrain is familiar: "Look away—Look away!"

In any good history we may find that most of the states claimed at one time or another that sovereignty was one of the specific rights, and on this theory the Southern States acted in 1861. The Civil War destroyed all claims of state sovereignty. States' rights was written into an American epitaph.

But let us return to earliest origins to reestablish the premise upon which the political wizards of 1936 aim to predicate confounding arguments on the subject of sovereignty. With the very beginning of constitutional government in the United States, we encounter political parties un-

der the label of the Democrat. Democracy, like liberty in the adage, has had many crimes committed in its name; but, if only by co incidence, we find the banners of states' rights carried by Democrats all the way from Philadelphia, September 17, 1787, to date, with Article IV of the Federal Constitution defining the facts of the rights.

The text is as follows: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a Republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and, on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

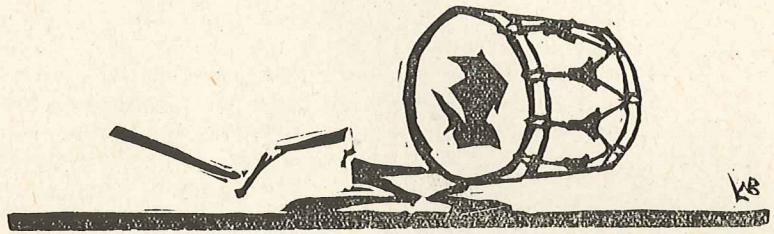
On the subject of the usurpation of power, research in the pertinent facts of past and contemporary public incident should serve any unbiased examiner to appreciate the single conclusion: that the tendency toward centralization in popular government is a natural course in the development of a more perfect democracy.

When states' rights failed under the first Confederation, a stronger central government was deemed necessary, and a new state was conceived and dedicated: The Federal State. Vigilant Americans need to learn to be more devout in their attention to the rights of the United States.

"You and I and John Calhoun, and maybe Andrew Jackson" are words that have danced on the drumheads of rebellion, but their dancing days are over. States' rights was a lost cause because it became obsolete. Today there is less distance between Miami and Seattle, New Haven and Dallas, than between Washington and Richmond in 1862. It is attitude rather than latitude that measures differences of local self-interest.

It is true that the Federal Constitution guarantees that no citizen can be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law. But there are the statutes of accident; the law of compensation; the law of diminishing returns; the law of inevitability. Common interest is to be served in safeguarding life, liberty, and property from the circumstances of economic chaos.

Our greatest challenge to liberty is not the tyranny of centralized Federal authority. In our economic civilization, the greatest challenge to liberty has turned out to be the empty pocket.



Boats That Climbed Mountains . . . .

Edward H. Holder

THE traditions of boating back in days before the superhighways were celebrated in manifold forms, from the barge of Cleopatra on the Nile to the craft of the Vikings coursing icy seas, with the voyageurs sailing the seven oceans of the earth before all the winds of heaven. Now, in our modern day, it is the motor by land and the motor-driven ships at sea, with such great craft as the Normandie and the Queen Mary staggering the imagination, while the motor car keeps the pedestrian alert.

There was a time and it was not so long ago, when here in New Jersey we had roads only for horses and carriages, and when there was traffic via inland waterways. That was the time when the Morris Canal was the eighth wonder of the world—and Jerseymen actually saw the impossible achieved in the "boats that climbed mountains."

It was a stupendous construction and financial undertaking to create a system of levels, to connect a short route from Easton on the Delaware to Newark, at tidewater, in a waterway 102 miles long and embracing in intricate locks and planes a rise and fall in terrain elevation very little less than one thousand feet. Compare this problem with that of the Panama Canal, less than fifty miles in length and with an elevation of less than one hundred feet. It seemed fantastic, but it was attempted, and it was completed and put into successful operation.

Where water could not be made to provide the route, ramps of steel rails were laid to surmount the incline, and cars were devised to get under the floating barges and lift them up the planes to the next level, or down, depending upon the direction.

After the original survey, following the charter of the canal company, for six years more than a thousand men were at work in the pick and shovel brigade. The job was to cost less than

one million dollars, but it finally cost five million. The entire construction stretched over thirty years, but the canal was in operation during the greater part of this time and for many years afterward.

On October 15, 1825 the first shovelful was lifted with fitting ceremony and a banquet at which an abundance of strong drink celebrated "American commerce and transportation: may they prove rich as the life blood in the veins of our fair republic!" The bonds to finance the work, finding a reluctant market in America, were readily disposed of in the Netherlands, where canals were popular and profitable in the national economy. The state of Indiana, to be benefited by the construction of a shorter route to markets, also subscribed heavily.

Deposits of anthracite coal, the black diamonds of the new industrial revolution, lay just beyond the terminus of the canal, and the route became the logical outlet to the world's greatest market for coal at seaboard. There were no roads and no railroads to provide competition, and the canal provided—like the coal bootlegger of today—the most direct connection between the producer and consumer.

During the course of construction, as small portions and sections of the canal were completed, great interest and local ceremony resulted. The Jerseyman, a newspaper then published in Morristown, in the issue of August 20, 1828 reported: "A number of the inhabitants of Dover and its vicinity, friendly to the Morris Canal, assembled on the 18th inst. at 4 o'clock, P. M., to witness the meeting of the waters of Lake Hopatcong with those of the Rockaway River. As soon as they were seen to mingle, toasts were drunk, each being succeeded by the firing of a cannon."

The first toast was drunk to the memory of one Jonathan Dickerson, who forty years previous had predicted that within one century the needs of New Jersey would demand a canal formed from the Delaware to the Passaic and supplied with water from Lake Hopatcong. So his prediction was fulfilled, and the canal was an actual reality from Dover to Newark in 1831. It became a romantic sight to witness the mule-drawn barges parading through Newark and Belleville and Bloomfield and Nutley, Clifton and into Paterson, through the ridges and on a bridge across the Passaic, over through Lincoln Park, Boonton and Powerville and through the Rockaway into Dover. It was romance made into reality.

But the dramatic part of the work was yet to be done, and the canal did not come into its own until the entire route was open to steady traffic, with the middle point at Shippenport, nearby the present Lackawanna freight depot at Port Morris. It was then that every day barges of the Morris and Essex actually climbed to 960 feet above sea level to cross the divide in the delivery of freight, Lehigh coal or Hoboken beer, Morris County iron—then the best in the world—or flour ground in the grist mills of the New Jersey highlands. Many a cargo of Jersey lightning came to the city in the barrels of Sussex oak that aged the apple juice so well.

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So it was that in May, 1867, one saw the "Sarsey Fanny," pride of the fleet, plunge eastward through basin water at its maximum speed of four miles per hour. Coming into a lock, she was floated to high elevation, then she was snubbed against a wooden post and floated above the iron carriage which stood submerged beneath. The four mules that had been alternately hauling the tow all day were driven off to a stable, having finished the day's trip of fourteen miles. Then came a noise, grating . . . then the iron carriage emerged, lifting the barge along slanted rails, climbing. And all together, iron carriage, barge, cargo and crew wobbled majestically up the hill:

During this procedure one of the deckhands invariably had departed with a wooden bucket for the nearest White Horse tavern. Upon his return the "Sarsey Fanny", hitched to new mules in the placid water above the plane, followed the course on its way. It was just a miracle that became commonplace.

Canal engineers commented: "Henceforth the most mountainous regions and the most appalling elevations will be traversed with ease by this method." But they were mistaken, for no other American canal was ever to equal this one as a route that carried the boats that climbed mountains.

As soon as competition manifested itself the Morris and Essex Canal was doomed. Limited income and excessive operating and maintenance costs ruined the company as soon as railroad competition deprived the boatmen of logical and legitimate cargoes. It was finally leased by the Lehigh Valley Railroad just to get it out of the way.

Then for fifty years the canal seemed like the course of a picturesque river, and it inspired many lyrics, no doubt. But, with its days of usefulness over, it was just a question of time when it should be actually eliminated. In 1924 it was ordered drained. It ended its career just a century after it had started. During that century it had made history.

At one time the Morris Canal and Banking Company issued its own money, "shinplasters", which, for current use, were as valuable as money issued by the government. It operated as many as 1,200 boats, each of which could carry 70 tons of coal from the anthracite fields to the Hudson River. At Phillipsburg and Easton, it connected with the Lehigh Canal, which directly tapped the coal fields.

George B. McClellan, afterwards a Union general and Democratic presidential candidate opposing Lincoln in 1864, was one of the surveyors of the canal.

Lake Hopatcong, "the honey pound of many coves", had been its feeding reservoir. The final chapter came when Hudson Maxim, owner of hundreds of acres at Lake Hopatcong, demanded that the canal be abandoned because it was permitted to draw the waters of that lake down six feet. He even wrote a book on the subject in which he violently attacked an organiza-

tion known as "The Morris Canal Parkway Association", which had for its object the permanent maintenance of the canal as a scenic feature of the State.

Its towpath was to be used for a bridle path, its waters for canoeing, skating, fishing and swimming, its century-old trees and its grassy banks to provide a permanent picnicking park, a hundred feet wide and a hundred miles long. But the vision that actuated this wonderful project, just as someone also advocated the canals of Venice (and perhaps those of Mars) was not present at council seats when the legislature, aided by the arguments of our principal public utilities who wanted the canal for other purposes, found a way to abandon it.

Memorandum For Tom Mooney . . . .

Carl John Bostelmann

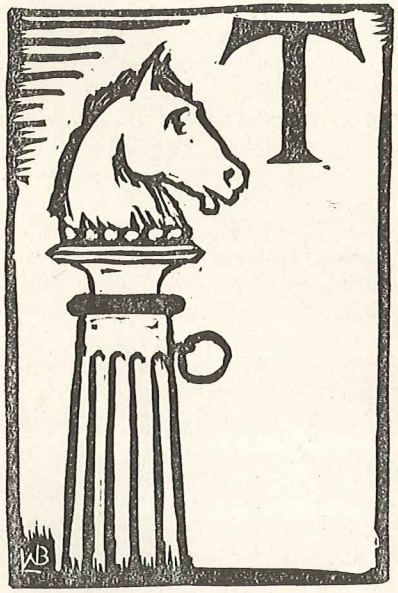
The day is gone again, another night
Measures the world; shadows poison light,
Taut darkness squeezes color to a shred
Of scarlet ebony, as day is dead
Within the fist of dusk. Now the wan sun
Shrinks to a lost glow in oblivion.

Narcotic moons and anesthetic stars
Subdue meek pulses; but against the bars
Of dungeons, each incarcerated will
At last must triumph, furious to fill
Each heart with whirlwinds of red wrath, to call
Capitulation from each prison wall!

Seeds have their way of growing in the dark.
A conflagration, hot in each wan spark
Of stifled flame, with unsuspected power
Prepares the dawn. Be patient for that hour
When the full sun of one tomorrow lights
Away the shadow of ten thousand nights.

Horse's Head . . . .

Albert Truman Boyd



THE big house was empty. It stood proudly, heedless of its greying paint and empty windows, in the brittle sunlight of New England's early October. It was big and square and mighty and its four chimneys stood up like the heads of four spikes holding it exactly in the center of the still village.

To its right was a newer, smaller structure sheltered by closed blinds and climbing roses and hiding behind a weathered tourist sign. And at the left began the high fence, topped with rusted wire, which enclosed the mill property. But now the mill was dead and the rows of four-room tenements along the shallow river below it were mostly empty.

Two old men sat across the common, staring vacantly at the old house, its newer neighbor and the posted fencing of the mill. The mill was hideous with its boarded, blind windows and its cold, chagrined stack. Beyond, the river ran freely through open sluices and many breaches. Down through the heart of the common, sparse traffic shot along the tarred road between elms spraying into blue sky.

Fred Gates, one of the old men, drew halting circles in the gravel in front of the store with his stick. The dome of his skull was hairless and heavily veined under freckles. His white beard flowed softly from sunken jowls and he caressed it often. Fred said, "There's not much call these days for that hitching post you made Lombard, Roy."

Roy Joslyn shook his head with its prow of steel-grey hair. "No, but there was fifty years ago when I set it up."

Fred's blue eyes wandered across the common to the hitching post, to the big house behind it which had been Greg Lombard's, and beyond to the jagged rim of hills—the yellow of fading maples stamped with dark green and black of pine, then back to the square, greyish-white house and down to the iron hitching post by the road. Cars racing by shuttled it from sight. "It's only forty-five years since you hammered that out."

Roy nodded absently, pale hazel eyes watching cars in contempt. "What a job that was, Fred. I didn't have much trouble with the column, nor much with that square base, but hammering that horse's head out of red iron was something. Yes, I'd call it about the most ticklish job I ever did."

"And it's looked good all these years," Fred said. "There's been some mighty fine horse flesh tied to it."

"And some mighty showy rigs," said Roy. Then he frowned. "But why shouldn't it look good? It was a good job. And it cost Lombard a nice little piece."

Fred chuckled. "I guess Greg could stand it."

Roy rubbed gaunt hands on boney knees. He'd been a giant in his day. He could out-drink and out-curse any man in the town, and the blows of his hammer had rung back and forth across the valley like thunder. He had killed a man with his hammer once—a man who walked off with some of his tools. The man was found pounded to a pulp below the bridge and no one knew what had happened except that Roy stayed drunk for a week.

Then he turned to Fred. "But it wasn't forty-five years. It's been just fifty since I set that post up. I recall plainly."

Fred stopped tracing circles with his maple stick. He counted up. "No, forty-five. I remember the day you lugged that post across the common and sunk it in the hole."

Roy leaned back, squinting at blue sky. "Let's see. The mill was going then. Greg had taken it over. You recall that. He was going to liven things up. Things had been a little too old fashioned in his Pa's day. Greg built the new addition and that second row of tenements and brought in a lot of cheap millhands."

Fred nodded. "He started things humming, all right. Yes sir. I was foreman of the stamping room. He wanted you to boss the forge, but you wouldn't work for him."

Roy smiled. "I mind. I had a right good business. I wasn't cut out to be none of his cattle. I was my own master. When I wanted a little sun, I came out and sat awhile without anybody's leave."

A big red A. and P. truck rumbled down the tarred strip between the elms and the eyes of the two old men turned with its passage. It had a shrill whistle like a boat which shrieked as it rounded the curve beyond the mill and swung onto the bridge.

"That was a big fellow," said Roy. "If I was fifty years younger I'd like to team one of them."

Fred spat, careful to keep the saliva free of his silky beard. "If Greg was running the mill now, like as not he'd have a herd of those contraptions."

"I've heard it said Greg Lombard was crazy," said Roy.

"I think he was a little touched," said Fred.

Roy shook his head. "But he wasn't. He was different from us, that's all."

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Fred smiled, "That was enough."

"Yes—That and Abbie."

Automatically Fred's eyes would turn up the road when he heard a car and watch it as it passed the sprawling bungalow, the old Lombard place and the long fencing of the mill, only to lose it as it blew for the curve, then shot on to the bridge. He didn't think he'd like to travel as fast as most of those fellows. As he sat there with Roy Joslyn, in fair weather year after year, he often wondered where all those cars were going and what the people did after they got there, a lot of business must be going on some place.

But Roy's speaking of Abbie was just like a friend pouring a small glass of very old and delicate wine. He thought of the day Abbie had arrived in the coach and Greg had handed her out proudly as the whole village watched and the millhands cheered. For that had been a holiday at the Lombard mill and cider casks had been drawn out and tapped on the common. Lanterns had been strung between the elms and there was dancing.

"Greg was right proud of her when he brought her here," he said.

Roy smiled. "Greg was always proud of anything that was his."

"That was in 'eighty," said Fred.

"No, 'Seventy-eight."

Fred shook his head. "'Eighty."

Roy frowned. "'Seventy-eight. I was twenty-five. I recall plainly."

"Well—," said Fred slowly. "I wouldn't go so far as to say he was always proud of her."

Roy clamped his boney hands tight on his thin knees. "I would, by Jehovah."

Fred looked at him. After a lifetime of friendship he was still a little afraid of Roy. He could never thell just what Roy would do. But it had been sometime since he swung his hammer.

Being foreman of the stamping room at the mill and seeing Greg every day, he was sure he knew a lot more about him than Roy did. Roy had had his shop next to the store then, and had hated the mill people. Especially after they brought in a lot of Polacks, did he hate them. Starting an argument with a six-foot Polack had been Roy's idea of fun on Saturday evening.

"There was never a man born as proud as Greg Lombard," said Roy. "He was proud of his mill, proud of that junk they made, proud of his house, of his furniture, his garden, his horses. And when he thought about Abbie, which was well nigh every other minute, he got so full of pride he couldn't sit still."

"And with some reason," said Fred.

"Yes,' said Roy, nodding gravely. "With considerable reason. I've never seen a finer, more handsome girl."

Fred smiled. "I guess nobody in this town ever has."

Roy looked up the common. At the north end, the slim cardboard triangle of the church steeple slid up against a pale yellow bank of foliage, flecked with scarlet. Abbie and Greg had not been married there. He recalled that the parson had always held that against them. But he was dead now, God rest his soul—a poor, hopeless fellow who never did any evil or any good.

"Abbie came when I was twenty-five," he said. "And Greg got me to make that hitching post when she'd been here five years. I wouldn't have done it for him, only she was along and I couldn't say no. That's how I know that that post's set there just fifty years."

Fred shook his bald head. "I can't believe it. Don't seem so it's more than forty-five."

"It's fifty," said Roy.

"Seems as if it was just before I went off to the war in Cuba," Fred went on. "In fact it hardly seems as long ago as that."

Roy rubbed his hands together, watching them. "I recall exactly. I was thirty when I set that post. I was thirty-five when Abbie went away."

Fred smiled. "You have a long memory, Roy."

The old smith nodded. "A lot of people remember that. Greg never was the same afterward."

Fred nodded. "Things weren't the same at the mill, neither. He worked us hard for a spell at first, then everything started to peter out. It was like the handwriting on the wall. He'd come into the stamping room and curse us all out, me in particular. And his breath would be so heavy with liquor that we'd have to air the place out after he'd gone. He wasn't himself by any means."

Roy watched the passing cars. They seemed to want to get through the town as quickly as possible. Then for a long time he looked at the bungalow with its sterile tourist sign.

"I recall it," he said. "He even came over to the shop and tried to start a fight with me. That was later on, near the end. He always held it against me that I wouldn't work in the mill. I told him I didn't fight with drunks when I was sober, and just threw him out. I can see him as plain as day sitting in the gravel, shaking his head as if there were a lot of things he couldn't understand.

Fred shook his head. "I've thought of it a lot, off and on. But I've never figured it out. I've never figured out why Abbie went and I've never figured out why he let the mill go."

"They were both tied together," said Roy.

Fred nodded. "I know that. But she had everything she wanted."

"He treated her bad. He treated her as if she was a little girl with no mind of her own."

"Not at first," said Roy. "But after a bit."

Fred thought for a long time. He never bothered to try to think quickly. He wouldn't have if he could, for the fine days were getting scarcer and winter would soon be on them. The sun was already weak. He hoped that he'd pull through to the next summer and that Roy would too, so they could sit in the sun again. He couldn't think of sitting there alone

Then he said, "I never understood the change that came over Greg. Abbie had all the markings of a fine girl, all right."

"Perhaps she was too fine for him. She did everything for him. And she did everything for little May."

"That was the trouble," said Fred. "Little May was the trouble. Some men just don't like children. He had Abbie and he loved her. And besides her he had the mill. And besides that he ran the town. Maybe he couldn't find room for little May."

"Maybe," said Roy. "He certainly had plenty."

Fred bisected the circle he had last drawn in the gravel. "He never believed little May was his."

Roy snorted. "By Jehovah, I don't believe that. I don't believe little May wasn't his and I don't believe Greg thought she wasn't. Abbie was as straight a woman as ever walked."

"Well, there was talk, you remember—"

"By Jehovah there's always talk. And there was talk about Greg, too. If there was any running loose it was him that did it."

"Anyway, that was the beginning of the end," said Fred. "Little May was scant two when Abbie left. I mind that clearly. And those were two bad years for her."

"There I agree entirely," said Roy. "Calling it two years of hell would be a little too calm."

Fred ran his hand over his veined skull slowly, back and forth, then he turned. "Well, little May was the cause of the trouble, all right."

"Yes, little May—and Greg himself."

Neither old man said anything for a long time. The cars, as if on an endless belt, kept going by. A faint haze spread across the sky, south east. Fred worked his maple stick to the exact center of a circle and bored a mark. Roy put his hands on his knees again, nodding slowly.

"When I was making that horse-post, Abbie used to come over and watch me. And I did some other things for them, hammered some hinges and brackets, and she always came over to pass the time of day. She used to like to watch the iron take shape and when it would hiss in the water, she'd put her hands to her ears. She always had a lot of questions to ask and was pleasant. A fine girl. As handsome a girl as ever trod shoe leather. She never went wrong."

"There were those that said she did," Fred persisted. "There were those that said she had to go 'way."

"There are lots of fools," said Roy. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. "Abbie never went wrong. She only ever loved one man in her life and that was Greg. He

Fred looked across the road. "And no one's lived in the big house since."

"That's right," said Roy. "Greg built himself that bungalow affair that little May's son, Lombard, lives in with his wife. Greg didn't live there a year."

"But he did," said Fred. "It must have been well nigh two years."

Roy leaned forward and spat again. "Recollect, Fred. It was just a year to the day after Abbie left that Greg drowned himself in the river."

"Well—" said Fred. "Maybe you're right. Maybe you are right after all."

Roy looked at Fred, then smiled. He felt a little sorry for him. He was such a helpless old codger. Sometimes he said things that were downright foolish.

"I wonder if young Lombard and his wife are getting many tourists this year?" Fred asked, looking up.

"Can't be they are," said Roy. "I guess the blood's thinned out considerable. There isn't any too much room in that bungalow. And besides I hear they've gone on the town now."

"Is that a fact?" asked Fred.

"That's what I hear," said Roy.

Our Next Issue . . . .

Also original poetry, editorials and features by other writers of the Federal Writers Project in District Six. John C. Zuleger, assisted by George Clark Hannifin and Caulder B. Perryclear, will edit the issue. Illustrated with numerous original linoleum cuts by Lewis W. Biebigheiser.

Personalities In This Issue . . . .

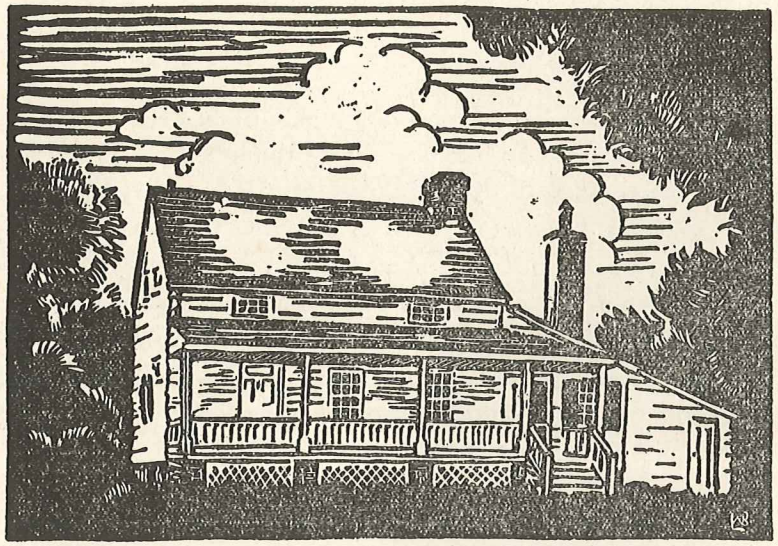
Editor

ALBERT TRUMAN BOYD, born in Philadelphia, Pa., 1901; educated Germantown High School, Art Students League of New York. Owns a farm in New Hampshire. Residence, Denville, N.J. Married Harriet Benger, 1927. Son, Brooks; daughter, Ann Augusta. Work published in American Mercury, Harper's and other magazines, as well as O'Brien's Best Short Stories. Author of *Reba Durham*, Dodd, Mead & Co.; *The Chromium Angel* and *Choice Vegetables*, as well as countless short stories and plays. A gifted artist and specialist in scenic design

Associates

CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN, born in Lyndhurst, N.J., 1905; educated in the public schools of Rutherford. Residence, Denville, N.J. Married Frances Brinkerhoff, 1928. Daughter, Frances; son, Carl. Poetry published in Dial, Poetry, Commonweal, Literary Digest and newspaper syndication. Editor of weekly newspapers in New Jersey. Publicity writer. Author of *April Comes Early*, *Songs From Shelley*, *In Pursuit Of Pan*, *Dias Dorados*, *Neighbor John*, and a biography of Iron Man McNamarra

BENJAMIN GOLDENBERG, born in Czecho-Slovakia, 1915; came to America in 1920, and ten years later graduated from York, Pa., High School at the age of fifteen, with highest honors. Was admitted to Drew University the following year, and completed the four year course in three. The first student to be honored with *summa cum laude* at that institution, graduating at the age of nineteen. Graduate work at Columbia University. Newspaper columnist. Residence, Morristown, New Jersey



The Edgar Allan Poe Cottage . . . .

Carl John Bostelmann

Be welcome, Visitor! Tread lightly here;
Within this dwelling place two hearts abide
Forever in a dream. These words revere
Their service; let their meagre song provide
A pledge to memory. Love keeps this home
An edifice for Israfel at peace:
Here rests the fabled grandeur that was Rome,
And here remains the glory that was Greece.

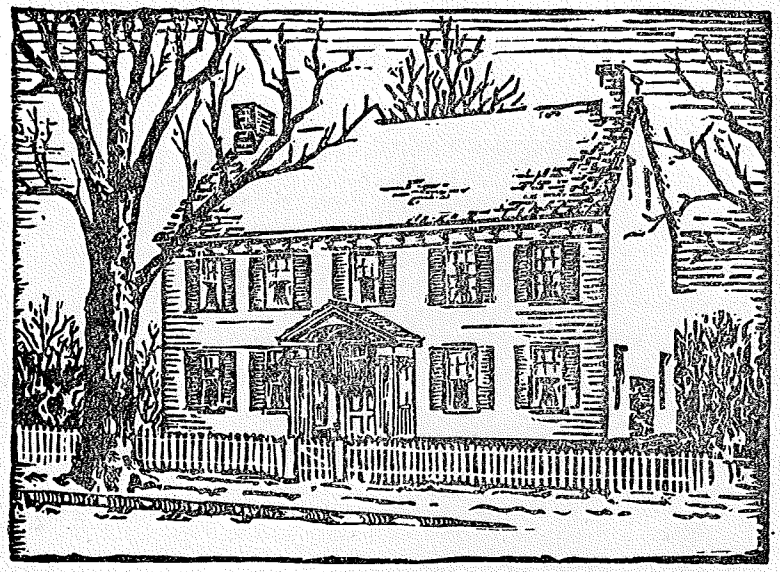
6x9

To this quaint little house occurred the fate
Of consecration: herein came to dwell
The seer of sorrow, long disconsolate,
And his white lady, fairest Annabel.
Here all reality was once despair,
And all imagined agonies were real:
Here Helen walked and loosed her hyacinth hair
To the quick fingers with which poets feel.

Nothing remains but peace within this place
Of melancholy art, a peace attended
By beauty who reveals her classic face
To a lone spirit whom the night befriended.
Two weary, way-worn wanderers, returning
Home from dim Auber and the haunts of Weir,
Find Psyche's agate lamp more brightly burning
Within the niche that love made holy here.

This is a shrine. These walls have echoed sound
To which the gods have listened patiently;
Here genius has labored, and profound
Music has haunted lyric poetry
With a soft murmur and a seraph's smile.
Here grief has written an eternal story
And closed its eyes to sleep a little while,
To dream of Roman grandeur, Grecian glory.

No more the Raven quotes his "Nevermore"
Upon the pallid bust of Pallas grieving;
Each purple curtain veils a chamber door
Through which a radiance beyond believing
Brightens this domicile! The lovely lost
Lenore, and Annabel, and Ulalume
Are here, forever dreaming in the host
Of timeless songs that occupies each room!



The Schuyler-Hamilton Romance . . . .

George Clark Hannifin

IN the Leeward group of the British West Indies, on the island of Nevis, Alexander Hamilton was born, January, 1757. His father was Scotch and his mother of French descent. Of his childhood little is known. A precocious child, he was an extensive reader, and early demonstrated a decided literary bent. An account of a hurricane written at an early age attracted wide attention.

At the age of 15 Hamilton came to the colonies, entering grammar school at Elizabethtown and completing his education at King's College in New York. He wrote poetry prolifically. He later learned to compose literature and a financial essay simultaneously.

When the Revolutionary storm broke he plunged into its midst. In 1774, at a public meeting in New York, he emerged from the status of a spectator and impulsively became an eloquent public speaker. The quality of his logic commanded a reputation for him, and his newspaper essays that followed identified him as a protagonist of independence, battling against the Tory elements. When the war ensued, Hamilton was among the rebels, and through General Greene of Rhode Island he was introduced to George Washington, who promptly appointed

the youth to his military staff. His job was secretarial, and he developed from a writing aide into an advisor of his chief. Much of the Washington correspondence came directly from the mind of Alexander Hamilton.

During the crucial years of the war the higher officers of the American army were quartered, as befitted their rank, at the homes of the patriotic citizens of Morristown. General Washington, with his military aides, was graciously made welcome in the home of Mrs. Theodosia Ford, the lady assuring the general that the facilities of her home were at the disposal of both him and his military family for as long as he should see fit to use them.

In October, 1777, Hamilton was sent on a mission to Albany, becoming a guest at the home of General Philip Schuyler. There he met—and was smitten with—young Betty, Schuyler's daughter. It was a sad parting for them when Hamilton was forced to return to headquarters. But an intriguing correspondence followed, and at Morristown Hamilton anticipated the occasion when Miss Elizabeth should visit the military capital.

The main body of the American army encamped at Morristown through the winter of 1779-1780. Aside from attending to correspondence, Hamilton directed the construction of a dam and power site on the Rockaway River, above Boonton, at Powerville, to maintain a forge for the making of cannon balls. Powder was made in a small factory on the shores of the Whippany River about a quarter-mile from Washington's headquarters.

A short distance from the Ford mansion in which Hamilton was quartered, on Olyphant Place, was the home of Dr. Jabez Campfield, Surgeon General of the Continental Army. Among his house guests was Mrs. John Cochran, a sister of General Philip Schuyler. Dr. Campfield, a patriotic figure of the day, had not been long returned from a four months' campaign against the Indians.

One cold, grey, wintry day, late in 1779, a stage coach, accompanied by a heavy military escort, came rumbling over the rough road leading in from Elizabethtown. Out of this coach stepped Miss Betty, who came to visit at the Campfield home as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. John Cochran, wife of the Surgeon General of the Continental forces. Young Hamilton immediately started to wear a path the quarter-mile distance between headquarters and Betty's new home.

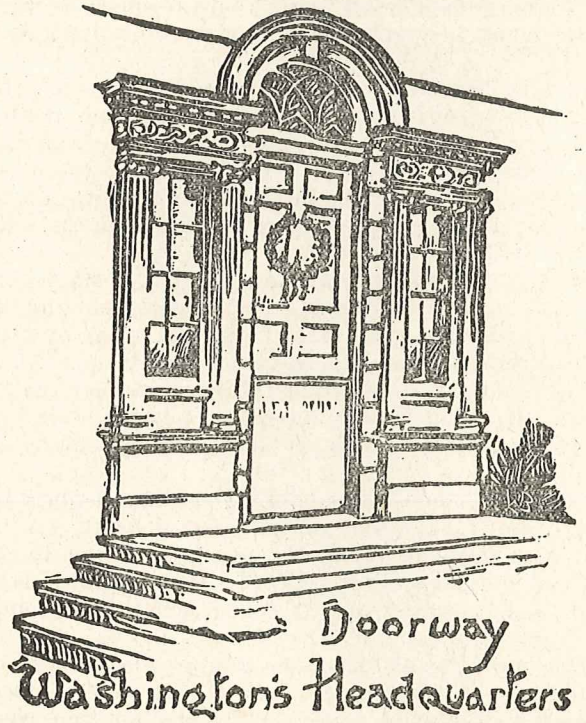
The Campfield house immediately became a place of great interest to the other young officers of the army. A personal war soon raged among them, the objective being to gain the young Miss Schuyler's favor. Of all the young swains the one upon whom the young lady looked most indulgently was Hamilton.

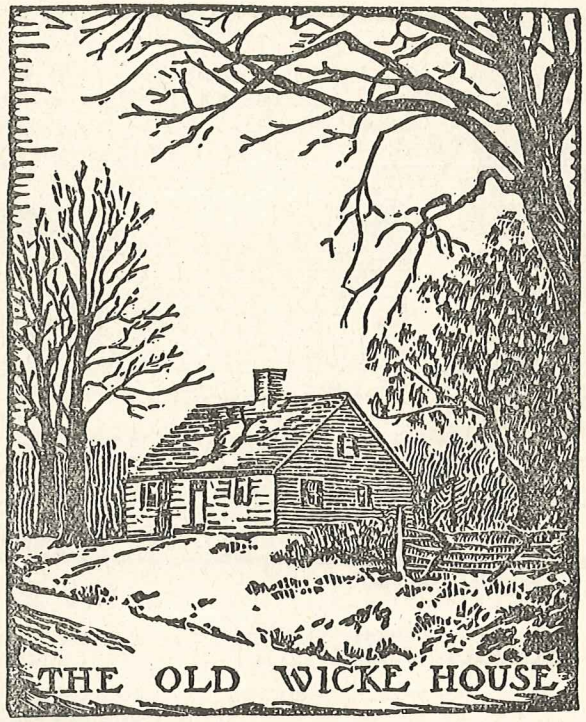
As in every case of such a courtship, the most interesting particulars remain unrevealed, but at the end of December, 1780, Elizabeth Schuyler and Alexander Hamilton were mar-

ried. But this was by no means the termination of the courtship, for the pair remained devoted in affection until the death of the Federalist at the hands of Aaron Burr.

In January, 1781, just a month after their marriage, Hamilton terminated his connection with General Washington as a result of a rebuke from the chief which the younger man refused to accept. The young husband immediately plunged himself into economic and political plans, chief among which were those that developed into the fiscal system of the new nation and a unique industrial monopoly at Paterson.

Betty remained a charming and adoring wife for the entire lifetime of her handsome and shrewd husband, and when she became a widow she still treasured the ardent love Alexander had always professed for her. When she died at the age of ninety-seven a love letter, which he had sent to her during their courtship, was found in a tiny silken bag, hanging like a locket about her neck.



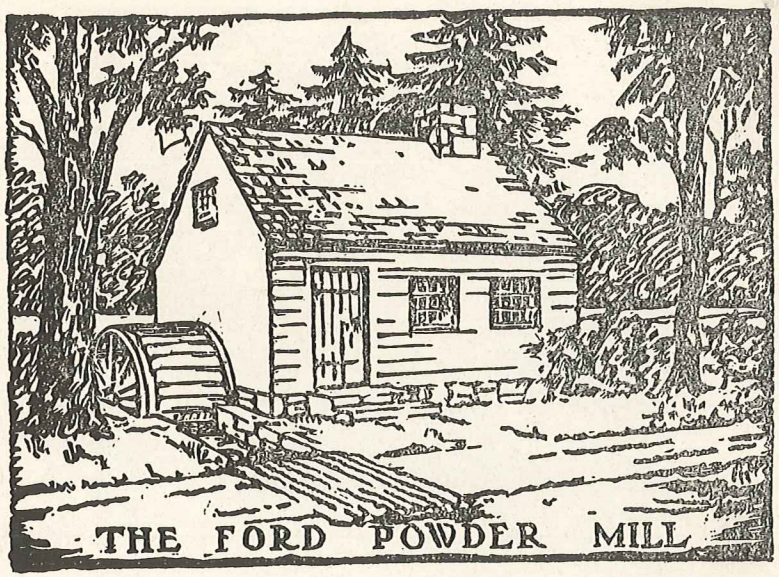


Tempe Wick . . . .

Benjamin Goldenberg

THE strangling hand of Time, ever ready to cut off, can also confer glory, frequently on very insignificant episodes. People remember not that Washington favored a virtual oligarchy, but that he threw a silver dollar across the Potomac. The same sort of halo surrounds the Tempe Wick House, now an oft-mentioned part of the Morristown National Historical Park.

During the winter of 1779-80 the house was the headquarters of General St. Clair while the American army was encamped at Jockey Hollow. During the Pennsylvania line mutiny two deserters, wishing to return to their homes, attempted to seize the horse of Temperance Wick, who was returning from a ride. Jokingly she exclaimed: "Oh, surely you will let me ride home first." When they dropped their hold she touched the horse with a whip. He sprang up the hill and around the corner of the house, where Tempe led him into the back door, through the kitchen and parlor and into her back bedroom. There the horse was kept in hiding for several days, and the soldiers hunting all over the premises were mystified as to his whereabouts.



Ford's Powder Mill . . . .

Benjamin Goldenberg

EARLY in 1776 Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr. was in command of the eastern battalion of New Jersey militia, comprising about 800 officers and men. Realizing that in the struggle for independence the scattered units of Rebels could not depend for supplies on an established authority, he and his father, according to the geneological history by Silas Condict, built "a powder mill on the Whippany River near Morristown."

Major Joseph Lindsley supervised the erection of the building, and since he was later spoken of as the "Blind Major", it is reasonable to assume that he had suffered some injury to his eyesight as a result of his assistance in the subsequent manufacture of gunpowder.

The site of the mill, although within a mile of the Green, was very difficult to discover, and could be reached only by a path leading through an almost impenetrable thicket. It was nearly opposite the beginning of the present Columbia Road, on the west side of the Whippany Road, about one-quarter mile north of the Ford Mansion.

The provincial authorities, having ascertained that Ford was manufacturing gunpowder for his own troops, wanted him to increase the production of his mill. They offered him 2,000 pounds without interest, which he could repay with powder at

6x9

the rate of one ton each month. He accepted this offer, and the mill was soon supplying most of the gunpowder used in New Jersey, even after Ford's untimely death of pneumonia in January, 1777. It was his widow's mansion that was Washington's headquarters during his second stay in Morristown.

Colonel Benoni Hathaway was in personal charge of the mill, and supervised the removal of the powder from the concealed factory to a storehouse near the Green, where it was kept and issued as needed. On a par with stories of "Quaker guns" is the tradition that when, due to straightened circumstances during the war, supplies ran low, the resourceful colonel used to fill barrels with sand instead of gunpowder. These he would deposit in the magazine with obvious demonstrations of care. There is undoubtedly but little foundation to the theory that this was an early American example of war profiteering, since there is no reason to believe that this officer made any personal profit from the transaction. It is much more likely, as reported, that this was an ingenious ruse to deceive British spies and resident Tories about the resources of the Rebel forces.

The importance of this source of amunition to the soldiers of the State is indicated in Sherman's history of Morristown. At the beginning of this century he visited the Revolutionary residence of Colonel Hathaway. The then owner pointed out several ground depressions in the rear of the house. He believed that these marked the locations of several small cannon, placed to command the approach to the mill. This theory is assisted by the fact that several cannon balls have been found in the immediate vicinity, and that what seem to have been the remains of a gun carriage wheel were dug up on the premises.

Fears of a British raid were constantly entertained. One night the women of the nearby Lindsley household, all of whose men were in the army, were startled to hear the approach of horses and to see a company of uniformed horsemen. These were Continental soldiers sent by Washington specifically to guard the mill from an anticipated attack. One of the women was finally persuaded to show the way to the mill, which she did on foot.

In 1815 the mill was moved about 100 feet from its original site and made into a dwelling. Joseph M. Linlsley, son of the supervisor, secured a small piece of one of the timbers. Highly polished, with a representation of the mill on one side, this can now be seen at the Headquarters Museum.

Our Useful Neighbors . . . .

John C. Zuleger

FROM very earliest times the interest and the imagination of mankind were attracted by birds. They were thematic to innumerable poets and appeared in many semblances in the early religions. Their flights inspired the fancy of the people and the predictions of fortune tellers. They continue in holding the interest of present generations, an interest which since the last two decades has been strengthened considerably. JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the American naturalist, artist and foremost ornithologist (1780-1851), was instrumental to a great extent in first encouraging this interest and also the responsibility of mankind toward bird life.

At the present time, hundreds of thousands of men and women all over the country, old and young, are familiarizing themselves with the lives of the feathered friends of their respective localities, and by doing so they gain much pleasure and valuable knowledge. It becomes evermore apparent how very important a link birds are in the preservation of the flora, agriculture, and consequently of the fauna, the animal kingdom which includes man.

The study of the preservation of bird life and for the increase of its population has grown to national extent since man learned to realize the absolute importance of bird conservation in regard to his own existence. The National Government has taken the lead in establishing sanctuaries in many parts of the United States, an example followed by many of the States and private citizens. These sites serve the birds as breeding grounds, where they are protected from their natural enemies and where they can live in absolute security from man, too.

To most people birds appeal only to the esthetic side of interest and regard, without any appreciation of their economic side of conservation and its relation to farmer and horticulturist. The findings of the Biological Survey of the Department of

Agriculture regarding the food consumed by the various birds, of which there are 1,400 kinds in our United States, give invaluable data and information as to the usefulness of our birds.

If one realizes that about 800,000 different kinds of insects exist on this earth, then the necessity of bird life for the protection of our very own existence is not hard to understand. Of course, birds also eat seeds, but no right thinking farmer will begrudge the comparatively few grains from his farm to the thousands of weed seeds devoured by our ever hungry feathered neighbors.

Young birds require from one-half to their full weight of food every day in order to grow, and a young robin, for instance, needs fourteen feet of earthworms for its daily diet. Consider now but one of our pests, the potato bug, which would produce sixty million offspring in one season, if left undisturbed. You will realize that, without birds, agriculture would be impossible and the destruction of all vegetation would quickly follow.

Of the many and beautiful birds of this region and their usefulness, as foes to the insect and weed pests, we will now mention a few, with facts as given by the U. S. Biological Survey:

Scarlet tanager, consuming 630 caterpillars in 18 minutes; yellow throat, consuming 3,500 plant lice in 40 minutes; a flicker's stomach containing 1,000 chinch bugs. Actual observations by the department in the feeding of the young by parent birds showed these very interesting figures: Chickadees feeding 40 times in 30 minutes; purple martins feeting 312 times a day; rose breasted grosbeaks feeding 426 times in 11 hours; and, busiest of all, the house wren, having been observed to feed its young 1,217 times in 15 3-4 hours' time. Can you imagine the mountains of insects and weed seeds eaten up yearly by our birds?

Small rodents are another menace by destroying grain and forage crops as well as fruit trees, by girdling them. The offspring of a pair of meadow mice in five years' time would be several millions. Hawks and owls serve here as man's friend, each of these birds requiring the equivalent of three mice a day, or over one thousand a year in order to live. And lest we forget, there are hawks which live on grasshoppers, making 300 of these insect pests a meal. And sea-gulls have been known to save a whole country from the devastation by locusts.

Looking over the better known species in regard to their usefulness we find: Woodpeckers, feeding on boring beetles and grubs under the bark of trees; Orioles, cuckoos and rain-crows, as a few, able to conquer the hairy kinds of caterpillars; Robins, clearing out the lawns; Bluebirds, catbirds and cedarbirds, who forage on the insects of the orchards; Woodthrushes and flickers, specializing on the destructive ants; Red-winged blackbird, meadow lark and boblink hunting the insects of pasture and swamp lands; Swallows, kingbirds and phoebes, as well as

other fly catchers, are raiders of the air; Wrens, feeding on insects of lower plants and shrubs and in cracks and crevices; Hawks and owls, hunting mice, moles and rats. Mostly all insect eating kinds feed largely on grasshoppers during August.

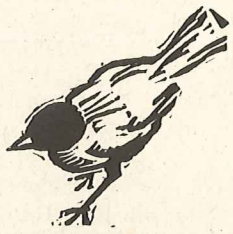
Among the useful seed eaters, the native sparrow, goldfinch, quail, dove and pigeon, also serve us day by day.

The yearly loss in crops of the United States is estimated at 700 million dollars by entomologists, and this should be a warning to everyone to protect bird life and to study its welfare. Here it is well to mention the common house-cat and this animal's heavy toll on the lives of our useful friends. A well kept and fed cat will protect the farm from rodents but will not become a habitual bird killer. Stray cats should be destroyed. Before we forget let us also mention the benefit of some known kind of the feathered fauna relative to public health: the Killdeer feeding on larvae of mosquitoes; the night hawk feeding on thousands of mosquitoes.

Among the socalled noxious birds, the crow by its diet on grubs, insects, cut-worms and mice is more useful than harmful by its destruction of young corn and bird eggs. Among the destructive kinds are the Cooper's Hawk, Goshawk and Sharpshinned hawk, enemies of the poultry farm, and these should be killed, whenever possible but only by the ones, who can distinguish them from the useful kinds.

The English sparrow, which was imported in 1850 to combat insects, has turned to be a pest and feeds most on grains and drives away many of our real good feathered friends. The appearance of worms in orchard fruit, army worms, canker and cut worms, tent caterpillars, boring weevils, flies, grasshoppers, etc. in every instance indicates, that birds have been molested or driven away from these regions and therefore should be again attracted to these sides.

The study of birds is a very extensive one, but worth the while of every person. There are but few that do not fulfill some useful purpose. In an economic sense, the service of our useful neighbors—the birds—may be accurately described as essential to our well-being. Study brings understanding—and he who understands birds will inevitably assist in the nation-wide conservation program.



The Mountain . . . .

Carl John Bostelmann

THE stream bed is our road. The late dry season has emptied the arroyo of the last trace of flowing water, and we are afforded free passage through verdant woodland and over passless hills, up slopes easily terraced by erosion to remote ridges. This is an avenue of approach into a forbidden kingdom.

Compared to relaxing on cushions and letting a motor work, while mileage accumulates on a meter, climbing along the dry-bed of a mountain stream is a vigorous job. We come upon basins of boulders, areas of marsh, dams of debris. There are no interesting taverns with cold brown ale and chicken dinners on the way. You are afoot, always climbing, onward and upward without interruption or rest.

Aside from the muscular satisfaction and the test of stamina, the psychological rewards of climbing are gratifying. Pleasures are cumulative. The higher we go, the more of the world we hold as an exact possession in our gaze. The surface of the earth broadens unbelievably as we ascend.

Colors of earliest autumn are already flung abroad through the uplands. Before sunrise we felt a touch of frost. The night wind had roared in the tree-tops. But now the day is warm and clear, full of sunlight.

At every twist and turn in the stream bed we make discoveries. As the terrain changes, vegetation changes. We see for the first time new flowers and ferns and shrubs. We proceed through a laboratory of growing things. How easily we forget the poppies, the tumbleweed, the sage of the lower plains as the crimson manzanita and the mountain azalia appear! And how easily, in turn, we forget them as we leave them behind and pass ever higher, climbing!

Color is brighter, more arresting. Hardier blossoms sprout from hardier plants; great pods burst with swollen seeds; sumac and lichen, fungi and moss flourish in a meagre profusion. We find grasses that are softer than plush to lie upon, which, when crushed, emit odors more aromatic than eucalyptus or balsam. Brilliant brown and yellow and red berries hang suspended like crystal beads from wiry twigs, conspicuous to eye, inviting fingers.

Behind us, down the long vista of the route traversed, we gaze upon a conglomeration of brilliant light and dull shade, tint and hue, height and depth and expanse, all of which blend and fuse into a vast changing spread of kaleidoscopic splen-

dor. A musk mingles cinnamon fragrances in the sharp tang of the thin bracing mountain air.

At the most unexpected intervals, little lost lakes surprise us. We come suddenly upon deep pools and shallow ponds that are filled with clear cold water, where the stream has survived the dry summer. Their smooth surfaces vividly reflect the blue sky and the green filigree of tree-tops. In their depths, as in household aquaria, behind the mirroring glass, communities of imprisoned fish wait, with estimable patience, the eventual liberation of the autumn rains.

Deer meander across our path, Diana and the fauns renascent out of mythology, catch scent of us and vanish in a flash, melting like the elusive visions of imagination into the background of surrounding shadows. Great dark birds wheel above us, following us along the trail, circling, describing wide convolutions on the winds, gliding up and down and around on the swift currents of air.

We begin to experience a feeling of aloneness, not loneliness, but a new intensity of solitude. We do not yearn for company, but we miss something which we have been trained by habit to feel about us. We begin to think of the lone fugitive in "Green Mansions", far beyond the llanos of upper Venezuela, beyond the headwaters of the Orinoco, alone upon the wide savannahs of a new world.

All about, a quiet and serenely beautiful world lies. It moves along with us. We become more personal in our thoughts, as essences of nature manifest themselves. We are now like creatures of the wilderness instead of creators of a civilization. Hearing only the low laugh of the wind, now a rustle of leaves at the timberline, now a mere whisper of grasses, now a moan from among the crags high above us, we strain for voices.

An occasional bold mountain warbler utters vagrant tones in sudden stacatto to punctuate the stillness.

And now all is quiet. The trees drop behind, below. We are out of the forest and into a field—a high upland pasture of wind-blown grasses and bare shelves of rock. There is hardly a path to follow, only a sublte direction. We climb. Respiration comes more quickly. Temples throb, muscles begin to ache. Here is the first sting of fatigue.

We pass out of the tundra region, a snow line. But there is no snow here in August. Our path is now indistinct and hazardous to follow. Without warning, we have lost the road. Or the road has lost us. It is gone. There is no definite way to go but up, toward a solitary high point of rock that towers above us.

Now we are but shadows in the blinding sun, moving across a perpendicular face of rock. Finding fissures and troughs in the solid stone, we make slow progress. Rest periods are frequent, with abrupt bursts of activity as we struggle onward. Always the peak seems to be almost in our grasp, just a hundred

feet beyond. So close and yet so far—with an impassable weariness between. We stop at the precipitous barrier.

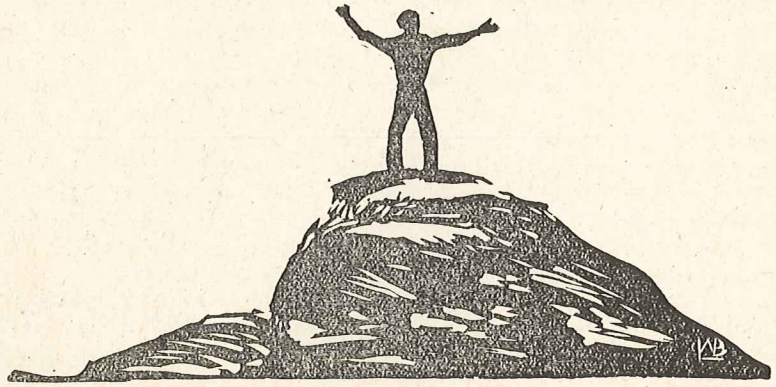
We discover a single cleft in the cliff—the worn flume of water flowing from the winter crown of ice, furrowed out by the melting suns of a hundred thousand summers. We rush to the cleft as through a doorway. But it is not quite so easy. Across the scarred stanchions, scaling the wall, breathless with expectation and effort, impelled by a final avidity, we drag our way with clutching fingers. Then, in a last spasm of determination, we leap upward.

Gaunt and gargantuan, a sharp profile of the peak stands, the last citadel of the land, aloof, challenging. We combine every human faculty in an animal-like fury. We feel the towering rock give way for feet. Our hands grasp and clutch, till at last we lift ourselves to stand erect in full stature on the roof-tree of the world.

Close above us, just out of reach, somnolent cloud banks float in a vaporous lassitude, like mists of some great mysterious sea. Taut with sublime clarity, the sky scintillates with the pure white cleanliness of infinite space, and including all the high surrounding peaks, it arches down in sweeping curves from the zenith to horizons that lie far beyond physical vision. Flat strata of thin steams spread out below us, lying like a ground fog over a summer marsh in moonlight, translucent to the light of the brittle sun. A veil is stretched over the face of the lesser hills beyond.

Now we are islanded in space. This high point of land marks a shore. From this summit, the entire earth reaches out in wide descending extensions, blurring into unguessed distance. Out of the void above, winds breathe powerful gusts, their waves of impetus and impact breaking with a stinging spume against the crags below, thunderous and recurrent, like the rhythmic surges of eternal surf.

Instinctively we close our eyes. All the accumulated passions and powers of the climb warm to a fever within us. We have climbed a mountain, and won to a new domain. We have come home to the sky.



Pulp . . . .

Albert Truman Boyd

YOU'VE heard of a Real Old-Fashioned New England Winter? Well, like a lot of other sayings, this denotes a fact. In the old days, and not so long ago at that, when the snow piled up three or four feet deep, the town fathers would use snow rollers on the roads. The result was a road-bed, white and smooth and hard as iron. Sleds pulled easily on this surface and big loads went to town.

In the woods where the snow gathered without melting, roads would be broken by walking the teams through, tramping down a woods-road. Then the sleds could be taken in and brought out loaded heavy.

In the woods men cut and skinned pople. (Poplar to you.) Pople is not cut into logs like other lumber, but into shorter lengths like cord wood, then skinned clean of its bark, and hauled to town. In the town or near it, there is a paper mill.

Were it not for the native thrift of the New Englander, he would look down on pople. It doesn't make lumber. It isn't good for firewood, except while green. It is too light and won't throw heat like a chunk of rock maple. Pople is regarded as a bastard growth which needs a lot of handling in quantity to return any profit.

In the mill the pople is split and thrashed into a mash which is eventually rolled out into paper. The pulp magazines are made of it.

There is also another important item in the making of pulp magazines; namely, writing. And the writing in pulps is the sort that depends for its effect on straight, swift narrative, letting their actions rather than description or stream-of-consciousness indicate the character of the protagonists.

If you know RED HARVEST, THE MALTESE FALCON, THE GLASS KEY and THE THIN MAN, you will have had the opportunity to watch the development of one writer from the pulps to the top. It is difficult offhand to name another American writer who can and consistently does write so clearly, cleanly and keep so free of the artifices of the trade. Dashiel Hammett has done more to wreck the introspect, long suffering stream-of-consciousness school than any other writer. He tells you so little about his character. He simply shows them to you in action and allows you to use your own intelligence.

It would be amusing, though unfair, to compare Hammett and Thomas Wolfe, the preponderous genius of LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, which Scribners' advertised into fame several

years ago. It is said that Wolfe is a ceaseless worker, that he turns out a million or more words a year. But it is the result that counts, not the method. Wolfe has a fine eye for colour and character; but he can't let things alone. His repetition, his undisciplined wanderings and his uncontrolled sex nonsense make reading a Wolfe novel as enthralling as reading Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

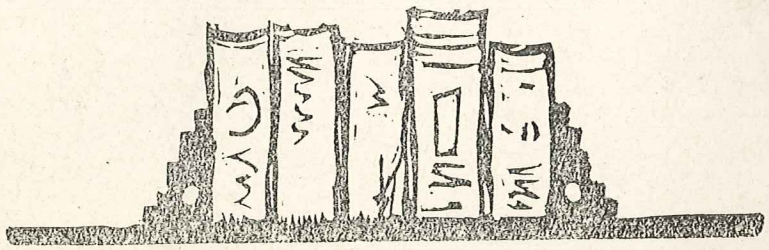
I prefer Hammett's precise scalpel strokes, near the bone; his ability to say what he means and let it alone. Hammett never seems bothered by the heavy cloud of a literary reputation, that guillotine of so many newcomers. I offer any Hammett character as a complete characterization, built to fit the needs of its place in the given story.

All of which leads only to the conclusion that, while the feel of glazed paper is pleasing to the hand and the layout of a class magazine is apt to be very satisfactory; these have little to do with the text they carry. Any periodical on the market today would be more than pleased to run a story under Mr. Hammett's name because his name means readers and readers mean money. But ten years ago no one but the pulps would touch him with a ten-foot pole.

Bearing a surface resemblance to Hammett, but no more, we have Erle Stanley Gardner, also of the pulps. Gardner has brought out a series of novels, THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE CASE OF THE CARETAKER'S CAT, and so on. These have come thick and fast and while they hold you to the end, the semblance of a reality is too often thin. They are complicated stories, readable enough, but a queer mixture of the Sherlock Holmes and the modern schools.

Even so, Gardner has come a long way from the Arthur B. Reeve variety. This is a good sign. There are millions of detective story readers in America and they are being offered better and better fare.

The construction of a detective story is a very complicated mechanism and requires a particular skill. Hammett and Gardner have this skill and are developing it. The point is that these men learned their craft in the pulps—that unescapable trap for so many hacks. So, more power to them; two men who can lay out a delicate tracery of unrealities and make us believe in them.



Grateful acknowledgment is hereby given to the ideal and attainment of the Works Progress Administration in New Jersey and the United States, and the dedication of this magazine is hereby expressed to the continued success of the employment program through which the contributors to this magazine have been provided employment at wages on project work sufficient to provide an opportunity to demonstrate their initiative and enterprise.