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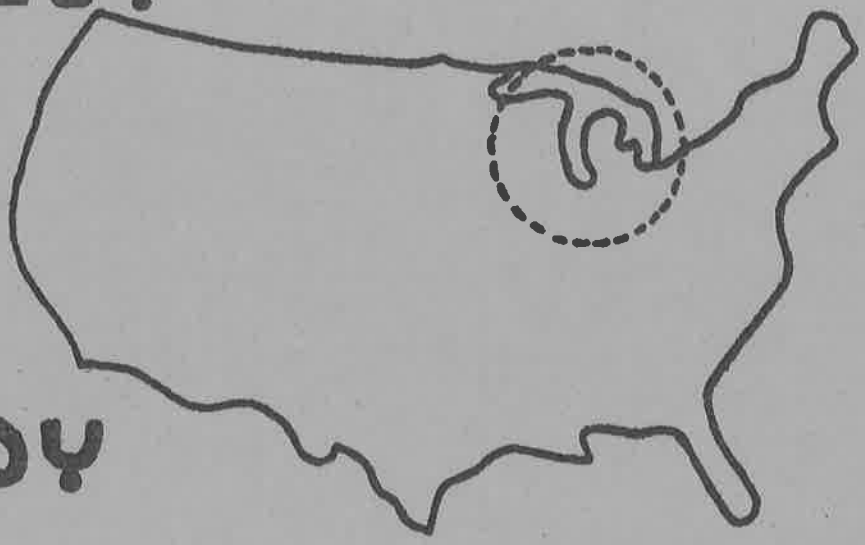

MIDWESTERN LITERATURE

(MIDWESTERN MISCELLANY II)

Midwestern Miscellany IV

Being Essays on Various Topics
For Various Occasions by Members
of the Society for the Study
of Midwestern Literature

Edited by David D. Anderson

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The Center for the Study of
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Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

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Dying Images on Various Topics
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The Midwestern Press
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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Preface

As the sixth year of the Society's existence comes to a close, another Miscellany makes its appearance with another collection of interesting, informative, amusing essays.

These essays are largely drawn from papers that were given at programs sponsored by the Society at the Midwest Modern Language Association and Popular Culture Association meetings held earlier in the year. We invite other essays for future Miscellanies that will appear irregularly in the future.

This edition, too, is dedicated to the members and others who made its publication possible.

David D. Anderson
November, 1976

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Thomas McGrath's Dakota

Bernard F. Engel

Authorship of a long poem is offense enough to sever anyone from the mainstream of our sturdily antipoetic society. Locate the author in North Dakota and it's guaranteed he will be unheard of. Let me introduce, then, Thomas McGrath, the radical loner whose Letter to an Imaginary Friend is one of the finest long poems of our time. McGrath's central matter is that complex of myth and irridescent aspiration labelled the American Dream. A well-worn subject, certainly; but he makes it new by grounding his hopes in "labor and a place," the reality of working for wages, the spare promise of his own North Dakota that has been exploited to exhaustion but has not yet expired. Though at times McGrath lets himself get snared by modish sterotypes--as a poet he is a man with a "wound," he is held "far from laughter"--he is in fact an optimist who, defeated at one turning, does not sit at the intersection and despair but adjusts his compass and, lo! finds another direction to tempt him on. Fond of his family and fellow workingmen as well as of his homeland, McGrath keeps searching for the "potential" he is sure America has.

It is this assurance that makes Letter different from William Carlos Williams's Paterson, the work that all long American poems of this century will be compared with. Williams's protean central figure flits hysterically from identity to identity in search of a language to comprehend himself and his world, but McGrath's speaker talks pure Dakota. He knows who he is and where he is from, and although he sees pervasive blight and much failure even in his home state, he nevertheless finds North Dakota renewing, its prairies and coulees suggesting possibility that Williams could not find in the industry-deadened landscape of northern New Jersey. For Williams, renewal could come only by a sea-change (literally); for McGrath, the open spaces still offer breadth for the spirit.

As Williams sometimes descends into Ezra Poundian arcana of the monetary system, so McGrath sometimes drags in formulas of Marxism. But more often McGrath, a humanist rather than an ideologue, talks of "potential," the "round dance," the "Third Millenium," the Hope Kachina (a god-figure who is to help bring a better future). The critic who demands a specific social program could ask whether the poet can offer nothing more concrete than romantic fantasies of communitarian brotherhood. McGrath, one may suppose, could observe that efforts to achieve something less than Utopia do not seem to have won us much.

Letters, Parts I and II, as published in 1970 runs to 214 pages. (Short excerpts of what may be Part III have appeared in journals. In October of 1976, McGrath told me that he intended to get back to Part III within a couple of months). In the sections he has completed, the language, moving at the terse, nervous pace characteristic of this century, conveys the urgency of the speaker's search, as the interweaving of lines and constant allusion to preceding and future events and circumstances enable the poet to travel along half a dozen roads at once. The poem is essentially a study of the poet's own identity. Like McGrath himself, the speaker grows up on a farm, in the Depression years drifts in and out of jobs and college, serves as an enlisted man in the Army, and in the 1940s and 1950s is a writer, worker for radical causes, and sometime college teacher. Unlike most of his contemporaries, the speaker never settles into the comfortable post-1945 middles class lifestyle. What is original, however, is not his avoidance of the rut, but his ability to articulate experience, to voice what is happening in an era that most Americans accepted on its own terms.

Part I reports the romantic quest that failed, the search for what the speaker in Part II will call "the Possible . . . the future that never arrived." The speaker of course remains optimistic. Though he finds that the American dream has not succeeded, he remains sure that dreams are to be followed, and that his own past gives him a secure base to set out from and to return to when probings into the outer world meet no success. Though in most of Part I the speaker is reporting attempts to escape from his past, he comes to realize that "Ancestral baggage" is not a handicap; it is, indeed, nourishment. The speaker recalls his hard life during the 1930s, including his misadventures while living in Camp Depression at the University of North Dakota. Here and elsewhere, he finds little of interest in formal education: he mocks collegiate admiration of T.S. Eliot, asserts that George (Washington?), Jefferson, and Madison are "deader than mackerel," and dismisses his schooling as a lesson in the preachment that order is necessary. The agrarians he meets while a student at Louisiana State are unworldly. The faculty members he works with when he becomes a college teacher in Maine strike him as decent but ineffectual people whose political ideas would support only a "second order rebellion," not the revolution of "pure potential" that he desires (Maine, he finds, is only "North Dakota with pine trees").

The most educative of the speaker's experiences is a Dakota winter spent on a woodcutting crew. This backbreaking job deepens his anguish at the circumstances of the Depression but gives him the mystique of community in work that is one of the poet's ideals. Such experience is rare, however; Part I ends with the speaker finding no visible fulfillment of the American dream though he detects intimations of possibility. The supposition that the basis of McGrath's ideas are more humanistic and religious than political is furthered by the litany-like ending he puts on Part I. His speaker concludes by calling down blessings on the sea, the stars, love and sex, friends, everything that has made life significant and pleasurable. Here, as in several other passages, a part of his goal is "the round-dance" which would be "lauds toward a newer sun." Whatever such a dance may be, it is clearly the esthetic expression of a sharing community, a humane ideal rather than a product of the abstractions of social philosophy.

Part II offers two assurances: that achievement is still possible, causing the speaker to take on the role of American bard; and that in any case one may seize from society's offerings some "personal provision of power" even though he may not be able to overcome the social system. Comparing North Dakota with Greece, the speaker again discovers that "North Dakota / is everywhere." In memory he roams through Los Angeles and New York--cities where McGrath himself was for a time a radical activist--recalling the failure of the social causes which he had supported in both cities. This is the weakest section of the poem, some portions collapsing into "Beat" shrillness, some resorting to tired quasi-Marxist formulas. But the poem gains vitality as it moves toward the vision of the Fifth World of Hopi myth. (In his statement "On My Work," published in American Poetry Review for January-February 1974, as a preface to excerpts from Part III of Letter, McGrath says that the Hopi believe we now live in the Fourth World. The Fifth World, which will be much better, is soon to come).

The speaker is proud of having taken part in social movements, and he scorns those who betrayed them. Perhaps, he speculates, the "commune" must fail in rich America. But he trusts that it may be redeemed by the individual who calls his countrymen back to their abandoned dream. If this is a radical faith, it is the radicalism of Paine and Jefferson (despite McGrath's dismissal of such figures as dead), of Emerson and Thoreau, not of Marx and Lenin. These notions are repeated in passages recalling the failure of labor union radicalism in New York, where money

dominated every movement. But the speaker is sure the bard can reawaken the masses. Reiterating faith in Hopi prophecy, the speaker turns back to Dakota to renew the acquaintance with his own roots which always gives him courage for further venturings. His hope is more than personal: he is confident that somehow reexamination of his own roots will enable him to discover where the country went wrong.

Where we went wrong, he is sure, has something to do with our attitude toward work. Though McGrath himself has not had a working class career, he has done more work with his hands than most American poets--indeed, the poet whose acquaintance with the workplace amounts to much more than a couple of summer vacation jobs is rare (in spite of the fashion for colorful self-descriptions on bookjackets, descriptions that are as obligatory, and about as true, as the oldtime politician's assertion that he was born in a log cabin). McGrath's speaker finds joy in cutting wood by himself, for his own use. The experience is quite unlike his painful labor when he cut wood as a member of a hired crew. Hard work may be slavery or play, he reflects; when done for one's own sake, it is play. He speculates that lessons of this sort may lead us back to the point where we "went wrong," where we may make a new beginning.

A section wonderful for its vigor as well as for the newness to American verse of its subject matter recalls clues to achievement suggested by a job in a New Jersey shipyard early in World War II. The lines tell of the sweat and hard, unpleasant labor as well as of the defiant, but tolerably cheerful, mutual support of the men. Some of the men voice cliches of radicalism--after the war they will get rid of "the bosses" (much as enlisted men were all going to kill their first sergeants). One anti-war passage is weak because it is only a compilation of trite attitudes. But as a whole the section is fine.

Perhaps the best single section in the poem recalls the speaker's job on a throwaway weekly newspaper in a Los Angeles suburb in the 1950s. The speaker is indigant at being forced to work on the throwaway because his radicalism has made him unemployable. (One may recall that McGrath lost his job at Los Angeles State in 1954 because he was ruled an "antagonistic" witness before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee in its California perscrutations). The publisher is a wealthy radical who buys the paper in the hope of spreading a "compost of culture" in Beverly Hills. The speaker has as assistants a half-alcoholic woman who spends more time on the couch with the crew than at the typewriter, and a zany pressman. The assistants are as ridiculous as they are contemptible; the press gives a "thump! thump!" background to the whole uncoordinated operation that reminds the speaker of his wood-cutting and leads him to reflect on the obvious fact that work is one of the social institutions that America has not revolutionized:

> Play or slavery, It's there surely in labor: the place
> We went wrong. One place anyway.

Another illustration of the notion that work done for oneself and for its own sake is rewarding comes in a fine passage on gardening. The result of all this is that the speaker feels that the "true road of the spirit" will take America back to essentials: he will start "alone with labor and a place." Experience with fellow workers has taught the speaker that his ideal society must have purposeful brotherhood, a humane and esthetic communitarianism.

Most of the closing sections of Part II is a meditation on the significance of place. Though he has found intimations of class brotherhood in workplaces on both coasts, the place that gives renewal to the speaker is always North Dakota. There

the speaker finds not only the source of his own feelings but a reminder of possibilities. On the prairie he feels close to the pioneers who brought the dream west, even though that first generation itself began what has been the continuing rape of the land. Old Bill Dee, a modern ne'er-do-well who lives by himself in a hut on the prairie, tells the speaker:

> First they broke land that should not ha' been broke and they <u>died</u>
> Broke. Most of'em. And after the tractor ate the horse--
> It ate <u>them</u>.

Walking up a coulee on a winter day, the speaker remarks on the changes in roads and farms since his youth, an erosion caused by the exodus of people during the Depression and the coming of money in more recent years. Related to the failure to develop the land is the guilt that white America knows because of its treatment of the Indian. Extermination of the Indian becomes associated with the driving out of the farmer, the banality of pop television, and the presence of missile silos.

Bill Dee is "the greatest success I know," a comment that shows the speaker's rejection of the agricultural system which produced a few successful farmers and drove out everyone else. Such musings lead the speaker to reflect that his grandfather saw the beginning of the Dakota dream and he is seeing its end. Its highest achievement was the "round song," the "solidarity / in the circle of hungry equals." Yet somehow it was "right here somewhere--place we went wrong." New York stands only for the icebound past and Los Angeles for the decadent future; but Dakota too appears to offer no clear guidance for one who would pursue the dream. Yet since man <u>is</u> the "fate of his place," and place is "the fate of the man," one may make a beginning by knowing his roots and himself, his place. Unable to put his emotional conviction into plain (i.e., rationalistic) English, the speaker breaks into inchoate reflection on the meaning of place, a demented effort which results in the one firm determination that wherever he may be geographically, he will be "someplace close to the Front"--close, one may deduce, to the spot where radical change is being initiated.

Though American radicalism has failed, the speaker will continue his struggle. For him the "Front" will be Dakota, the spot which is neither east in the land of the dead past nor west in the land of blighted myth. The speaker will cling to his own past, the set of experiences and realizations that he can never lose. He will hold tight "the past of this place and the place itself," the past of Dakota, because there he still finds glimmers of "the Possible," of the future that is yet to be. He will not wait for dawn to come to him; instead, he will be the rooster that calls it up, that sounds the summons to revolution. Tired but never despairing, rejecting the past as "no history" because it produced no fulfillment, the speaker will work to "create the legend," to spur his fellow Americans on to achieve the ideals embodied in the dream.

Parts I and II of <u>Letter</u> are a commanding achievement. They are not at all the ringing, persuasive advocacy of sociopolitical revolution that numerous assertions of the speaker would suggest is a major aim. But McGrath does not confuse his own spiritual hunger, his prayer for the Utopia which his imagination envisions, with the actual possibilities in the social world as we know it. Fortunately, his esthetic practice gives primary allegiance not to theory but to experience. This allegiance, as is perhaps inevitable with romantic writers, contrasts with his utopian visions. The chore, of course, is to make experience conform to the vision.

Neither McGrath nor anyone else has accomplished that fusion. But McGrath has written excellent poetry. His focus on experience gives firmness of detail that saves his verse from becoming the mere babble that his bardic theorizing might have led him into. The fact that his speaker is rooted in North Dakota strengthens, for, although its settlers failed, the land itself is still there. Not yet overwhelmed by industry and urbanization, Dakota is still open to possibility, still allows the dreamer to dream. Labor, with its possibilities of communitarian feeling, and a place which includes both a geographical area and one's familial and national ancestry: these given McGrath the basis for his poetry. If it were only for its use of the workingplace, his peotry would be a fresh achievement of great merit. It is also high achievement in its artistry of word and line.

We may wonder why Americans must always start over, whether there is nothing in all of Western cultural tradition that can guide the radical. Like his conservative peers, the American radical who avoids--as McGrath usually does--the sterile simplifications of Marxism seems to dismiss the past as only that bucket of ashes that the poet called it. For McGrath, indeed, the bottom dropped out of the bucket some time ago.

But as a visionary poet, rather than as a sociopolitical theorist, McGrath is first rate. Letter is only one of many calls for an American El Dorado. But let us not dismiss it because we have heard its urging before. McGrath is reminding us that we have not yet reached the lower slopes of that hill upon which our founders wished us to place our city.

Bernard F. Engel
Michigan State University

Steamboating on the Missouri River, 1868

Arnella K. Turner

Samuel Kirk Halliday was born in the small village of Pudsey, near Leeds, in England in 1834. When his father, a city clerk, died in 1864, leaving, besides his son, a widow and two daughters, young Samuel decided the future held little for him in Pudsey. A neighbor, John Randolph, had, a year or two earlier, forsaken the village to become a homesteader in America, and when Randolph, in 1834, sent for his wife and child to join him in Columbia County, Wisconsin, Samuel Halliday decided to accompany them on their journey.

Arriving in the United States, he also settled in Wisconsin, where, for a brief period of time, he taught school and did a little farming near Fountain Prairie, a small crossroads village and post office near Randolph, Wisconsin. But the sedentary life was not for him, at least not yet. He wanted to see what lay elsewhere in this vast land, beyond the small farming towns of the Midwest. Possibly he also had in mind the idea of preparing himself for a career that would give broader scope to his energies than farming, a career as a grain broker, since, a few years later, he obtained a position in Milwaukee with the I.H. Lowrey Company, grain brokers, and in 1890, went to work for the Fred Knaus Company in Milwaukee, another grain brokerage, which sold grain to the breweries in Milwaukee and throughout Wisconsin.

At any rate, Samuel Halliday decided in the spring of 1868 to take an extended trip on the Missouri River, and to that end he booked passage on the steamboat "Arabian" for the latter part of April. His oddyssey took him by rail from Fountain Prairie to Milwaukee, thence to Chicago, on April 22. At Chicago he changed trains for the final leg of the overland journey to St. Louis, Missouri, where, "at 7 o'clock at night," he boarded the steamboat "Arabian" for the journey that was to last from Saturday, April 25 to Saturday, July 18.

Each day as the "Arabian" churned her way along the Missouri, young Sam observed the territory through which they passed; and each day, in a small, flat, black leather covered notebook, he recorded his brief observations about what he had seen that day. Perhaps it was no accident that many of these observations had to do with the planting, harvesting and price of grain. Apparently what he saw convinced him that the grain farmers along the Missouri had only enough to meet their own needs and could not be depended upon as a source of supply for the Wisconsin grain brokers, a useful bit of information for him to bring to his future employers upon his return from the trip.

There was much to interest Samuel Halliday besides the price of grain. The first day out of St. Louis, a fire broke out on board the "Arabian." Damage was limited to the loss of a few "mattresses." Five days later, a passenger, an eight year old little girl, died, and was buried ashore the next day by her grieving family, who vowed to return and "fetch" the child once they'd established themselves in Kansas. The tenth day out the "Arabian" struck a sunken boat near Atchinson, Kansas, and quickly sank, but only after its skilled pilot had managed to steer the vessel close enough to the shore so all aboard were saved.

The misadventure of the "Arabian" provided its passengers with an unexpected bonus of six days ashore to explore for themselves the area in and around Atchinson before a replacement for the unfortunate "Arabian," the "Importer," arrived to accept the former's passengers and crew to resume the interrupted journey.

Samuel recorded the changing of the seasons as they steamed farther into spring, and the planting of the crops along the banks of the Missouri. He noted the prices of corn and of spring wheat, of cord wood and of coal, of butter and of eggs. He told of sighting Indians, both peaceable and warlike, of deer and antelope close by the river, of a dead man floating down the river, and of another unfortunate individual, one of the "Importer's" passengers, accidentally shot and killed. Farther west, he spotted a chunk of ice- an "iceberg"- floating near their craft, this on June 4th; and, near Helena, snow on the tops of the mountains in the distance.

Occasionally the "Importer" tied up along the bank for a day or a day and a half to take on provisions--a steer, which sold for fifteen cents a pound, or cordwood to fire the steamboat's boiler at six and a half cents a cord. Another fire broke out on board, fortunately, again, with only limited damage to the boat, none to the passengers. The gold mining operations around Virginia (City) interested Samuel, as did the sighting of huge herds of roving buffalo so numerous that, on one occasion, "the boat went right over two of them" attempting to cross the river as the "Importer" was passing.

The journey ended as it had begun, with a death, this time on one of the railroad cars between Milwaukee and Columbus, Wisconsin, "a German he was affected by the heat at Milwaukee and died before we got to Watertown."

Here the journal's account of the trip on the Missouri ends. There is, however, a miscellany of additional entries in Samuel Halliday's hand, including assorted wise sayings he apparently favored, as well as the names and birth dates of his six children, beginning with daughter May, born in 1875 (Samuel married in 1874, at age forty), and ending with son Leo, born in 1894. Strangely enough, the final entry in the journal is a "List of the Steam Boats that left for Fort Benton up to the 15th of May 1868." Probably Samuel entered the list at the back of the notebook while waiting for the ill-fated "Arabian" to cast off at St. Louis, perhaps copying it from information posted at the dock site. The later entries, those noting the births and names of his children and the words of wisdom, probably found their way into the journal because a few pages between the end of the journal and the list of "Steam Boats" had conveniently remained blank.

What follows is Samuel Kirk Halliday's own record of his nearly three month trip on the Missouri River in the spring and early summer of 1868. The spelling, capitalization, and abbreviations are also his; to have altered them would have altered the flavor of his lively and interesting account.

Arnella K. Turner
Michigan State University

Note: Permission for the use of the journal was obtained from Samuel Halliday's grandson, Walter Halliday, a good friend, who showed me the small volume and permitted me to examine and read it, as well as to have it copied, the original being now too delicate to permit much handling. I am also indebted to him for furnishing me with the information and dates about the place and date of birth of his grandfather, and other materials pertinent to the background of the journal.

Journal of a trip on the Missouri River, by Samuel Kirk Halliday, Fountain Prairie, Columbia County, Wisconsin.

April 1868.

Wednesday 22.

Left Columbus at 10 o'clock for St. Louis was detained at Richwood by a freight train 2 hours. Arrived at Milwaukee at 5 o'clock. Left for Chicago at 10:30 at night with 6 inches of snow on the ground. Snowing yet and very cold.

Thursday 23.

Arrived at Chicago at 5 oclock in the morning. A very fine morning. No snow. Left Chicago at 8 O'clock in the morning. Got to St. Louis at 9 O'clock at night. Weather fine and warm. The country from Chicago to St. Louis is very flat.

Friday 24.

At St. Louis. A fine warm morning. It commenced to rain at 10 O clock and rained till 3 O'clock. After that it was very pleasant. We shopped at the Laclede Hotel. Had lettuce, radishes, and green peas to Dinner. Went on Borad the steamboat at 7 o'clock at night.

Saturday 25.

It rained all day. Had a fire on Board the boat, it was got out with the loss of a few Mattrasses. There is A great many boats here loading and unloading freight. It is a very busy town something like a seaport in England. Went uptown at night.

Sunday 26

A very fine day as warm as summer. The passengers of the boat have been sitting on deck all day watching the boats pass up and down the river and are doing so till 9 O clock at night. Was in town all day. Arabian is the name of the boat.

Monday 27.

Still at St. Louis. A fine morning. Thero. 66 degrees. Noon thero. 88 deg. We had lettuce, onions, and cucumbers to dinner. Left for Fort Benton at 6 O'clock. A fine evening. St. Louis 12 miles long. It is a very nice city it is. A great deal cleaner than Chicago. We saw a large fire.

Tuesday 28.

A rainy morning. The country on the East side of the river is flat and covered with timber. On the west side it is Bluffy. There is some land broke on both sides of the river. The fields are all green and the apple trees are all covered with blossoms.

Wednesday 29.

A fine morning. We had a Death on Board this morning. A little girl 8 years old. Went through a country today where they raise Grapes and make wine. The wheat here is about 12 in. high. Thero. 70 degrees. 180 Miles from St. Louis.

Thursday 30

A splendid day, 88 degrees. Buried little girl on shore that died yesterday. The family was going to Kansas when they get settled they are going to fetch the girl. Passed a coal mine on the river side. The farmers are ploughing for corn. We passed the States prison last night about 12 O'clock.

May, Friday 1

A fine day but very windy. Thero 90 degrees. Inquired on shore about fever and ague. The children have it more or less at Fall. The older persons don't hardly ever have it. Cord wood they sell it from 2 to 3 dollars a cord to the Steam Boats.

Saturday 2.

A fine day. Warmer than we have had it yet. Passed a place where they was working 12 Coal-pits. After dark we passed a Sunken Steam Boat, the Nymph it was the first boat up the river this Spring. A Total Loss. 416 miles from St. Louis.

Sunday 3

A fine day not quiet as warm as it was yesterday. We crossed the State line into Kansas at nine O'clock this morning. Got to Leavenworth City at 5 O'clock went into the city. It is a very nice place there is some large buildings there. Left at 7 O'clock in the Evening.

Monday 4

2 O'clock in the morning. The Boat struck a Sunken Wreck and Sunk in about 3 minutes after. No lives lost. The place were she sunk is Atchinson Kansas. After she struck they run her in as near the shore as they could get her. A total loss. Two Scotch men on board lost everything they had.

Tuesday 5

Stopped at the Cincinatti House. A very warm day. Went out into the country it is all Prairie. The farmers have all of them got their corn planted. They say that it is warmer here than at St. Louis both summer and winter.

Wednesday 6.

At Atchinson all day. Went out into the country again. Saw some wheat that was 2 ft. high. Asked the man that owned it how much it would yield to the acre said it would go from 25 to 30 Bushels. If the Grasshoppers did not run away with it.

Thursday 7.

At Atchinson yet. Waiting for the Steam Boat Importer expect it on Sunday. This is a very windy country here. There is a very large Catholic Church and Nunnery here. We saw some of the Nuns today. They are dressed all in black.

Friday 8.

Still at Atchinson, A very day windy day. Wheat here is from 2 Dollars to 2½ Dollars per Bushel. They are plagued very much with Grasshoppers and the Drouth. Atchinson is about the size of Columbus.

Saturday 9

Still on the lookout for the boat. It is a very dull day. There is not much business done here. Corn is 55 cents per bushel of ears. Butter is 15 cents per pound. Eggs is 12 cents per dozen. It is not so warm today as it has been since we came here.

Sunday 10.

At Atchinson yet. A fine day till Sun down. Then it began to rain. The Steam Boat Importer got here at 9 O clock at night. The Importer is from Pittsburg Penna. It rained all night. Paid 121 Dollars to go to Fort Benton.

Monday 11.

Left Atchinson at 5 Oclock. Arrived at St. Joe at noon. Went into the town. It is one of the nicest places that I have seen yet. They do a great Business here. Winter wheat is 2½ Dollars per Bushel. Spring wheat 1 dollar & 80 cents per Bushel. The streets are paved with stone.

Tuesday 12.

Left St. Joe at daylight. Got some passengers on board at noon that is going into the woods too start a wood yard some where up the river for the use of the Steam Boats. The Choppers get 2 Dollars a cord for chopping and Board. The Teamsters get 50 Dollars a month and Board. We take on wood every day.

Wednesday 13.

A fine day. We got into the State of Nebraska this morning. There is some large Prairies along the river side. The farmers have got a deal of land broke up. They raise a great deal of Horses Mules and Cattle besides wheat. The grass here is about 12 in. high.

Thursday 14.

A fine day. We arrived at Omaha at 6 Oclock in the evening. We went up town. This a very large town. I think that it is 4 times as large as Columbus. The Buildings are Brick. It is a very busy town. The town is 1 mile from the river.

Friday 15.

A fine day. There is a good many boats here passing up and down the river for St. Joe and St. Louis. Left Omaha at 2 Oclock in the afternoon. There was 1000 Pawnee Indians in Omaha yesterday. They was going to fight the Sioux Indians out on the Plains.

Saturday 16.

A fine day. We got stuck on a sand bar this afternoon was about 4 hours in getting off. The river is from 4 ft to 8 ft deep. With a great many sand bars to trouble the boats. The Steam Boat Ben Johnson left 2500 bags of corn here to lighten herself.

Sunday 17.

A fine day. We saw lots of Indians today some on the banks and some on the river in their canoes. Passed the Steam Boat Carrie she started for Fort Benton on the 16th of April and Struck a snag and went down 985 miles from St. Louis.

Monday 18.

A fine day but cool for this time of the year. Arrived atSioux City at 1 Oclock in the afternoon. A very nice little town built on the Prairie. The land is rolling. They have got a railway that runs to Chicago that has been finished this Spring.

Tuesday 19.

A fine day. Left Sioux City at daylight. A deal of Priarie on the Iowa side of the river thickly settled. 80 Miles above Sioux City we passed two Sunken Steam Boats that was sunk last year. The river is very low. 1120 miles from St. Louis.

Wednesday 20.

A fine day. Sailed in company with the Steam Boat Ben Johnson all day at night she struck a snag and tore part ofthe Wheelhouse of and then we left her. Passed the steam Boat Sam Gate Stuck on a sand Bar she had been there almost 2 Days.

Thursday 21.

A fine day. Passed Yankton this morning about 5 Oclock. Around here is Prairie and Bluffs. The farmers raise Cattle and Sheep. W e have got into the Indian country now we see lots of them every day on the banks of the river. 1211 miles from St. Louis.

Friday 22.

A fine day. We passed Fort Randall at 1 Oclock at noon. The Indians around here plant corn to live on besides hunting. The corn is up so that we can see the rows. It is large enough to plough and it needs it for it is very weedy.

Saturday 23.

A cloudy day. We saw some Antelope today for the first time. Bought a 4 year old steer for Beef. Killed it on the Boat, it cost 15 cents a pound. Weighed 678 pound when dressed it was very fat. 396 miles above Sioux City.

Sunday 24.

It rained till noon. We have now got into the plains. It is all Bluffs and clear Prairie except for little groves close on the river side. The wood that the Steam Boats burns costs up here 6 Dollars a cord. 1440 miles from St. Louis. We have about 5 passengers on board.

Monday 25.

A fine day and very warm. We was stuck out on a sand bar 5 hours. The river from Yankton is from 3 ft to 6 ft deep it is very low but it is expected to rise every day. At night we had a storm of thunder and lightning accompanied with Hail and rain.

Tuesday 26.

A fine day. We passed the Steam Boat Urilda she is going to Fort Benton she left St. Louis on the 18th of April and the Importer left St. Louis on the 5th of May so you see the difference in the speed of Steam Boats.

Wednesday 27.

A very cloudy morning. Commenced raining at 8 Oclock. Got to Fort Sully at 9 Oclock. Left the fort at 3 Oclock in the afternoon. Got stuck on a sand bar for 2 hours. 12 Oclock at night raining yet. 1563 miles from St. Louis.

Thursday 28

A fine day. We saw lots of Antelope today. Took on board 45 cords of wood at 6½ Dollars a cord. Bought a 4 year old Steer. It cost 100 dollars. The wood yard where we got the wood they had 1200 cords out for sale. We got the steer of the man that owns the wood.

Friday 29.

A cold and cloudy day. Killed the steer that was bought yesterday it weighed when dressed 728 lbs. We passed another sunken Steam Boat that was sank last year. When it gets dark the boat is tied up till about 3 Oclock in the morning.

Saturday 30

A fine day. We met the Steamer Big Horn this morning she was returning from Fort Rice. Took on board 28 cords of wood at 6½ Dollars a cord. The reason for taking on so much wood is that it is very good and they don't expect to find much of it above.

Sunday 31

A fine morning. We met the Steam Boat Cora this morning she was returning from Fort Benton. Saw a dead man floating down the river. Passed Fort Rice at 11 Oclock. Saw 5000 Indians around the fort. I think that they would have 1000 horses. It rained most all day.

June, Monday!

A fine morning. We had some rain through the day. Saw some deer. We have made the best time up to this date of any Boat that has gone up the river this year. It is very cold for this time of the year.

Tuesday 2

Some rain this morning. We had a fire today on board got out with out much loss. At 8 Oclock in the Evening we met the Steam Boat Only Chance returning from Fort Benton. After the rain a pleasant day.

Wednesday 3.

At 4 Oclock passed Fort Stevenson. At 7 Oclock we met the Steam Boat Success returning from Fort Benton. At 11 O clock met the Steamer Deer ledge from Fort Benton. Passed Fort Berthold at 12 O clock. At the fort we saw some Indians rejoicing they had won a fight.

Thursday 4.

Met the Steam Boat Sallie. She went to Benton in 46 days, 6 days faster than any boat up to the 31st of May. Met the Steamer St. Luke returning from Ft. Benton at 5 Oclock this morning. There was a man shot accidentally about 10 Oclock and he lived only till 3 Oclock. Met an iceberg today.

Friday 5.

Met the Steamer Miner returning from Fort Benton at 5 Oclock also the Steamer Nile from Fort Benton at 7 Oclock. We saw some mountain sheep today. The weather has been very fine for three days. We went out into the wood hunting while the boat was taking on wood. Killed a Beaver.

Saturday 6.

Passed the Steamer Viola Belle at 10 Oclock

At 3 Oclock got in sight of the Steamer Columbia passed her at 9 Oclock./ The Columbia started from St. Louis 30 days before we did and the Viola Belle started 25 days before us. Got to Fort Bufort at 12 Oclock. Buried the man that was shot.

Sunday 7.

A fine morning. Passed the Union at 5 Oclock in the morning. Met the Henry Atkins at 12 Oclock at noon returning from Fort Benton. Met the Steamer Peninah returning from Fort Benton at 10 Oclock at night laid up in company with her all night.

Monday 8.

Some rain through the day yesterday. A fine morning. Met the Mountaineer returning from Fort Benton at 8 Oclock this morning. Saw some Antelope and Deer today. A fine day. 2460 miles from St. Louis. There is coal in some of the Bluffs along the river side.

Tuesday 9.

Yesterday was the Captains birthday we had a cook a dinner in honor of it. We had a good many kinds of pies, cakes, and puddings. At 6 Oclock this morning met the Steamboat Bertha. Stockdale and Huntsville all in sight at once. Passed the Steamer Fanny Barker at about the same time.

Wednesday 10.

Passed the Steamer Amelia Poe at 2 Oclock she was sunk this Spring. At 3 Oclock met the Steamer Antelope returning from Fort Benton. A very fine day both today and yesterday. Saw a white man shoot an Indian last night at a wood yard.

Thursday 11.

A fine day till sundown. Then it began to rain. We passed the Steamboat J. H. Grover on a sand bar she got there last spring and was not got off. She was a total loss. For the last 3 or 4 days it has been warm like Summer. Since we left Sioux City we have had very cold weather.

Friday 12.

At 4 Oclock this morning we passed the Steam Boat Henry Wood at 10 Oclock passed the Steam Boat North Alabama they are both for Fort Benton they started on the 9th of April. In the afternoon we saw about 200 Indians going to the Fort Hawley to trade Buffalo Hides they had them packed on their Horses.

Saturday 13.

A very fine day both yesterday and today. Met the Steamer Lacon returning from Fort Benton at 3 Oclock. We had Antelope for dinner it was killed today one of the passengers killed it. Saw a Buffalo this afternoon on the Bluffs. We had a small shower at night.

Sunday 14.

A fine morning. We passed the Steam Boat Ida Rees at 11 Oclock. She left St. Louis on the 26th of April. Passed the Andrew Hackley at 12 Oclock. She left St Louis on the 11th of April. Passed Camp Cooke at 1 Oclock. Passed a drowned man he was stuck fast in the river bank. Passed a lot of coal in the river bank. It burns very good. 3000 miles from St. Louis.

Monday 15.

A very fine morning. At 2 Oclock this morning passed the Steamer Marion she was sunk 2 years ago. We got in sight of the mountains North of Fort Benton we could see snow on the sides. Arrived at Fort Benton in 40 days and 20 hours the fastest time of any boat this spring. A rainy evening.

Tuesday 16.

A fine morning. Went up on to the Bluffs behind the town saw freight trains going out and coming in also saw some snow on the mountains 25 miles from Fort Benton. The town is about the size of Randolph. The Steam Boat Ida Rees that we passed on Sunday got to Benton at 1 Oclock at noon.

Wednesday 17.

A fine morning. The Steamer Andrew AcKley landed at Fort Benton this morning at 6 Oclock. We passed her on Sunday. Left the Fort at 7 Oclock for Helena about 8 miles out we got on to the Plains and a much finer sight. I never saw as far as the eye could reach it was plains with the mountains on the edge covered with snow.

Thursday 18.

A very fine day. Got to Helena at 3 Oclock saw a very deal of trains on the plain travelling to different places. And we saw some of the most beautiful scenery that can be seen in the world. In travelling about 15 miles in the mountains we crossed one river 10 times on bridge and forded it 5 times.

Friday 19.

At Helena all day. A fine day went to the mines were they was digging for gold. The town has all been built on ground that has been dug over it is about as large as Columbus. Went to the Cemetery were they buried there dead. The first 13 buried 11 of them was shot.

Saturday 20.

A fine day. Left Helena at half past one Oclock. The country from Helena to Virginia City is mountainous very little farming country. We was a few minutes to late for the Stage so we had to take some Horses and go on horseback to overtake the stage. 10 miles.

Sunday 21.

A fine day. Got to Virginia City at 8 Oclock in the morning went to church at 11 oclock. it was like the Church of England. The first one that I have been to in the country. It is nice and warm here and we can see lots of snow on the mountains it looks like winter on thetops of them.

Monday 22.

A fine day. At Virginia all day. The town is about as large as Columbus. Therometer 80 degrees in the town. On the tops of the mountains there is plenty of snow it is about 8 miles to the snow. Business here just now very dull.

Tuesday 23.

A fine day. At Virginia all day. The miners that dig for Gold cannot do very much the reason is they require a deal of water to wash the dirt. I have not got anything to do yet nor yet heard of anything. Mitchell Pearson is at Austin Nevada John is at Virginia

Wednesday 24.

A fine day. Was round the country. Went to Madison VAlley about 9 miles away. They farm in the valley raise Wheat Oats Barley & Potatoes at 8 cents a pound here just now.

Thursday 25.

A rainy day. It rains in the valleys and snows in the mountains. The snow is in the mountains about 20 feet deep. The grasshoppers sometimes run away with the farmers grain. The all have to irrigate their land.

Friday 26.

A rainy day all day. The farmers that grows wheat have to get it all ground into flour their is no Wheat Buyers here Flour is 10 cents a pound. Butter is 10 cents a pound Eggs 1 dollar a dozen. Cows is from 60 to 80 dollars each.

Saturday 27.

A fine day. In town all day nothing particular going on. At night the miners came in the town from the valleys round the country and then it was a little throng or they all of them have poneys. They cost about 40 dollars each.

Sunday 28.

A fine day. Went to church in the forenoon. In town the rest of the day.

Monday 29.

A fine day. In the town all day. The first log cabin built in Virginia in 1863 the present population about 3500.

Tuesday 30.

A fine day. In town all day. Cattle sell in Virginia for about 125 dollars.

July Wednesday

A fine day. Out in the country today. The soil around Virginia is not very good it is either very strong or it is gravel except for very little patches.

Thursday 2

A fine day. Left Virginia City in Helena at 2 Oclock in the morning got to Helena at 9 Oclock at night. It was raining when we got to Helena. The first cabin was built in 1864 at the present time the population is about 8000.

Friday 3,

Left Helena at 7 oclock in the morning it rained most all day got stuck in the mud 2 or 3 times at 10 Oclock at night we was at a place called Birdtail.

Saturday 4.

A fine day. We got to Fort Benton at 8 Oclock at night. We saw lots of Freight Wagons stuck fast in the mud. We got stuck fast 2 or 3 times. The roads in the valleys is very muddy. There has been a very rainy time around Benton.

Sunday 5

A fine day. Got on board the Steamer Columbia to return home after a very unlucky trip. Saw 2 men in prison for trading whiskey to the Indians.

Monday 6

A fine day. Started from Fort Benton at 8 Oclock in the morning. Met the Steam Boats from Stevens and Silver Lake at 10clock going to Benton. Saw some Buffalo in the afternoon and lots of deer and antelope.

Tuesday

A fine day. This morning one of the passengers killed a Buffalo and the boat stopped and got him. Had some to dinner it tastes like beef We saw thousands of them this afternoon on the riverside.

Wednesday 8

A very fine day. Passed Fort Peck at noon stuck on a sand bar a little after dinner was on 2 hours before she was got of. Caught a Buffalo this afternoon.

Thursday 9.

A fine morning. This morning we see Buffalo by the hundreds. They are now crossing the river we see lots of them swimming across there was so much as 100 in the river this morning the boat went right over 2 of them. About noon we had a very nice shower.

Friday 10.

A fine day but cool. We passed Fort Union at 12 Oclock and Fort Buford at 3 Oclock. Had Buffalo for dinner. At dark it began to rainand rained all night.

Saturday 11.

A fine day but cool. Met the Steamer Ida for Benton at 9 Oclock this morning - At 12 O clock at noon met the Steamer Andrew Akley for Benton. Passed Fort Berthold at 2 Oclock in the afternoon. Passed the Steamer G.B. Allen at Fort Stevenson.

Sunday 12

A fine day. Passed Fort Rice at 12 Oclock. Got a steer at the Fort for Beef. Killed the steer at night. Met the Steam Boat Success going to Fort Benton on her second trip.

Monday 13.

A fine day. Met the Steam Boat Nypher at 12 Oclock at Noon going to Fort Benton. Passed Fort Sully at 3 Oclock. Met the Steam Boat Bertha for Fort Benton she was going her second trip, at 4 Oclock.

Tuesday 14.

A fine day but very windy. Met the Steam Boat Ida Stockdale at 12 Oclock at Noon. Passed Fort Randall at 6 Oclock in the evening. Met the Steam Boat Miner at 7 Oclock in the Evening. Both the boats are on their second trips for Fort Benton.

Wednesday 15.

A fine day but very windy. Passed Yankton at 11 Oclock. Met the Steamer Only Chance going to Fort Benton on her second trip at 2 Oclock in the afternoon. Arrived at Sioux City at 8 Oclock in the evening.

Thursday 16.

A fine day. There are Steamers at Sioux City loading up for Fort Benton. The boats are on their second trip. Left Sioux City at about 8 Oclock in the morning rode about 40 miles without seeing any trees at all only what was planted by the farmers.

Friday 17.

A very fine day. Got to Chicago at 1 O Clock in the afternoon. All the land from Cedar Rapids to Chicago is taken up and they are farming it they was harvesting more or less all the way from Sioux City.

Saturday 18.

A fine day. Left Chicago at 5 O clock on Friday night. Got to Columbus at 6 O Clock on Saturday morning. Had a death on the cars from Milwaukee. A German he was affected by the heat at Milwaukee and died before we got to Watertown.

May Halliday born May 28, 1875

Walter " " Sept. 17, 1876

Luella " " May 14, 1879

Frank " " July 2, 1886

Samuel " " May 4, 1892

Leo " " Dec. 2, 1894

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.
Who can find a virtuous woman for her price is far above riches.

Edwin Pearson, Fountain Prairie Columbia County Wisconsin

Many hands Make light work.

Generous sentiments adorn Humanity

The mind is the standard of the man.

Samuel Kirk Halliday Courtland Columbia County Wisconsin U.S. America

Ignorance is the curse of God.
Honor thy Father & Thy mother.
Get Wisdom says Solomon.
Do good against evil
Do unto other as you would they would do unto you.
Knowledge is power.
A still tongue makes a wise Lead.

List of the Steam Boats that left for Fort Benton up to the 15th of May 1868

March
21st Deer Lodge 2 trips
25th Cora
22nd Success 2 trips
21st Nile
25th Only Chance
April Amelia Poe. Sunk
9th Sallie
4th St. Luke
5th Minor
March 28th Antelope
31st Huntsville
April Sam Gaty
4th Mountaineer
March Urilda
29th Henry Adkins
April
4th Peninah
March
31st STockdale
Apr Ben Johnson
4th Bertha
5th Carrie. Sunk
April 8th Henry Wood
14th Lacon
11th Guidon
18th Yorktown
9th North Alabama
5th Columbia
11th Viola Belle
11th Andrew Akley
21st Ida Rees
27th Arabian -Sunk
5th Benton
23rd Fanny Barker
11th Big Horn
May 5th Importer
9th Silver Lake
13th Bridgeport sunk
15th Tom Stevens
17th Ida
21st Andrew Ackley - 2 trips
2 Deer Lodge - 2 trips

RAY STANNARD BAKER AND THE PARADOX OF MIDWEST PROGRESSIVISM

Eugene L. Huddleston

From Ray Stannard Baker's article "Railroads on Trial" in McClure's, 1906:

> . . . against such an organization as this, supplied with unlimited money, representing a private interest which wishes . . to enjoy the fruits of unrestrained power, what chance to be heard have those who believe that present conditions are wrong? The people are unorganized, they have no money to hire agents, nor experts to make investigations, nor writers to set forth the facts attractively. The result is that the public gets chiefly the facts as prepared by the railroad for their own defense. The case is exactly that of the rich litigant who goes before the court with lawyers, who must appear without lawyers or experts whom he has no money to hire.

From David Grayson's essay "The Marsh Ditch" in Adventures in Contentment, 1907:

> Bring out your social remedies! They will fail, every one, until each man has his feet somewhere upon the soil!
>
> My wild plum trees grow in the coarse earth, among excrementitious mould, a physical life which finally blossoms and exhales its perfect odour: which ultimately bears the seed of its immortaility.
>
> Human happiness is the true odour of growth, the sweet exhalation of work: and the seed of human immortality is borne secretly within the coarse and mortal husk. So many of us crave the odour without cultivating the earthly growth from which it proceeds: so many, wasting mortality, except immortality . . . .

The point is, of course, that both passages were written by the same man. Baker, a leading Muckraker and colleague of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, also gained wide readership as a philosopher of rural contentment, under the nom de plume David Grayson. In the context of Midwest Progressivism he numbers among liberals who made their mark early in the century in the literature of realism, in muckraking, in politics, and other fields--e.g., William Allen White, Bob LaFollette, Brand Whitlock, Frank Lloyd Wright. And according to historians Richard Hofstadter and David Noble, their liberalism is paradoxical in that both Populism and Progressivism, apparently in touch with the realities of the age, were actually retrogressive. Their aim was not reform but revolt--revolt against industrialism and its evils. They believed in an earlier, simpler America where small scale agriculture and an open frontier made Jeffersonian democracy easily the best form of government ever devised by man.

Whether Baker's liberalism was so doctrinaire in origin is perhaps questionable, but the frontier definitely spurred his belief in individualism: "I came of pioneer stock. Each generation of my family stepped one long step westward, following the receding frontier. . . I had been brought up on the last frontier."

Born in Lansing, Michigan, in 1870, at five his father took him to the Wisconsin wilderness, where he grew up. At sixteen, he was enrolled in Michigan Agricultural College, East Lansing. Before graduating, in Horatio Alger style, he taught in a rural school and managed a boarding house. After a year, he dropped the study of law at the University of Michigan to work as a reporter on the Chicago Record before joining the staff of McClure's and later the American magazine. For service to the President, Woodrow Wilson named Baker his official biographer, and his work subsequently won for him the Pulitzer Prize. He died in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1946.

The agrarian idealism in his makeup shows most strongly in the writings by David Grayson, who seems the key to determining whether Baker's liberalism was rooted in agrarian conservatism. But students of Baker's thought have had trouble analyzing the relationship of the two personalities. At variance are two major studies, one by Robert Bannister (Yale, 1966) and the other by John Semanche (Chapel Hill, 1969).

Bannister emphasizes the ill effects of Grayson on Baker's liberalism. Grayson, an evil genie, inhibited Baker's real genius, which lay in muckraking--e.g., exposing railroad rate differentials, dealing with the problem of scabs in strikes, and bringing to light the horrors of lynching in Georgia. Bannister, constantly referring to Grayson as if he were a real person, sees Baker gradually succumbing to Grayson's genteel and vaporous Transcendentalism, and he believes that Grayson's creation permitted Baker, "the middle-class reformer," to live with the social changes he pushed for yet actually feared.

John Semanche views Baker as more independent of Grayson than Bannister. Through Grayson, Baker escaped from fact into imagination. He expressed a mood, not a way of life. As Semanche put it, "Grayson was only a carefully selected, controlled and limited expression of Baker. /He/ was never quite important enough to absorb the ambition of the journalist." On the crucial issue of whether, as the reformer aged and mellowed, his views were gradually absorbed into Grayson's,Semanche, unlike Bannister, believes that although "there is a close relationship between Baker and Grayson . . . to assert that the creation comes more and more to dominate the thought of the creator is a speculation based upon too little evidence."

The only other significant commentary on the relationship, Louis Filler's Crusaders for American Liberalism (Antioch Press, 1939), emphasizes Baker's liberal apostasy, wherein Baker, in a failure of nerve over the "stirring injustice and social disorder he had been forced to witness," created Grayson in order to achieve "personal serenity." Baker, "unable to adjust his vision dishonestly," gave up the struggle against evil and retreated to David Grayson, whose mind was "a maze of rustic sophistry and half-truths" that could not stand close scrutiny.

Baker himself once called the relationship "inexplicable." And he admitted that sometimes he was even jealous of himself because most readers enjoyed the Grayson books more "than the solemn literary works upon which I worked for so many years." In the privacy of his journals, he saw the dichotomy between the two as Humanist vs. Scientist and confessed that being torn between the two principles "has weakened both of me." And in his published autobiography he rationalized the conflict: "As a muckraker hating the want of humanity in our common life, I tried to expose, arouse, drive people to better social relationships: I liked to think in later years that David Grayson was working for the same thing, blindly, more or less, in another way."

If the key to Baker's Progressive mentality is through David Grayson, then Baker's mental and emotional life should be examined more closely than it seems to have been.

Louis Filler's brief liking of Baker's alter ego to George Gissing's, the English novelist of urban poverty and squalor, is seminal. Gissing's other self, Henry Ryecroft, the author of The Ryecroft Papers, also like Grayson used nature as a touchstone for meditations on the conduct of life. Clearly, historical and literary analysis will not alone explain such relationships. A psychological approach, however, leads into the fascinating area of the split personality, or more precisely, the multiple personality or what in literary parlance is the double or Doppleganger. In this approach the crucial question is: Did Baker's everyday behavior ever show that he was under sufficient stress to project himself into another personality? Even though he does not exhibit an entirely separate personality, in Jeckyl-Hyde or Three Faces of Eve fashion, he does show symptoms of such splitting. For instance, Baker wrote that the Grayson personality so strongly fastened upon him "that several times in my garden or on the roads, when I was suddenly addressed, I caught myself responding in a voice strange to me--to my great embarrassment."

And occasionally he exhibited states of mind which he himself termed "mystical experiences," but which laymen might call a spell, literary critics an epiphany, and psychologists dissociation of personality. The first of these "ecstacies" occurred while he was a student at M.A.C. On one of his backpacking hikes south of the Red Cedar into the countryside, he went into a farmer's barn one afternoon, climbed up to the haymow, and lay down to rest before proceeding to the village which was his goal:

> When I awakened it was in the pitch darkness of the middle of the night. I was chilled to the bone and half eaten up by mosquitoes. I lay there for a moment vividly awake. Everything about me seemed somehow alive . . . . I slid down out of the mow and fumbled my way out of the barn into the open air . . . . All about me, close to the earth, was the cool, moist, dark night. I looked up into the vast cold circle of the heavens, crowded with glittering stars. Suddenly, with overpowering intensity, such a sense of wonder and awe and terror swept over me as I can neither describe nor forget. . . . I tried desperately to reason that there was no danger, that the night would injure me no more than the day, but it did not avail in the least to modify that crushing sense of wonder, and of awe, or the helpless terror I felt. I must have stood there almost still for an hour or more . . . . I have often gone back to that night, as one of the symbolic experiences of my life: a kind of datum plane in my effort to survey the universe, and find my place in it.

A similar experience while in college was during the crisis of a bout with pneumonia. Again was the feeling of intense awareness, accompanied by a feeling that he was "somehow double: that there were two of me. That one of me was rising out and lying just above me there on the bed." These experiences, which could occur anywhere, were marked physically by a quickening of the senses, a feeling of insecurity, and "a new intensity of Being." Spiritually, they made him conscious of "untouched existences" or "the wholeness of life"--sometimes even "a strange over-harmony half heard where no voice was: wherein a certain higher reality dimmed the common sense."

Baker thus literally needed to get out of himself. What were the psychological pressures that made him unable to accept Baker the aggressive Muckraker and forced him to create an opposite personality where he could find the "harmony" (his own word) lacking in his life otherwise? Even the most unenthusiastic Freudian would be forced

to say, after perusing the details of Baker's life, that it was his father. Like George Gissing, Baker was profoundly influenced by his father, and his almost embarrassingly uncritical admiration for Woodrow Wilson is due, in large part, to his identifying with Wilson's relationship with his own father and in his finding in Wilson a father substitute who would approve not only of his choice of a vocation but also of his muckraking.

Tommy Wilson's relationship with the Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson was so close that Baker in his authorized biography of Wilson called the missives of their long and steady correspondence "love letters." In Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt's psychological study of Wilson, Freud uses this characterization, as well as Baker's other citations of the intensity of the relationship, to support his contention that Wilson's achievements, failures, and neuroticisms all owe to his identification of his father with God and to the repression of his subconscious resentment of his father induced by trying to live up to his father's expectations. Despite Freud's bias against Wilson, which makes the analysis seem often highhanded, one has to agree that Wilson's father was a key to his character and that Baker's empathy with Wilson's attraction to his father accounts for a large part of Baker's admiration for Wilson.

Baker's own father had a special influence on the first born of his six boys. He was the boy's "chief hero," and, in Ray's words, his father and God were "not then altogether distinguishable from each other." His mother, who had died when Ray was sixteen, was never very strong, and his father firmly controlled his active boys. Veteran of the Secret Service and a cavalry major, wounded in action in the Civil War, he was often impetuous and dogmatic. His mottoes were: "Admit nothing to be a hardship" and "When in doubt, charge." Yet withal, he possessed charm and moral integrity. Matthew Arnold's description in Rugby Chapel of his own father, a similar type, seems appropriate: "zealous, beneficent, firm."

The comparison with Arnold is apt, for this eminent Victorian and Baker, unlike Woodrow Wilson, revolted in their young manhood against their fathers--Arnold with his dandyism and insouciance and Baker with his newspaper work in Chicago. Not only did he not become a lawyer and not return to Wisconsin, which his father intended for him, he became what his father, a rugged individualist, regarded as heretical. For his muckraking, embracing the cause of the poor and oppressed, demanded change within institutions that his staunchly conservative father thought inviolate.

The creation of David Grayson worked as an escape from the pressures created by his rebellion against his father. Grayson's small farm, like Thoreau's Walden, taught, through the discipline of nature, economy of means and singleness of purpose, as well as a sensual awareness of beauty, an ability to find the universal in the commonplace, and, in Baker's words, "the richness of the quiet life." His need to avoid conflict in his version of Arcadia cost him a wife. Besides himself, sole occupant of the farmhouse was his sister Harriet--companion, cook, and housekeeper--her presence allowing him to forego writing about the pains and pleasures of matrimony. One wonders what Baker's wife, the former Jessie Beal, daughter of his favorite professor at M.A.C., thought of the arrangement when she learned about it.

When Baker was about forty-four years old, he found a father substitute who had his father's strength but who also approved of his muckraking. The attachment of Baker to Wilson seemed almost fated. In his psychoanalysis of Wilson, Freud wrote: "In later life Thomas Woodrow Wilson always needed to have at least one affectionate relationship with a younger and physically smaller man. . . . In these friendships

Wilson clearly played the part of his own father and his friend represented himself as a boy." Baker, who weighed 155 lbs., filled the role well. And he was willing to let the older man condescend to him; the President's addressing him "Baker" in direct conversation met his tacit approval. Throughout the relationship Ray dutifully approved of most measures that Wilson supported. What he got in return was acceptance of the passiveness in his nature and paternal approval of his muckraking and insurgency. Wilson was Baker's kind of leader--a practical idealist crusading for a new world order. And even though Baker had earlier courted with pacifism, in 1918 he enlisted David Grayson to write a pro-war article for the American called "How David Grayson Feels about the War." Once Baker had firmly established himself with Wilson, the way was clear for Baker and Grayson to become one. Baker absorbed Grayson by abondoning his earlier, more factual (and hence better) reporting in favor of a more elevated and generalized view of affairs.

While his father was alive, Ray did not want him to know that David Grayson existed, for the Major, who after the Civil War sought his fortune in land speculation, would never have understood David's role as the humble enquirer, his search for equanimity, or his Emersonian belief that no one person owns a beautiful landscape. And whereas notwithstanding strong disagreement with his son's muckraking he could respect his ambition and aggressiveness, he could on no counts accept David Grayson. For the six years that his father was alive after the inception of David Grayson, Baker kept Grayson's identity a carefully guarded secret from an ever growing body of fans. In 1916, however, he acknowledged his double identity, and in the last three Grayson books David's address is the same as Ray's--Amherst, Massachusetts, where, like David, Ray led the life of a country gentlemen.

Baker thus created David Grayson as an escape for the guilt he felt in disobeying his father. His creation did not result from, as Filler maintains, an inability to cope with social injustice because of his too great sensitivity to it; nor, as Bannister states, from a fear of having to live with the social changes he himself advocated; nor, as Semanche holds, from the need to express a mood. Grayson fulfilled a deep emotional need within Baker, and significantly, Baker created an alter ego who represented the values of pre-industrial America. As Baker grew older, these values gradually dominated his thinking. At the height of his insurgency he had courted with socialism; by the time of t New Deal he was more interested in "unity" and "service" than in the specifics of Roosevelt's program.

Considering the form that his creation took, one concludes that Baker's Progressivism did arise, partially at least, out of a desire to preserve the values of a simpler America--the new Eden with its ever opening frontier--from the encroachment of industrialism and the growth of big cities. But recognition of the paradox in Baker's liberalism in no wise diminishes his accomplishments as a Progressive journalist. He should be best remembered, perhaps, as the angry young man who, coming to Chicago, saw firsthand the moral and economic failings of American society and who exposed them pointedly and persistently.

Eugene L. Huddleston
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Richard Wright in Chicago:

Three Novels that Represent a Black Spokesman's Quest for Self Identity

Patricia A. D'Itri

Richard Wright is most widely recognized as a literary spokesman for the alienated Afro-American. His first three novels treat a progression of self awareness in the Black American's stultified existence. Transplanted from the south to Chicago, the culturally deprived male protagonists stand outside the social mainstream and view the world from a repressed and alienated outsider's perspective. Nonetheless, Wright's fictional quest for self identity stands within larger twentieth century American literary traditions. He was strongly influenced by Theodore Dreiser's techniques of realism and naturalism as well as by John Steinbeck's description of the underdog in American society. Within traditional literary frameworks, Wright dons masks that represent thinly veiled autobiographical perspectives in some cases. In others they are sometimes a second, fictional self that is not strictly autobiographical but rather the author's effort to discover and proclaim his own identity.[1]

> In a way more direct than is true of most important modern authors of fiction, Wright's heroes were in naked honesty himself, and not imaginary creations that served merely to express his complicated personality.[2]

Saunders Redding notes this close correlation between Wright's life and work, and Dan McCall contends that Wright's major achievement is the determined ability to explore his own individual suffering and create from it crucial examples of "what all the long centuries mean."[3] Wright's fiction, then, is a sustained attempt "to lift the fires of his life into the mind so that the numbness might then out and let me feel the pain."[3] Wright also frequently acknowledged the self exploratory orientation of his fiction as in 1953 when he told William Gardner Smith that writing "would always be a way of thinking aloud over issues--posing the problems and the questions as to their solution--posing them only, not answering them."[4]

For this purpose, Wright's protagonists probe what Charles Glicksberg calls the elusive and ungraspable secrets of the personality, the conflicts that go on between sensuality and spirit, good and evil, matter and mind, the world and consciousness.[1] The perpetual becoming in this dialectical play of opposites prevents the protagonist from arriving at a point of finality or rest. Thus, Wright's characters are trapped in the interplay between polarities of black and white, the self and society, and the psychological dimensions of tension and relief, pride and defeat.

Wright's heroes embody Glicksberg's description of a predominant twentieth century fictional protagonist, the underground man who dwells masochistically on his sense of inferiority and the injuries he has been made to suffer. This protagonist is a mixture of submissiveness and vindictiveness, of humiliated impotence and assertive pride. Irrational and spiteful, he acts against his own best interests: he is a rebel who defies the categories of reason. He is Bigger Thomas, and he is Richard Wright.

As Wright's heroes epitomize this subculture, they can be juxtaposed against protagonists like Sinclair Lewis's George F. Babbitt,who embody conformity to predominant social standards. Moreover, Dreiser's Clyde Griffiths and Steinbeck's Joads are on the economic lower rungs of the social ladder but still part of the

white community. On the other hand, Wright's leading characters are denied entrance into the larger society not only because of their race but also because of a sense of alienation, lack of employment and other deprivation, commission of a violent crime, psychological stultification, or a desire to reject their old identity. Therefore, they must search within themselves for purpose and meaning. Cultural repression and individual frustration, thus, prevent them both from joining the larger social establishment and from forming a separate culture.

Wright's chief strength as a novelist was his ability to explain the excluded black protagonist to the larger American society. And certainly the initial shock and subsequent acclaim accorded to Native Son stemmed, in a large part, from the recognition of a long present but previously silent voice in the society. Wright's ability to distance himself sufficiently from this subculture to describe it to others made him distinctive.

Wright primarily wrote for a white audience because black people already know what it is to have uncertainty as a way of life, "of living within the present moment and letting that moment suffice as a rationale for life and death."[7] Wright contended that longstanding cultural and psychological repression developed a separate and unsatisfactory stunted identity in the Afro-American. At the end of Native Son Bigger's Communist lawyer, Max Boris, pleads for understanding of this subculture.

> Rather, I plead with you to see a mode of life in our midst, a mode of life stunted and distorted, but possessing its own laws and claims, an existence of men growing out of the soil prepared by the collective but blind will of a hundred million people. I beg you to recognize human life draped in a form and guise alien to ours, but springing from a soil plowed and sown by our own hands. I ask you to recognize the laws and processes flowing from such a condition, understand them, seek to change them. If we do none of these, then we should not pretend horror or surprise when thwarted life expresses itself in fear and hate and crime.[4]

Wright's first three novels are devoted to explaining this mentality to the white society and to freeing the author from it to explore alternatives, the topic of his next two novels. A pattern of frustrated black identity can be traced if the sequence of Wright's first three novels is reversed. Black Boy explains the child's conditioning to racial tension, frustration, and stultification. Native Son recounts an adolescent's violent explosion out of such frustration, and Lawd Today describes the "adjusted" black adult who manages to avoid such an eruption and adapt to the twilight life of his environment with a brutal, stunted existence. In the order that the novels were written, Richard Wright comes to grips with facets of his own personality as an adult and in their childhood origins.

As all of the novels originate in the same basic identity, many standard elements are duplicated among their plots. All of the protagonists are male; all have a sense of alienation and isolation; all were emotionally oriented by dominant mothers, usually with little male influence; all reject religion and other commonly accepted values; most of them achieve a sense of awareness of themselves in relation to society through violent crises, usually an accidental death for which they often assume the guilt; and many of the protagonists arrive at their new awareness too

late to profit from it. From a dramatic standpoint these elements are most successfully interwoven in the three novels about adolescents (Native Son, Black Boy, and The Long Dream) whose social and psychological perspectives develop together. The other three novels about adults (Lawd Today, The Outsider, and Savage Holiday) are dramatically less well integrated. Wright's need to find an external order with which to explain what seems like a chaotic existence led him to attempt to account for human behavior on the basis of psychology, philosophy, or politics with the formulas of Freudianism, existentialism, or Marxism. And these abstract explanations weaken the portraits of Wright's psychological captives. But social and psychological dimensions and their abstract explanations contribute to the evolution of Wright's individual perspective whether they add or detract from his literary stature.

The format and point of view of Wright's novels are determined by the protagonists' reactions toward a generally hostile environment. The hero-victims observe the dominant social forces through a vision that has been psychologically conditioned and crippled by these forces to the point where the protagonists react violently as the only means to assert themselves. Wright's heroes begin and end their quest for identity in a dehumanized sphere below the predominant social norms, and their individual limitations are reflected in Wright's description of Bigger Thomas:

> ...resentful toward whites, sullen, angry, ignorant, emotionally unstable, depressed and unaccountably elated at times, and unable even, because of his own lack of inner organization which American oppression has fostered in him, to unite with the members of his own race.[6]

Wright's characters have such a desperate striving, combined with such intense fear and frustration, that they often achieve just the opposite of what they strive for. Instead of finding identity and community, they extend their alienation and isolation. Furthermore, the desperate struggle does not enable them to recognize the same needs in others. Rather, they are detached to the extent that they can deny or even kill other persons, often with little or no recognizable motive. In their insecurity and alienation Wright's heroes attempt to balance their psychological and social goals for immediate personal fulfillment. They believe in no absolute values here or in an after life. But within the framework of the war between the individual's efforts to find self identity and society's efforts to restrict the fulfillment of that quest, Wright explores problems of economics, social status, personal pride, family interrelationships, and the American cultural heritage. But the protagonists' hopes are thwarted by social pressures to the point where they often regress into fantasy. Reality is determined by tension, frustration, and fear until the only alternatives are escape, death, or submission to the dominant culture.

II

Wright's early but last published novel, Lawd Today, is the final section of his biography of the Afro-American man trapped outside the American culture. This novel about a black postal worker embodies some autobiographical elements. Like the author, Jake Jackson's identity is jeopardized by his displacement from a rural southern culture to the unfamiliar and impersonal northern city. In the North his personality is fragmented by fear, not of instant death as in the South, but a submersion in an uncaring social order.[7] The novel is Wright's attempt to grapple with the reality of this problem as his protagonist tries to avoid it. Jake uncritically accepts all of the current black middle-class values. Thus, his energies

are directed toward denying the realities of his situation. However, this results in a distinction between what Jake knows and what he wants to believe. Occasionally, then, self hatred and racial deprecation surface in moments of "bitter lucidity, resentment, and self-pity."[4] Jake's frustration is expressed in sensual escape and brutality. In the day's time that the novel spans, Jake fights with his wife, borrows money at the post office to pay for her illness, spends much of it on food and liquor, and has the rest stolen by a black prostitute and her accomplice. Jake returns home penniless and further in debt whereupon he beats his wife in frustration. The day is also Lincoln's birthday, and events of his career blare over the radio occasionally in an ironic contrast because Jake is clearly enslaved despite the Great Emancipator.

Bigger Thomas, the famous protagonist of Native Son, is also dominated by fear and dread of the white society. And he tries to avoid facing this reality, but violence breaks the pattern and alters his awareness. Bigger has been psychologically conditioned by a dominant mother, by racial tension, and by economic need. He rejects the beliefs with which most black people avoid confronting the frustration and hopelessness of their dilemma. Thus, he cannot be satisfied with "either his mother's religiousity, his sister's Y.W.C.A. virtue, or Bessie's whiskey; all seem to him evasions of reality."[4] Wright's subsequently written explanatory essay "How Bigger Was Born" notes that this evasion is necessary for the submissive members of a minority group because they are shaped as well as oppressed by the majority. The outsider reacts to the dominant civilization's incentives and prizes because his consciousness received its tones and timbre from the strivings of that civilization. The outsider's behavioral patterns are based on the environment which supplies the instrumentalities through which the organism expresses itself, "and if that environment is warped or tranquil, the mode and manner of behavior will be affected toward deadlocking tension or orderly fulfillment and satisfaction."[6] Thus, members of the minority group react to the values that they recognize and accept but cannot attain in various ways ranging from outright blind rebellion in Bigger Thomas's case to a sweet, other-wordly submissiveness. Wright's heroes reject the religion and folk culture of their race and, in turn, are rejected by the majority whose goals they seek. Thus, they form a distinct identity wherein they are able to see their own victimization without illusion.

At the beginning of Native Son Bigger Thomas is consumed by fear and hatred of the whites who cause his suppression. Because he cannot act against them, he directs his hatred and hostility toward the black people around him, first toward his family and then toward his friends. As he is denied admission into the mainstream of American society, he feels alienated from members of his own subculture as well. Bigger is obliged to create his own ethics and meaning in existence; a natural existentialism replaces traditional values, restraints, and civilized modes of behavior. But denial of these larger social values leaves Bigger with a negatively oriented psyche. He lacks any positive affirmation. For example, Bigger's dreams show a fear of falling, and his desires are expressed with the recognition that they are unlikely to be fulfilled, as when Bigger longingly says, "Them white boys sure can fly."

In his account of Bigger's creation, Wright says he formulated Bigger's changing perspective toward society as a complex snarl of psychological, emotional, and social interrelationships. The first psychological level is the intimate personal consciousness and core of being which differs with every person. Wright says, "I had to deal with Bigger's dreams, his fleeting, momentary sensations, his

yearning, his visions, his deep emotional responses."[6] And on a larger emotional level that, Wright contends, is shared by all men, Bigger reflects the objectless, timeless, spaceless element of primal fear and dread. Wright calls this first fear a reflex urge toward ectasy, complete submission, and trust. From this fear springs religion and faith in government, but in Bigger's case the primitive fear and ecstasy are naked, "...exposed, unprotected by religion or a framework of government or a scheme of society whose final faith would gain his love and trust; unprotected by trade or profession, faith or belief; opened to every trivial blast of daily or hourly circumstances."[6] Within these various dimensions Wright tried to show how repression affects Bigger's psyche, his relationships with other black people, and his role as a native son who is both part of and alienated from the American society. Bigger inhabits a No Man's Land between powerful America and his own stunted place in life. Similarly, the author inhabits a No Man's Land wherein he interprets Bigger for the larger society; and his own personality is woven into the portrait of Bigger Thomas.

> As I contemplated Bigger and what he meant, I said to myself, "I must write this novel, not only for others to read, but to free myself of this sense of shame and fear." In fact, the novel, as time passed, grew upon me to the extent that it became a necessity to write it: the writing of it turned into a way of living for me."[6]

Wright draws out his own emotions in Native Son. Like Jake Jackson, Bigger Thomas is initially unaware of the motivations to which he is conditioned. He represses from himself the knowledge that he is destined to bear endless days of dreary poverty, abject humiliation, and tormenting frustration. Bigger knows that if he admits this reality, his recognition could result in an act of violence. "He knew that the moment he allowed what his life meant to enter fully into his consciousness, he would either kill himself or someone else."[8] As Bigger blinds himself to the reality of his condition in the same way that Jake Jackson does, Wright suggests that blindness frequently limits social and psychological awareness of reality. As Mary Dalton's blind mother is in the same room but cannot see Bigger accidentally smother her daughter in terror that he might be discovered, Mary and her boyfriend Jan are also blind when their misguided efforts to be friendly only humiliate and antagonize Bigger. And after Bigger kills Mary, he relies on the blindness of white policemen not to suspect him because they view him as an ignorant black boy who is incapable of such a crime.

Bigger's behavior is dictated by preconditioning to guilt and fear. After Mary is dead, he insists on accepting responsibility both because of his previous unconscious acceptance of the possibility that he could commit murder and because he has gained a new confidence in himself. The violence has helped overcome some of his fear and dread and, in this sense, was a positive act. Bigger diminished the White Terror from an all encompassing fear to a fragmented obstacle whose parts he can see more clearly. A portion of the veil of blindness has been torn away.

Despite Bigger's new sense of self consequence, he is still an outsider without moral responsibility, and he murders Bessie despite her willingness to help him. After his capture Bigger continues to develop a more positive orientation toward humanity through conversations with his lawyer. Bigger finally concludes that all black people are locked in isolated little cells although they want to reach out to other people.

> For the first time in his life he had gained a pinnacle of feeling upon which he could stand and see vague relations that he had never dreamed of. If that white looming mountain of hate were not a mountain at all, but people, people like himself, and like Jan--then he was faced with a high hope the likes of which he had never thought could be, and a despair the full depths of which he knew he could not stand to feel.[5]

With his loss of alienation Bigger relaxes even as he contemplates his walk to the electric chair. Ironically, he longs to find his own place in this newly constructed picture of human relationships just when the white society demands his death for a murder committed in his previous terror-ridden existence.

Although terror and dread are also prevalent in his next novel, Black Boy, a mature perspective distances the point of view from the boy's psyche as events are recollected. The author looks back on the development of tensions in childhood that could produce the rebellious adolescent Bigger Thomas or the frustrated adult Jake Jackson.

In the semi-autobiographical Black Boy, young Richard Wright displays a quiet pride and what Dan McCall describes as a "spare, survivor's integrity, poised on the edge of despair." Thus, Richard's psychological stance emerges through the combat between his inherent values and those imposed by his family and the society, particularly toward racial tension and the related family subjugation, frustration, and poverty.

From his early childhood recollection of his mother's beating him senseless for setting the house on fire, the mood of recollected tension, terror and deprivation is conveyed. As in Wright's other novels the mother is the major influence on the boy's character, and he is torn between empathy for her suffering and a need to assert his own independence. The result is an emotional freezing that limits the boy's ability to feel deeply about another person.

> My mother's suffering grew into a symbol in my mind, gathering to itself all the poverty, the ignorance, the helplessness; the painful, baffling, hunger-ridden days and hours; the restless moving, the futile seeking, the uncertainty, the fear, the dread, the meaningless pain and endless suffering. Her life set the emotional tone of my life, colored the men and women I was to meet in the future, conditioned my relation to events that had not yet happened, determined my attitude to situations and circumstances I had yet to face.[9]

On the basis of his recollection of this early stage and subsequent experiences, the protagonist contends that his own psychological deprivation is paralleled in other black people who lack a depth of emotional capability because they are denied economic, social, and emotional fulfillment.

Young Richard's early conditioning to anxiety and tension is reinforced by other family relationships to the extent that at an early age he says "I was already so conditioned toward my relatives that when I passed them I actually had a nervous tic in my muscles." Richard disagrees with his family over traditional

religious values that he does not accept, the fact that the Seventh Day Adventists' Church service conflicts with his efforts to find a job on Saturday, and his awakening interest in sex and literature. But the predominant tension of his life eventually stems from racial discrimination.

Wright traces the process of racial conditioning from early childhood when the young boy assumes that a white man has beaten a black boy because he is the boy's father. Richard's inherent dignity is offended that any human being should beat another, but no racial identification is involved. Because his Granny is near white and because he does not go into the white community to seek employment until he is an adolescent, Richard's conditioning to racism is late; and he finds himself ill equipped to play the role expected of black people by the white society. For example, when he applies for a job with a white family, the housewife asks if he steals; and he laughingly replies that he would be foolish to tell her if he did. Her shocked response teaches him that he must assume a pose of naive innocence to conform to the expectations of white people.

Richard's mother is evasive when he asks questions about the segregated lines of people at the railroad station and other racial discrimination, but she cannot hide the open terror with which she and his Aunt Maggie flee from Elaine, Arkansas, after white people have killed Maggie's husband to acquire his prosperous bar. Eventually, the racial conditioning is sufficiently complete until the boy refuses to sell his dog to a white girl even though he is so hungry and desperate for money that he will part with the treasured animal. Thus, racial tension dominates even physical need. Richard becomes tense when white people are mentioned, and he gloats when he hears that a Negro woman revenged her husband's death by killing four white men. Like Bigger Thomas, Richard resorts to fantasy to triumph over the white demon because he is helpless before it in the real world.

> These fantasies were no longer a reflection of my reaction to the white people, they were a part of my living, of my emotional life; they were a culture, a creed, a religion. The hostility of the whites had become so deeply implanted in my mind and feelings that it had lost direct connections with the daily environment in which I lived; and my reaction to this hostility fed upon itself, grew or dimished according to the news that reached me about the whites, according to what I aspired or hoped for. Tension would set in at the mere mention of whites and a vast complex of emotions, involving the whole of my personality, would be aroused.[9]

Whereas Jake Jackson tries to avoid facing reality and Bigger Thomas rebels, Richard Wright attempts to find a more satisfying alternative for the frustrating black existence in the South. He leaves an optical firm in Memphis because white employees refuse to train him, and he flees North in hopes of finding a more satisfying existence in Chicago. With this account of the childhood origins of social and psychological stultification, Wright's biography of the Afro-American is complete. Except for an abortive plunge into Marxism, a political alternative suggested at the end of Native Son, the only alternatives for the black American are death, despair, or escape. Since they are all unsatisfactory, Wright's later novels are attempts to explain Man's identity and reactions to his environment outside of a racial context. He ended his major role as a novelist dedicated to explaining black Americans to whites with the completion of the Chicago trilogy.

NOTES

1. Charles I. Glicksberg, The Self in Modern Literature (University Park, 1963).

2. Saunders Redding, "The Alien Vision of Richard Wright," Soon One Morning, Herbert Hill, ed. (New York, 1963).

3. Dan McCall, The Example of Richard Wright (New York, 1969).

4. Edward Margolies, The Art of Richard Wright (Carbondale, 1969).

5. Richard Wright, Native Son (New York, 1966).

6. Richard Wright, "How Bigger Was Born" Native Son (New York, 1969).

7. Russell Carl Brignano, An Introduction to Richard Wright (Pittsburgh, 1970).

8. Edward Margolies, "Richard Wright: Native Son and Three Kinds of Revolution," Native Sons: A Critical Study of Twentieth Century Negro-American Authors (Philadelphia, 1968).

9. Richard Wright, Black Boy (New York, 1966).

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The Art of the Midwestern Campaign Biography

by

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On July 4, 1826, the day upon which two of the greatest of the founding fathers died, the nation was a half century old. During that time a Constitution had been written, six men, including John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who died that day, had been elected to the Presidency, and the man who was to become the next had already made his presence known on the national scene. Nevertheless, during that half century, nothing resembling a campaign biography had yet appeared, and none would for nearly another decade. The reason, I suspect, is obvious.

The history of the American presidency between 1788, when George Washington acceded to that office, and 1836, when Martin Van Buren followed his sponsor into office, covers a period in which those who achieved the Presidency were more predictable for most Americans without the benefit of Gallup or Roper polls than successful candidates are in our age with them. Whether or not each President, from Washington to Van Buren, was the best man for the office at the time is debatable, although one might make a case for each. It is easier, however, to make a case for the fact that each one was not only one of the best-known men of his time, but that each, in turn, seemed entitled to the Presidency at the time, so much so, in fact, that each seemed to have come to the office as a matter of right.

That right of the first four men to become President seems clear enough; not only were all four Founding Fathers, each having played a key role in establishing and shaping the country, but a line of succession also seems clear: Washington, the man for whom the Presidency was tailored; John Adams, his Vice President and in many ways his alter ego, both of whom were unchallenged; Thomas Jefferson, who defined American liberty and argued for its expansion; and James Madison, his political heir and a framer of the Constitution, were all obvious as probable occupants of the nation's executive office, as were James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, the former Jefferson's surrogate son and the latter the son of John Adams, both of whom were very nearly Founding Fathers themselves. As the nation neared its first half-century, it appeared that two competing dynasties, one Puritan and the other planter, were to share the leadership of the nation.

But in the background of the nation's political development something was happening that was to alter beyond recognition that drift toward competing dynastic governments. This was the national movement Westward, movement that caused the population west of the mountains, to increase from one-twentieth of the population in 1800 to one-third by 1828, resulting in the addition by that time of nine new frontier states. This new Western political power unsuccessfully challenged the Eastern claim to the White House in 1824, and the second of an apparently emerging Adams dynasty was elected instead, but Andrew Jackson, a Westerner, won easy election four years later.

Jackson was a popular hero, in many ways symbolic of the new political alignment emerging in the nation as a new region and a new kind of man began to change the Democratic Party of the Southern dynasty almost beyond the recognition of its founders. Jackson's party was a movement so repugnant to traditionalists that a new party, conservative and largely Eastern, emerged during his administration, largely as the successor to the old New England dynasty.

Although Jackson's chosen successor was Martin Van Buren, a Jacksonian but an Easterner, the groundwork had been laid during his administration for what, as the result of both the Jacksonian Democratic political movement and the continued movement Westward, was to be the political reality of the nation for the rest of the nineteenth century and thus far for much of the twentieth: the central role of the Old West and Old Northwest, by 1860 clearly the Midwest, in the history of Presidential campaign warfare and in the history of the Presidency itself. By 1840 carrying this area had become crucial to successful Presidential campaigns, and since that time many of the candidates and an even larger percentage of Presidents have been Midwesterners. Ohio, for example, is second only to Virginia in the number of men it has sent to the White House, but significantly, whereas only one Virginian - and he a resident of New Jersey - has been elected President since the Civil War, only one Ohioan had been President before that war.

Simultaneously with the emergence of this new geographic political powerhouse, other major political changes evolved: the weakening of the old dynasties as the sons and political heirs of the Founding Fathers passed from the scene; the intensification of the slavery crisis, and the resulting emergence of a political structure that prevented the election of the three best known and most influential political figures of the age, John C. Calhoun of the Old South, Daniel Webster of the Old North East, and Henry Clay of the New South, to the Presidency.

The results of this peculiar political situation, largely taking place in what has rightly been called "The Age of Jackson," were two; the first was the emergence of a new kind of political candidate, a man of the West rapidly becoming the Midwest, a man with the potential of a Jackson-like reputation, and Jackson's logical heir, but almost inevitably comparatively little known in the East or even in his own area. The second result, largely in response to the first, was the development of a peculiarly American, peculiarly Midwestern art form: the Presidential campaign biography.

The campaign biography had its beginnings in the decade of the 1840's as the new Whig Party sought to capture the Presidency from Jackson and his successor largely, I suspect, because Jackson was by far the best-known man in the nation and already a central figure in the growing myths of America and the West; consequently, if Jackson or his successor were to be successfully challenged, it had to be on those terms in his own area. Therefore, as the Whigs saw it, their successful candidate had to be, like Jackson, a hero, a Westerner, a man larger than life, self-made, but the symbol on earth of the workings of Divine Providence. Obviously, there were few such men readily available for either party.

Consequently, with these requirements, it was hardly surprising that the first campaign biography, purportedly an autobiography, had its origins in and was scarcely distinguishable from the frontier tall tale. The source of this obvious and yet somewhat outrageous fact lies in the intricacy of personal and Presidential politics during the 1830's, as Jackson reconstructed the Democratic Party in his own image as a Western, rural, egalitarian party, and the Whigs emerged as the party representing Eastern, urban, elitist factions.

Political realities dictated that if the Whigs were to be successful in defeating Jackson's successor in 1836, they had to break the Democratic hold on the West; one new Whig faction saw the break between Jackson and a former Western supporter, Congressman David Crockett of Tennessee, as an opportunity for securing an authentic

frontiersman as an anti-Jackson candidate; and the result was Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. David Crockett (1833), presumably autobiographical, in which Crockett, like Jackson, emerged as a man of the people, of the frontier, larger than life, who was, in what were allegedly his own words, "fresh from the backwoods, half-horse, half-alligator, a little touched with the snapping-turtle; can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride upon a streak of lightening, and slip without a scratch down a honey-locust; can whip my weight in wildcats - and if any gentleman pleases, for a ten-dollar bill, he may throw in a panther - hug a bear too close for comfort, and eat any man...."

Although this first work was followed by the somewhat more restrained A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett (1834), An Account of Col. Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East (1835), and the alleged biography The Life of Martin Van Buren (1835), actually an attack, this Whig strategy had little success; Crockett fell short of a respectable showing as a potential regional candidate, and moreover he lost his Congressional seat in strong Jacksonian territory. Suitably, however, he went off to Texas to die in the Alamo and find a substantial new identity, still exploited for less than noble reasons, in the hierarchy of American heroes. His story, largely the work of Whig publicists, has become the basis of a substantial chapter in the American myth. Nevertheless, it was a myth the Whigs could not exploit in 1840.

However, by 1835, indeed, in competition with the promoted candidacy of David Crockett, other Whigs had embarked on a more restrained version of the same tactic with the promotion of William Henry Harrison of Ohio for the Presidency. Harrison was an authentic frontier hero as the result of his victory against Tecumseh's combined Indian forces at Tippecanoe, Indiana territory, in the Fall of 1811 and his recapture of Detroit and defeat of the British at the Thames in the War of 1812. Unlike Crockett but like Jackson, Harrison had a reputation rooted in fact that might be exploited for political purposes.

Unfortunately, however, there were problems. Briefly American consul in Columbia under John Quincy Adams, Harrison had been recalled ignominiously by Jackson, and, unemployed and in debt at the age of 60 and largely forgotten, he had become the clerk of courts of Hamilton County, Ohio, working only for his fees. Nevertheless, his ancestry and deeds, however remote, were impressive.

However, Harrison's reputation was ressurected by Judge James Hall of Cincinnati in Memoirs of Harrison (1834), a restrained, factual account stressing his early years, and he made a respectable showing in 1836, receiving 73 electoral votes, and becoming a natural candidate for 1840. Whichever of his shortcomings, his early aristocratic origins or his later failure and poverty, might be stressed by his opponents, it appeared that careful attention to his identity as an authentic frontier hero would be more than compensation for either or both.

The major Whig attempt to construct Harrison's new identity took two forms: the log cabin and hard cider campaign of 1840, surely one of the most colorful and exciting in American history, and, for the more thoughtful, Sketches of the Civil and Military Services of William Henry Harrison by Col. Charles S. Todd and Benjamin Drake. This was, without question, the first authentic campaign biography, establishing a pattern that still endures. This book was as a later biographer asserted, "...complete, though it was originally prepared under the supervision of a political committee." Establishing another tradition, "it was much extended after his death," a practice that other Midwestern campaign biographers and their colleagues were to

follow after the deaths of Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Harding, all of whom, like Harrison, died in office. The "memorial biography" was to become almost as firmly embedded in Midwestern politics as the campaign biography out of which it came.

The Todd-Benjamin biography established a number of other precedents, some of them still followed in the campaign of the 1960's and 70's. Perhaps because they intuitively recognized that, whereas Jackson had been a "natural" candidate for the Presidency, particularly on the frontier, Harrison's supporters knew that because his exploits had passed into the relatively remote past as a result of his later obscurity and his aristocratic background might be suspect, he would have to be "made" into a logical candidate. Consequently, just as the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was no accident, neither was the biographical approach of his supporters.

Perhaps the most important attempt by Todd and Benjamin was their insistence that Harrison (like Jackson, although, of course, they didn't say so) was the representative man of the age, the symbol of American nationhood, a man "whose history is almost literally the hisotry of the country for fifty...years...of our national existence...." Perhaps more important, however, is their insistence that he was uniquely suited by inheritance as well as ability to lead the country faithfully and well:

> ....Indeed, he inherited patriotism from one of the most devoted spirits, who bequeathed to us, besides their patriotism, the inestimable blessings of the free institutions, of whose great benefits we all now partake. Stimulated by the example of the revolutionary patriot whose name he bore, and whose blood coursed in his veins, possessed of superior talents, and occupying a large field for usefulness and reknown, he had the power, and he did not fail to exert it, to contribute largely to that eminence which is the envy of other nations, and towards securing those privileges which are our greatest boast...

Harrison's origins, his class inheritance, and certainly his later record as general and territorial administrator, needed neither apology nor exaggeration; his was indeed one of the solidest reputations in the first half of the nineteenth century, and rhetoric like this and that which follows in the volume had no place in a factual account of his career. But his biographers and their fellow campaigners were interested in winning a political election against one who, although an Easterner, bore Jackson's shield, and the biography is the record of a man who not only had made the American republic what it was, saving and preserving its existence in crisis time after time, but whose career and background had prepared him over a lifetime for his accession to the Presidency. His biographers agreed that Harrison was an aristocrat, but they portrayed him in the Jeffersonian sense as a true, natural aristocrat, a born leader and skilled administrator, whose natural place was the presidency.

The pattern set by the Todd-Drake biography of Harrison, that of the well-born, sometimes controversial military hero, chosen by God and fate as his country's leader, had a number of emulators, primarily Whig and primarily Eastern and Southern, in the years between 1840 and 1860. It did not return to the Midwest until 1888 in the biography of Harrison's grandson written for the same purpose by Lew Wallace, novelist, Republican leader, and himself a Civil War general.

However, in 1860 a second major pattern, uniquely Midwestern, emerged in Republican campaign biographies of that year. That pattern was to prevail in the biographies of Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, and Harding, as well as, to a lesser extent, overshadowed by his role as hero, those of Grant. This was the pattern that, in the hands of Horatio Alger, Jr. was to contribute a major dimension to the evolving American myth. Curiously, the same pattern prevails in the biographies of the two major Midwestern candidates for the Presidency in 1860, Stephen Douglas, Northern Democrat, and Abraham Lincoln, Republican: the story of the poor boy of no particular lineage but of impeccable moral ancestry and upbringing who rises through his own efforts, inevitably, in the process making himself the logical choice for election to the Presidency.

Because Douglas's candidacy was threatened by the controversies of a long political career and his campaign was attempting to unite a fractured party and appeal to South as well as North, whereas Lincoln, relatively unknown, was largely in the hands of the image-makers, the Lincoln candidacy provides the first and still the purest of the "poor boy to White House" pattern. Perhaps it is no accident that this first and best of the genre was written by William Dean Howells, later to make his reputation as the leading American man of letters of his generation.

Although there is little evidence to support Howell's statement to Mark Twain in 1876 that he had written the biography that made Lincoln President - he had just agreed to write a biography of Hayes and perhaps was emphasizing his qualifications for the job - nevertheless, Howell's biography was not only the best biography of Lincoln that year, but it has the unique distinction of having been corrected by Lincoln in his own handwriting--although that was after publiation and errors of fact as well as interpretation in it had already been disseminated.

The Howells biography has another distinction: its genesis is the best documented of all the campaign biographies of the nineteenth century, undoubtedly because of the later prominence of both men. Howells, a twenty-three-year-old editorial writer on the Ohio State Journal in Columbus, was hired by the Columbus publishing house of Follett, Foster & Co. to write the campaign biography. Howells, in turn, hired a young law student, James Quay Howard, to go to Springfield to interview the subject and carry on research for the volume. Years later, Howells wrote that "That part of the project was distasteful to me. I would not go, and I missed the greatest chance of my life...."

Nevertheless, he felt no handicap in dealing with the subject:

> ...I felt the charm of the material, the wild charm and poetry of its reality was not unknown to me; I was at home with it, for I had known the belated backwoods of a certain region of Ohio; I had almost lived the pioneer; and I wrote the little book with none of the reluctance I felt from studying its sources.

Howard was later to write his own campaign biography of Lincoln, and both he and Howells drew heavily on The Debates of Lincoln and Douglas, published by Follett, Foster, and already in its fourth printing. A comparison of the two biographies shows a clear difference, however: although both used essentially the same material, Howells's version, is, without resorting to bombast or exaggeration, a poetic interpretation that, like the earlier biographies, creates a hero, a man larger than life, eminently suited in every way for the Presidency.

After a number of false starts and an abbreviated issue, largely to stimulate sales, Follett, Foster issued the book on July 26th, 1860, announcing it as the authorized campaign biography. However, in response to a question from an Ohio Republican leader, Lincoln wrote in reply that "Messrs. Follett, Foster & Co's Life of me is not by my authority; and I have scarcely been so much astounded by anything as their public announcement that it is authorized by me....I made myself tiresome, if not hoarse, with repeating to Mr. Howard...that I authorized nothing, would be responsible for nothing...."

When Lincoln later read and corrected the copy owned by Samuel C. Parks, he found a number of minor mistakes - names, dates, places - which he corrected in the margin, and one major mistake, Howells's repetition of bogus Republican Resolutions cited by Stephen Douglas at the debate in Ottawa, a citation that Lincoln forced him to retract, and which Lincoln corrected in detail in the book.

In concerning himself with the factual content of the biography, Lincoln apparently accepted or overlooked Howells's interpretations of those facts--although he did write to the Ohio Republican leadership suggesting that they delete anything that they might find offensive. One wonders with what degree of wry humor Lincoln read Howells's apology for the lack of a reputable Lincoln ancestry:

> It is necessary that every American should have an indisputable grandfather, in order to be represented in the Revolutionary period by actual ancestral service, or connected with it by ancestral reminiscence. Further back than a grandfather few can go with satisfaction. Everything lies wrapt in colonial obscurity and confusion; and you have either to claim that the Smiths came over in the Mayflower, or that the Jonses were originally a Hugenot family of vast wealth and the gentlest blood; or that the Brownsare descended fromthe race of Powhattan in the direct line; or you are left in an extremely embarassing uncertainty as to the fact of great-grandparents.
>
> We do not find it profitable to travel far into the past in search of Abraham Lincoln's ancestry....

With Lincoln's democratic lineage - actually a lack of ancestry - established, at the same time cleverly suggesting a lack of geneological integrity among those who make such claims, Howells turns to the story of Lincoln's rise. Of Lincoln's parentage, he wrote:

> ...They were poor, even for that rude time and country; and as a child, Thomas made acquaintance only with hardship and privation. He was a wandering, homeless boy, working when he could find work, and enduring when he could not. He grew up without education; his sole accomplishment in chirography being his own clumsy signature.

From the humble parentage Lincoln rose by his own efforts:

> At New Salem, he now found the leisure and the opportunity to initiate a system of self-education. At last, he had struggled to a point where he could not only take breathe, but could stoop and drink from those springs of knowledge, which a hopeless

poverty, incessant toil, and his roving, uncertain life, had, till then, forbidden to his lips....

There never seems to have been any doubt of his ability among Lincoln's acquaintances, anymore than there was a doubt of his honesty, his generosity, and gentle-heartedness. When, therefore, he began to make rapid progress in his intellectual pursuits, it surprised none of them....

Later, when Lincoln became successful, he demonstrated clearly the result of the traditional virtues:

The talented young Whig has founded his reputation upon qualities that make every man proud to say he is the friend of Lincoln.

No admirer, who speaks in his praise, must pause to conceal a stain upon his good name. No true man falters in his affection at the remembrance of any mean action or littleness in the life of Lincoln.

The purity of his reputation, the greatness and dignity of his ambition, ennoble every incident of his career, and given significance to all the events of his past.

It is true that simply to have mauled rails and commanded a flat-boat, is not to have performed splended actions. But the fact that Lincoln has done these things, and has risen above them by his own force, confers a dignity upon them; and the rustic boy who is to be President in 1900, may well be consoled and encouraged in his labors when he recalls these incidents in the history of one whose future once wore no brighter aspect than his own wears now.

The immigrant...will take heart and hope....

The young student...shall not be without encouragement....

With this emphasis upon the role of merit and virtue in Lincoln's rise - curiously he did not specifically point out that Lincoln was born in a log cabin, leaving that contribution for others to make - Howells was not only telling the truth as he and dozens of others saw it in Lincoln's character, but at the same time he was making substantial contributions to the unfolding American myth on several levels - to the myth of Lincoln, to the myth of success, to the myth of the Presidency, indelibly marking the nature of the men most Americans prefer to see as their Presidents.

Whether or not Howells's biography made Lincoln President, it made Howells American consul in Venice, where for five years he pursued his career as a man of letters. Perhaps his absence at the time of Lindoln's death is the reason why, unlike so many other campaign biographers - H. M. Flint, the biographer of Stephen A Douglas, for example - he did not add a new introduction and a new concluding chapter and reissue it as a "Memorial Edition."

With the conclusion of the campaign of 1860 the structure, style, and form of the Midwestern campaign biography was as fixed as it was to be for another three generations. Perhaps this was inevitable because the election of 1868 began the long three-cornered relationship between the Midwest, the Republican Party, and the Grand Army of the Republic as, with only two interruptions, the Presidency was captured by Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison, all Union generals, and then William McKinley, brevet major, the young future occupant of the White House about whom Howells had made his effective hypothetical point in 1860. Only Chester Arthur and Grover Cleveland, the former an accident and the latter a Democrat, interrupted that domination during the nineteenth century, and Taft and Harding were to join that array of Midwesterners in the first quarter of the twentieth.

For each of this long line of Republican Union veterans, campaign biographies made clear how well the biographers of the past had taught the means by which a President was made. Two near-random opening paragraphs are typical of the lot. The first is the biography by John Clark Ridpath of James A. Garfield, who was fortunate enough to be born in a log cabin:

> Men, like books, have their beginnings. James Abraham Garfield was born on the 19th day of November, 1831. His first outlook upon things was from a cabin door in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. The building was of rough logs, with mud between the cracks, to keep out the winter cold. The single room had a puncheon floor, and on one side a large fire-place, with a blackened crane for cooking purposes. In winter evenings, a vast pile of blazing logs in this fire-place filled the cabin with a cheerful warmth and ruddy glow....

Ridpath continues for more than a page and a half, stressing the lowly but dignified scene in such detail that one almost wonders whether Garfield or the cabin is the candidate.

On the other hand, the Lew Wallace biography of Benjamin Harrison had a more difficult problem; his candidate not only had an identifiable great-grandfather, but his grandfather had been President of the United States, a member of the Virginia gentry and a Whig. Nevertheless, Wallace began nobly:

> To every life there is a beginning and an end; it is the same in the narration of lives, only the difficulty in the latter is to find the true beginning. That difficulty is before the writer now.
>
> Undoubtedly the American people, when sitting in judgement upon an individual who has ventured to claim their attention and bespeak their good will, care little for his ancestry - it is the person himself that is on trial. They know that good fathers have base children; and in such cases the invocation of the worthy progenitors, by exciting compassion for them as a result of comparison, but intensifies the opinion invariably reached respecting the descendents. On the other hand, if the record discloses a scion in whom the noble traits of his forefathers are continued and yet further exemplified, the same people rejoice at the discovery and make haste to take him into favor. In fact this is the American law of the case - well for the parent if he have a worthy son, well for the son if he have a worthy parent.

> With such a view of the law, there would be no hesitation on the part of the writer in dealing with the ancestry of the Benjamin Harrison whose life he is called upon to give. There is no fear of the consequences of fair comparison. The traits that endeared the forefathers to their countrymen will be found in the descendant. The qualities of mind that raised them to distinction have not been less promotive of him. The devotion to the goal of the masses, to principle, to truth and God, he has equally illustrated. They were wise in peace; so is he. Their courage in war has been a matter of emulation with him. They were willing to be offered in sacrifice for their country; he has made it possible for his generation to believe them sincere in the offer.

Wallace goes on to devote another seventeen pages to detailed description of Harrison antecedents, so detailed that, as in the case of the cabin in Ridpath's biography of Garfield, one almost wonders whether the ancestry or Harrison is the candidate.

Three decades later, in advancing the candidacy of Warren G. Harding for a second term, Willis Fletcher Johnson successfully fused the two approaches. Faced with the necessity of refuting by implication the persistent rumors of Harding's questionable ancestry, reconciling the paucity of factual information about his antecedents, and at the same time emphasizing Harding's humble origins and rationalizing his undistinguished political career, Johnson moved rapidly across a broad sweep of background to the future President's self-propelled rise:

> Born on November 2, 1865, at the end of the Civil War, Warren Gamaliel Harding came of rugged pioneer stock. The name Harding is as old as the Domesday Book of 1086. Before the Revolutionary days, a number of Hardings came to America, some to Massachusetts and some to Connecticut. They figured in the early annals of the country, in the pioneer days, when hardy men tamed the wilderness and began to build roads where there had been but trails beaten by the feet of the red men; and suffered hardship and even death itself that their children and their children's children might come into the splendid heritage of a great republic....
>
> It is with Warren Gamaliel Harding's grandfather that the family history began in the state of presidents. Early in the nineteenth century he arrived in Morrow County, Ohio, set up his homestead cabin near the village of Blooming Grove in a clearing hewn from the woods and took up the life of a frontier farmer....
>
> Here their son was born and here also the latter's son, destined to be President of the United States, though nothing could have been more remote from the imagination of the family group that gathered about the hearth of the little backwoods cabin.

Although Harding's unexpected death led Johnson to issue this volume as a memorial biography, this is the last authentic Midwestern campaign biography of an authentic Midwestern candidate. The Johnson volume is not only the last to be typical of this genre, but it is the first and only one to fuse successfully the two strains of the tradition that had come out of the nineteenth century. However, it was written as

campaigns were about to be taken over by the professional image-makers, and radio was becoming a major factor in communication to the electorate (the returns of the 1920 election were the first broadcast to the nation). It was inevitable that the role of the campaign biography was to diminish, although they still are written and presumably read, and its contributions to the myth of the Presidency remain: the Truman candidacy made much of his humble origins, as did Eisenhower's and later Johnson's. And it was no accident that photos of the Nixon birthplace were released at the beginning of the 1960 campaign, followed quickly by photos of Kennedy's - with the careful notation that it was neither as large nor as expensive as one might expect. Then, perhaps to emphasize Kennedy's common quality, that release was followed by an item pointing out that the Kennedy clan delighted in picnicing on peanut butter sandwiches. The image-makers of the twentieth century have, it appears, modernized but not replaced the principles of those who had created the popular image of the suitable Presidential candidate in the nineteenth.

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