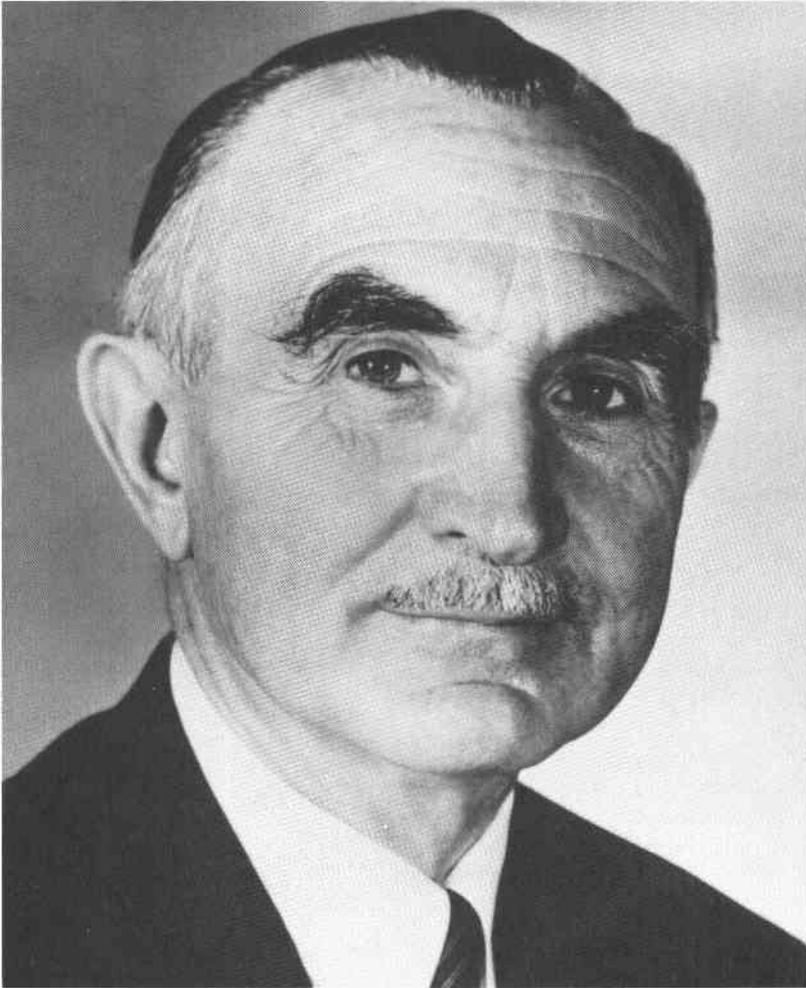


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Vol. 1

Fall 1974

No. 2



Wayne L. Morse, 1900-1974

Published semi-annually by the Library of the University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon

WAYNE L. MORSE

In May 1973 Senator Wayne L. Morse shipped his personal and senatorial papers to the University of Oregon Library from Washington, D.C. where they had been stored in the Federal Records Center. The collection of over 1,200 cubic feet of correspondence and documents is the largest single collection of manuscripts in the Library. To scholars concerned with the political history of the third quarter of this century it is the most important collection in the Library.

The death of Senator Morse on July 22, 1974 during his campaign for reelection brackets his papers while emphasizing their value to history. By coincidence, an "Inventory of the Papers of Wayne L. Morse" was completed by the Library, in typescript, and in his hands a few weeks prior to his death. The inventory is being published by the Library as a memorial to the Senator and an aid to scholars.

The State of Oregon has probably fared as well or as badly as most Western states so far as the records of its congressmen are concerned. The papers of our second territorial delegate and first state senator are in the Indiana University Library.

A 19th century congressman from Oregon was faced with a 2,000-mile trip by stage, rail or steamer, life in a Washington D.C. boarding house, isolation from his constituents, and the prospect that the next legislative assembly would replace him. His pay was \$7,500, plus mileage. He could do as well, often better, as a lawyer or businessman back home. It is not surprising that in the 19th century only John H. Mitchell served more than two terms as Senator from Oregon, and only Binger Hermann served more than three as Representative.

Not until the 20th century and direct

election of congressmen did stability or continuity become common in the careers of Oregon congressmen. Willis Hawley, Nicholas Sinnott, James Mott and Walter Pierce in the lower house, Charles McNary and Frederick Steiwer in the upper, were all multiple-term congressmen, but only at mid-century and after are there Oregon congressmen who preserved files with deliberate historical intent.

The latest, largest, and in certain respects the most important of Oregon congressional files are those of Senator Wayne L. Morse. Not only the length of his tenure, but the breadth of his service contributes to the value of his files. His membership on important committees, his attention to floor work, his willingness to expound and defend unpopular truths, and the dedication of his office staff combined to produce a record of national and international significance.

During his senatorial years scholars were indebted to Senator Morse because he was a sturdy ally of education. A new indebtedness has now been incurred with the deposit of the papers of Wayne L. Morse in the University of Oregon Library.

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Vol. 1 Fall 1974 No. 2

Published by the University of Oregon Library

Editors: MARTIN SCHMITT, E. C. KEMP,
KEITH RICHARD

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BOWEN INGRAM

Sir Winston's Potboilers

Sir Winston Spencer Churchill, whose birth centenary is being observed this year, has been celebrated as a statesman, military genius, historian, orator, bricklayer, raconteur and artist. Less has been said about his journalistic career, though for the first four decades of his adult life writing for newspapers and magazines was an important source of his income and at times his only occupation. It was also a deliberate device for keeping his name and reputation before the British and world public.

Considering the fame of the man, it would seem likely that bibliographers would by now have found every last Churchill book, pamphlet, magazine and newspaper article, preface and book review, and that the surviving Churchill manuscripts would all be located. Definitiveness in bibliography is, however, a relative concept; new discoveries are occasionally made of even Shakespeare material, and no doubt new Churchill discoveries will from time to time be announced.

Within the past two years the University of Oregon Library has been most fortunate as to Churchill. First, the Library received a uniformly-bound set of most of Sir Winston's books, almost all in their first or more desirable editions in immaculate condition. Second, the Library acquired two manuscripts by Churchill, "My Life," and a digest of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, both written for the Chicago Tribune Syndicate.¹ These acquisitions are reminders of the profes-

sional journalist that always lurked behind the cigar.

Churchill's career is dotted with episodes indicating that writing for pay was one of the major impulses and necessities of his life.² When his father, Lord Randolph, died in 1895, young Spencer Churchill had already chosen the army as a career. He was gazetted to the Fourth (Queen's Own) Hussars. He improved his first furlough, in the fall of 1895, not in perfecting his skill at polo, but in a trip to Cuba where there was an insurrection in progress. He wished to observe a war at first hand. Through family connections (the British ambassador in Madrid was a friend of Lord Randolph) he obtained the necessary travel documents and introductions. In the office of the London *Daily Graphic* he reminded the editor of some travel letters Lord Randolph had written for that paper, and inquired whether a series of letters by the son, from Cuba, would be acceptable. They would be, he was assured. The *Daily Graphic* got some vivid dispatches, Churchill got his first experience under fire; and the world got a new and (later) famous war correspondent. He was just 21.

This was the first of many instances when Churchill made use of family connections or otherwise bent his prospects to further his journalistic career. In 1896, when his regiment was preparing for duty in India, Churchill was most reluctant to accompany it into what he felt would be literary, social and possibly political

¹ The books were a gift of Dr. Roland Mayer and the Medford Clinic, Medford, Ore. The manuscripts are part of a large collection of the correspondence, manuscripts and other records of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, Inc., Fiction Department, a gift of Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson.

² Churchill was not poor in the Dickensian sense. Nor was he rich. His father, a fourth son, was rich only in eccentricities. His mother was wealthy, but disinclined to lower her standard of living to raise Winston's. He inherited property and some money, but found it exceedingly convenient, if not absolutely necessary, to augment his income by writing.

exile. He was uncertain about what he wanted to do, but whatever it was, India did not seem the place to do it. He made fruitless inquiries about a transfer to more active scenes. Seven months after his arrival in Bangalore in October 1896 he took advantage of a special leave to return to England. En route he learned that war between Greece and Turkey over Crete seemed likely. Winston would be landing in Italy in May 1897. He asked his mother to act as his agent toward an appointment as war correspondent for a London newspaper. Much to his regret, the war ended after 31 days, too quickly to be useful to him, so the would-be journalist proceeded to England. There he put a toe into the river of politics for the first time and found the water not too cold.

Though Churchill may already have been considering resignation from the army, news of a revolt of Pathan tribesmen on the Indian frontier (and visions of fresh newspaper dispatches) sent him back to his regiment promptly. Through Lady Randolph he offered his services as correspondent to London newspapers. The *Times* refused him because it already had a man in the field, but the *Daily Telegraph* agreed to hire him, at half the fee he expected.

On October 6, 1897 the first of fifteen "letters" appeared in the *Telegraph* from the Indian frontier. They were, to their author's dismay, published unsigned. Neither his reputation as a journalist nor his political ambitions would be forwarded by such modesty. In the manner of foreign correspondents then and now, he assembled his dispatches and added fresh material from other sources to write a book, *The Story of the Malakand Field Forces*, which appeared in March 1898.

This was a pattern that would repeat itself. In June 1898 Churchill, then back

in England, opened a campaign to have himself transported to Egypt, where Sir Herbert Kitchener was fighting in the Sudan. Whether he went as a member of an army unit or as a correspondent was immaterial. He would write in either case. Despite bureaucratic rebuffs from what Churchill describes as "ill-informed and ill-disposed people," he was, after much finagling, appointed "supernumerary lieutenant . . . for the Soudan campaign." The orders continued, "in the event of your being killed or wounded . . . no charge of any kind will fall on British army funds." Six days later he was in Cairo.

Churchill's letters to the *Morning Post* began in August and ended in October 1898. His book on the campaign, *The River War*, appeared in 1899. By then he had resigned his commission, chosen politics as his true career, and was on his way to South Africa as the well-paid *Post* correspondent in the Boer War.

His extraordinary success, both as correspondent and as live hero in the Boer War, ensured Churchill's election to Parliament. He was neither the first nor the last politician to trade on a military reputation, genuine or manufactured. He made sure that this reputation would not suffer or fade by writing two books based on his South African dispatches and by traveling the lecture circuit in England (29 appearances), Canada and the United States (under "a vulgar Yankee impresario").

He was then richer by about £10,000.

Thirty years later he would reflect, "I had only myself to consider and my personal expenses were not great. I, therefore, gave up journalistic work and lectured no more. I could thus give my whole time to my parliamentary duties and to political work."

This and other autobiographical statements by Churchill must be read with

LONDON

PARIS

BERLIN

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CURTIS BROWN, LTD.

International Publishing Bureau
10 EAST 49th STREET
NEW YORK

MARGARET FOLEY,
Magazine Department

23rd September 1932

Telephone. Plaza 3-8362

Cables: "Browncurr"
for New York, London,
Paris and Berlin

Miss Mary King
Chicago Tribune
220 East 42nd Street
New York City

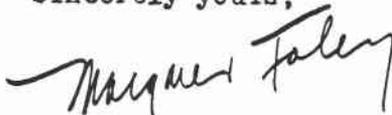
Dear Miss King:

In accordance with our telephone conversation, I cabled Winston Churchill this morning that the Chicago Tribune was prepared to undertake the six great stories of the world as retold by Mr. Churchill, and to publish them simultaneously with the English paper, News of the World. It is understood that the stories are to be published weekly, probably starting at the end of January. As you will recall, it was agreed that, in the event of acceptance, the Chicago Tribune will pay \$1000 a piece for the stories.

We are expecting at least one and probably two specimen stories before the end of October. It is our understanding that on approval of these, the Chicago Tribune will give a definite order for the whole series. We have asked Mr. Churchill to substitute "Anna Karenina" for "Thais".

Sincerely yours,

mf/s



Agency letter from Tribune Syndicate files

sympathetic doubt. It was true that in 1901 he no longer had to importune publishers or rely on family influence to place newspaper or magazine articles. His political fortunes were on the rise. From 1906 to 1929 he was in succession Under-secretary of State for Colonies, President of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War, and for Air, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In practical terms, as a journalist he was eventually in a position to write about almost anything and get it published and paid for. This, of course, he did. His output was prodigious. He trained himself to dictate, and thus, as he said, "freed myself from the hobbles . . . of actual caligraphy."

Churchill's articles appeared frequently in newspapers and magazines in England. As his fame spread, he was published in the United States. In 1924 he began writing regularly for American periodicals. In fact, he became a *Cosmopolitan* boy. In the 1920s *Cosmopolitan* was a respectable magazine with no centerfold. Among its other regular contributors were Irvin S. Cobb, George Ade, H. G. Wells and Kathleen Norris, a company of writers among whom even a Chancellor of the Exchequer might feel comfortable, especially if he had an impish turn of mind. For *Cosmopolitan* Churchill drew heavily on his Boer War experiences for 13 articles. In them he did not hesitate to crib copiously from the writer he knew best—himself.

Once Churchill was launched on his dual career of journalism and politics he hired a literary agent, A. P. Watt. A. P. Watt was one of the first professional agents, having commenced business in 1883. Walter Besant, one of his satisfied customers, testified, "I have been relieved from every kind of pecuniary anxiety;

my income has been multiplied by three times at least; and I have had . . . a great deal more work than I could undertake."³ At one time or another Watt's clients included G. K. Chesterton, Wilkie Collins, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Conan Doyle and Arthur Balfour, who brought Churchill and Watt together in 1898. How long the association lasted we do not know. By the late 1920s Churchill was a client of Curtis Brown, Ltd., a London-based firm with a New York office and international connections. By the 1950s he was no longer on Curtis Brown's list of clients, but his son, Randolph was.

It was Curtis Brown that in 1930 negotiated Churchill's agreement with *Colliers* magazine under which he wrote six articles a year for ten years. He could, and did, write about anything that struck his fancy: the Depression, unemployment insurance, corn on the cob, Franklin Roosevelt, ice water on the table. He was a Russell Baker in striped pants. Through Curtis Brown Churchill peddled articles that could be sold only because of the writer's name and reputation.

When the Baldwin government fell in 1929, Chancellor of the Exchequer Churchill was out of a job. He embarked on lecture tours and wrote hack articles. This kept him in cigars and whisky, and afforded him the leisure to work on the biography of his illustrious ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough. It was during this period that his relationship with the Fiction Department of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate began.

The idea of including fiction in the Sunday edition of the *Chicago Tribune* was suggested by publisher Robert R. McCormick in 1918. The plan was adopted in 1919. The first published title was "Providence," a short story by Will Payne in the issue of September 21, 1919.

³ *Letters Addressed to A. P. Watt and His Sons* (London, 1929) p. v.

On November 2, 1919 the first serial was commenced, "Spice," by Henry C. Rowland. For the next fifty years, fiction—daily serials, Sunday serials, and short stories—was a feature of the *Tribune* and its sister paper, the *New York Daily News*. It was distributed through the Tribune Syndicate, later the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate, to newspapers in the United States and Canada. Fiction was solicited and bought by Mary King, who later became Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson. She was Sunday Editor of the *Tribune* from 1926-1931 and fiction editor of the Syndicate from 1930-1969. She was also Women's Editor of *Liberty* from 1926-1931. She bought the novels and short stories of such writers as F. Scott Fitzgerald, Booth Tarkington, Ring Lardner, Agatha Christie, Sax Rohmer, Luke Short and Philip Wylie. Her list of acceptable authors included the best English and American writers of mystery and detective stories, westerns and gothic novels. She paid top prices, and paid on acceptance.

Curtis Brown was a regular source of manuscripts for the Tribune Syndicate. When Churchill was with the agency some of his fellow-clients were Eric Ambler, Daphne Du Maurier, Norah Lofts, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Roland Pertwee, Ellery Queen and Vita Sackville-West, all of whom had work sold to the Syndicate. In 1932 Curtis Brown offered for sale to the Fiction Department of the Tribune Syndicate some of the writing of Winston Churchill.

Churchill was not then writing novels or short stories. His one novel, *Savrola*, appeared in book form in 1900 after serial publication in *Macmillan's Magazine*, May to December 1899. It sold well for a first novel, but only because its publication was sandwiched between two layers of its author's popular military histories.

What Curtis Brown was offering to the

Tribune Syndicate was not original fiction, but Churchill's version of other people's fiction. The agency had already sold the idea to *News of the World*, a United Kingdom general-interest periodical with a newspaper format, somewhat like the magazine section of the *New York Times*. Churchill proposed to retell the "World's Great Stories" for the benefit of the masses who had never had time to read them. Margaret Foley of Curtis Brown's New York office, wrote to Mary King on September 19, 1932, "Churchill is planning to re-write . . . 'Monte Christo,' [sic] 'Moonshine' [sic] by Wilkie Collins, 'She,' 'Ben Hur,' 'Thais,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" It was obvious that Miss Foley would benefit from Churchill's short course in the world's great fiction.

By September 23 the Tribune Syndicate had agreed to buy six of Churchill's retellings and to pay \$1,000 each for them, pending receipt of samples. The samples arrived in due course (*A Tale of Two Cities*; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) and on November 10 Curtis Brown confirmed acceptance of \$6,000 for American and Canadian publishing rights to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Moonstone*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Ben Hur*, as filtered through Churchillian prose. There was a question about copyright, but the agent assured the Syndicate that the articles "will be free of copyright complications, as the responsibility in this matter lies with the Honorable Winston Churchill and in no sense involves the Chicago Tribune."

The six installments of the series were received by February 1933; *Jane Eyre* was substituted for *Ben Hur*. Publication in *News of the World* and the Women's Features section of the *Chicago Tribune* began on January 8, 1933. Thereafter, the series appeared weekly in *News of*

Curtis Brown, Ltd.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN NEW YORK

C. R. EVERITT, MANAGER, *New York Office*, 18 EAST 48TH STREET, TELEPHONE PLAZA 3-8362

CABLES: 'BROWNCURT'

November 20, 1934

Dear Miss King:-

This will summarize our conversation and give you the final confirmation on everything affecting the Churchill autobiography.

I am cabling Mr. Churchill that the Chicago Tribune will start publication Sunday, January 20, publishing weekly.

The News will publish daily beginning January 16, but will make some arrangement whereby they do not cover the material faster than 4,000 words a week.

The material will only be used for weekly publication in Canada, released on the Tribune's date, so that there will be no possibility of Canadian newspaper's publication preceding News World release.

the description of
I have gone into everything that Mr. Churchill has had to say on the subject since we first discussed his autobiography. He mentions that four of the incidents have already been included in his book called THE ROWING COMMISSION, which had about at 5,000 sale here in the United States. These include such things as the frontier fight, the armored train, the escape from Pretoria, and the so-called Sidney St. battle. He says he could do some further changes here which would make these incidents different;- it would not make them better. This would be true in each case where the experiences of a life have been written about before.

Scribner's will be doing the book later. We are informing them of the serialization. I am cabling again on the subject of the photographs.

May we have final confirmation from you on all the points in this letter?

Sincerely yours,

HE:EW

Miss Mary King
Chicago Tribune
220 East 42nd St.
New York City



Agency letter from Tribune Syndicate files

the *World* and monthly in the *News* and *Tribune*.⁴

Once started, Churchill was not easy to stop. The agent offered a second series of six re-told stories, but Mary King had had enough; the first, *Adam Bede*, was returned with thanks.

The 1930s were lean times, even for a man who could command a thousand dollars for rebuilding *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Churchill was out of power, and would not return until 1939. The longer he was out, the more likely it was that his name would be forgotten. Not only his pride, but the demand for his journalistic production would suffer. He was working on his life of Marlborough, and the volumes were appearing regularly; but one does not usually become rich or famous by writing biographies. It is not surprising then, that Churchill, in his sixtieth year, suggested to Curtis Brown that this was an auspicious time for him to write and then to sell his autobiography.

The agency immediately entered into negotiations with *News of the World* and the Tribune Syndicate. There were conversations between Mrs. Helen Everitt of the New York office of Curtis Brown and Mary King of the Syndicate. By November 30, 1934 matters had advanced far enough for Mrs. Everitt to establish a publication date for the first installment, January 20, 1935. Installments were to be published weekly in *News of the World* and in the *Tribune*, daily in the New York *News*, and weekly in some unspecified Canadian paper. By mid-December a

manuscript had been sent to Curtis Brown in New York. Payment for American and Canadian serial and syndicate rights was ordered by Mary King on December 20.

The speed with which Churchill produced a book-length manuscript of about 50,000 words is not surprising.⁵ The original manuscript in the University of Oregon Library shows plainly what was done. As had been his habit from early war correspondent days, Churchill borrowed heavily from himself. "My Life," as the serial was titled, was a scissors-and-paste job. Sentences, paragraphs and almost entire chapters from earlier books were strung together with freshly-composed connective material. Churchill did not hide his method. "He mentions," wrote Mrs. Everitt to Mary King, "that four of the incidents have already been included in his book called *The Roving Commission*⁶ which had about at 5,000 sale here in the United States . . . He says he could do some further changes here which would make the description of these incidents different—it would not make them better."

What Mrs. Everitt, and possibly Churchill, did not emphasize was that not only were "incidents" from *A Roving Commission* included in the manuscript, but long and short passages of a great deal of other text, as well as generous excerpts from earlier books. Churchill was literarily thrifty. He did not hesitate to use a good text twice, or oftener if convenient. In his manuscript of "My Life" he acknowledged his debt to himself occasionally, but the acknowledgements were omitted in publication.

⁴ The publication of this series in the *News* and *Tribune* is not cited in Frederick Woods, *Bibliography of the Works of Sir Winston Churchill* (Toronto, 1963). The bibliography makes it plain that Churchill regularly generated ideas for series of easy-to-write articles for which he would be well paid. Among them were "Crucial Crises of the War," "Personalities," "Great Men of Our Time," and "Great Events of Our Time."

⁵ The Curtis Brown-Mary King correspondence states that the autobiography would, after serial publication, be published as a book by Charles Scribner's Sons, but no book appeared, possibly because Scribner's did not wish to put old wine into new bottles.

⁶ *A Roving Commission* was first published in England in 1930 as *My Early Life*.

70

I (A)

Sixty years! Not so very long ago I thought this a very advanced age. When I was a child I was told that Methusalem and others had lived ^{even} ~~so~~, ^{or} ~~longer~~, but I never imagined for a moment that I should compete in such a class. ~~But~~ Lately I have not ⁵ felt the same impression. ~~I think~~ ^{now} Sixty, seems to me to be a very reasonable age, when a man may still have vigour ⁹ in mind and body with knowledge and experience besides.

Politics moreover is a profession without any superannuation scheme. Till you are fifty you are a 'young man of promise'. In the sixties you are in your noon day prime. In the ^{seventies} ~~eighties~~ you begin to be an elder statesman and at ^{eighty} ~~ninety~~, or thereafter, if you live so long, they come to carry you in a bath chair to the exercise of the highest responsibilities. I must admit that my son does not take this view. He thinks twenty-five is ^{the} ~~an~~ age when wisdom and courage are united in their highest perfection. Anyone over thirty belongs to 'the old gang'. ^{R. My son} ~~He~~ must have inherited these ideas from me, because curiously enough I thought just the same at his age. But I altered my views as time went on.

Another thing I have noticed is that one is more patient at sixty than at twenty-five. I wonder that this is so. One would think it would be the other way round; that old men would be in a hurry and young men would plan long years with shrewd calculation. || Certainly I have become more conservative in my

Pages one and (opposite) two of manuscript, "My Life"

outlook. When I was young I thought it was good to have things changed. They might be changed even for the sake of changing. The more they changed the better things would be. Now I feel quite differently. I do not feel the same confidence that ^{Progression} ~~Progression~~, as it is called, will continue to be favourable either to the Empire or ^{to the} ~~liberties~~ of our country. We have so much more than any other nation to ~~lose~~. ~~##~~ All the decent freedom and tolerance of our island life, all that wonderful structure of ^{was} ~~domination~~ and authority our ancestors built up, and which ~~in~~ our generation has ^{valiantly} ~~valiantly~~ sustained, seem to me to stand on foundations which are at the present time increasingly precarious. ¶ There is a class who say "All this Empire stuff is out of date. Let everyone self-determinate' how he pleases". There is another class who say "Who cares for liberty? What we want is dictatorial authority, some wonderful strong man who would order us all about, ^{should be} substituted for our constitution." ~~##~~ Moreover they say "It is quite easy to do this now-a-days. Once you have control of the press and the broadcast, and are not afraid of shedding blood, ^{you} You can make everybody vote for you. You can even teach them to worship you as a god." They say ^{Government} ~~you~~ can even put that across now". ¶ But I am against all this. I am for a limited monarchy and a free Parliament and the undoubted glorious right of every true Briton to criticise any Government of which he is not a member. I do not know whether this is Conservatism or Liberalism. I hope it is both and honest Trade Unionism too. They all have an equal ^{desire to} ~~interest in~~ dwelling in a country where the people own the government and not in one where the government own the people.

The most interesting and least derivative passages in "My Life" appear in the first installment, where Churchill reflects on his age. "Sixty years!" he begins, "Not so very long ago I thought this a very advanced age. When I was a child I was told that Methusalah [*sic*] and others lived even longer, but I never imagined for a moment that I should compete in such a class. Lately I have not felt the same impression. Sixty now seems to me to be a very reasonable age, when a man may still have vigour of mind and body with knowledge and experience besides."⁷

On November 30, 1934 Churchill forwarded to Curtis Brown the first of what he promised would be three portions of his autobiography. On December 8 he sent the remainder of the typewritten manuscript, as well as a selection of plans and photographs. The manuscript contained revised text, paraphrases of earlier texts, and paragraphs of introductory or connective matter. It also contained a good many corrections in Churchill's hand, some in blue ink, some in red. In some instances the corrections are to improve the style; elsewhere they bring up-to-date some statement in a text written decades before; in a few instances they are charitable softening of epithets once used to characterize old opponents.

A particularly happy passage refers to his marriage: ". . . what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought." He then continues, "I have shown this passage to my wife who says I am to scratch it out, but I won't." This digression has been deleted in red ink, and does not appear in the published version.

The published versions of "My Life"

⁷ This and later quotations from "My Life" are from the manuscript, not the printed version.

differ in detail from the manuscript and from each other. The how and why of the differences are not readily explained. It seems probable that the Chicago *Tribune* version was set in type from a printer's copy prepared and edited in Mary King's office. It was certainly based on the manuscript, but may have been influenced by galley proofs of the *News of the World* version provided by Churchill. If such a composite printer's copy was prepared, it was not preserved in the Syndicate files.

The day before the first installment of the autobiography was published in the Chicago *Tribune* the newspaper advised its readers by means of an advertisement on page 7. Below a large portrait of Churchill, the copy promised "Adventure—intrigue — politics — behind-the-scenes activities during the brightest and darkest hours in all Britain's history. Don't miss these intimate revelations of the great British statesman, soldier, author."

"My Life" began on page 4 of the *Tribune*, February 4, 1935. It was published in 36 installments in the daily edition through March 16. It was an eventful six weeks. The Bruno Hauptman trial reached its climax; the Supreme Court, for once, agreed with President Roosevelt; Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes died.

News of the World published its version of the autobiography in 12 weekly installments beginning January 13, while the New York *News* published the *Tribune* version in 8 weekly installments beginning March 31. Either the *Tribune's* notorious anti-British editorial attitude or its short-lived excursion into simplified spelling may account for the fact that in its version all British government departments and agencies are printed in lower case, e.g., house of commons. Neither the *Tribune* nor the *News* version is

cited in Woods' bibliography. However, Woods does cite a ten-part variant published in the *Sunday Chronicle* (London) from December 5, 1937 through February 13, 1938, with the title "My Life and Times."

The autobiography follows the chronology of Churchill's career quite closely, except, as always, for his habitual digressions. His military adventures take up a disproportionate amount of space, partly because they were more exciting, and partly because there was more old material to crib. The account stops five years short of the year of writing.

Given the advantage of historical hindsight, it is instructive and amusing to examine Churchill's opinions at age sixty.

"Politics," he wrote, "is a profession without any superannuation scheme. Till you are fifty you are a 'young man of promise.' In the sixties you are in your noonday prime. In the seventies you begin to be an elder statesman, and at eighty, or thereafter, if you live so long, they come to carry you in a Bath chair to the exercise of the highest responsibilities. I must admit that my son does not take this view. He thinks twenty-five is the age when wisdom and courage are united in their highest perfection. Anyone over thirty belongs to 'the old gang.' My son must have inherited these ideas from me, because curiously enough I thought just the same at his age."

Churchill enjoyed parrying his critics with displays of innocent modesty. He first met severe criticism when, as a young subaltern, he wrote for the newspapers, not sparing the reputations of his seniors. "Some of my critics," he recalled, "became abusive, called me 'medal-hunter' and 'self advertiser.' It was with pain and indignation that I observed for the first time these unamiable aspects of human nature. Later,

when I encountered them again in another sphere, I was less surprised, though it did seem regrettable that such strange misunderstandings should be fated to dog my innocent footsteps." This passage was no doubt as amusing in 1935 as it had been in 1930 when Churchill first dictated it for his book, *My Early Life*.

Churchill on war: "It has often happened, in the history of nations, that a small spark has caused a great explosion. We therefore have Societies for the Prevention, the Abolition, or the Suppression of Sparks. But a spark itself is comparatively harmless; it is when it makes contact with explosives that the world trembles at the shock of a great upheaval. And so long as racial or national rivalries, economic war, or the clash of opposing principles of life and civilization continue to produce the high explosives of fear and envy and hatred, so long will all our essays at spark control prove difficult and perhaps, in the long run, futile."

Churchill on young people: "I should like after my experience of life and affairs to introduce a little Sandhurst discipline at our great universities. I should like to make the young men get up in the morning and parade at eight o'clock in flannels, to be properly inspected to see that they were washed and shaved and afterwards to have a little physical drill before they went to breakfast and their studies. Some of our universities at the present time seem to be forcing beds of sloppiness and slouching, both in body and mind. Indeed the prevailing fashion seems to be long hair, untidy clothes and subversive opinions."

On his politics: "People often mock at me for having changed parties and labels. They say with truth that I have been a Tory, Liberal, Coalitionist, Constitutionalist, and finally Tory again. But anyone who has read this brief account of my life with good will and fairness will see

how natural and indeed inevitable every step has been. My own feeling is that I have been more truly consistent than almost any other well known public man. I have seen political parties change their positions on the greatest questions with bewildering rapidity, on Protection, on Irish Home Rule, and on many important secondary issues. But I have always been a Tory democrat and Free Trader, as I was when I first stood for Oldham more than thirty years ago."

Churchill's autobiography was the only piece of non-fiction ever serialized through the Tribune Syndicate. Curtis Brown did its best to interest the Syndicate in Churchill as a regular contributor—in 1935, "a brief newspaper feature article, say once a month, on current affairs . . . He likes the 1,200 word commentary;" and in 1937, a series of articles on modern battles in the style of Ed-

ward Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles*. Nothing came of either suggestion.

In March 1937 the agency sold its final Churchill to the Tribune Syndicate. It was a digest of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. It came as a 34-page typed manuscript, with minor corrections in the familiar Churchill hand. He was paid \$1,000 for, in the standard contract phrases, "All American and Canadian serial and syndicate rights . . . not to be published in book, moving picture or dramatic form until thirty days after publication in the Chicago Tribune and New York News."

This item of Churchilliana is another that has escaped the attention of bibliographers. It was published in the *New York News* September 12, 1937, but not in the *Chicago Tribune*. It was reprinted by the *News* on May 9, 1943, when the author's name was familiar to every American, more familiar, probably, than

But the year 1908 shines brightly for me for quite another reason. In that year I met a young lady of dazzling beauty who consented to be my wife. On her mother's side she was ^{one of the} an Airlie's whose country seat is so close to Dundee. Her father, who was ~~now~~ ^{Sir Henry} dead, Colonel ^{had been} Hozier, was a prominent member of Lloyds and had written a valuable account of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. We had a wonderful wedding at St. Margarets with ~~numerous~~ ^{enormous} crowds in the streets and everybody gave us presents without the slightest regard to politics. This was much the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought.

Churchill describes his marriage

the author of the book he digested. It was also a bargain, because the *News*, under terms of its purchaser, could reprint without additional payment.

The "Digest of *War and Peace*" is, of course, a potboiler, an easy thousand dollars. But it has unmistakable style. It was not a difficult exercise, not a job to spend much energy on. And yet, the talent of the artist is apparent. Habitual excellence, just as habitual mediocrity, is hard to avoid.

Churchill the writer, the stylist, was superior even in his potboilers. Consider his description of Tolstoi's heroine: "Their daughter, Natasha, is the jewel of the book, one of the most enchanting creatures 'that Fable e're hath feigned.' All the loveliest things in English poetry might have been written about her: she is made of spirit, fire and dew: her body talks: she dances like a wave: her singing might charm a soul from the ribs of death; and she has a decidedly tempestuous petticoat."

From Churchill's own statements and the evidence of his secretary, we know that he used to dictate such sentences while pacing the floor, puffing a cigar. This style of writing is not fashionable today when the ten-word declarative sentence is highly regarded. But it had, and has, advantages both for the writer and reader. For the writer it has the advantage of being difficult to imitate: one must be educated to write like that. For the reader, such style affords the same pleasure as a well-played and fully-resolved musical phrase.

Acceptance of the digest of *War and Peace* brought another offer from Curtis Brown. "Mr. Churchill says there is another long and very fine novel *Jean Christophe* by Romain Rolland with which he is familiar which he would be ready to do, if you want another on the

same lines." The Tribune Syndicate did not.

Churchill would write very little more that could have been offered to the Tribune Syndicate. He was increasingly involved in wider events of history. His writing in the future dealt almost exclusively with political matters. The career of the hack writer ended in 1938. The career of the Prime Minister was about to take precedence.

Biographers of Winston Churchill rather ignore Churchill the journalist, as though to write for newspapers and magazines and for money were an occupation demeaning to a Prime Minister. Perhaps the sheer bulk of this hack work, these potboilers, intimidates researchers. Or perhaps they cannot find a theme in such an outpouring of rapidly created prose. The importance of writing in Churchill's life prior to 1939 should be emphasized, not ignored. He made a living at it, or at least comfortably augmented his income. To make a living through writing is exceedingly difficult. No doubt Churchill had native talent. He also had a remarkable teacher of English at Harrow. But the discipline of having to write regularly, eclectically and competitively sharpened the talent and polished the education. It produced the stylist most evident in the histories and public papers. The histories were the product of careful, frequent, thorough revision, revision that was the despair of editors and a financial burden to Churchill and his publishers. The potboilers, on the other hand, were casually revised, unpolished productions. They are interesting and important as examples of the Churchill style in its unrefined state. They are Sir Winston as Sir Hack, a writer at his worst, better than many others at their best.

J. RICHARD HEINZKILL
MARTIN SCHMITT

H. L. Davis in Tennessee

Harold Lenoir Davis and Marion Davis (his first wife) were living in Mexico when Harper & Brothers awarded *Honey In The Horn* its \$7,500 prize for the best first novel of 1935. The novel had not been entered in the prize contest, Marion later told me, because Hal's Guggenheim Fellowship had evaporated and they were selling their furniture to meet expenses and needed money too desperately to wait for the contest. It was already accepted and a publication date set when the judges, finding nothing of literary merit in the contest entries, went through Harper's list of already-bought first novels and picked it for the prize.

Hal's poetry had already attracted the critics, but this was the first time he had received money with fame, and as soon as the first installment arrived he and Marion took a train for Texas, bought a small car, and started for New York to enjoy success. However, in Middle Tennessee they stopped for a swim in the pool of the Horn Springs spa, a once-famous old resort three miles from Lebanon and twenty from Nashville; and, because Marion liked to swim and pools were not easy to find, they decided to stay overnight for another. Next morning she woke delirious with a tropical fever diagnosed at Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville as a form of para-typhoid requiring weeks of hospitalization; so Hal stayed on at Horn Springs and drove to the hospital every day, and New York waited a year.

His room was in the big victorian main building surrounded by wide porches, a dining room locally famous for good food and seventeen acres of untouched woodland. Its chief charm for Hal was that during the week it was empty, filling up only on weekends when the two newer

annexes overflowed. His visits to Marion were brief, by doctors orders, so he bought a gun and roamed the woods to avoid weekend guests and worked on his next book, *Beulah Land* (with an early Tennessee background) between-times. His family had emigrated to Oregon from Tennessee, he later told me, and he enjoyed the chance to know Tennessee better.

He liked the Horn family, too. The elder widowed Mrs. Horn ran the dining room, her son Joe managed the hotel, and Roberta, Joe's wife, acted as hostess. He brought Marion back to the hotel to recuperate when she left the hospital and, although Horn Springs officially closed after Labor Day, the Horns liked the Davises and allowed them to stay on. They gave Hal an upstairs room to write in, without charge, and cosseted Marion with special food and favors. Roberta gave a large evening bridge party in their honor when Marion said she'd like to know local people.

She invited the rich and powerful of Lebanon, by telephone, explaining to each invitee, at length, that Hal was a sweet man who had sent all the way to London for a first American edition of *Honey In The Horn* to give her, because there were none left in America (it was in its fifth edition here) and that Marion especially wanted friends; and they arrived in a mood to call them cousin. She didn't tell them Hal had told her he refused to be bored, because she thought he was joking. Early in the evening however, he had laid down his hand and walked silently out, never to return and take it or any other hand again, and the congealed elite disposed of Marion's hopes of friendship with icy farewells.

I didn't know any of this until later,

however. My husband was then Commandant of Castle Heights Military Academy, a preparatory school in Lebanon. We lived in an apartment on the campus with three small children and many school duties and town gossip was slow to reach us. I had read *Honey In The Horn* and admired the author for bucking the Hemingway-Faulkner trend and sticking to classical contour, but never dreamed he was in the neighborhood until I met Roberta on the town square in early September and she told me the story. Then she asked me to call on Marion, who still wanted to meet local people in spite of the party fiasco, and I agreed. I secretly wanted to be a writer myself, and hoped for a chance to talk with Hal, and I drove to Horn Springs on the chosen afternoon.

Roberta and Marion were waiting for me in rocking chairs, on the downstairs porch, and for a moment I had a clear, pleasant first impression of Marion. She wasn't pretty-pretty, Southern style, nor chic Western, but her chestnut hair was lovely and she had a very good figure and my heart was just warming to her when the picture went completely out of focus. Roberta had just introduced us and vanished and I had sat in her chair when, without preliminary warning or buildup, Marion launched a tirade against Hal.

I was too stunned to move. It was the first time I had heard Hal called Hal (and I could never afterward call him anything else) and she delivered it in a sort of Cassandra monotone with her eyes appearing to see beyond my shoulder Things Even Worse than those she told (although occasionally she darted a watchman's look at me to see if I was listening). Yet, perplexingly, she continued throughout to pronounce his name with love. He was a selfish monster, she said. Unloving. Unkind. Antisocial. A

brute. He had ruined her life, she said, because he didn't want children and she loved children and wrote books for children. He had ruined her friendships. Had I heard how he'd acted at the party? Did I know where he was this very minute? In the woods! He had taken his gun and gone to the woods when she told him I was coming because he just wouldn't stay and risk being bored . . .

I had been desperately trying to think of a socially acceptable reason for leaving so soon after my arrival, but at this I quit seeking the socially acceptable and got out of my chair. If the man shot bores at sight and my reputation was this bad it seemed the thing to do. Even if he spared me because of my innocence no local jury would convict him for shooting a wife who talked about him like this, nor me for listening. Marion, however, balked departure by rising and standing right in front of me, growing even more dramatic; her eyes now strangely very bright. "I need a friend!" she cried, almost pushing me backward. "I'm going stir crazy! Of course he'll leave me now I've gone through all the hard times for him. They always do!"

We were standing in front of a door shaded by a trellis of climbing sweet peas and I was peering through it for a man with a gun, intending to run for my life if one came out of the wood, when the door suddenly opened and a thin, frail-looking man came out, hesitated, stepped back then paused as if undecided whether to advance or flee. He had eyes the color of rain and the poise of a wild creature on the edge of a thicket scanning the landscape for danger. I assumed he was a summer leftover and rightly embarrassed, and tried to give him a reassuring look as I seized the opportunity to tell Marion goodbye. But she changed again. Very perkily, with

sparkling eyes and a happy voice, she began, "Hal, I want you to meet . . ."

I had once spent a month in that hotel. I knew there was no other door; that he had been there all afternoon and heard all. The knowledge carried my heart right on down to my feet, and they took charge. True he had no gun, and he actually mumbled something about glad to meet me, but it seemed not the right time to pause and reflect on this. I'm not sure I said a word, although, driving furiously home, I realized I was swearing aloud, "I never want to see them again!" And I was sure I never would.

They dropped in three afternoons later. Marion had the triumphant air of Cleopatra leading Octavian behind her chariot, and gleefully explained, without apology, that she begged Hal to give her another chance to make a local friend, before I came, and he had agreed on condition he could stay in the room and watch and listen and, if I passed, come out to be introduced. She couldn't resist the chance to pay him back for the party when she realized she had him trapped, she said. When he came out and she saw she had won the game she was about to tell me and let us all laugh together, but I took off. "You really flew," she said, laughing.

Hal had eyed me sideways, in silence, during this merry explanation and as soon as my time to talk came I began eyeing him sidewise for signs of imminent departure. I tried to be as debonair (debonair was the word, pre-cool) as I could, but I didn't have to try long. Marion interrupted, "We'd like to meet your husband." Apparently she was sure everything was all right. "We want to take you to the drugstore for a milkshake."

I sent for my husband, a man of in-

stant like or dislike, fearful at not being able to reverse my dreadful report on the Davises before he saw them; but luckily he liked them instantly and the four of us went to the drugstore and had a pleasant time. Marion and Hal were both trying to build up weight and had become addicts of the milkshakes at Shannon's drugstore, and often stopped to take us along after that, but I was permanently marked by that first afternoon at Horn Springs. I never got over the fear Hal would walk out on us at any moment. I was never really at ease with him. Later I was able to write him with complete ease, but that, I think, was because he was already out and all he had to do to end boredom was just not answer. I am still surprised that he answered so often.

After that we asked them to our apartment to meet a few trusted friends. The Davises liked them and invited them to Horn Springs, with us. They also asked my advice about places to see in Tennessee and, to my surprise, took it. They seemed happy and at peace with one another at all times. Hal was working well, Marion said, and her doctors were pleased with her recuperation. She did the talking for both when we were with them, interpreting for Hal as if we couldn't understand his language. When really amused, he doubled up, knees to chin, and shook soundlessly, but when only mildly amused he gave a snort of surprising audibility which occasionally caused the unwary to jump. "He's amused," she'd say placidly. Sometimes she interpreted his silences. "He's interested," she'd say, or "He likes that." Since my sole occupation was to keep him interested I formed the habit of eying her for guidance while talking with him until I finally got the baffled feeling that I knew him well and didn't know him at all. And I never did get to talk writing.

She always changed course when I led up to it. She adored him, she was an excellent bodyguard, apparently he liked her that way, so, figuring she was not a girl to cross lightly, I let it go. "He'll leave me when we get to California," she said occasionally, but not as if she believed it and I was really surprised that she left him, a few years later.



H. L. Davis in 1935

In early spring they began saying, "... time we're getting on to New York." But no date was set so their small circle of Lebanon friends didn't take it seriously. If Hal thought he had a chance to win the Pulitzer prize he didn't mention it, although he admitted later he knew his publishers were campaigning for it. And, although I thought of it occasionally I didn't take it seriously because he was now our friend and this sort of thing didn't happen to our friends. Apparently he was as surprised as we were when he won.

An eight o'clock radio news program informed Lebanon, and immediately four excited Lebanon wives, backed by excited husbands, began telephoning one another, "Have you heard? What are we going to do?"

First, of course, we were going to congratulate him, but Marion had instructed all of us never, never, call before ten so we naively sat watching the clock, in a group, all unaware that by eight he had been dragged from bed by the Nashville press and by nine a third of the nation had wired or telephoned. We were still clock-watching at nine-thirty when Marion telephoned to ask, a little peevisly, if we've heard. At once I explained and we shouted congratulations into the phone which she promised to relay to Hal. Then she invited the eight of us for dinner on the lawn that night to celebrate. Our problem then was what sort of gift.

We bought a cedar box made by the Lebanon Cedar Factory to hold a three pound box of candy; threw out the candy and filled the box with Hal's favorite cigarettes. Then, urged and dared by chums, I wrote a commemorative poem rhyming Pulitzer with kibitzer which saved it from outright no-goodness, I thought, and we put it in the box. Then, because we knew how thick and long the grass was, at Horn Springs, we got out our best sports clothes and planned to arrive at sunset. Prohibition was still in force in our county and Hal had expressed his opinion negative on the local corn, so we were prepared to be happy on milkshakes, which could be why the party ended as it did.

From the start it was a great party. Marion met us in a long aquamarine linen dinner dress, momentarily disconcerted by our sports clothes. "I went to Nashville today and got this just for

tonight," she said. But soon she forgave us because Nashville was just reopening liquor stores and she had lucked into some very good scotch. Joe Horn had supervised setting up a long buffet table in the dell below the buildings, and stringing lights overhead, and now he appeared with a tray of tall drinks so deceptively mild to our local corn-trained palates we drank them like punch. When Hal appeared, in a dark suit and looking calm but very happy, we were already merry. We presented our gift, and were happy to see it pleased him although he hastily handed the poem to someone else when my loyal fans cried, "Read it!"

It was one of those nights that almost never happen in Tennessee in early May—bright with a full moon, balmy, yet alive with little breezes smelling of freshly planted earth and blooming flowers. We filled our plates and sat on the thick grass until they were empty; then the party went into motion.

We moved to the shallow wooden steps below the platform where the Tennessee Central stopped for Horn Springs guests, and Hal strummed his guitar and sang cowboy and folk songs in English and Spanish. We tried to sing with him but we were not familiar with cowboy songs, so soon began calling for popular dance tunes, which led to dancing on the green. Somehow this ended in footraces down the platform, bare in the moonlight, which in turn became a football game sans football which the ladies dropped out of after the first charge; then we swirled to an old rock fence in the shadows for more singing. Occasionally a guest faded out for a rest but Hal and Marion stayed in the center of action at all times and gradually it occurred to me that I needed to pause, and so probably did they, and I muttered to my loved one it was getting on

time to go home and went to the hotel for my purse.

By now we could hear the party clustered by the parked cars. We joined it—and I was immediately the center of one of those brawls only children who play together constantly can instantly turn on or off.

My chums, having received, by whippers, my hint it was time to go, had made graceful retreat to the cars, hospitably accompanied by Hal and Marion, and said their ritual farewells with more than the usual flourishes, then discovered they couldn't leave because I was missing. It ruined their scene and the moment I appeared they retaliated with excessive acrimony. Charges were hurled, fists clenched, and voices raised in fury, mine among them because I counter-attacked with all I had. Then suddenly it occurred to me this was a dreadful way to end a Pulitzer Prize winner's party, and I looked contritely for my hosts. Marion was standing some distance away looking pale and shaken, but Hal was circling us like a referee, his eyes gleaming as he peered alertly into the mass, apparently poised to break it up if a foul blow developed. And all at once all eight of us fell limply apart, mumbled goodnights, and left hastily.

Marion showed up early the next morning, sent by Hal, she said, to check for casualties. She seemed surprised to find none, but breezed aside my attempt to apologize for us with, "Hal thought it was great!" So I went back to Horn Springs.

This time it was a farewell visit, and, because Marion loved children so, she insisted I bring my children and spend the day. Alice, the oldest, had other plans but I took Johnny, not yet two, and Danny, almost six. I thought they behaved well at lunch, with less than the

usual spatter and splash, and assumed the glances Marion gave them were admiring. After lunch she suggested a walk in the woods, carefully steering us in the opposite direction from the one Hal took, and we were amiably strolling and talking while the boys ran on ahead when there came a dreadful howl from Johnny. He had tripped and pitched face down into a bed of prickly pears. When I picked him up his face and arms were covered with tiny stinging spines and he continued to howl. We ran back to Marion's room and I laid him on her bed and said, "Bring me your eyebrow tweezers."

She stood still and gaped.

"Bring me your tweezers, quick!" I said.

She ran out of the room and Hal appeared with the tweezers. He laid a calming hand on Johnny's stomach (he instantly stopped howling) and expertly tweezed out the little spines in a very few minutes. "He'll be all right now," he said, and went out. Presently Marion tottered back, very pale, and, looking fixedly over my shoulder at Things Even Worse, spoke in the Cassandra monotone.

"Hal said they're perfectly normal children! He even said they're better mannered than he and his brothers were! But I do see, now, why he doesn't want children. We'd never get any work done!"

I was sure, going home, they'd never see the children again.

Time now flew. An itinerary was made, a departure date set. There were to be no goodbyes because, Marion insisted, I would visit them in California as soon as they arrived and found a house. They were going to New York first, and stop overnight in Baltimore on the way, because Hal had had an experience there

he wanted to reconstruct. When he had first attracted the critics through publication in Harriet Monroe's Poetry Magazine, she said, H. L. Mencken had invited him to visit Baltimore, and, on a business trip to New York he accepted for a one-night stopover. In the meantime Joseph Hergesheimer dropped in on Mencken, it turned suddenly and unseasonably cold, and the two of them met Hal at the station, at dusk, wrapped in huge camel's hair overcoats. Finding he hadn't brought an overcoat their idea of protecting him from the weather was to put him between them and walk as close as they could during a pub-crawl that began at once and lasted until they put him on the early morning train. There were times, she said, when his feet didn't touch the pavement and, as it snowed fitfully, he also couldn't see where they were going. But he remembered the names and insides of the pubs, he told her, or thought he did, and he wanted to see if he could retrace their outdoor course by identifying the indoors.

Later I had a card from Marion from Baltimore, but never heard how this came out.

She wrote again from California, repeating the invitation to visit, but I couldn't go. Again she wrote to say she'd written a children's book, *Wooden Saddles*, I think it was: and to be sure to have my children read it. But the Nashville booksellers were unable to trace it without the publishers name, and, unwilling to admit our inadequacies, I let the correspondence lapse until, in 1945, my first novel was accepted for publication. Then I wrote to ask for any advice she had to offer.

It was then I learned of the divorce. Hal answered that he had received the letter but lost her address and would forward it later. Meanwhile, he said, he

would help me if he could. I never did hear from her, but until 1955 he kept his promise through my many blunders, complaints and (often because of not taking his advice) disasters. I knew he was ill, once, but he did not tell me when the illness later returned. Simply, after he moved to Mexico, a letter from me was not answered and I supposed he had at last got bored. I didn't blame him. Grateful for the years of patient kindness, I didn't write him again. So it was finally true that I would never see him again, either.

BOWEN INGRAM

OREGON INCUNABULA

Historians of architecture regret the decay and wrecking of pioneer Oregon mansions, as the grandchildren and great-grandchildren desert their family homes for the modern efficiency of functionally designed houses. This trend should also be a matter of concern for students of the social, political and economic history of the region—for a very special reason. Functionally designed houses have no attics, in which earlier generations stored family heirlooms, including letters, diaries, pamphlets, old newspapers and other materials of importance for historical research.

For the historian of today's past, the trend may be of positive value, if the migrating family has a sense of history, since these materials may find their way into public collections, where they are permanently secure and available for study. Regrettably, however, many valuable collections have been destroyed or dispersed in the hasty cleaning out of attics before the wreckers move in or the abandoned mansions begin their decay into rooming houses.

The process is nearing completion. Few undisturbed Oregon attics remain

to be searched. And no new ones are being provided for the future preservation of historically valuable materials. Perhaps one of the last Oregon attic treasures of major intrinsic significance was purchased some months ago by the University of Oregon Library with funds given for this specific purpose by Mrs. Patricia Hult, a member, appropriately enough, of the staff of the Library's Acquisition Department.

In bulk, the collection is small. It includes a complete file of Volume I of the *Oregon Spectator* (1846-47), the first newspaper published west of the Missouri River, the four published issues of the *Vox Populi* (1851-52), a copy of the 1848 *Oregon Almanac*, and a few memorabilia of John Fleming, the *Spectator's* first printer.

Surviving files of the *Spectator* are usually fragmentary, and the best files have suffered serious wear and mutilation from excessive use in the years before photostats and microfilm. The file now in the University Library, in contemporary binding, is in mint condition; its condition suggests that it may have remained untouched in a family trunk since the mid-nineteenth century. The binding, in cloth-covered boards with chamois back and corners, without stamping was perhaps done by Carlos Shane, who bound an edition of Webster's *Spelling Book* for the Oregon Printing Association in January 1847. The volume includes 26 numbers published between February 5, 1846 and January 21, 1847. It was John Fleming's personal file of the newspaper; his signature appears on the inside of the back cover.

The *Vox Populi* is a small four-page sheet published during the 1851-52 session of the territorial Legislative Assembly by an anonymous "Association of Gentlemen," who were moving with all deliberate speed toward the formal or-

ganization of the Democratic Party of Oregon Territory. The *Vox* is a primary source for the history of the head-on collision of Governor John P. Gaines and the other imported Whig officials with the emerging Democratic Party. The Library file, also in mint condition, is one of two complete files known to exist.

The 1848 *Oregon Almanac*, printed in the Spectator Office in Oregon City in the fall of 1847, is the first almanac published on the Pacific Coast and a rare piece of Pacific Northwest Americana. Like the *Spectator* and *Vox Populi* files, the Library copy is in mint condition.

The John Fleming memorabilia, inserted loosely in his *Spectator* file, include certificates of his membership in the St. Louis Typographical Association

(1836) and the Lexington [Kentucky] Typographical Society (1839), and the October 9, 1844 first issue of *Rat's Bane*, published by the St. Louis printers' union for the exposure of "ratting" printers. These documents add something to the meager information we have concerning the *Spectator's* first printer. In particular, the fact that he brought with him an October 1844 issue of *Rat's Bane* is evidence that he was an 1845, not an 1844, emigrant. Published references to Fleming leave this question unsettled.

This remarkable assemblage of early Oregon printed items and association pieces is a gift of Mrs. Hult in memory of her father, Ernest R. Short.

GEORGE BELKNAP

TIMES AND PLACES OF HOLDING COURTS.

SUPREME COURT.

HON. J. QUINN THORNTON, *Judge.*

Oregon City. *First Mondays in June and September.*

CIRCUIT COURT.

HON. ALONZO A. SKINNER, *Judge.*

Polk Co.—*First Monday in March and September.*

Champoeg Co.—*Second Monday in March and September.*

Yamhill Co.—*Third Monday in March and September.*

Tualatin Co.—*Fourth Monday in March and September.*

Clackamas Co.—*First Monday in April and October.*

Vancouver Co.—*Second Monday in April and October.*

Clatsop Co.—*Third Monday in April and October.*

Lewis Co.—*First Monday in May and November.*

Public debt, October 1st, 1847, \$3,242,31.

Population, October 1st, 1847, about 6000.

Votes for Governor on the 1st Monday in June 1847, 1074.

Emigration now beginning to arrive, about 3000.

Estimated annual value of imports and exports about \$130,000.

Estimated amount of wheat raised in the Territory for the last two years about 150,000 bushels per year.

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES IN OREGON.

Agent of the Post Office Department...Gen. Cornelius Gilliam.

Post Master for Oregon City.....David Hill Esq.

Post Master for Astoria.....J. M. Shively Esq.

Indian Agent.....Charles E. Fickett.

Mr and Mrs William McGraw
1970 Indian Trail
Lake Oswego, Oregon 97034

in the Conservative government, I decided formally to rejoin the Conservative party, and some months later I allowed myself to be re-elected to the Carlton Club from which I had removed my name almost exactly twenty years before.

People often mock at me for having changed parties and labels. They say with truth I have been Tory, Liberal, Coalitionist, ^{Conservative} and finally Tory again. But anyone who has read this brief account of my life with ^{good will} candour and fairness will see how natural and indeed inevitable every step has been. My own feeling is that I have been more truly consistent than almost any other well known public man. I have seen political parties change their positions on the greatest questions with bewildering rapidity, on Protection, on Irish Home Rule, and on many important secondary issues. But I have always been a Tory democrat and Free Trader, as I was when I first stood for Oldham more than thirty years ago. I have accepted the decision of the nation and the irresistible march of events which have made us a Protectionist country. But I am sure it would be for the interests of our island, and of its ^{people} ~~greater powers~~ that these senseless barriers to trade between one nation and another which are dividing the world into hostile feudal castles vitalled for a seige, and are so cruelly injurious to ^{our} ships and sea-borne commerce, should fall to the ground. And though ^{it} ~~it~~ will never come in my time, I still hope that a gentler more generous, more life-giving breeze will blow upon this weary ear and that all the men in all the lands will become more serviceable to one another.