

1966

Full Issue

University of New Mexico Press

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

Recommended Citation

University of New Mexico Press. "Full Issue." *New Mexico Quarterly* 36, 4 (1966). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol36/iss4/1>

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *New Mexico Quarterly* by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

STORY OF A PUBLISHER

BY ALAN SWALLOW

DR. W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II

A tribute BY BRIG. GEN. ERNEST A. PINSON

A biography BY RICHARD G. ELLIOTT

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

A study of Willa Cather's novel

BY SISTER DAMIAN CHARLES, O.P.

A story

SEVENTEEN POEMS BY TWELVE POETS

University of New Mexico INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVI

Announcement of
The Harold Wullitzer Foundation

THE HELENE WURLITZER FOUNDATION

SHORT STORY AWARD

The Helene Wurlitzer Foundation of New Mexico announces an annual award of fifty dollars to the author of the best short story chosen by a panel of judges from prose published in *New Mexico Quarterly*.

1. The announcement of the short Story Award shall be made in the Winter issue of *New Mexico Quarterly* of each year. Short stories eligible for the award shall have been published in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter issues of that year.
2. The winner of the Short Story Award and the names of the judges will be announced in the Spring issue of the Quarterly following the announcement in the Winter issue. Prior notice of the award will be given to the public press.
3. The panel of judges for the award shall be chosen annually by the staff of the *New Mexico Quarterly*, and shall consist of three: the Editor of *New Mexico Quarterly*, a member of the teaching staff of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, and a qualified person not currently employed by the University of New Mexico. The decision of the judges shall be final.
4. Short stories written by current members of the panel of judges, or of the staff of *New Mexico Quarterly* or the University of New Mexico Press, are not eligible for the award. Translations of short stories are not eligible.
5. The winner of the award shall be paid the sum of fifty dollars by check when the final decision of the judges has been confirmed.
6. *New Mexico Quarterly* reserves the right to reprint in whole or in part, if it so desires, any short story selected for the award, such reprint to appear only in *New Mexico Quarterly* or under its imprint.

Volume XXXVI, Number 4 - Winter 1966-67

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Published by the University of New Mexico



ROLAND DICKEY, *Editor* MARY E. ADAMS, *Associate Editor*
GUS BLAISDELL, *Assistant Editor* LEONARD A. PREHN, *Production*
HELEN D. FINLEY, *Circulation Manager*

© 1966 THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

COMPOSED, PRINTED AND BOUND IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRINTING PLANT. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87106. OPINIONS EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED BY CONTRIBUTORS DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE EDITORS OR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND RETURN POSTAGE. SUBSCRIPTIONS: ONE YEAR, \$4.00; TWO YEARS, \$7.50; THREE YEARS, \$10. SINGLE COPY, \$1.00. BACK ISSUES, \$1.25. FOREIGN, SAME PRICE AS DOMESTIC. ADDRESS: NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO 87106, U. S. A.

A Sentimental Journey

FAREWELLS are fatiguing, but they are a part of the rite de passage which allows a Janus-view of past mistakes and future prospects. As I vacate this restless chair and abandon to nimbler fingers this familiar typewriter, sentiment chokes me, and as an editor I have found sentiment gagging. Gratitude is the only coin available for unpayable debts. To the authors of more than 50,000 manuscripts the postman has dropped at our door, I give thanks. For the unlucky ones who didn't make it into our pages I underline the hopelessness and sorrow an editor experiences over every rejection slip. To those who have graced our pages with talent and imagination and the gem-pure slavery of writing, I am grateful. To our long-suffering readers I apologize for lapses in judgment. I could fill this page with a hundred and a thousand names of sterling souls who have made life bearable and even rewarding. The predecessors in this post—George Arms, Charles Allen, Kenneth Lash, Joaquin Ortega, T. M. Pearce, Paul Sears, Dudley Wynn—earned their laurels. Others, by sound advice, hard work, and spiritual comfort—Carolyn Adair, Blair Boyd, J. Robert Feynn, Edwin Honig, Helen Gentry and David Greenhood, Carol Kurman, Philip Legler, Edward Lueders, Virginia Manierre, William Peden, Winfield Townley Scott, Ramona Maher Weeks, Clifford Wood—have merited affection. Those carrying on—I salute.

New Mexico, which the great Witter Bynner called "this autumnal Spain," I will miss. I will carry with me the myths and realities, so difficult to distinguish, which New Mexico spells, and which are the spell of New Mexico.

—ROLAND DICKEY, Editor

In January 1967, Roland Dickey left for Milwaukee, where he is opening a new branch of the University of Wisconsin Press at the University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee. He has been editor of NMQ, and Director of the University of New Mexico Press, since Autumn 1956. The materials to appear in the Spring 1967 issue have been selected under his aegis.

contents

Articles

- STORY OF A PUBLISHER. Alan Swallow. 301
A TRIBUTE TO DR. W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II.
Brig. Gen. Ernest A. Pinson. 346
'ON A COMET, ALWAYS.'
A Biography of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II. Richard G. Elliott. 351
DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP.
A Novel of Love and Death. Sister Peter Damian Charles, O.P. 389

Story

- EL SANTA. Pat M. Esslinger. 339

Poetry

- KATHMANDU VALLEY: A HILLSIDE. NOW. Howard McCord. 327
A CHRISTMAS STORY. Philip Legler. 328
TO A NIGHTHAWK. E. J. Neely. 329
THE THREE SISTERS. AGAIN HOW THE WEATHER WAS. Alan Stephens. 330
BRITTLE THINGS. Linda Pastan. 331
NATIVITY. BACK IN BODEGA. Edwin Honig. 332
VACANT HOUSE. Jeanne DeL. Bonnette. 333
AFTER LONG SILENCE. Stuart Silverman. 334
BEFORE DARK. Rick Foster. 334
AN ABACUS AND A SUM OF PRIDE. Lucile Adler. 335
SONG. Don H. Peterson. 336
POWAMU. W. W. G. 337

Departments

- A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Editorial. 298
POETRY CONTRIBUTORS. 338
PHOTOGRAPHS OF DR. W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II.

Following page 360

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVI. 406

THE HELENE WURLITZER FOUNDATION FICTION & POETRY AWARDS.

Inside front and back covers

Story of a Publisher

BY ALAN SWALLOW

WHY does one do it? Why does one attempt publishing without training in the publishing centers? How does one get the arrogance, it may be called that, to feel that a mantle of destiny has fallen onto his shoulders? The reasons are difficult to analyze. Probably the best I can do is to sketch a bit of intellectual autobiography.

I grew up on an irrigated farm in northwestern Wyoming near the town of Powell. Quite early I became an omniverous reader of all the materials at hand. These consisted of popular magazines, popular fiction and nonfiction; in addition, I early acquired a tremendous interest in science and technology, particularly mechanics. And, like many another adolescent of the time, I fooled around a great deal with old cars and motorcycles.

My adolescent intent was to become an engineer, probably in the aeronautical field. I do not recall just when I first picked up an interest in serious literature, which early meant poetry and philosophy. There must have been some interest in the spring of the year I turned sixteen, because I recall that I rode into town to sell a motorcycle I had for a year or two. Then my parents took me to Gardiner, Montana, which is the north entrance to Yellowstone National Park, and that summer of 1931 I ran a filling station in Gardiner for a family which maintained a summer tourist business there. This business consisted of a grocery store and soda fountain in a large building and a filling station next door; it was my job to run the filling station. My hours were long in that I worked from six in the morning until eight or eight-thirty at night. But typical tourist business of that time was spotty, and there would be rushes of thirty minutes of hard work and then periods of fifteen or thirty minutes in which there wouldn't be much to do.

I did not have much money for books, but I discovered then the Alderman-Julius publications. One could buy the Little Blue Books twenty for a dollar and the larger books ten for a dollar, and during

the summer I bought probably two hundred fifty. I also acquired a few other books and magazines, including, I recall, Will Durant on philosophy and such magazines as *The Thinker*. I did a great deal of reading, then, during this summer, primarily in the fields of poetry, plays, philosophy, socialism, free thought. It was during that summer also that I first started to write poetry.

I was tremendously attracted by several things that I learned then: first, by the effort of Haldeman-Julius to provide good literature at inexpensive prices—and I suppose that there was planted a small seed of the idea of publishing at some time; second, through Haldeman-Julius publications of magazines and through reading other materials, I became aware of the group we call the “little magazines.” I was certainly impressed with the idealism and the efforts of these magazines to put out a quality work without consideration for commercial results.

During the next two years, my senior year in high school and first year at the University of Wyoming, I became more and more interested in the “little magazines.” I was sending out my own verse, and I had my first acceptances in two or three of these magazines during that period. In my sophomore year at the University of Wyoming, I decided to start a little magazine of my own. The idea was to start with local talent, in the hope that gradually the magazine could extend beyond the campus to reach for additional talent and more mature talent and also for reading response. The magazine was called *Sage* and was mimeographed. Several issues were issued during the year, and I had the help of a number of students. I particularly remember the help of Madeline Shorey, who, as a competent typist, did the stencils for the publication.

This idea was not a new one, and this pattern for the “little magazine” has been tried by many others since. I believe that in most cases it is not a sound idea for launching a magazine. At any rate, during what would have been my junior year at college I went to Laramie and registered, but shortly returned home and worked during that year in a bank at Powell. The reasons were confusion and uncertainty about where I was going with a college education and my personal future. During that year, of course, I had nothing to do with the magazine *Sage*, although some other students at the University did get out one or two issues, and that was the last of that particular magazine.

On returning to the University to finish two more years of under-

graduate work, I had the opportunity to do some editorial work with magazines. Ann Winslow, who was the executive secretary of the College Society of America, had moved to the University of Wyoming, and with her had moved the magazine published by the Society, called *College Verse*. My poems were appearing in the magazine, and under an NYA grant I was able to assist her with the work. In addition, there were two students' magazines—one called *Wyoming Quill*, sponsored by a local society; and a magazine of the student body which I edited at the time.

From these experiences I resolved that at some time I would return to publishing a magazine, but I also resolved that the next time would be under other circumstances. I wished it to be printed, and I wished to start less with a local situation and to be able to publish more mature writers whom I admired.

The three years from June 1937, to June 1940, were spent in Baton Rouge in graduate study at the Louisiana State University, and during half of that period my wife, Mae, was secretary for *The Southern Review*. A good many of us had arrived there because of the work of Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks.

The last of those years, the school year 1939-40, I thought that possibly the opportunity had come for which I had been looking. On the campus were a number of promising young writers who had been publishing in the little magazines as I had been. Two of these students, Sheila Corley and Frederick Brantley, proposed that there ought to be an anthology of the writings by some of the students who had gathered to work with Warren and Brooks.

In the fall of 1939, then, I borrowed one hundred dollars from my father and secured a secondhand five-by-eight Kelsey handpress. I bought the necessary furniture and type cases, and also several fonts of type and some paper. This outfit was set up in the garage of the apartment where we lived. The library at the Louisiana State University, to my good fortune, had good holdings in the areas of the history of type, of printing and typography. I read all of these books I could to learn as much as possible in a short time about these materials, and I set out to print. The book being printed was an anthology, called *Signets: An Anthology of Beginnings*, and the procedure was to set one page at a time, print the copies on the handpress, then distribute the type back in the cases. Several of the students came day after day to aid in distributing the type in the cases.

I recall one of the exciting moments of the year. Corley and

Brantley told me of a new student on the campus by the name of Thomas McGrath, who was writing verse and had published a few things in the magazines. They brought me some of his manuscripts and I sat down by the wall of the garage and read them through. Reading them gave me great elation and a great shock to think that we had such a fine and exciting talent. Subsequently, after knowing McGrath, I resolved that my first venture, other than the anthology, would be a small collection of his poems.

In March 1940, the anthology appeared and the following month, McGrath's *First Manifesto*, as number one of the Swallow Pamphlets. The reason for the pamphlet idea was that I still had the notion, gained from reading the Haldeman-Julius materials, that good literature ought to be put out at a very inexpensive price, and these pamphlets were projected at twenty-five cents each.

AT THIS TIME, twenty-six years later, I am not sure that I can recall fully what was going on in my mind. Clearly, I was fired by the idealism of the little magazine movement. Yet the first two publications had been a book and a pamphlet, not a magazine. Somehow, I knew that the purpose of what I had done was to be able to have a little magazine, and I resolved that I would not have any period in my life in which I did not have active editorial, and probably publishing, control of such an outlet. And that resolve has been fulfilled.

Clearly, also, I had provided myself with some training. At this perspective of time, it seems that the training might have been haphazard, yet it consisted of active selection of manuscripts, and it consisted of sufficient technical training that I knew I could put on paper in a workmanlike fashion some of the things I would be wanting to publish.

Another factor was at work. Perhaps my readers will feel this is a kind of mysticism, but I am sure that it is not. From my account so far, the reader will have perceived that I grew up in an environment of work. My original home was, indeed, very close to the frontier: the first water had been turned on the land, which I called my home, just a few years before I was born; my grandfather had homesteaded this land but had died before he could live on it; my father started farming it when he was seventeen; I was born two years later. I believe that I have one tendency which is significant in these facts; it is a tendency that I inherited, although I would not

y that all persons who grow up in the environment will necessarily spond to the tendency. That tendency is to act upon one's beliefs and ideas. I value this inheritance probably more than any other. translated to the situation in 1940 when I had finished two jobs with y handpress, it meant that I would be compelled by my own character to act, that is, that I would do what I felt should be done, and those things that I felt should be done were informed by the ealism I have mentioned.

These factors—the somewhat haphazard training, the knowledge and skills sufficient to do, the flair for idealism, and the innate character trait toward action—fell into place at one time in a way which suppose is rare in one's life. (Another set of circumstances fell into ace for me some fourteen years later, as I shall indicate.) These d to one other idea which I cannot spot exactly in time, but my ncepts of publishing developed beyond that of the little magazine. his development, I suppose, has identified my publishing work nce that time. As a poet, I was concerned with the problems of the et. I realized that those problems, in the publishing sense, extended yond the outlets of the little magazines. The ripened concept was at there was even a greater need in the realm of book publishing an there was in the realm of the little magazine world for the fort which was analogous to the dedication found often in the ttle magazines. The concept was what I later came to call the "little ublisher." The term "little" refers, of course, to an attitude, not to ze. The analogy is that book publishing should be informed by the me noncommercial dedication as characterized at least the best of e little magazines.

Thus was added to the factors already mentioned a particular idea f what I could do in book publishing. The excitement of discovering McGrath and printing some other impressive work drove this inten- on deeper into me. And for the next fourteen years I worked from hese abilities and concepts. I had two years in Army service, but even uring those two years, I worked actively as poetry editor of *New Mexico Quarterly Review* (as the magazine was then called) so that was never out of active decision-making in an editorial sense. asically, the method was that I made a living as a teacher, first at he University of New Mexico for two years, 1940-42, and Western tate College in Colorado for one year, 1942-43, and then after the ar at the University of Denver for eight and a half years, from anuary 1946, to August 1954. The publishing was done part-time as

an avocation, technically. This means that during that period no money was taken out of publishing. Small amounts, such as could be taken from a teacher's salary, were put in. But at least ninety per cent of the values that were put in were in the form of labor. This included, of course, continuous and incessant labor of my own; but at various times I had the help of my family, friends, and students who volunteered; and at two different periods, the help, in separate organizations, of Horace Critchlow.

TO TRY TO TELL the story chronologically during those years until 1954 would involve so many strands that the story would probably be confusing. So permit me to project ahead the story of the magazine effort alone and then return to the book publishing.

Essential to the story are certain attitudes that I have had or that I have developed about the little magazines. The reader should recall that, in the first two decades of the little-magazine movement in this country, the chief effort was to publish creative work that was not acceptable in the commercial magazines: poems, short fiction, sometimes long fiction published over several issues, plays, various experimental works hard to classify. During the 1930's and the early 40's, especially under the impact of the *Hound and Horn* and *The Southern Review*, a different pattern developed, which I have called the "quarterly review" type of little magazine. The pattern for the "quarterly review" was to publish more nonfiction prose than creative work, although each issue normally contained one or more stories and a selection of poems. This type of magazine, together with the books which quickly followed, became the publishing arm of the revolutionary critical movement which so completely changed much of our thinking about literature, both in criticism and in the profession of teaching.

The "quarterly review" pattern became dominant and until very recently has remained dominant in the little-magazine field. The difficulty with the pattern is that in the hands of its second generation (of whom I must consider myself one), the critical materials became repetitious and dull; that is, after the tremendous illumination gained by the works of such men as Winters, Tate, Ransom, Blackmur, Burke, and other men of their generation, the magazines quickly seemed to be filled with minor developments on the old insights and often became dull. In the later 1940's, I published an

say about the postwar little magazines, and I felt that the need of the little-magazine movement was to return predominantly to creative work. Gradually, this has come about until today, with the so-called "mimeograph revolution," the creative work seems to pop out from almost every garret in America.

By the end of 1940, with my handpress equipment, I was ready to launch a serious effort. In 1941 I published four issues of the magazine *Modern Verse*, printed from handset type always—at first on the handpress and later on the larger press I shall mention. The title indicates the purpose: to publish poems. The only prose was a small effort at reviewing. In this period, Dudley Wynn had become editor of *New Mexico Quarterly* and had changed the name to *New Mexico Quarterly Review*, projecting the former magazine more particularly into the "quarterly review" pattern. He asked me to become poetry editor of *NMQR*, and I turned over the small subscription list for *Modern Verse* in accepting this position. From 1942 to 1948, when Dudley Wynn relinquished the magazine in order to go to the University of Colorado, I continued as poetry editor. As I look back on this experience, I believe that we had an important magazine of the "quarterly review" type. The prose fiction selected by Dudley Wynn was challenging and often very distinguished, including the work of many persons now widely known. The non-fiction had, appropriately, many important materials about the Southwest, but also included literary criticism. In poetry, I was able to have space which permitted me to publish even more poems per quarter than I had been able to use in *Modern Verse* and also to conduct a review section covering my commentary on some eighty volumes of verse per year. Although a part of a larger magazine, this effort was clearly one of the larger efforts concerned with verse in the literary field of the time, and it would be a pleasure to have the space to spell out the names of the poets who contributed.

As I was editing poetry for *NMQR*, I thought I detected a number of poets working in experimental ways that were not merely offshoots of the old experimentalism. I published some of this work, but it was clear that with the eclectic policy I had for my poetry selections, I did not have space for the job I felt they needed. On my initiative, Meade Harwell and I sent a letter to the poets I thought were involved, proposing the formation of a cooperative group and the publication of a new magazine to concentrate upon this experimental work.

A group was formed and the magazine *Experiment* was begun. During its first or second year, I was its editor; it was continued by other hands until it now seems to have gone out of the picture.

After 1948, no longer having the poetry editorship of NMQR, I worked in various ways in the little-magazine movement. One of my objectives had been to try to find a means of being helpful to the best magazines. An early experiment was the publication of *The Advance Guard* for the four issues in the period 1947-48. This magazine did not publish creative material but attempted to give precise commentary upon serious literary publications in book and magazine form (my readers will detect an idea here which reached some fruition in the "current bibliography" sections of *Twentieth Century Literature* several years later); it also provided brief histories of significant little magazines. As my ideas developed, *The Advance Guard* became the *Index to Little Magazines*. Indeed, the first volume of the *Index* in 1948 was published simultaneously as the last issue of *The Advance Guard*. I had finally developed a project which I felt would be the most helpful one I could do for the best little magazines. This project has continued, and it is also being projected backwards to cover the historic past of the little magazines.

Active editorship in creative materials for little magazines was confined for a short time to minor positions as associate editor and advisory editor for various magazines. But, under my feeling that the chief effort in little magazines had to be the publication of creative work; once more, in 1953 I started my magazine *PS* (poems and stories). As the name indicates, this magazine contains no critical work, not even reviews. It is purely an occasional magazine and has seemed to average about one issue every eighteen months. I consider it primarily an adjunct to the book publishing, an opportunity to publish briefer things by some writers whose work interests me.

In 1955, with the help of some of my former students, as a cooperative endeavor, *Twentieth Century Literature: A Critical and Scholarly Journal*, was begun. It has been published continuously and just as it crosses its twelfth volume, the journal will be given to Immaculate Heart College of Los Angeles so that it may be institutionalized and so that, also, it will be assured a place without dependency upon my personal health and time. I have been proud that it has been the only privately sponsored critical and scholarly magazine in the literary field in this country. It has prospered and has become too

large a burden for me, taking too much time away from my publishing. PS, however, will be continued.

NOW I CAN RETURN to the much larger effort involved with book publishing under my concept of the "little publisher." In the spring of 1940, after completion of the first two works with the handpress, and thinking about a first full book of poetry to offer on the market, I had asked Robert Penn Warren if he knew any good poets who had remained unpublished in book form. He suggested two, of whom one was Lincoln Fitzell. I contacted Fitzell, whose work I had seen in magazines and had admired, and entered into the first contract for a book of this nature.

The printing equipment and the new type and the plans for Fitzell's book, *In Plato's Garden*, were packed into the car and taken to Powell for the summer, inasmuch as I was going to the University of New Mexico that fall to begin full-time teaching. During the summer I kept working away at the printing of the Fitzell book—a page at a time—and I have always felt that this was one of the best printing jobs I ever did. All this was taken to Albuquerque in September, and the printing was finished in the fall. I was lucky to discover Hazel Dreis, surely acknowledged to be the best book-binder in the United States at the time, in Santa Fe, where she had a binding shop. She became interested in the work and prepared a very nice case binding for the Fitzell book at as low a price as she could, and I issued the book that fall. This was followed immediately by some additions to the Swallow Pamphlet series.

The work to this time was poetry, as was the work with *Modern Verse*, and this is a good place to indicate some general attitudes about publishing poetry. A basic position I have had is this: it is not possible, volume after volume, to sell enough copies of a book of poems to pay commercial prices for production and to pay royalties. Of course, there will be individual variations, and an individual volume may do very well. Against this, if one is persistent and publishes book after book, many will sell very poorly indeed. Therefore, the publishing of poetry in our culture involves finding a means of making up this deficit. The means are several: so-called "vanity" publishing makes up the difference at the author's expense; supporting the monetary loss by monetary gains elsewhere; seeking the help of an "angel," which in our culture sometimes can involve not so

much an individual as a foundation or an educational institution.

To my mind, all of these are to be rejected. The dependency upon the author is not in the best interests of poetry or poets, and certainly there is no correlation between the ability of a poet and his ability to finance publication of his work. The second is presumably the method used by our large publishing houses, some of whom pride themselves upon sufficient literary taste to take a loss which will be made up by best selling books. It is to be noted that many of these publishers hedge on this matter in various ways, but it is also to be noted that after a period in which the number of publishers who thus prized their literary qualifications had declined considerably, their number has somewhat increased in recent years. The third method I have chosen to reject wholly. The reason is that I regard as significant the value of individual editorial judgment and I have therefore been wary of ever getting into a situation whereby a gift might impose a kind of control or obligation. And the sorts of other outside support usually involve the viciousness of "committeitis," that is, the filtering of the judgment through a kind of averaging-out of several individual judgments. In our time, a vigorous publishing program for poetry has been carried on by Wesleyan University Press. To my mind, although I feel it is an admirable effort, the editorial judgments involved have been to some extent blunted by the advisory-committee approach.

Rejecting these, yet determined to publish poetry on my own judgments, the training I had given myself in printing was the answer, just as it was the answer to the problem of publishing the little magazine. My position was simple: by throwing in my own work without cost against the book, I could reduce the out-of-pocket expenses of producing a volume of poems to the extent that sales would earn back all that expense plus a royalty for the author. As my list has built, the average sales have increased, so that the dependency upon my own manual work is less. For example, whereas I set the first books by hand and thus saved composition expense, I now buy composition commercially. But for most of the books of poetry I still do my own work at the "stone" and my own presswork. It should be noted that in a pinch I could get out a book with almost no out-of-pocket expense. I have not taught myself to make paper, but I could do so; but I have, with the help of friends in the bindery, done every other process of getting materials and of preparing a book.

The idea has worked as well as the extent of the labor I could put to the books. This has been sufficient to publish for nearly twenty years more volumes of poetry under a royalty contract, as I have publicly claimed, than any other publisher in the nation. At least for me and my basic position of action upon my judgments, I cannot think of another device as a solution to the problem of publishing poetry in our society.

Now, what of the taste and philosophy behind the judgments? If the judgment was generally faulty, all this work would have been a waste, nearly useless, accomplishment. I have one interesting test for my enthusiasms; for it is the momentary enthusiasms which are likely to endanger the independent judgment, so long, at least, as one may assume that the independent judgment is reasonably rounded on a useful critical position. That test is this: I normally will have handled the poems a good many times before a book is ready. I try to read each book, before acceptance, a minimum of twice carefully, and usually three times. This delays the final judgment sometimes, but it does protect the author and me from possible decisions on quick impressions and momentary enthusiasms. Then in reading proofs and in the actual pressrun—during which time I will be reading also—the work can become “old hat.” By the time the process is finished, I know a great deal about the poems. If my enthusiasm remains after those trials, I issue the work with all the critical assurance I can command. I test my critical judgment against the laborious process of printing, and I cannot think of a better test. It reminds me of my early way of determining how much I would want to purchase something from the Montgomery Ward catalog; I would translate the dollar amounts into the number of hours of labor that I would have to put out in work to acquire the wanted possession. And I can think of only one title which, when I was through, had failed this test and I felt I had largely wasted my time. There have been a few other books, but very few, that I have not been proud of at the end of the process; these were books in which I would shorten my own process because of the strong recommendation or enthusiasm of someone else whose judgment I respected. These have not been bad, by any means, but in a few cases I confess that my own critical judgment did not sufficiently accord with other judgments. To put it another way, on an occasional individual volume, out of respect for others, I have succumbed to what I call the vice of “committeitis” and in many of those cases I have been regretful.

An interesting sidelight to me: the method I have outlined make me so familiar with the work that I am a little affected by the review comment that my books of poetry receive. I feel it in my bones, if it were, that I am so much more inside these poems than the reviewer is likely to be. I respect many reviewers, but I know their handicap. And until I find that rare one who has come as close to the poems as I have, I know that my judgment should not be effected by the review comments. I am betting my judgment for the long haul against the judgment of any reviewer or critic. This may sound like a lot of arrogance, but I do not know how a person could possibly act on his judgments so continuously without finally taking the position.

With the proud position occupied on my list by the poetry of J. V. Cunningham, Yvor Winters, Edgar Bowers, Alan Stephens, Allen Tate, and others who might be identified as working within the old traditions of English poetry, obviously my taste for the resources of that tradition showed plainly in my editorial judgments. However, I have many times been annoyed by some public comment that would classify my publishing within this range. I have been eclectic. I have published the work of experimental writers, including at times special efforts that linked poetry with drawing (although I think this is very clearly a fruitless endeavor); I have published a good many people working within what seems to be considered the "modern temper," as some of the characteristic definitions of poetry are thought of today. I have been proud to publish Thomas McGrath who is, in a sense, none of these. Indeed, I find that most of the critics who wish to categorize are themselves working with a narrow definition and might approve one or another book that I have done but because I have done so many others not within that definition they feel that I have not worked hard enough for those particular notions. Shift the notions from critic to critic, and you cover the spectrum.

A MAN by the name of Horace Critchlow was a graduate student at the University of New Mexico that school year of 1940-41 and I became acquainted. He was somewhat older than the usual graduate student and had a bit of money. He was keenly interested in publishing and thought he would like to work with me on it; so I bought out a small plant of printing equipment which a man had

used as a part-time activity in the basement of his home. It consisted of a Chandler and Price 10 x 15 press, type cases and furniture and several fonts of type, mostly adapted to job printing. We installed this equipment, together with what I had, in a garage we rented near the University and formed a partnership called Swallow and Critchlow. For something like a year we published together under that name. We had an idea that we could pay for some of the cost of publishing by doing odd jobs of printing for hire. In much of the time available at the press, I printed letterheads for a church, stationery and invitations for sororities, one leaflet for a boy's ranch, and similar work. We called this press facility Big Mountain Press. We bought linotype composition from a Baptist publication in Albuquerque, where a preacher ran a linotype.

While Critchlow and I were working together, we had the notion of expanding beyond the realm of poetry. Particularly interested in the problems of the literature of the West, we thought this expansion might move in that direction. We published two books, one of them paperbound, and the other, both hardbound and paperbound (and thus perhaps one of the many, many precursors of the "paperback revolution" which is usually attributed at its start to Anchor books) on which first appeared the reincarnation of the word "Sage." We called these two titles, "Sage Books." One consisted of translations, *Three Spanish American Poets*; the other, the anthology *Rocky Mountain Stories* edited by Ray B. West, Jr.

In 1942 Critchlow was called into the army, and we had to break up the partnership. We decided to dissolve it on approximately the way we had gone into it—that is, I kept my handpress and the type I had had, and the titles, since I knew I would be going on with publishing, and Critchlow took the larger press and the other equipment he had purchased. That equipment was moved near Santa Fe and then, I discovered later, landed in Denver during the war.

That fall I went to teach at Western State College in Gunnison, Colorado; and during the following school year I issued a few titles, all poetry, using the handpress.

In the fall of 1943 I went into the Army for a little more than two years. When I was in the Army, I was not able to issue any books, although I did continue the editorial work for the *New Mexico Quarterly Review*. I came out of the Army late in 1945 and arrived in Denver in January 1946, to teach at the University of Denver.

I HAD BEEN THINKING about a new idea for my publishing. I thought that it was possible for a small personal publisher to cooperate with a commercial firm, and drew up some plans which were submitted to a number of New York publishers during the winter of 1946. My idea was that I would do some of the smaller things as before with the small press and with the Alan Swallow imprint in Denver, but that certain types of books might well make a go of it on the commercial market through a joint arrangement with a New York publisher. William Morrow and Company was the first to take an interest in my plan, and in May 1946, we concluded an arrangement for joint publication under the imprint The Swallow Press and William Morrow & Co.

The first joint imprint title appeared in 1947 and during the next four years some twenty-one titles appeared thus. A number of these were poetry, but others provided an extensive experience with literary criticism, literary bibliography, and fiction. I may as well use this reference as an opportunity to talk about these types of books, just as I have previously talked about my philosophy in publishing poetry.

One of the first two titles in the joint imprint was *In Defense of Reason*, by Yvor Winters. This was followed by critical books by Alan Tate and Wallace Fowlie. They demonstrate that I have been interested, if I publish literary criticism, almost exclusively in books which had what I would call a "seminal" position. I have had very little interest in many of the books which are often published as literary criticism. One of these is the ordinary collection of disparate essays of a person who happens to have published a number of articles in the quarterly reviews. Another is the usual study of an individual writer. I have felt that the publishing situation for such books is fairly well provided for; particularly did this become more true when Ford Foundation funds became available to university presses. I have considered this a happy circumstance. The problem of the "little publisher" in this whole realm, it seems to me, is to keep from frittering away his time and energy over the useful but derivative. At least I have wanted, and I am proud to have achieved, in the three critics mentioned and also later in publishing the criticism of J. V. Cunningham, the publishing of books with these characteristics: a definite and "seminal" point of view, that is, a type of criticism informed by new critical thinking as well as containing useful scholarship and useful commentary on the individual works. I am interested in what I have called the "whole critic," that type of critical work which

demonstrates a union of aesthetic and critical ideas with the ability to see the particular literary work. The publication of the Winters criticism began here and continues on into the present; I have indicated elsewhere that I feel that he is the outstanding example of the "whole critic." Tate's work, although it is a collection of separate essays and although Tate has not provided a fully stated critical position, certainly suggests these qualities. Fowlie was breaking new ground in attempting a rationale for surrealism and other modern movements. Then Cunningham came along with the most succinct arguments of position and detail that I have ever seen.

I have violated this editorial stand by doing an occasional book about a particular author. I recall particularly the book on Sherwood Anderson by James Schevill (published at the University of Denver Press) and the recent book by R. K. Meiners on the work of Allen Tate. The reason for doing these, which seem outside my editorial position, is that I believe that each made a particularly needed contribution which might not have been published elsewhere and thus fell within the special functions of the "little publisher."

As an offshoot from my position about literary criticism, I have had a considerable interest in literary biography, particularly that type which can provide some biographical information while at the same time providing some useful, although brief, critical awareness of the writer's work. This accounts for the publication at various times of such a series as the English Novelists, so far as I know, the first series of such compact books in our time, and the volume on Frost written by Elizabeth Isaacs. Considered either as biography or as criticism, such volumes are of secondary values. But as a working teacher, I have been interested in the very considerable values of such books when they are well done. I may say that I have been glad that this type of book, now proliferated in several series such as the Wayne series and the Minnesota pamphlets can now seem to be done successfully without the need of a special dedication of the "little publisher." My only other passing comment on such books is that I wish they were not so rigidly conceived in pattern, but I suppose if one must face the task of being certain that dozens and dozens of writers must be covered, one somehow has to shepherd the effort. It is not, frankly, the kind of editorial work and editorial judgment in which I would have any interest.

Still another offshoot from my critical interest has been, if I may say so, a demonstration of the usefulness of the "little publisher."

This involves what I call "literary bibliography." A prototype test of this kind of work was the volume *Poetry Explication*, first done by George Arms and Joseph Kuntz and published in the joint imprint of Swallow Press and Morrow in 1950. This compilation of critical references was a new concept and it was very hard to sell at first. I will say that at the time the joint imprint of Swallow Press and Morrow was given up and the title moved to Denver; we had some unbound sheets of this title which were remaindered because the sale had been so poor. But I could not leave this concept alone and persisted by publishing additional volumes of this type. Gradually, over a decade, the concept caught hold. When *Poetry Explication*, for example, went out of print in its first edition, it was more in demand than ever before, and since we had the idea that these books should be revised approximately each decade, a simple reprinting would not have sufficed. Instead the time had to be taken to do the revised edition. Since then *Poetry Explication* has been through several printings as have its companion volumes, *American Novel*, *English Novel*, and *Short Fiction Criticism*. The series will be rounded out by the addition of two volumes of drama criticism this winter, and the intention is to keep each of the volumes revised each decade.

Twentieth Century Literature linked up with this group of editorial ideas in that it, in its attitudes, eschewed the work primarily of explication but demanded that its articles have something of critical awareness or scholarly contribution. Then it immediately projected itself into literary bibliography by its "current bibliography" section and by its publication of individual bibliographies. The latter feature made it feasible for me to issue some of the bibliographies also as books, since costs could be shared in the two appearances. Three or four years ago, *College English* had a survey of useful materials for the teacher and student, and of the thirty-five titles mentioned, I was proud that seven were Swallow publications.

I have approached the publishing of fiction also with some particular attitudes. One of those was in effect programmed by one of the first two books published under the joint Swallow Press-Morrow effort, a book I edited entitled *Anchor in the Sea: An Anthology of Psychological Fiction*. This attempted to point out a particular type of fiction that had been the concern of many of our finest writers in recent times. I would say that my editorial interest in publishing fiction has remained somewhat close to that original concept.

except that, as I have gotten more deliberately into it in the last decade, other ideas have become a part of the editorial concern. Perhaps the best way that I can summarize the position is this: a small publisher really should, if he can, stay away from the publication of fiction. The entire apparatus of the publication, reception, and sale of new fiction is something outside his method of operation. And the procedure I have outlined whereby one could manage a continuous effort in the publication of poetry will not work for fiction. The reason for this is merely mechanical: most books of fiction are long and the small press will have to devote so much time to a single volume that the printer could be doing several shorter books with the same effort. I have done a few books of fiction in which part of the manufacture was provided by my own labor, but most of this work I have had to hire others to do because of the factor of time. That is, the time that I had available for production was centered on the poetry and I was unwilling to give up several volumes of poetry for one volume of fiction.

Despite these attitudes about publishing fiction, I have persisted in doing so. The primary reason is that I have from time to time found works which I admire greatly and which for some reason were not being taken up by the large publishers. Thus I felt compelled, again by my judgment of value, to do everything I could to see that some particular works were published. Besides individual volumes that I could mention, chief effort has gone into such as these: the making available of the historical novels of Janet Lewis; completion of Vardis Fisher's gigantic *Testament of Man* and then pulling together a good many of his works; the assertion of the value which had been neglected in the work of Frank Waters; the publication of the works of Anais Nin; the publication of two titles by Edward Loomis and various works by N. V. M. Gonzales, Thomas Bledsoe, Richard McBride, and quite a few others; doing several books by Frederick Manfred at a critical time for him. How have I managed it? Situations for individual volumes vary a good deal, but at this moment I can say that I have not been hurt by doing this. I have had to feel that with serious work the "little publisher" may not be at quite such a disadvantage as it would first appear. Being devoted to the works, he is prepared to neglect the immediate reaction, which counts so much in the larger marketplace for fiction. In other words, again he is asserting his judgment on a long range basis; he is willing to expect that the better fiction is not completely subject to that

marketplace and that it will continue to sell instead of die. Some of the works have attained a steady sale, a few in quite good volume. An example of which I am particularly proud is the Frank Waters' novel *The Man Who Killed the Deer*. When I issued this at the University of Denver Press about 1951, then taken over by my imprint in 1953, there was practically no sale available. But I managed to continue a sale at an accelerated pace ever since until now in its two editions it has a very substantial sale; every year it is more and more accepted.

Incidentally, I believe that the University of Denver Press was the first university press in the nation to publish original fiction, not reprints.

IN THE JOINT-IMPRINT PLAN I had thought that some of my titles would be able to assume the tremendous overhead costs involved in New York commercial publishing and, further, that a by-product of my work with some of the authors for my specialized literary imprint would be an occasional book of even more popular demand, which would be a money-maker for such a firm as Morrow.

Experience indicated that I did turn out two or three manuscripts of interest to them. But on the whole, the idea was not very satisfactory. I found that the authors with whom I was working were not very frequently commercially feasible in terms of New York publishing. I found, further, that despite the advantage of salesmen and the normal operations of a New York publisher, the titles in which I was specifically interested did not sell so well that they could stand the extra costs involved. So, by friendly and mutual agreement, in 1951 the joint imprint was dissolved with Morrow, and all the titles remaining that had been published thus were moved out to Denver.

Several other things had been going on: I continued to publish under the Alan Swallow imprint with verse and some fiction. I discovered that Mr. Critchlow was in Denver also, and that the press we had used in Albuquerque was in Denver in the basement of the home of Rudolph Gilbert, the Unitarian minister. I was able to make arrangements to use that press. Mr. Gilbert, in fact, was using it, as well as a treadle Pearl Press that he had, for the printing of church bulletins and programs. With both presses available, much more work could be turned out than with my small handpress. For several years I did my printing under those conditions, and a number of my students took an interest in the publishing and would lend aid, particu-

ly John Williams, who learned to print and operated the press site often for a couple of years while he was studying at the University of Denver. A number of other students also aided in one way or another, either by printing or by folding printed sheets for binding the open-house gatherings I held periodically for students.

Critchlow also indicated continued interest and faith in publishing. With the Swallow Press arrangement with Morrow and with continuation of the smaller editions of the literary material under the Alan Swallow imprint, the spot that seemed to me wide open for similar activity and development of a market was that of regional books—books about the Rocky Mountain West. Critchlow and I picked up this idea from our brief beginnings some five years earlier when we formed the small corporation called Sage Books, Inc., to work in this field.

Then the University of Denver decided to make an effort in publishing, and founded the University of Denver Press. I was asked to become director of that effort, although it was to be part-time, since I continued to teach.

For a period of a few years, I was responsible for books coming out under four different imprints: Alan Swallow, Sage Books, Swallow Press and William Morrow & Co., and the University of Denver Press. This was reduced, of course, when the Swallow Press and Morrow & Co. imprint was dissolved. Because those titles came to Denver, the number of titles did not reduce, and the effort involved in the joint imprint was actually transferred to Denver and continued with the Alan Swallow imprint.

In 1951, with the death of Margaret Bartlett, *Author and Journalist* came on the market and Critchlow, Raymond Johnson—who had founded a firm interested especially in publication printing—and David Raffelock of the National Writers' Club decided to buy the magazine. I was asked to come into the group to edit it. A part of the arrangement was to provide some space for the press, which I moved out of Gilbert's basement, and for storage and shipping, which had become a real problem and had been informally handled through the aid of friends who would put books up and sometimes do some of the packaging. For a period of two years, then, that side of the work was handled in a building *Author and Journalist* had rented. In 1953 the *Author and Journalist* was sold to Nelson Antrim Crawford in Topeka, and it became necessary to make other arrangements for space. One of my students, Bruce Woodford, pro-

vided basic storage in the basement of a home he and his wife owned, and then later I rented a garage to store the books. That year we added to our home and provided a small room in which I could place the press itself and do the actual shipping, replenishing a small supply of the titles by going to the storage facility. This served temporarily until in 1954 I secured on a competitive bid the publication of the *United States Quarterly Book Review* from the Library of Congress, and with the income from this contract (the suspension of *USQBR* came in 1956), we added a building on the back of our property, which has been used since for printing and shipping and storage facilities. In 1953 Mr. Critchlow decided to leave Denver and ultimately moved to California, so again we had to dissolve our association.

The experience with Sage Books, Inc., and the University of Denver Press had interested me in the problems of a regional list; and I was determined to pursue it. So the arrangement was that I took over the stock of Sage Books titles and made the imprint itself—without the “Inc.” since the corporation was dissolved—a sub-imprint of mine; and I have carried it on since, with approximately one-half of the publishing effort going into the books under that imprint.

In September 1953, the University of Denver, under stress of change and financial difficulty, had decided to drop the University of Denver Press operation. During that school year I worked at disposing of University of Denver Press titles. I was thoroughly convinced of the value of a number of these, for which we could not get what seemed to be equitable offers from other publishers; so I secured some credit, and entered into long-range contract with the University of Denver on some of them, and acquired a number of them to add to my list. Most of these tied into the regional effort of Sage Books, a field we had devoted much effort to at the University of Denver Press also.

I MENTIONED EARLIER that there had been a second time in which factors of my own character and determination as well as events around me seemed to “jell” into a pattern. This second period came in the spring of 1954. I had taken over solely the Sage Books imprint, I had brought together titles of the Alan Swallow and Swallow Press-Morrow imprints, and I had acquired some titles from the University of Denver Press. When these were put together, I had a fairly substantial list in one place resulting from those previous areas of

effort. Furthermore, under the stresses of time at the University of Denver, the Department of English had been reduced so much for the moment that I felt that I could not encourage graduate students to come into the writing program as strongly as I had before.

In that year, I resigned from the University of Denver and decided to cast my lot full time with the publishing. This was the first year that we had taken money out of publishing. I told my family that I did not truly believe that a person could make a living in this country publishing the books that I wished to publish, but I was mistaken. The living, of course, must be reasonably modest; but over the years the values have increased and the amount of effort in terms of number of titles and variety of titles has increased.

SINCE 1954 the effort has been channeled principally in the two imprints—Alan Swallow and Sage Books. These are, of course, the imprints for the literary works (poetry, literary criticism, bibliography, and fiction) and for what I call “books about the American West.” The latter terminology is intended to be quite broad. I see a need for small editions in the narrow category, “Western Americana.” But this work interests me very little. I have concentrated upon trade editions over a broad span, and even the references to the American West have sometimes been stretched a tiny bit. But the books have included a wide range from science through biography and memoirs to guide books, history, and even cookbooks.

In 1959 I decided to enter the fashionable and rising field of the quality paperback. At first, the work of this type was concentrated in Swallow Paperbacks, that is, in the paperback offshoot from the Alan Swallow imprint. A little later, I added Western Sage Paperbacks, a paperback development from Sage Books.

The effort in paperbacks warrants a comment because of my particular approach to it. I had done occasional titles in paper where the form of binding seemed suitable for presentation of a particular work, and the Swallow Pamphlet series had been continued with occasional editions. But I had resisted going into the “paperback revolution” because I felt that it had an editorial position contrary to my own. That is, although it was extremely valuable to publish package works neatly and was relatively inexpensive, it was ninety per cent or more what I call “leach” publishing. I mean by this that editorial judgment is not extended to new work and the reputation of the

publishing is not standing or falling on the judgment of untried work. Instead, the scramble soon was on in the "paperback revolution" to find titles that had been published and made their reputations. That they brought many of these back into print is, aside from the price, the big claim that paperback publishing can make.

I began to feel, however, that because paperback publishing created, in part, a new market—the expansion of the college bookstores into trade-book departments, which primarily became paperback departments, and the creation of a new group of bookstores which handled paperbacks only—I should do all that I could to offer this market to my own authors. This was my reason for entry into the paperback field. With one or two exceptions, I have not sought the out-of-print book, and with one exception, I have not gone to other publishers to get paperback rights. Instead, the paperback titles have been developed from my own list, according to that philosophy.

Furthermore, with my bent toward asserting an active editorial judgment, I quickly became interested in exploring the possibilities of the "paperback revolution" for the original work, the untried work. This effort takes two forms: 1) to publish something originally and solely in paperback, as I have in the series called Poets in Swallow Paperbooks and Fiction in Swallow Paperbooks; 2) the simultaneous publication of many titles in both clothbound and paperbound form. The first of these two methods is quite difficult because the developed market is so closely keyed to the reprint, and the review media also so closely tuned to the conception that in handling paperbacks they are noticing reprints, that the "original" in paperbook form has little place in the entire development. This is particularly true of original fiction, and after trying a number of original titles in paper alone, and finding that the stores could not make a place for them and that the review media took no notice of them as original contributions, I modified that particular plan and now publish a clothbound edition alongside the Fiction in Swallow Paperbooks edition. The original in paperback works a little better in poetry, and the method adds flexibility to the presentation of poetry. Within a limited range, I now prize the technique. I can now, according to the way I see a manuscript of poems and the problems of presentation, publish in any form among the following choices: hardback, simultaneous hardback and paperback, paperback original alone, and the Swallow Pamphlet. I find this flexibility significant, and I wish that a similar flexibility will be available to other works. But in this sense, the "paperback

evolution" has not demonstrated that it is a mature kind of publishing.

My work with fiction in original paperbacks had been with the long standing feeling that the "little publisher" was needed in the area of short fiction, that is, the short story, novelette, and short novel, all of which find a difficult time in the patterns of large-scale publishing. From my original entry into publishing fiction, I have been interested in this particular problem. I had hoped that the paperback development would be a help in solving the problems of presenting short fiction, and it is a disappointment that so far it has not been a help. However, I am not so sure that this picture will not be changed by patient and continuous work, since I cannot help feeling that at some time we will all become impatient with the lacks in paperback publishing and expect it to do more. To my mind, the form is there and sometime it can be more successfully used.

A word should be said about a third imprint, Big Mountain Press. As I have indicated, this name dates back to the days in Albuquerque in which Critchlow and I called our printing facility Big Mountain Press. During the years that we had the *Author and Journalist* magazine, we decided to do something about the vicious practice of vanity publishers. That something was to revive Big Mountain Press as a printing-for-hire facility so that those authors who felt compelled to self-publish would be able to secure a fair deal. The term for such editions is "private editions," in which the author seeks book production and owns all books produced and all rights in the work.

We are aware that the "private edition" or the sometimes cooperatively sponsored book (I mean by this term, that a group might sponsor rather than the private individual) is essential to American publishing because certain works of specialized thought, of ideas not acceptable to our publishing market, sometimes of poetry, and of similar limited needs, would not make a place in the normal commercial market. Yet if they have inherent values, even of a local nature, they must not be denied a chance. Such books might be sponsored by institutional and governmental processes, but they usually are not. Advantage of this need had been taken by the group of publishers we call "vanity," and quite a large industry had developed, which, to my mind, flourished at the authors' expense.

Big Mountain Press developed in perhaps unusual ways because it was in a geographical area with rather little know-how in professional book manufacture. Therefore, it has become a service as much

for institutional work as it has for the private edition. Universities, colleges, museums, historical societies, churches, other publishers, and other organizations, have sought it out as a means of getting professional production. A service of Big Mountain Press has also extended, when desired, to aid in distribution and selling of the books manufactured, this done purely on a commission basis. Once into such commission work, and having the only recognized trade publishing firm in a particular area, I have also handled distribution of other works on a commission basis, most noticeably the Bancroft Booklets.

The entire endeavor of my publishing has increased with such vigor that at times it has stretched beyond my abilities to keep as close to each detail as I would like. As of the present time, something between fifty and sixty titles are coming forth each year, of which approximately forty-five are in the two imprints Alan Swallow and Sage Books, normally about equally divided between the two, and in the remaining eight or ten, the service work is performed by Big Mountain Press. The size disturbs me, but so long as I have the time and ability to assert the center of the effort, that is, the editorial judgment of value in new work, I feel that the development can be only helpful. And certainly it does provide an assured, strong and flexible base: that the judgment need never fail merely because of lack of facility to back it up.

ALAN SWALLOW: 1915-1966

Turned in on his own night, his eyes were unafraid

A RED-BRICK GARAGE stands behind the Swallow house. There, the Chandler Price 10 x 15 at his back, on the floor beside his worktable the little Melsey 5 x 8 handpress with which he started publishing, Alan would gather, wrap, and ship books. It was also here that he set and printed The Jew Poetry Series, Poets in Swallow Paperbooks, The Swallow Pamphlets—the type clicking as he set it deftly in the stick. Or he would be working at the Chandler & Price, the press breathing poems into his quick hand like a metal gill. It was when he was printing that a remark he once made to me always became charged anew with meaning: “You make another commitment and you breathe another air.”

As he worked in the garage, distributing type or shipping or printing, the radio playing on the windowsill, Alan might discuss in detail the works of his favorite authors—Cunningham, Winters, Bowers, Loomis, Stephens, McGrath, Manfred, Waters; he might talk about some experimental work that he had seen in the little magazines he devoured; or about the road tests and specifications on a sports car or motorcycle; in spring and summer, now the ponies were running that year at Centennial. Alan ate like he hunted, standing up, and he drank mediocre whiskey; but when you drank with him the presence of the man warmed that whiskey and made it good, better and more memorable than any other drink you could recall; warmed with booze, Alan talked about writers, writing, and publishing like a man in love talks about his beloved.

Alan's one luxury was an XKE Jaguar the off-white color of his gray eyes and white hair. Earlier there had been motorcycles, but Alan had gone down, his leg torn and broken badly, and the ensuing infection (staphylococcus of the bone), coupled with his congenitally damaged heart, had forced him to put motorcycles aside. Pain was as intimate and familiar to Alan as his skin, and his last years were spent on crutches. But here was the XKE. Alan drove fast and well; the tachometer seldom wobbled as he moved the gears delicately, smoothly, swiftly, quickly into place; and, with the acceleration pushing like a fist in the pit of your stomach, you would glance over and notice that Alan was smiling wistfully, determined and controlled: he had become rapturous. The violence that he held in check somewhere in the center of himself had been transferred to the explosive rhythms of the engine, in much the same way that a poet transforms his energies in the formal structure of a poem. As you rode

with him, Alan's freedom and control, just this side of recklessness and abandon, could be unnerving in their intensity.

Alan was a man who built himself a castle only to discover, too late that a man needs help in maintaining a castle. The castle killed him. Besides, he never had luck with holidays: on Christmas 1962 he suffered coronary occlusion; on Thanksgiving 1966 he was dead of a heart attack at his typewriter. As always he was working, at the time of his death on listing for his *Index to Little Magazines*. He was 51. Yet as long as it had to do with books, literature, publishing—shipping, royalty and commission reports, contracts, production, agenting, editing, design, distribution, billing, taxes, bookkeeping—if it was publishing in any phase, Alan was happy. This was his commitment; this was the air he breathed.

Many titles can be appended to Alan's name but the one that obviously filled him with the most pride was the one he stamped and printed on the spines, title pages, and dust jackets of his books, on his letterheads, envelopes, shipping labels, and billing forms: ALAN SWALLOW, Publisher.

Alan could have been many things: anything he put his hand to he did exceptionally well. He was a maverick, one of the great ones. As always, in the end it was Alan who said it best:

*And I, who read and printed words,
Worked warm within the marvelous air.*

—GUS BLAISDEL

HOWARD MC CORD

KATHMANDU VALLEY: A HILLSIDE

Tibet is fifty miles away
and the requiem of all that is fugitive
is the low and moaning cry of the wind.
The mountains here break out toward the sky
in a spasm of rock and snow
and hungry villages. Below,
a white stupa covers a relic of Buddha
like cupped hands
and I am very close to walking to Tibet.
It is moving into a falcon's eyes
and brain here on the hillside,
a funny pilgrim rocking on his heels
talking to a brown child
in some tree language of gesture
while out beyond our faces are the Himalayas
and fifty miles away
my cinnamon Tibet.

HOWARD MC CORD

NOW

We wait helplessly
for whatever calamity is due us,
hoping it won't come,
hoping we'll die before
our children,
before each other.

Knowing better.

PHILIP LEGLER

A CHRISTMAS STORY

We know he isn't real
Under that sky of branches whose needles will fall;
Nor are those other figures we have repaired, some chipped or broken,
Who cannot tell us at all
Why we have remembered him now, like a childhood tale
Long after it's spoken—

The kings almost as we found them
A year ago, and the stable we picked up at Sears
Along with the dazzled sheep and cows, still warm enough, still sturdy
After so many years,
As if that radiance could really astound them
And turn them giddy.

Leaving our winter weather
Outside, like separate trails a snow will swirl,
A few storm windows stacked like wood, to be washed and hammered in
Before the next cold spell,
We are strangers coming from all directions to gather
Together again.

Up from the cellar we bring
Old shoe- and hat-boxes, tinsel and glazed decorations,
Gay balls and fruits wrapped up in paper, spinners to circle and sound
All sorts of fancy creations,
And flickering lights we will test, replace and then string
Around and around

Like Christmas cards that shimmer
Their lanterns over the field or the village alone,
Or a delicate glass ballerina who hangs in the air, whose pirouette
Is hers but not her own.
Without such brilliance all would grow suddenly dimmer
And we'd forget

These ornaments and the caroling
Of Grandfather's Swedish birds like chanticleer
Suspended to fly, from cages spiraling skyward to sing at home
In perfect atmosphere,
Beyond the steps of the ladder we climb, that's whirling
Our living room.

High-spirited, turning to see
We are wise men knowing it goes against all reason—
That the light of fear or habit or hope has brought us where we are—
We are caught up in the season
To rise above ourselves who have fashioned a tree
And placed a star.

E. J. NEELY

TO A NIGHTHAWK

I heard you, lonely
bird of night. Your plaintive cry
cut a record. Dark
form, swept beyond the light, yet
etched, a brave silhouette.

ALAN STEPHENS

THE THREE SISTERS

River, dangerous—why it is green, so fast
that when it strikes rocks or goes over a ledge
all the water in it is smashed into a mixture
with the air, a flashing white (under which, though,
the green is retained, a pale delicate tint in
the powerful little river). The lava
it cuts through has a purplish cast where the air
has united with it chemically. Up country
lie the great deep lava beds of the Three Sisters,
new lava, nothing growing on it, cracked
into great irregular blocks; like melted metal
poured out over the mountains. Against the sky
the sharp raw little masses protruding
like hot metal splashed up and hardening
before it could subside. To lie down here.
Scoriae with a sharp thin cold air
moving in hard breezes over the place.
In the distance the Three Sisters—austere
ones, the three bare cones, streaked with snow.
Guard me, guard me, O Sisters of the desolation
of bare beginnings. All of it under streaky clouds
that slowly become uniform, then drop rain,
a cold rain. It instantly forms runnels
that head down across the slag, moving fast.

ALAN STEPHENS

AGAIN HOW THE WEATHER WAS

After the rains and chilly aftermath,
warmish, 'genial' winds, clear all day, though
not too clear for the eye's comfort—
with night, stars exceptionally distinct
and brilliant, windiness in trees
though quiet on the ground mostly,
some sort of scent in the air, some
flowering bush—the light
in houses brilliant, houses
filled full as if to bulging
with light, as sacks with wheat
when amongst the hectic
work and racket, machinery
and dust whirring in August blaze,
all seemed to rush to a quiet
wheat shine—these houses
filled full with such light.

LINDA PASTAN

BRITTLE THINGS

I dream of brittle things:
A papery moth whose wings
Are colored like a kite
That blows apart in flight.
I dream of things that break:
The surface of the lake
Before the children swim.
The children are so thin
Their bones stick out like wings.
I dream of brittle things.

EDWIN HONIG

NATIVITY

Toward the child came starlight,
the light of his world and mine,
the light of the world he'd yet
to perceive and divine,

Birds, fishes, and men
drew breath with the child,
as if born again,
the dead moving toward starlight.

"Man is king of this life,"
sang the starlight.
"The hunger for death must die.
Man is divine."

Now birds, fishes, and I
hear our blood sing reply
in the newborn child,
opening the eyes of the child.

EDWIN HONIG

BACK IN BODEGA

In the downrushing sun
winds endlessly fluent
gigantically crinkle
a spun blond field,
crack leathery strips
off a high eucalyptus,
ride lichen-green barns
over failure of fences
creaking and fallen,
then shrink to a whirlwi
past carcass of rabbit,
dismembered sheep,
in a darkening grove,
while above and beyond
rides totally clear of clot
the triumphant sky's
appendage of hawks,
drifting controlled
through the ultimate bl

JEANNE DEL. BONNETTE

VACANT HOUSE

Beside the old earth-colored
adobe house haphazard on the ground
whose doors have vanished
and whose window frames are empty
wherein tumbleweeds have hidden at last
from the wind in corners

the rusty upside-down cars
lie like dark wing-folded shells
of beetles on the dry earth.

Majestic cottonwoods
rise above the corral
with no boy to throw a rope
over a low-hanging branch,
no man to lean a rake
against the great trunk,
no woman to stand in the shade,
her apron fluttering as she holds
a hand over her eyes
against the brilliance.

The echo of horses stamping
has long ago faded from the air
and now only the crows
perch high in the upper boughs
to scold the ghosts
of those who once were here
working, belonging.

STUART SILVERMAN

AFTER LONG SILENCE

As an old print rises through the stone
And sets its shadow on a random sheet,
Carrying the past up from where the past has lain
So that the present seems to stop in doubt,
And workmen, congregating, talk in groups
About the artist risen from the void
While someone rubs the stone down to eclipse
Whatever moved and quickened in the grid,
So some thing I was rises through the bone
Nudging the webbed interstices of time,
And stains the outward being with old loves.
The dull skin mottles, finding in the grain
Those words you used in summoning the form,
Which left no substance wedded to these leaves.

RICK FOSTER

BEFORE DARK

The texture of the cloud,
Long-stranded, granular,
Grey as weathered wood,
Tells of the coming hour.

Above, two jet planes pass,
White tails torn by gusts
Of wind, providing us
With emblems of our past,

Emblems of our hurt
Love, blown high and wild:
Speeding the gathering night,
Flying against the world.

LUCILE ADLER

AN ABACUS AND A SUM OF PRIDE

Children, your pride is wider than the town
Of Velarde where the river goes from our valley
Over stones. Who are you to be so proud?

Here is an abacus of lava beads for the sum
Of your talents; your fingers fumble, though
Your minds flow through the gorge to grow boundless—

Who are you? One sews like a countess, with needles
Of insight pricking the amber silk of the river;
One can spy strawberries marking the far snow line.

But you will be greatly humble or ground down
In the slow cold course of the water; your faces,
And the gold-speckled faces of stones waver

Under the sum of my dream. Who are you to be so sure,
While I who count the seed bed and guide your brown hands,
Am snagged in the glide of your minds out over stones?

Remember, when you touch the dark warm gout of error
And know in your pride who you are, remember me
Whose heart fumbles the cold black lava beads:

Bind in gold channels of your boundless flowing out,
Children, with your deep innocence, my spurting pride.

DON H. PETERSON

SONG

Oquendo, Oquendo — lover of lyre,
liver of life,
honored by harmony—
so pale, so sad,
so frail the scent of a flower bears you down.

Where now the music we heard?

Oquendo, Oquendo — so pale, so sad.
La música:
heroic, of the critical casts of history.
La música:
black dots on paper,
chords on a black piano,
and the songs the world sings.

Rodrigo, luminous guitarist of subterranean dawns
Bartok, egghead, their of tunes for cerebral passion
Beethoven, thunder illuminating the chasms of life
Mozart, egotism in flood, rolling forever in Arcadia.

Opera singers with breasts like eggplants.

Stravinsky, the puberty of hot tomcats
Debussy, the gramophone needle of the rats
Wagner, turgid load of stones and mediocrity
Schubert, whose every belch was melody.

Music which communicates.

Gluck, Bach, Ravel,
Chopin, Gershwin, Verdi
all lived for her alone.

Oquendo — so pale, so sad — ay-ay!

Así será mejor para el olvido.

W. W. G.

POWAMU

This is not the season of eagles—
It is the time of cold stars,
Falling snow,
Coyotes calling
Close to the village.

There is the scent of cedar ruff
And piñon smoke,
And now as from the beginning of life
The piercing stamp of the foot
On the yielding earth,
The drum that beats
Too fast for the heart to follow.

This is the time of the dancer's rattle
On the roof of the kiva,
The welcome from those within,
Warm and waiting.
As I welcome you from the snow, my love,
With a heart that beats
Too fast for the drum to follow.

Poetry Contributors

✿ Poetry, *The Southwest Review*, *The Nation*, and *New Yorker* are but a few of the places LUCILE ADLER'S poems have appeared. Her book of verse, "A Traveling Out," will be published by Macmillan sometime this year. She is a resident of Santa Fe.

✿ JEANNE DEL BONNETTE, a resident of Albuquerque, has published three books of poetry as well as contributing music reviews for *Music News*. She has traveled widely in Mexico, and to Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal. This marks her second appearance in *NMQ*.

✿ Employed in Statistics and Operations Research by Pacific Telephone, RICK FOSTER lists Robinson Jeffers as his principal influence in poetry, as well as Graves, the late Randall Jarrell, and William Stafford. Currently supporting himself on "forty per cent employment," Mr. Foster is working on a novel. He

received his B.S. from Cal Tech in 1961 and followed this with two years of graduate study at the University of California, Berkeley.

✿ Editor of UNM Press, and formerly an editor at the Huntington Library, WINIFRED W. GREGORY has long had a wide acquaintance with Indian ceremonials and a special interest in the Hopi.

✿ A frequent and familiar contributor to *NMQ*, EDWIN HONIG'S most recent awards are a grant from the National Institute and an award from the Academy of Arts and Letters. A professor of English at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, Honig's most recent work is a play, *Calisto and Melibea*, which was performed this past summer at the Stanford Theatre Festival, Stanford University. A revised text of the play is being used as a libretto to an opera now being scored by Jerome Rosen, a California com-

(continued on page 404)

El Santa

BY PAT M. ESSLINGER

He had been pleased to find this tiny plot of earth near the great Almacén Sears on which to build his hut of cartons and tin, but today he was more than pleased; he was filled with shaking wonder. He looked out the leaning doorway into the mist of the sunrise and glanced from the rounded hill of the three crosses beyond the red rooftops to the long flat roof of the great Sears. From his own door he could see the Christmas tree and the hanging bulbs. And today at the great glass window, the great Almacén Sears would unveil El Santa. That was all the young people had spoken of for days; and even to him, used to the promises and delays of Caleños, the wait had seemed long. So much longer than usual. But today the great canvas curtain that hid the window would be drawn aside and there would sit El Santa. José Mariá had seen the figure as it was carried in and had enjoyed two days of fame with his hints of what El Santa would be. Now the rest of them would see for themselves.

Of course Erliño and the others had seen pictures of Santa Claus in the papers glued to the columns of the newspaper building and in placards at Navidad time, but this was different. This was El Santa, a life-sized figure in a glass window that was said actually to move and was brought all the way, in a huge crate, José Mariá had said nodding wisely, from Los Estados Unidos where people were used to such things.

And today Erliño would be late to the silver factory where he spent the day fitting tiny chunks of raw emerald into tiny silver baskets; today he would wait to see El Santa.

The church beyond the great Sears began to play its record of the bells for seven-o'clock mass. How the sound carried across the valley and re-echoed from the rounded hill of the three crosses. And his wife had not yet roused herself or sent the children down to the river or water. Being only five months pregnant should not have made her so sluggish. She even complained once of the distance of the

river for her washing. He had silenced her with a fierce look, and she had said no more.

But he was irritated on this morning that was so bright and important. The children should have left by now with their pails or he would have to go to the great Sears and then to the silver factor without washing himself. He turned back into the darkened stall interior of the hut to hurry his wife.

The woman shook off the pile of larger rags that were the bed clothes and went to the crate table. Her belly sagged noticeably under the faded straining cotton print; her eyes were dark circles as she gave each child a broken chunk of panela to suck on his way to the river. Erliño didn't try to explain to them how important this morning was. He wanted to shout at them to hurry, to run to the river and back. But he said nothing. What could they understand?

He returned to the leaning doorway and watched the sky clear sparkle around the edges of the clouds as the mist swept from the red-tiled city into the distant mountains. He watched and only half heard the bell-record sound and sound again.

As the record began a fourth time in the clear stillness of the city he was on his way down the hillside, washed, his tie knotted carefully. And as the needle-scratch stopped, Erliño was standing before the gleaming glass window of the great Sears. There were many others at the window before him, others whose wives had not been as slow this morning as his had been. But it did not matter. No one had yet seen El Santa.

He watched as the orange curtain bulged. He could feel his own quickened heartbeat and that of the others packed closely around him staring into the gleaming window. The curtain fluttered heavily again.

Then a quick intake of breath somewhere in the crowd, and the canvas swung back.

There he sat, enthroned on a glittering snow chair, his face circles of red cheeks and crinkled eyes and a great wreathing smile above a snowy beard. El Santa. His huge red stomach healthy and happily full, and his red-mittened hands resting on sturdy red knees. He was more than life-sized; he was a great vision of red and white and polished black boots.

And suddenly he began to move. His head tipped back and his great stomach began to shake, his hands raised and lowered on his knees, and he began to laugh, "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho." His head tipped

urther back, his hands raised higher and came down on his knees, and he continued to laugh, "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

Erlño found himself smiling. The laughter was so happy and El Santa so joyful. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho." Erlño stood a few minutes longer even though he was already late; he smiled at the round laughing face. He wanted to store every detail for his day in the dusk of the silver factory. El Santa was everything he had hoped. Never before had he, or the rest of Cali, seen in real life and in his own city a mechanical figure that moved, and even more wonderfully, laughed by itself. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho," the voice boomed, and Erlño smiled. Now he could go content to the greasy workbench and fit tiny hunks of raw emerald into the tiny silver baskets.

On his way home at dusk he stopped again before the great window to see the great red figure slapping its knees and laughing. The crowd was even larger than it had been in the morning, and the "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho" rang out merrily, sounding above the record of the bells for evening mass. Erlño knew that the great Sears had closed, and now he admitted the fear that he had not worded throughout the day. A needless fear, for they had not silenced El Santa and had not dropped the orange canvas over his happy face and laughter.

Across the heads of the people gaping at the shining window, Erlño watched a few more minutes, then he trudged upward slowly. When he reached the door of his own home, he could still hear the laughter of El Santa as clearly as if he stood beside the great Sears. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho." He smiled as he ducked into the angled doorway.

Later that night he awoke briefly beside his heavy wife and heard the laughter in the single room. He went back to sleep with the sound against his ear. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

The next morning he was late and did not have time to stop by the great Sears on his way to the silver factory, but it was no matter, for he had heard the happy laughter while he washed himself, and he knew that El Santa would be there when he returned that night.

The crowd was larger still in the night outside the great Sears as Erlño paused on his way home. Barefooted children had pressed themselves against the window and had locked their grimy fingers to the window ledge not to be shoved aside as they stared and listened to the wonderous figure that moved and laughed. A woman with two children beneath a covering of newspapers huddled in the shelter of the great glass doorway beside El Santa.

Erlíño stood behind the crowd that shifted and moved; he stood alone and drank in the gleaming red and white and black boots, for he knew that the talk before the huts again that night would be of El Santa. José Mariá was no longer the only one who had seen El Santa.

At last he turned away to ascend the hill behind the great Sears, the laughter following his footsteps on the dirt path, and he felt almost as if El Santa had seen him leave the crowd. And as he sat at the crate table and waited for his wife to spoon out the steaming rice and boiled plantains, he smiled in the candle flame that seemed to dance to the laughter of El Santa.

Later when he rested on the earth beside his shack and smoked the cigarette whose paper was sweet and wet in his mouth, he talked quietly to the others, pausing each time the clear laughter of El Santa soared from the window of the great Sears. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho." And each smoker shook his head with awe at the wonderful object sent down from Los Estados Unidos where people were used to such things.

When the last evening record of the bells sounded into the hills of the three crosses, the small group beside the hut stood, waiting for the "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho" to begin again, to finish again, the ground into the dirt the last damp stubs of their cigarettes. They said the same "hasta luego" that they said every night after the last needle was lifted from the daily record of the bells, they turned to their own huts filled with the familiar stench of their own children and sleeping women, and the laughter followed them.

For the next three days Erlíño stopped each morning to bid a silent "buenos dias" to El Santa and each evening he paused before his climb up the hillside to see the happy glowing face.

But the sixth morning he awoke with a headache, and somehow the laughter of El Santa was not as joyful in the smoky haze of the room. He had not slept well. He tried to stifle the lessening of pleasure he felt as he splashed the river water sharply into his face and heard the "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

The headache persisted throughout the day and his eyes began to sting from the fine silver dust that sifted around him as he sat among the tiny chips of emerald. And in the evening when he passed the lighted window of the great Sears, he saw that the crowd was less. He paused only briefly for himself. The bright red, the glittering white hurt his eyes, and he could barely force a smile as El Santa

hrew back his head and slapped his knees with delight. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

The seventh morning his headache had gone only to be replaced by a groggy slowness in his brain. And that day at the silver factory two tiny silver baskets had to be sent back to him to be rearranged with the slivers of emerald rock. The foreman had not looked at him when the closing bell was rung in the dusk.

As he walked slowly past the great Sears after work, he tried to ignore the annoyance that forced its way into his mind. But no one should laugh that much. Life was not so happy every day.

That evening while his wife dished out the heaping wooden spoons of rice and plantains, she murmured a soft "caramba" and put one palm against her temple as the laughter came into the open doorway. But Erliño could not allow a mere woman to speak against El Santa even if he could not silence his own thoughts, and he lashed out at her as the "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho" filled the little room.

The next morning the headache had returned. He had awakened many times in the night to hear the laughter in the molding darkness, and the sound had given him no pleasure. In the morning he watched the sunlight wash out the last dingy traces of the night and wished that he might watch the sun in silence and listen only for the scratching record of the bells. And that night as he passed the great Sears, he saw that the crowd around the lighted window was small, that the people seemed to stare numbly at the moving figure laughing, "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

He did not go into the darker night of the hutside after his evening meal; he did not want to hear the voices of the others drowned by the laughter. And the following dawn he awoke in the sweating blackness to feel dislike for the laughter that surrounded him, paused, and began again.

On the ninth day he did not pass the great Sears on his way to or from the silver factory, nor on the tenth day did he look at it as the laughter echoed against the hill of the three crosses and he took another path down the hillside.

It was on the eleventh day when his morning coffee tasted of corch on his tongue that he was forced to admit something more than dislike for the laughter. He mulled painfully upon it as he worked among the tiny green emeralds and the tiny silver baskets. The laughter was lessening his appetite, was ruining his evenings of talk and his occasional bottle of aguardiente, was disturbing his love-

making beneath the ragged cloths of the bed. The bloom of pleasure had become a nettle that sprouted and grew in his mind until it crowded out all else but thought of the laugh.

On the twelfth day he realized he could bear the laughter no longer.

On the thirteenth day he knew that he must destroy El Santa. The great Sears would keep the laughter of El Santa until the eve of Navidad, the night of El Niño, and perhaps they would want the laughter that now brought no joy to the darkness of the hills until the night of the kings, another twelve days after. Erliño slowly and carefully counted the days on his fingers dusted with silver powder. And he knew that he must stop the laughter.

On the fourteenth morning he looked once more at the great Sears with the clean sunlight spread over its flat tiled roof. "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho" rang out into the morning, and Erliño's pleasure in the sun faded. He knew that El Santa must be silenced that night.

The day was long. Endless rows of delicate silver baskets waited on the bench for their chunks of crude green emeralds, but Erliño was strangely glad that the day would not seem to end. He saw in the silver baskets the laughing face of El Santa.

When the closing bell had rung at last, and the other factory workers had gathered up their fitted tin pails, empty and stained inside with grease, Erliño lingered. He carefully lit one of the precious sweet papered cigarettes and looked at the sky. He smoked the cigarette until he could feel the heat on his lips and until the stub was too short to hold without touching the glowing ash. Then he dropped the bit of hot paper and tobacco into the black gutter, and moved slowly away from the dark wall of the darker factory.

As he walked slowly by the river bank that cut through the center of Cali, he looked for a stone. He did not see the huddled people on the river bank; his eyes searched for a stone. At last he saw the one he wanted. A large smooth rock, half polished by the river, that took two hands to lift. He cradled it in one arm, steadying it with the other hand.

He carried it carefully to the sidewalk opposite the great Sears and sat down to wait. He knew that the great Sears was a powerful master and that he had no money to pay for the property of the great Sears. The "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho" from the window encircled him as he sat in the night.

He waited until finally only the stars, the feeble streetlight, and

L SANTA

345

They were watching El Santa. He carried the stone before the lighted window and listened a final time to the laugh. Then he lifted the stone above his head and threw it with a grunting force into the glass window.

He had one moment of complete triumph as the glass of the window shattered into long strips that slid into each other and down to the cement walk below, as the great stone smashed beyond into the metal and plaster head of El Santa and toppled it to the floor. Erliño took a deep shuddering breath as the laughter stopped and the headless figure in brilliant red and glittering white paused.

Then the mittened hands raised off the knees and slapped down again as from the severed mechanical throat issued forth into the night, "Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho."

✻ Born at Grass Creek, Wyoming, PAT ESSLINGER is a special lecturer in English at Louisiana State University. He received his Ph.D. from Tulane in 1960, and has published short stories, book reviews, and critical articles in many magazines. The writer who has meant the most to his development is Sean O'Casey.

A Tribute to Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace I

BY BRIG. GEN. ERNEST A. PINSON
Commander, Office of Aerospace Research, USAF

*From an address dedicating to Dr. Lovelace II
the 11th Science Seminar, Air Force Office of Scientific Research
Albuquerque, June 15, 1966*

IT IS DISTINCTLY APPROPRIATE that we honor the memory of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, late President of the Lovelace Foundation for Medical Education and Research, in Albuquerque, who personally made many contributions to the United States Air Force and to scientific research.

Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, and Major General W. Randolph Lovelace II, United States Air Force, were one and the same. Pilot . . . physician . . . surgeon . . . research scientist . . . humanitarian . . . Randolph Lovelace was one of the great pioneers in our nation's aviation and aerospace history.

Upon learning of the untimely death of Randy and Mary Lovelace in an aircraft accident on December 12, 1965, my first reaction—perhaps selfish—was the heartrending personal loss of dear and close friends of many years standing.

I realize that Randy was not only a great loss to his family and friends but to the entire scientific world . . . and especially to the medical profession, the Air Force, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

It was an ironic fact that the date of the tragic accident—December 12—was during the week of the historic space rendezvous of Gemini 6 and 7. Gemini 7 carried the largest and most significant group of medical experiments orbited by the United States. These experiments were the result of Dr. Lovelace's leadership, vision, and faith in man's ability to advance science and technology through space exploration and painstaking research.

Thus the Gemini 7 flight was a culmination of his thirty-year career in advancing our nation's aerospace progress through research and development.

Randy Lovelace was a great and inspiring scientist. It was my privilege to work with him when he was a dollar-a-year consultant to the Army Air Corps at Wright Field in Ohio. It was there that—working together in the late Thirties—we provided pilots with the first oxygen mask. It was crude but it worked, and was the forerunner of our later oxygen equipment, the

development of which was also accomplished with Dr. Lovelace's guidance and assistance.

Randy was called to active service in the Medical Corps of the Army Air Corps in 1942. His first assignment was at Wright Field where he soon became Chief of the Aero Medical Laboratory. It was my privilege to be assigned to the laboratory during the time Randy was there. This was where I came to admire his skill, his dynamism, his dedication, and his inspiring interest in aviation medicine.

Although he was Chief of the laboratory, he insisted on personally participating in some of the hazardous experiments. This included numerous high-altitude test flights involving testing of pressurized oxygen equipment and pressure cabin aircraft to altitudes of 45,000 feet. He was among the first subjects in our explosive decompression experiments which were so vital before pressure-cabin aircraft could become a reality.

Dr. Lovelace was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for participation in an extremely hazardous experiment . . . a parachute jump from over 40,000 feet to test firsthand the high-altitude bailout oxygen equipment developed under his supervision. He was the first man to bail out from above 40,000 feet. He wanted to test personally his own theories of high-altitude survival.

Many of his colleagues believed no man could do it and survive. Randy had the knowledge, and the confidence, and the courage to know that he could. And he did it. What he learned resulted later in the saving of many lives.

While at the Aero Medical Laboratory, Dr. Lovelace volunteered and insisted on making numerous trips to the combat zone in Europe to learn firsthand the problems encountered by our combat flying personnel so that efforts of the Aero Medical Laboratory could be oriented to solving these problems.

He flew on a mission over Czechoslovakia in a B-17 . . . to test a new pressure-breathing oxygen mask under combat conditions . . . the aircraft was attacked by German fighters and severely damaged by cannon fire. Luckily, pilot and crew were able to escape.

Later, for participation in aerial flights in sustained operational activities with the 15th Air Force against the enemy, Randy was awarded the Air Medal.

Prior to the surrender of Germany, Dr. Lovelace flew on a secret mission to Sweden for General Arnold to obtain information on a new ejection seat for fighter aircraft. He brought one back with him to Wright Field where it was the first ejection seat tested in the United States. Randy played

an important part in the air evacuation of the wounded from Normandy England shortly after the invasion by Allied forces.

After the Russian Army overran Rumania in 1944, Dr. Lovelace made two trips in B-17 bombers from Foggia, Italy, to Bucharest, to examine and evacuate wounded American flyers to Italy. By a strange coincidence, one of the American pilots evacuated by Randy was Captain Charles Pinson, my younger brother, a fighter ace who had been shot down while flying P-38 over Rumania on his sixty-first combat mission.

Immediately following VE-Day, Randy, always searching for new information, spent two months in Germany collecting various items of life saving equipment and interrogating German scientists who had been doing research in aviation medicine.

During the early postwar months, he served with the Von Karman Group and helped write the famous report which blue-printed the U.S. Air Force advances in aviation and space technology in the two decades since World War II.

A tireless and enthusiastic worker, Dr. Lovelace was in great demand for his scientific talents. He served on the scientific Advisory Board to the Commanding General of the United States Air Force. He was a consultant in Aviation Medicine to the Surgeon General of the Air Force, chairman of the Armed Forces Medical Policy Council to the Secretary of Defense and chairman of the Aerospace Medical Panel of the Advisory Group for Aeronautical Research and Development of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He has been a consultant to a majority of the United States aircraft manufacturers and airlines.

He was co-recipient of the coveted Colliers Trophy, in 1940, for his pioneer work in aviation medicine in general, and specifically for his research on the effects and causes of pilot fatigue.

Since 1943 he has been honored on many occasions for his many contributions to science, to medicine, to aerospace and to mankind. Among these have been two awards from Sweden and two from the Soviet Union.

From the beginning of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Dr. Lovelace was a shaper of the national space effort, first as a consultant, and finally as Director of Space Medicine.

In 1947 Randy joined the famed Lovelace Clinic in Albuquerque and soon founded the Lovelace Foundation for Medical Education and Research. The Foundation, under his leadership, pioneered in aerospace medical studies for the government and other clients, including many leading industries. Here, new electronic computer techniques were devised to work on a large scale in medical diagnosis and research.

Randy played an important role in setting up the physical examinations which were used at the Lovelace Clinic for selection of the astronauts for project Mercury.

His interests were wide and varied. In addition to aviation and space medicine, he was vitally concerned in atomic energy for peaceful uses. He served as a delegate to the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy in Geneva and he was a member of the Plowshare Advisory Committee of AEC.

While Randy possessed many commendable talents or characteristics, there were two of these for which I had special admiration. The first of these was courage. He had the mental courage to believe firmly in his convictions and the physical courage to act on them. He never let the effort required by or the hazard involved in any necessary action deter him from fulfilling the absolute full measure of his responsibilities. The second of these was foresight. He had a rare talent for visualizing the significant actions required to be done now—for future needs. I believe this characteristic more than any other was responsible for his greatest contributions to science, to his country, and to mankind.

In Appreciation

A day of great achievement in space was marred by the news of the death of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II. His life was too short, although his legacy to space medicine will endure and will be a resource of assurance to future astronauts whose names and deeds are yet unknown.

—PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON

He was one of New Mexico's greatest assets, one of humanity's finest servants, and our State will suffer from his passing. . . . Mary was a great person, a devoted mother, and dedicated Christian.

—U.S. SENATOR CLINTON P. ANDERSON

In great men I think there are always two individuals combined. To me, Dr. Lovelace was the gentle country doctor, in addition to the man who made the wonderful scientific achievements. He was never too busy to be kind.

—U.S. REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS MORRIS

This is indeed a tragic loss. He was one of America's outstanding leaders in the fields of medicine and science, and he will be sorely missed, both in our state and in the Nation. He and Mary were gracious and fine people.—NEW MEXICO GOVERNOR JACK CAMPBELL

Randy Lovelace early recognized that effective space operations require the capabilities of men in space and played a vital role in preparing men to go into space. As a pioneer and leader in the field of aerospace medicine, he made many valuable contributions to the safety and success of all of America's manned space flights. His brilliant mind and engaging personality will be sorely missed.—JAMES E. WEBB, Director, National Aeronautics and Space Agency.

Without his dedicated effort . . . , this Nation could not with such early assurance have undertaken this flight [Gemini 6 and 7 rendezvous and specifically Gemini 7, which was primarily a medical experiment]. For it was man—his well-being and his safety—who was always Dr. Lovelace's central concern. Never for a moment did he forget that only through painstaking research and experimentation in the laboratory could man's destiny in space be realized. . . . It was the solid basis of Dr. Lovelace's own scientific accomplishments and his personal standards of bravery and examples of heroism that won him the respect of the world. He was one of the pioneers who made it possible to integrate man and the machine so as to advance science and technology.—DR. GEORGE E. MUELLER, Director, Space Agency Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston.

'On a Comet, Always'

a biography of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II

BY RICHARD G. ELLIOTT

SUNDAY, December 12, 1965, was shining and bright all along the top of the Rockies from Aspen, Colorado, on to Albuquerque, New Mexico, less than two hours away as a Beechcraft Travelair flies. In the noon hour two men and a woman walked onto the Aspen airport and to a white plane with a two-tone brown stripe, and with number 9975R aft of the wings on the fuselage.

Climbing in first was the woman, Mrs. Mary Lovelace, 53, a wife, mother, church worker, and patron of the arts. Then, the two men. One was her husband, Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, a surgeon, reserve general, and pioneer in aviation and space biomedical research, who would have been 58 in a few days. The second man was Milton Brown, 27, a charter pilot. Mrs. Lovelace wore a warm coat and winter clothing. Dr. Lovelace was bareheaded and wore nothing over his suit coat. Pilot Brown also was lightly clothed.

The twin-engined plane lifted easily, went west at a low altitude above Maroon Creek valley so the Lovelaces could look down on their new house which was Number One in Meadow Lane. It circled, came back east across Aspen, and then on up the valley of the Roaring Fork toward Green Mountain and the crest of the Sawatch Range, with Independence Pass to the left of the mountain and with Lincoln Creek Canyon to the right—and with the short, dogleg, boxed-in canyon of Grizzly Gulch stemming south from Lincoln.

The man at the controls evidently swung the white plane to the right and into Lincoln Canyon, as a vacationing airman saw the plane "flying east through a pass." Within a few seconds, just above the reservoir and the caretaker's house, the plane swung to the south into Grizzly Gulch and around its dogleg to face the towering rock wall of the Sawatch's crest. Turning in a steep left bank with nose down, the plane struck through two feet of snow into the ground, with its propellers still turning. It bounced, and hit again, then cartwheeled

for about ninety feet, the aircraft disintegrating as it spun and ejecting the occupants during its breakup. Pilot Brown was thrown to one side as was a plane seat. The Lovelaces were thrown to the other side, as were two other seats. With the shock and their fatal injuries, the Lovelaces never moved from where their bodies struck. At some point, the pilot got to his feet despite his head injury, walked over to look at the two others where they lay, then started to walk the two or three miles down the gulch to the house at the reservoir, but almost immediately turned back to the plane, not noticing in his shock that in the crash he had lost one shoe and that it was lying some distance away on the snow. Nor, apparently, did he notice the warm clothing scattered about from broken luggage.

After the crash, there remained perhaps an hour or two of the warm daylight before the sun moved on across the canyon's high walls leaving an instantaneous chill which would deepen to twelve below zero in the predawn of the next morning.

When the fire inside the cabin had gone out and the metal had cooled somewhat, Pilot Brown tried to use the cockpit radio, and then as the chill deepened he crouched against the fuselage for its remaining warmth.

RANDY LOVELACE'S LIFE spanned fifty-eight years of great change, and his life was wonderfully exciting in itself as he sampled or explored the various phases of the changing environment. As he progressed from this point to that point, from this achievement to that achievement, he was helped and influenced by many individuals—including the Doctors Mayo of Minnesota and financier Floyd Odlum and his aviatrix wife, Jacqueline Cochran—but the most profound influence flowed from five within his family.

His Grandma Lovelace (Mrs. John L.) had direct influence on his life for his first thirty-three years until her death in 1940. She was the wife of John L. Lovelace, a Missouri teacher-farmer-storekeeper whose line went back to a Sir Richard Lovelace. In Paydown, Missouri, on August 1, 1881, she gave birth to Edgar Blaine Lovelace, the father of Randy. In a log cabin on a farm at Dry Fork, south of Belle, she gave birth to William Randolph Lovelace I on July 27, 1883. Later she had two daughters, Maybelle and Marie Lora. In later years Randy always expressed gratitude for Grandma Lovelace's love and care, and for what she taught him. An associate commented once on Randy's speed in reading and absorbing a multi-page report, and

Randy explained with pride that "Grandma taught me that quite early."

His "Uncle Doc" decisively affected Randy's professional life, and had considerable influence on his life otherwise. William R. Lovelace I earned his medical degree in St. Louis in 1905 through his own hard work and with the financial support of his parents and older brother, then became ill, the diagnosis being pulmonary tuberculosis and the recommended treatment a trip to New Mexico. In 1906 he became a doctor for the Santa Fe Railway and its contractor in Sunnyside, a construction camp near present-day Fort Sumner, living and practicing in a one-room tar-paper building. A hemorrhage put him back in bed later that year and his mother came out from Springfield to care for him and, in fact, remained with him until her death. His father also came to Sunnyside and remained in engineering work with the Santa Fe as track was laid ever farther west. Uncle Doc never married. He reportedly left a sweetheart back in Missouri, and much later was quoted as saying he never had time to marry. Without over-dramatizing the matter, he devoted his life to his medical practice and to his mother, sisters, and nephews, taking time on the side to amass a considerable fortune through an abiding faith in the value of land. As a doctor and surgeon he earned not only the thanks of his patients, but also the praise of any doctor's severest critics—the nurses. They have told how he stayed at the bedside of those recuperating from major surgery. As one nurse said: "His patients lived, when sometimes they easily could have died." Those characteristics may have been the most important of the many things he passed on to his nephew Randy.

Randy's parents, Edgar B. and Jewell Lovelace, influenced him less obviously but nonetheless profoundly. Randy's father is a quiet, thoughtful and, I believe, a kindly man. He talks reluctantly about his own life or that of his son. In Albuquerque today, he appears much more interested in today and tomorrow than in yesterday. But the bare outline of earlier years is revealed by his sparse recollections. He was never fully in the foreground of his son's adult life, but was always there in the background praising and comforting and, with a very loose rein, guiding Randy. Father Edgar was an ambitious, hard-working man who liked farming and ranching and didn't like cities. By ranching and by shrewd investments in city real estate—principally in El Paso and in Albuquerque—he too put together a considerable fortune. Mother Jewell's influence can only be surmised. From some-

where Randy learned to have compassion, from somewhere he learned to avoid inflicting pain and conversely to help cure pain. Certainly his parents' divorce when he was not yet eleven years old was a shock and something he accepted but possibly never quite understood. His parents, I think, strongly influenced his feeling for life and people, and quite possibly his attitude toward life and people.

Then, of course, there was his wife, Mary Moulton Lovelace. Anyone who knew the Randy Lovelaces would agree with his daughter Jackie who told me earnestly: "My father was a wonderful man, but some of that was because my mother was such a wonderful woman." Mary Moulton Lovelace was indeed a very big factor in his life and achievement. Pulmonary tuberculosis brought her father to New Mexico. One of eight children (and one of the five sons who eventually appeared in *Who's Who*), Earl Lake Moulton's health broke down after college and he came in 1902 to New Mexico's Estancia Valley where he lived in a tent-wagon and herded sheep. He tutored briefly in Pasadena, California, married a native daughter, Adelaide Louise Peirce, in 1905, then returned with her to a one-room adobe cabin and a homestead at Lucy, New Mexico. There daughter Ethel was born in 1908, and daughter Mary Easter on April 7, 1912. Mary was named Easter because it was that Sunday on which she was born. Then they moved to Corona, trade center for cattle and sheep country, where Gertrude was born in 1914 and where Mr. Moulton was a store manager and livestock manager for Charles Ilfeld.

Edgar Lovelace, Randy's father, finished grade school at St. James, Missouri, then went to work. In addition to helping his brother get an education in St. Louis he saved some money, which he changed to gold and carried with him across the Mississippi to Dixon, Illinois, where he went to business college, studying mathematics, shorthand, typing, Morse code, and other business subjects of the time. On the side he studied fencing with a French instructor and has a letter certifying to his ability either to compete in or to teach fencing. Back in St. James he continued to work and had enough money left over to buy some real estate—a practice he has followed consistently since then. He got into the southeastern corner of the state, and in 1906 married Jewell Costley, a dark-haired, vivacious girl, at Monett, Missouri. Jewell's father was a widely known veterinarian, who with his brothers had traveled and worked in Oklahoma's Indian Territory long before there were Sooners, and who had married a girl who had

a touch of Cherokee blood in addition to that which came from England, Scotland and Ireland.

Later in 1906, Edgar and his bride went out to Sunnyside to visit his parents and his brother, and also to see the country. Shortly they returned to Springfield, Missouri, where he was a streetcar conductor and had a store, and where William Randolph Lovelace II was born on December 30, 1907. The Springfield physician charged \$15 for his services. Before young Randy was six months old, they moved into New Mexico, homesteading 800 acres just west of the Pecos and north of Sunnyside. Eight hundred acres were not enough for much of a ranch, but the country was open range and that helped, although on occasion it caused trouble. As both Uncle Doc and Edgar noted, most of the men in 1906-08 wore belt guns and they "were about the biggest belt guns we ever saw." Randy lived until he was past six on that isolated cattle ranch in the bleak and open range land north of Sunnyside, and of course he regularly visited his grandmother and uncle. His father feels that Randy then and on their later ranches acquired his feeling for harsh and sometimes beautiful open land.

The family stayed on the ranch long enough to finish the required five years and obtain title, in 1913, which also was the year that Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc moved on into Albuquerque, actually following the two girls there, as they had transferred from Drury Academy, Springfield, to Albuquerque and the University of New Mexico in 1909. Early in 1914 Randy's parents sold their ranch, and they too moved into the Valley section of Albuquerque. Randy was tutored there for two years, then they moved to a ranch near Willard where, after another year of tutoring he enrolled in the Willard Public School for the 1917-18 years, passing in June to the second half of fifth grade. In 1918 his father traded their ranch for the Chupadero Ranch some twenty-five miles south of Mountainair, almost to Gran Quivira, and later added a small ranch north of Mountainair. Sometime after school closed in May 1918, they were on the Chupadero—or the Lovelace Ranch as it came to be called.

Those were stirring times as the nation moved into World War I, and boys read of dashing knights of the sky in plane-to-plane combat high above the mud of the Western Front. Randy and his horse Pedro, accompanied sometimes by his pet dog "Wellfed," could roam a home ranch of some forty-five sections, or about 28,800 acres of dry foothills graced in those days with sufficient bunchgrass and decorated with old

desert cedars. He fired many an imaginary machine-gun burst between Pedro's ears at the white-faced calves wearing their V-over-Lazy E brand. Randy's thoughts may have turned to the air as early as 1917 or 1918. All boys have long thoughts, and the big sky over the high plains and the mesas is an all-encompassing blue deepness that extends beyond the stars—even though a boy in 1918 would not have thought of it as extending on into "space."

What motivated Randy to be a doctor is not fully clear. His father recalled Randy's visits with his Uncle Doc, accompanying him on house calls in a Buick which Uncle Doc taught Randy to drive. But the father thought, his son's first inclination toward medicine came with the stories Randy heard of his maternal grandfather's work as a frontier veterinary. The father recalls that Randy was helpful with the horses and cattle, but that he didn't like to see the cattle hurt by dehorning or otherwise roughly treated as they sometimes must be when handled from horseback and not with chutes and pens. Randy was not really inclined toward ranching; before he was eleven he was saying that he wanted to be a doctor.

In mid-1918, Edgar and Jewell were divorced in the courthouse at Alamogordo, and she went to live first in Roswell and later in Ruidoso. She remarried but had no children other than Randy. Edgar managed it so that Randy saw his mother regularly all those years from 1918 to 1933, when she died in California. Aside from Edgar's recollections and her influence on Randy, there is little of her left except one old photograph showing her with her son, and the remarks of oldtime family associates who remember her as a "vivacious, very attractive woman."

Also in 1918, Edgar gave in to the urgings of Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc, and sent Randy to live with them in Albuquerque. For Randy's next seven years he lived there during school, but spent much of his vacation time with his father at the Lovelace Ranch. When he was back in New Mexico during college vacations he headquartered with Uncle Doc, but spent one or more summers working in El Paso, usually in the Santa Fe roundhouse, and living with his father there.

In 1918, Edgar went to Estancia and tried to enlist for World War I, but they told him to go back to raising beef as his war contribution, so he stayed with the ranch. By the end of 1919 he had paid for the two ranches and his cattle, which totaled then perhaps 350 cows and some 250 steers. With peace came economic difficulties culminating in

the recessions of 1921-22 and there was "one hell of a drouth!" Some ranchers shipped their cattle to Mexico, but Edgar shipped his to St. Joseph, Missouri, where cattle worth \$75 brought \$18 a head. When he showed the check to his banker, in Carrizozo, that hard-pressed gentleman fainted. Before the hard times ended, Lovelace owed \$55,000. He couldn't sell either ranch, so he kept on and by 1925 paid his debts and eventually sold the ranches.

RANDY ENROLLED in September 1918 in the Fourth Ward School (now Lew Wallace) in the second half of the fifth grade. In June 1921 he concluded grammar school at the "Library" school building at Edith and Central. On the record of his 1918-19 year there is a notation of "illness," which pre-dates a comment years later by his wife Mary, and something I had observed, that this big, active man was quite susceptible to colds and to flu, which might confine him to bed two or three times a year. Virginia Dillon, daughter of a New Mexico governor and now the widow of aviation enthusiast William Cutter, recalls that in the eighth grade both attended Double Ten Dancing Club, which must have done little for Randy because others testify that he was a shuffler, not a dancer. During the eighth grade his path finally crossed that of the Moulton family, which had moved from Corona in 1920 into Albuquerque's Valley area, but it was Ethel Moulton and not Mary who went on through high school with him. Ethel cannot recall any girl who regularly dated Randy in high school. "He was always busy with the motorcycle his father had given him—the biggest, reddest Indian motorcycle I ever saw. The girls, of course, were always after him to ride tandem on that machine. Athletics? Not that I recall. He delivered *Journals* each day on the Belen route and I'd think riding the motorcycle for all those miles over the roads we had then was exercise and challenge enough." Ethel recalls that she sat opposite Randy in history class and that he would sit with a book of plays in his lap, reading, completely tuned-out from the class.

Uncle Doc also has stressed Randy's interest in mechanics, reinforcing my observation that throughout life he was perhaps most directly interested in learning how things were put together, and how to make them go. The application of that quality to medicine, surgery, air-space vehicles and instrumentation, nuclear energy, and his specific interest in man's reaction to stress in any environment is, of course, obvious.

Randy had many school friends, but he did not impress his class-

mates unduly. They voted him the student least likely to succeed. Their forecast was a poor one, but his senior-class, public-speaking teacher did better, rating him as "poor." Associates who heard him many times judged him an indifferent speaker, although his stature and the appeal of his subject matter brought hundreds of speaking engagements. He was more persuasive—and that was very persuasive indeed—with a few. It was a measure of his personality that most persons wanted to do whatever he asked.

He was graduated from Albuquerque High School in 1925, and in September rode on the Santa Fe as far as Kansas City with Ethel Moulton, on her way to two years in the University of Chicago. Randy rode on from there to St. Louis to begin eleven years of liberal arts and medical education. With both Uncle Doc and Father Edgar contributing, Randy had few real worries about finances at Washington University, joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and apparently set out to have himself a time. His first semester grades were acceptable, not good, but he received none for the second semester. His father remembers that Randy came home two weeks before school would have ended and finally confessed he had enjoyed life too much and studied too little. He thought of trying other colleges possibly applied to one or two, but in the end had to talk his way back into Washington University. Thereafter his grades in college were not brilliant but were good, in medical school occasionally quite good.

He joined the Navy ROTC and in the spring of 1928 went to Great Lakes Naval Training Center where he completed primary training and got his wings. Back at the SAE house in St. Louis he received a telegram dated November 7, 1928, from the Ninth Naval District at Great Lakes reading: "Can you accept advanced flight training for sixty days? Class assembling Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, on December 19, 1928. Notify Commandant by dispatch your decision." Randy was not yet twenty-one, so he wrote both to his father and to Uncle Doc for permission. His father replied: "Do as you wish, son." Uncle Doc was opposed. In later years Randy said he was initially unhappy about the decision but that he had learned to be grateful because if he had gone to Pensacola he would have lost a year in college and most likely would not have returned to medicine, which proved to be the path on which he could combine medicine and aviation, and then space.

In his senior year, 1930, he coauthored with Charles R. Lynn a

play, "Gold Feathers," described as a story of aviation life as "told by a licensed pilot." The play was produced in St. Louis then, much later in Rochester, and was one of the first ten made available to high schools by Washington University. That explains partially an Albuquerque newspaper photograph some years later showing nine of The Ten Dons (a small literary club) on its Golden Anniversary, and including Randy. In his senior year he had a pre-medicine major, received his B.A. in liberal arts, and transferred downtown to the Medical School campus for two years. In the spring of 1932 he sought a transfer to Cornell University Medical School, New York City, and was accepted for the fall term.

Back home that summer something else happened. Randy knew the Moultons and their three daughters while in school. But, when he was a senior, Mary Moulton was an eighth grader. When and where and how did Randy and Mary meet in the young-adult sense? In one of Mary's memory books there is a photograph of Randy beside a table on which there is a photograph of Mary, with her caption reading: "Then we met—1932; Randy in his fraternity house." Mary had gone from high school in 1929 to Northwestern University, Evanston, joining the Pi Beta Phi sorority, and receiving a B.A. in music education in 1933.

In 1933, Randy again wrote Uncle Doc about a transfer. This time he was "wild about Harvard." Uncle Doc pointed out the difficulties of such transfers but Randy went ahead and was admitted for the fall term. On September 15, 1933, Randy and Mary were married in the Moulton's church, the First Presbyterian, had their reception in the Country Club, took the Santa Fe to Chicago that evening, went on by rail to New York for a few days, and then to Boston and Harvard Medical School. One of the few notes on their life in Boston is one by Mary recalling that on December 29, 1933, the mercury set a record of 17-below. Randy did well in Harvard and has recorded that he was inspired by the remarkable men on the Harvard staff. He received his medical degree on October 19, 1934, and immediately left for New York City and a medical internship in Bellevue Hospital.

As a frame of reference, the year 1934 marked the start of several years of drouth-caused dust storms, and also marked an end to the most severe days of the Great Depression of 1929, although the hard times lingered into the days just before World War II.

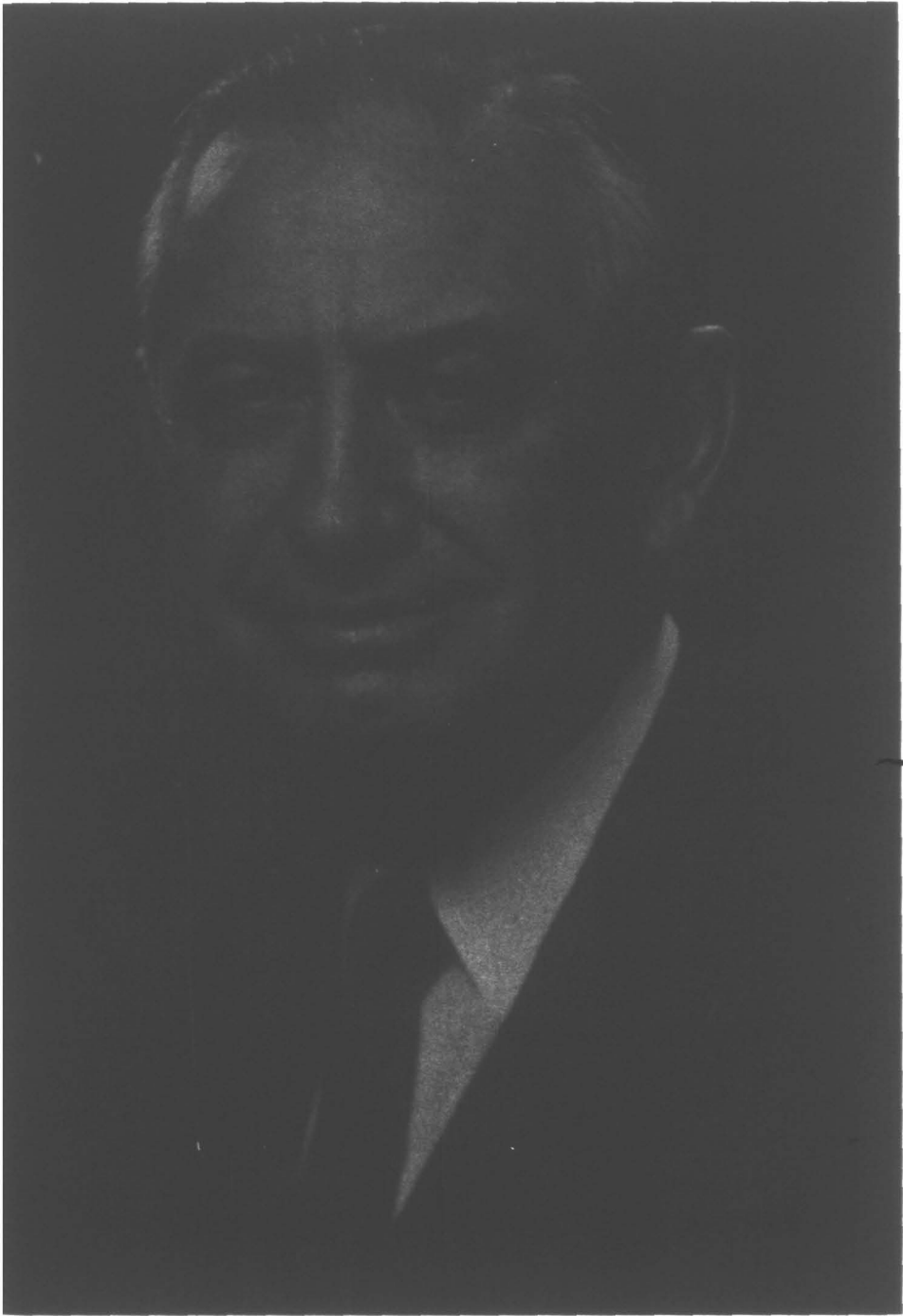
The two young people went to Albuquerque for Christmas in 1934, where Randy told Uncle Doc he was "very sold" on Bellevue and

would stay there for three or four years to specialize in surgery. Uncle Doc said: "Think about Rochester; Mayo's is a wonderful institution." The idea for the Lovelace Clinic came in large part from Uncle Doc's long-standing friendship and numerous discussions with Drs. William and Charles Mayo beginning in 1915—the next year he was made a life member of the Mayo Surgeons Club. But now Randy said "No" to Rochester, choosing to stay at Bellevue. Uncle Doc then asked if he and Mary would, on the way back East, visit in Rochester before reaching a final decision. Uncle Doc went down to El Paso to visit Brother Edgar and while he was there, shortly after New Year's 1935 Randy telephoned from Rochester to tell him: "I'm absolutely sold on this place." During 1935 Uncle Doc continued to bring Randy to the attention of the Mayos and their staff, and they in turn found Randy "highly qualified," and as a Christmas present on December 27, 1935, the Director of The Mayo Foundation offered Randy a fellowship in surgery as of July 1, 1936.

DURING SIX YEARS in Rochester, all the elements and patterns of Randy's future began to come together.

He and Mary had a home at 1235 Second St. N.W. in Rochester and by 1937 were buying property near it "for a home some day." Mary, with her lifelong gift for friendship and an already matured ability as a hostess, entertained a growing list. For several years she was a violinist with the Rochester symphony orchestra. Their first child, Mary Christine, was born December 22, 1938, and William Randolph Lovelace III—or Ranny—came along on December 10, 1940. The second son, Charles Moulton, was not born until August 3, 1942, when Randy was in uniform.

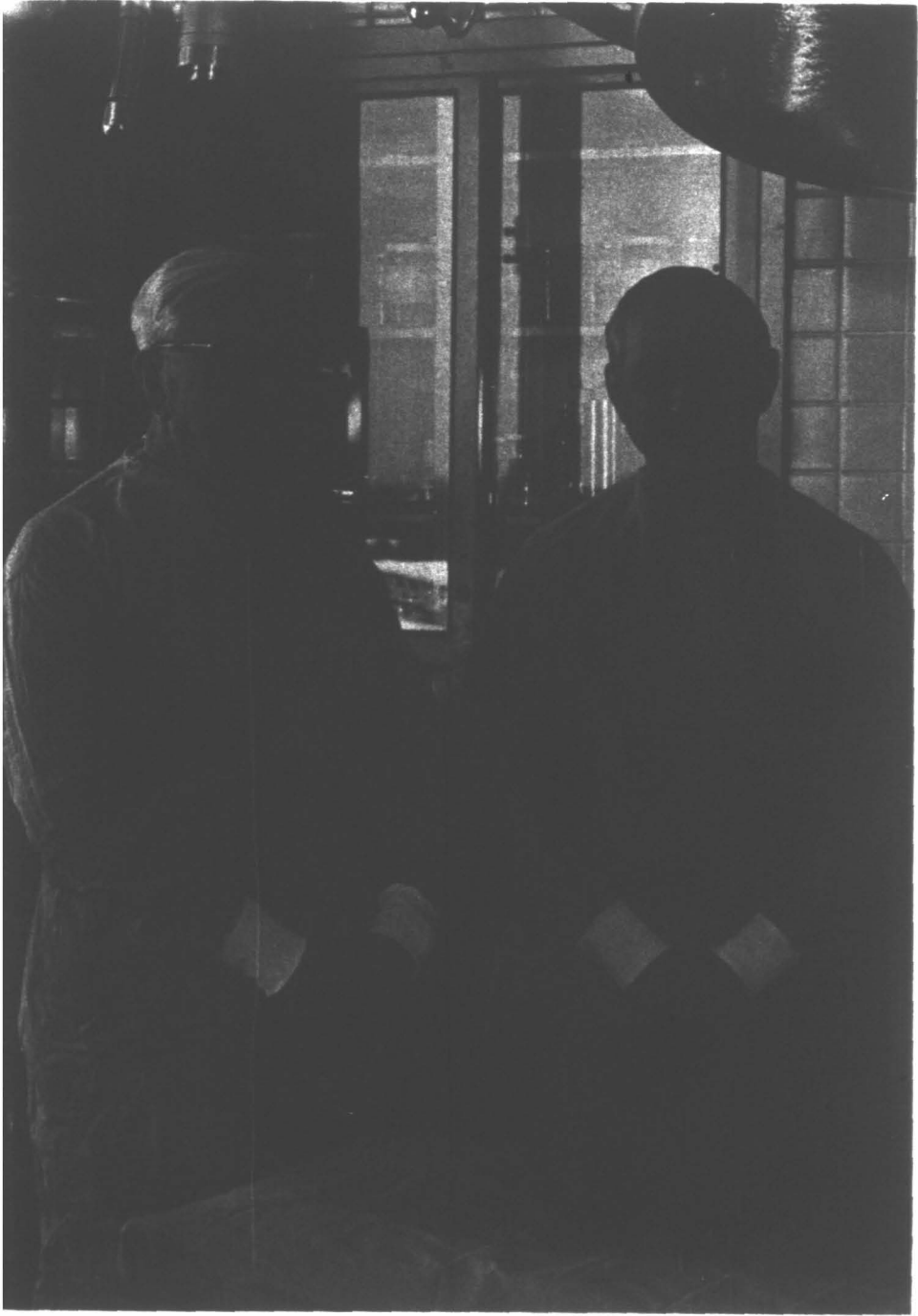
As a Fellow in the Mayo Foundation, Randy studied surgery for a specialty. He was ambitious to make his mark, and noted in 1937 in a brief diary with a touch of impatience that one Doctor Mayo had "finally that day" taken him along on his patient rounds. He received his M.S. in Surgery from the Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota, in 1939. The Mayos then offered a staff position in the Clinic and Randy went to Uncle Doc for advice. Uncle Doc had always planned for Randy's return to the Clinic in Albuquerque, but now he told Randy that the Mayos were offering an opportunity which could not be duplicated in Albuquerque, so Randy should remain there. Early in 1939, Randy received the Mayo Foundation's J. William White Scholarship providing \$1,000 for study of surgery abroad. Mr



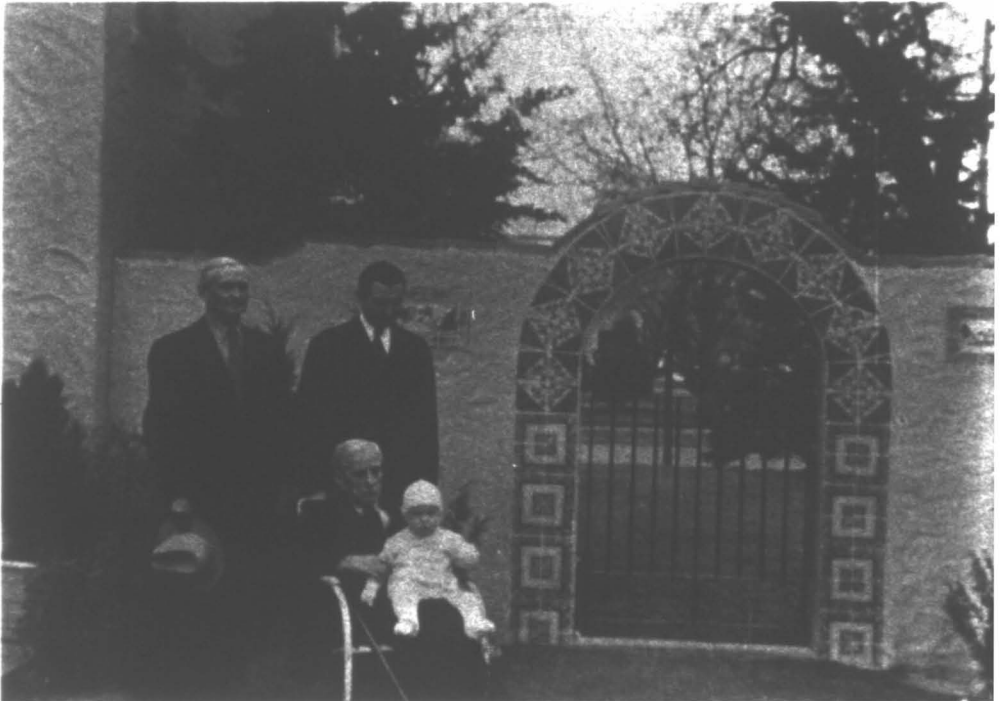
DR. W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II, 1961



Randy Lovelace and his mother, Jewel Costley Lovelace, 1920's



William R. Lovelace I "(Uncle Doc)" and Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II
in the operating room of Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, July 26, 1957





as a Lieutenant Colonel in late 1943, Randy with his wife Mary; and daughter Mary Christine; William Randolph III or Ranny; and in his arms, Charles Moulton Lovelace, Chuckie

FACING PAGE, ABOVE: Edgar Blaine Lovelace (right), father of Randy, and his fencing instructor, I. A. C. Brodeur, Dixon, Ill., 1903

FACING PAGE, BELOW: Four Lovelace generations about 1941, in front of the home of Dr. Lovelace I on West Central in Albuquerque. Seated is John L. Lovelace, holding his great-grandson William Randolph Lovelace III. With hat at left is John's son Edgar Blaine Lovelace, now 85, and beside him is Edgar's son, the late W. Randolph Lovelace II.



In 1940, President Franklin D. Roosevelt presented the Collier Trophy "to the air lines of the United States for their outstanding record of safety in air travel during 1939, with especial recognition to Doctors Walter M. Boothby [center left in photograph, wearing glasses] and W. Randolph Lovelace II [at Boothby's left] of the Mayo Foundation, and to Captain Harry Armstrong [at Lovelace's left] of the United States Medical Corps."

General H. (Hap) Arnold, Commanding, U.S. Army Air Forces, in 1943 pinned a Distinguished Flying Cross on Lt. Col. Lovelace for his participation in the extremely hazardous experiment of bailing out of a B-17 from above 40,000 feet—the first man to do so—to test in person high-altitude bailout equipment and procedures.





Mary Lovelace wrote in her memory book: "A picture of Randy in uniform and the pressure chamber; ready to leave for Washington; February 1942." With him is Dr. Walter M. Boothby, his teacher and later associate in the early days of aviation medicine at the Mayo Foundation and Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

Major Charles Mayo and Lt. Col. Randy Lovelace November 18, 1943, at 233rd Station Hospital, Charleston, S.C.





Andy Lovelace in Dr. Boothby's laboratory at the Mayo Foundation, before 1941,
with Van Slyke equipment used to determine the oxygen capacity of blood



Wearing the oxygen mask he helped to develop, Dr. Lovelace prepares for takeoff from a central Washington airfield. *The Boeing Co. photo.*



W. Randolph Lovelace II, June 1943, in front of the Boeing Flying Fortress from which he made his celebrated parachute drop, to test equipment developed in the Aero Medical Laboratory, Wright Field. *The Boeing Co. photo.*



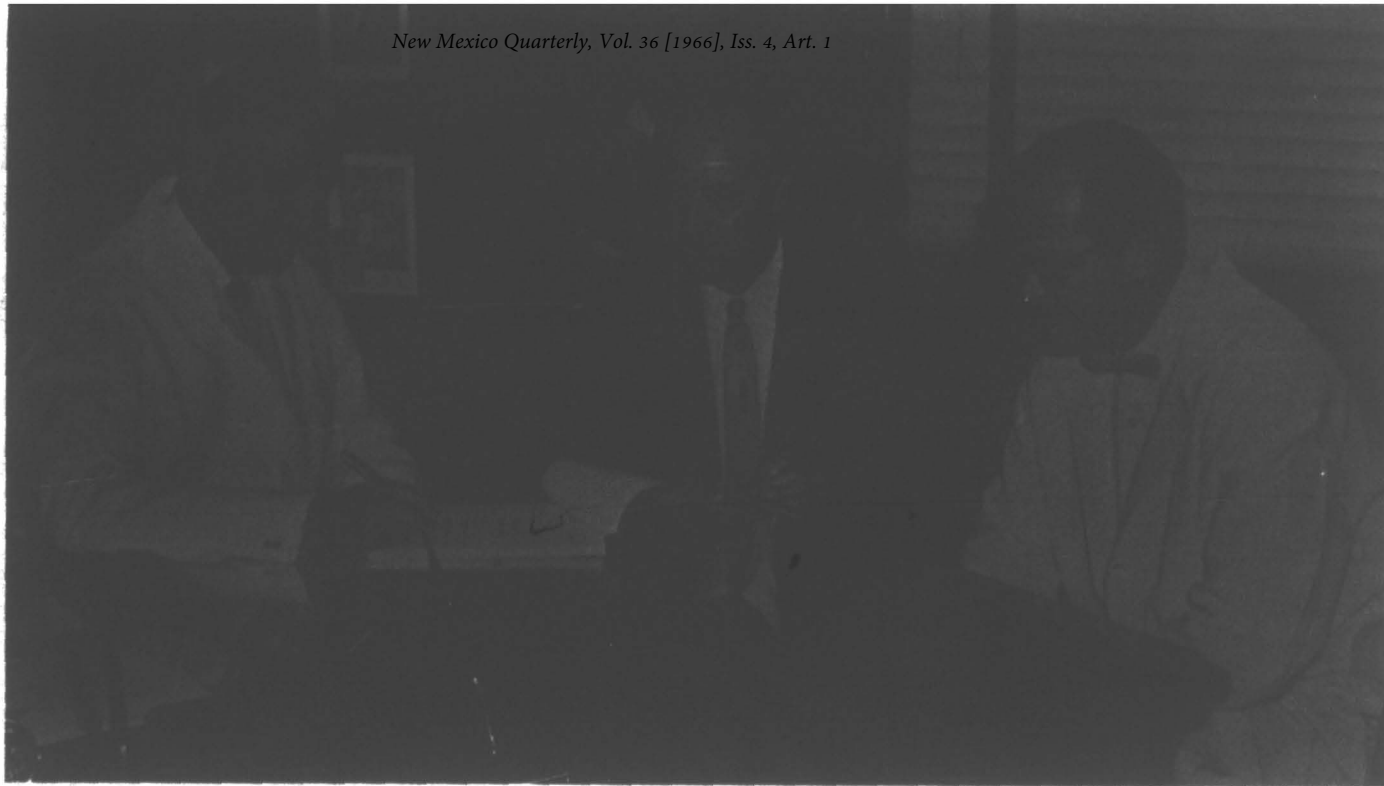
Contents of the medical first-aid kit which Dr. Lovelace took with him on a 32,000-mile jet flight from Honolulu over both poles and back to Hawaii in



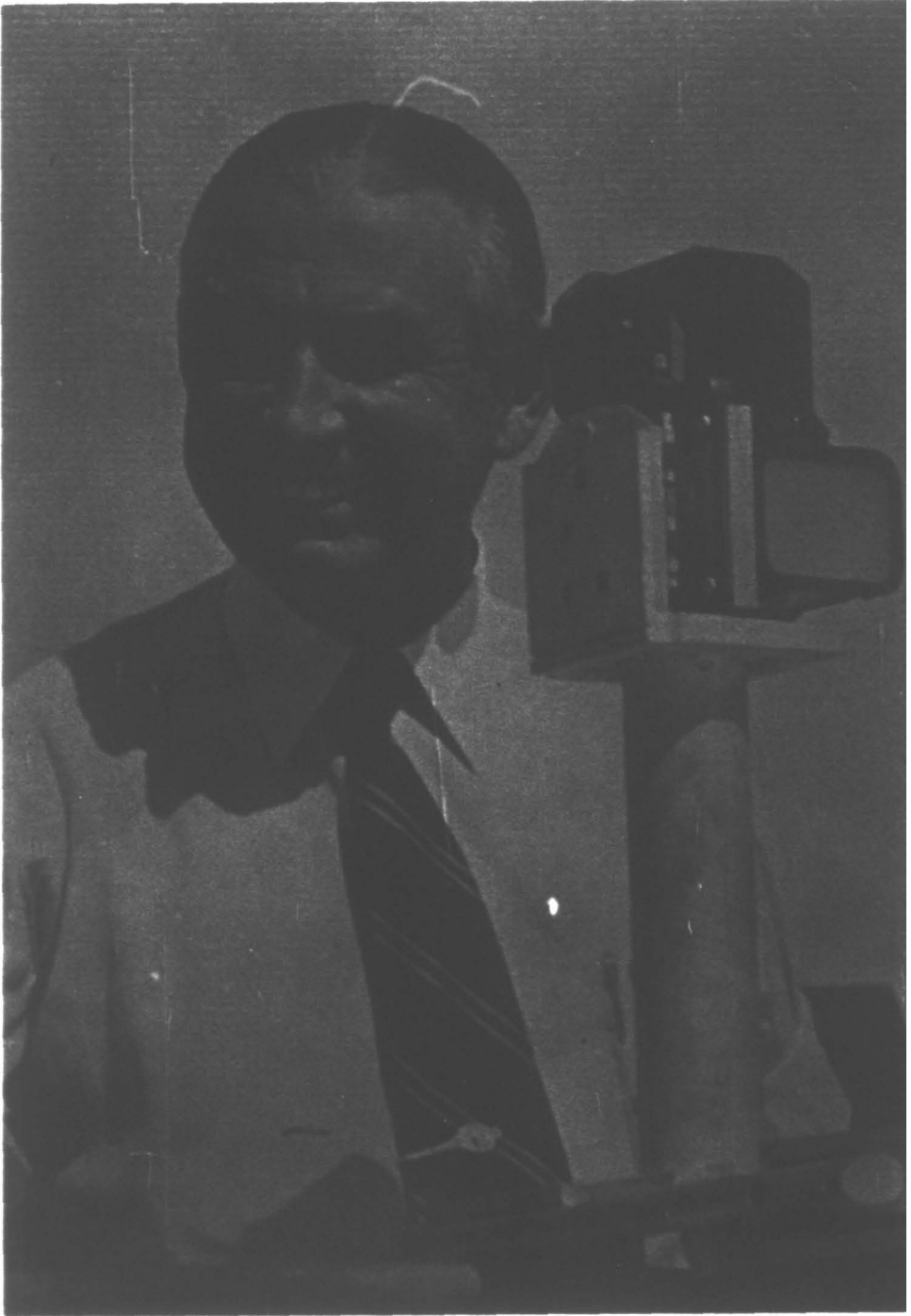
Photographed in the living room of the Lovelace home on Ridgecrest Drive in Albuquerque in 1959: Randy standing behind his wife, Mary, and oldest daughter, Mary Christine. At front daughters Jacqueline Anne, and Sharon Louise.



On April 20, 1964, Dr. Lovelace II was sworn in as Director of Space Medicine for NASA in a White House ceremony. Left-to-right
Dr. Francis Lyndon B. Johnson; Dr. and Mrs. John Sellman (formerly Christine Lovelace), Randy and Mary Lovelace, Herbert
Miller of the White House staff who administered the oath, and U.S. Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico.



With Dr. Lovelace II (left), Frank C. diLuzio, then Deputy Manager of Albuquerque Operations, AEC, and now in the Department of the Interior; and Dr. Clayton S. White, then Director of Research at the Foundation and now Foundation Director.



Randy Lovelace using a tracker, probably to track one of Jackie Cochran's speed runs for a record at Edwards Air Force Base in California

Moulton raised another \$1,000 as a gift to Mary so she could accompany Randy. They visited centers of surgery throughout Europe and aviation medicine centers, particularly in Germany. With Europe moving ever more rapidly toward war, they came home late in June. In 1942, Randy became a staff surgeon and head of a surgical section, retaining those positions into 1946 even though because of the war he was seldom in Rochester. Many years later he told the *Medical Tribune* that "The Mayos influenced me, just as they had my uncle earlier."

The Mayos were generous toward Randy's interests. He had been exposed to flying briefly in 1928, now eight years in the past. At Mayo's he came under the influence of Dr. Walter M. Boothby, long interested in military medicine and by then a pioneer of aviation medicine. Then he applied for training as a flight surgeon, achieving that status in six weeks at Randolph Field, Texas, in 1937 and became a First Lieutenant, Army Medical Corps Reserves. Later in 1937, at the National Air Races in Cleveland, he met Jacqueline Cochran and through her in Cleveland just a year later met her financier husband Floyd Odlum. A lifelong friendship resulted. Jackie had decided in 1932 to be a pilot, soloed her third day, and after eighteen hours aloft passed her examination. Two years later she entered big competition. In 1937 she began ticking off speed records, winning the Harmon Trophy as the outstanding woman aviator in 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1946. In 1938 she won the Bendix Race against a field of nine men. She is still competing for speed records.

Jimmie Doolittle in 1938 discussed with Randy the problems which pilots were beginning to encounter as they flew new planes ever higher, and suggested that an initial development should be an oxygen mask. The Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field then formally asked Doctors Boothby and Lovelace, and Dr. Arthur H. Bulbulian, to develop one. As a dollar-a-year consultant to the Army Air Corps, Randy conducted developmental tests in the low-pressure chamber at Wright Field. Using his single-engine Stinson, Henry H. Timken, Jr., of Dayton (now a Trustee of the Lovelace Foundation), would fly to 15,000 feet so the mask could be tested. The name BLB, after the initials of its developers, was given to the mask. In 1940, President Roosevelt presented the Collier Trophy, given annually for the greatest achievement in aviation demonstrated during the preceding year, to the airlines for their flight-safety record with special recognition to Doctors Boothby and Lovelace and to Captain Harry

G. Armstrong, Commander at Wright Field, for their contribution to that record.

With his growing interest in the effects of upper altitudes on the human body, Randy had spent a significant part of the 1939 trip inside Germany, and noted the numerous low-pressure chambers in use by the German Air Force. Back at Mayo's, Randy and others expanded their work on pressure chambers and, incidentally, on cabin pressurization. In 1941, Randy and others tackled the problem of nitrogen bubble formation in body fluids and tissues as a result of a rapid decrease of barometric pressure below one atmosphere. Lovelace and Boothby learned the value of breathing pure oxygen for a period before takeoff and throughout a plane's ascent, a technique used effectively in World War II.

As his interests broadened, Randy progressively traveled more and more. Despite his busy schedule as student, surgeon, and aviation researcher and consultant, he still managed time for recreation. Mary's memory book also has a snapshot of a quite unrecognizable person captioned: "unshaven and after white mule, but an elk and a deer (his first), Nov. 28, at foot of Rockies in Montana." Hunting—and sometimes fishing—remained his primary sport recreation.

IN FEBRUARY 1942, Randy went on leave from Mayo's and into a uniform full time, as a Major, Office of Air Surgeon, Headquarters, Army Air Corps. Within two months he was assigned back to Wright Field, where as Chief, Service Liaison Branch, Aero Medical Laboratory, he visited the Pacific, Alaskan, and European-Mediterranean theaters of war to learn firsthand the fliers' needs which came within the scope of aviation medicine. About December in 1942, Mary put into her memory book a picture of a mother with three children and the somewhat wistful caption: "We hope daddy shall return safely home from Africa, India and China." He did return, and was made a lieutenant-colonel late in the winter of 1943. Then, under date of April 2, 1943, came a letter from Uncle Doc addressed to "Col. and Mrs. W. R. Lovelace" at Wright Field, commenting on the recent promotion. Uncle Doc recorded that April was his hay fever and asthma month, then with an uncharacteristic touch of humor added: "Do not be surprised to see me blowing in some month." His second paragraph—in view of later events—should be noted: "Now, what you must do is to guard against any unnecessary chances in getting in-

jured. Your reputation is made and all you have to do is protect your health and the rest will be o.k."

Only two months later—on June 24—Randy completely disregarded his uncle's advice, dropping through the bomb bay of a B-17 laboring to hold 40,200 feet above the wheatlands of central Washington state to test bailout equipment and procedures. In later years, Randy would be quite exasperated by constant identification as the man who made that jump. "I must have done something else worth mentioning," he told me once. Of course he had, but that drop was a specific thing, a thing of keen interest to those who fly and know about parachutes, and also a thing to hold a bit of a fearful thrill for those who fly only as passengers. There was an added touch: Randy had never jumped before, and he never jumped again.

Until January 1946, Lt. Col. William Randolph Lovelace II was only a name to me, albeit a somewhat heroic name. Having gone along on a late spring 1943 tour of training bases with Bill Crumm and his wonderful *Jack the Ripper* B-17 crew just home from England, I had become an "expert" and was soon busy arranging for the *Memphis Belle* and other returning aircraft and their crews. So, I had given up my assignment to the Office of the Air Surgeon and was only an observer of the handling by the War Department Bureau of Public Relations and by Boeing Company of Randy's dangerous experiment. After General Arnold talked Randy into cooperating, the Air Forces Group and the War Department Bureau of Public Relations within which it functioned got into the act with after-the-fact handouts, which was all they could do inasmuch as they had not known about the experiment in advance. There are some indications that Army Air Forces had not known either. In fact, it was one of the few big events in Randy's life that neither his Uncle Doc nor Mary knew about until days later. Mary was visiting in Albuquerque on the morning of July 1 when Uncle Doc brought to her the *Albuquerque Journal* and the story of Randy's accomplishment, and of his close brush with death. *Life* and *Look* and everyone else carried pictures and a text, and they made Randy out quite a hero.

As Randy said many years later, "the portable oxygen equipment had to be ready for instant use. In any type of research where you have a piece of equipment that will be used by man, you finally have to test it under the conditions in which it will be used. A test flight was required of the portable oxygen bottle." Others in aviation

medicine who talked many times with Randy about the experiment recall that he also made the jump to find out what was happening to cause injury and death to pilots forced to abandon their planes at high altitudes.

When Randy dropped through the bomb bay, a cord attached to the B-17 pulled his chute open immediately. It was thought that there would be less shock if the chute was opened in the thin, high air than if the airman dropped down to thicker air before opening it. The opposite proved true. Randy suffered 40 or more G's of pressure when the chute opened, was knocked unconscious, and lost the outer and inner gloves from his left hand. The violent, pendulum swings of his body below the chute nauseated him, and his hand was deeply frost-bitten. He fought his way back to slight consciousness at 8,000 feet, waved feebly to an accompanying airplane, but landed hard in a field of wheat stubble. As Randy said, someone has to try these things before one knows.

So, Wright Field and the Air Force thought to test what seemed to be—and of course proved to be—the safer way, of delaying the opening of a chute until heavier air is reached at 12,000 feet or less. Lt. Colonel Melvin W. Boynton made the jump. This time Headquarters and the Pentagon knew in advance, and the news media were on hand. Colonel Boynton had no automatic chute, but relied on retaining consciousness and pulling the ripcord by hand at a safe altitude. He dropped from the plane, his chute did not open at the planned lower altitude, and he plummeted into the ground in front of press and spectators.

Randy showed his courage otherwise during the War, putting his life on the line for other tests and to gain other information, and to return United States prisoners of war, but these events and his many accomplishments have been told in the tribute by Brig. Gen. Ernest Pinson, himself a man who has risked death in radioactive clouds and elsewhere to learn the facts.

In September 1943, Randy was advanced to Chief, Aero Medical Laboratory, Engineering Division, Wright Field, and remained in that position until he went on terminal leave in December 1945. In that capacity he supervised a staff of 225, most of whom were highly trained in the various aspects of aviation medicine. He directed research and development as applied to the effect of flight on the human organism; he supervised studies aimed at eliminating effects which would adversely affect flying personnel; and he supervised develop-

ment and testing of items of life support, such as oxygen equipment and airplane ambulance equipment. During his work while at Rochester and his wartime work at Wright Field, Randy explored all known stresses affecting fliers under then-current conditions and helped to arrive at solutions, thus establishing a strong base of knowledge from which to look into the future to anticipate stresses on fliers and equipment needed for high-speed, high-altitude jet aircraft. From there it was not a difficult projection to visualize the requirements for men in orbiting space capsules. As discussed in *Men of Space*, the problems of space medicine are mostly increases in magnitude of the problems that faced aviation medicine. Man cannot be altered to suit new environments; problems remain basically those of getting sufficient oxygen to breathe, keeping forces to a level man can tolerate, and maintaining a temperature that neither freezes nor roasts man.

Under the tutelage of the Mayos in Rochester and during 1936-42 as he met there the challenges and the opportunities of work in that institution, a pattern of life was developed by Randy encompassing home, recreation, travel, and multiple avenues of work, such as surgery and aviation medicine. During World War II the background of his work and his life became national, in some respects international. His life never really was constricted after the war to a local or a regional scale. He liked life and work on an international level. That fact, combined with a very real patriotism, led him over the next nineteen postwar years to accept progressively more demanding assignments while still attempting heavy professional and administrative assignments in his home institutions. The 1936-42 pattern was followed the remainder of his life, although there is reason to believe that at the last he thought he might change the pattern somewhat.

ABOUT 1944, Jacqueline Cochran, as Director of the Women's Airforce Service Pilots, had a few press troubles, stemming particularly from some of the women writers. Air Forces Group assigned me to the WASPS. I wrote a few things for Jackie, and did some odd jobs now and then, and learned as others before me had that her gratitude for helpful effort is exceptional. Among her thank-you's was an invitation to the Cochran-Odlum date-and-citrus ranch near Indio, California, and I finally got there from Chicago in January of 1946, via Wilshire Boulevard where all I could find for civilian wear was a frighteningly purple coat and houndstooth trousers.

Jackie wasn't at the Indio ranch. I think she was still on her way

west-to-east around the world, sometimes sending back articles for *Liberty Magazine* in which she was then interested because her husband, Floyd Odium, controlled it. Floyd was on hand, confined much of the time to a wheelchair by arthritis. The cosmopolitan guest list included Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Lovelace, and it was there that I began to know Randy and Mary.

Big thoughts about life patterns, whether on a provincial or an international scene, were far from his mind as he and Mary relaxed there in the Coachella Valley. Now thirty-eight, with a fairly solid 190 pounds on a frame just under six feet, large head with somewhat prominent cheek bones, and the assurance and confidence of almost four highly rewarding years of military life, he undoubtedly was in his prime. Full of nervous energy, he spent almost no time reclining in the sun with the rest of us, but drove here and there with Mary in their Cadillac roadster. Then he became occupied with calls to associates at the Mayo Clinic and to other medical centers, seeking a hint of something which would bring relief to Floyd. One result, accomplished not too many months afterward, was the installation of an outdoor heated swimming pool complete with telephone extensions so that Floyd could carry on his business while paddling in the tepid water.

While Randy was busy I talked with Mary, kidding half-seriously about Albuquerque and wondering what she found so attractive about New Mexico with its deserts. It was then I learned of the Moultons and their three girls and of their extremely close family relationship. And of Uncle Doc, that sometimes gay and sometimes stern bachelor. And that New Mexico had high and forested and lovely mountains. Always when I asked, in response to something she had said, what was so beautiful or so nice or so attractive about life in Albuquerque, she would reply: "But, the mountains are only fifteen minutes away." It is a constant theme in her private writing. Once, remarking about a family picnic supper in the mountains in 1947, she wrote "It's so wonderful up there." If you had pushed her for an answer, she probably would have said that if she ever had to die, she would want it to be up there.

Winter and spring of 1946 were also quite possibly Mary's finest time. She was a mother of three, a girl and two sons. Her husband was back safe and sound from the war, with honors and awards and friends, and ready again to settle into homelife in Rochester and to practice his very real surgical skill at Mayo's.

From Indio, Randy and Mary returned to Albuquerque for several weeks. Not long afterward Randy told Odlum that Uncle Doc was urging him to return to Albuquerque. Back in Rochester late in the spring, after his terminal leave expired, Randy and Mary evidently continued to think about a change. In June 1946, Mary came to New Mexico, ostensibly because her father was receiving an honorary degree at the University, but, she told her family, she talked with Uncle Doc about the arrangements which might be made concerning the Clinic if Randy should decide to return.

Then came their time of tragedy and pain. Randy III was five and a half when he contracted polio in Rochester. On July 7, Randy telephoned Uncle Doc, who was at an American Medical Association meeting in San Francisco, saying that Randy had died that day and that they would take him to Albuquerque. Then Chuckie came down with the same dread disease, was paralyzed, and was flown in Jackie Cochran's plane from Albuquerque to Warm Springs Foundation, Georgia, accompanied by Randy, Mary and eight-year-old Chris. Chuckie lived only until August 13. Both boys were buried in Fairview Cemetery in Albuquerque.

The bereaved family remained in Albuquerque. The Mayos wrote for Randy to return and let work help with his grief. Randy told Uncle Doc that he simply couldn't go back. By early September the decision had been made, as Randy then wrote me in Chicago—they would stay in Albuquerque.

Their first plans for the Clinic, in which Randy was now one of three partners—Uncle Doc, Dr. Edgar T. Lassetter, and Randy—were limited. The press reported on September 8, 1946, that the Clinic management was readying plans for a new building, to house an expanded clinic and a new research department. The building was planned for Tenth and West Central, where Randy and his family were then living. (Dr. Lassetter had also come to New Mexico for his health, had married Lora Lovelace, and in 1922 combined practices with Dr. Lovelace, which was the nucleus for the Clinic.)

Soon thereafter Randy was thinking more specifically of institutions modeled like the Mayo Foundation and the Mayo Clinic, and on July 7, 1947, obtained Odlum's agreement to be chairman of the board of trustees. Their plans matured rapidly, and on September 25, 1947, following a meeting in Uncle Doc's home they announced that the three owners of the Clinic had transferred its assets—appraised later at about \$700,000—to a new Lovelace Foundation for Medical Edu-

cation and Research. Mr. Odlum served also as president, and Randy as vice president until he moved up to president in 1963. The fourteen trustees included eight New Mexicans and six from out of state. Underlining Randy's continuing interest in aviation, three were aviation connected: Odlum at that time had control of Northeastern Airlines and of Consolidated-Vultee; Thomas Fortune Ryan III of San Francisco and Three Rivers, New Mexico, was Chairman of Mid-Continent Air Lines; and Nelson S. Talbott of Dayton was a board member of Trans-World Airlines. Odlum put up \$5,000 to get the Foundation going, and other early funds were borrowed from Drs. Lovelace I and Lassetter and from Earl Moulton. The Clinic simultaneously was reorganized into a voluntary association of salaried physicians, under a Board of Governors of which Uncle Doc was Chairman. In 1960, Randy was made co-chairman. The Drs. Lovelace I and II and Lassetter agreed to work the first year without salary. Then, as now, Foundation and Clinic were separate entities, the Foundation being a nonprofit corporation with one of its purposes being to supply buildings and equipment which could be rented to the Clinic.

In view of the more expansive plans, it was decided not to build on West Central and by 1949 an ample future site had been selected. Uncle Doc owned 112 acres in the Llano Addition—a triangle formed on the east by Sandia Base and on the two other sides by Ridgecrest Drive and Gibson Boulevard, adjacent to the Veterans Administration Hospital, and in its length paralleling the long east-west runway to Kirtland Air Force Base. He gave eight acres—later adding two more—to the Foundation. With Governor Mabry in attendance, ground was broken May 29, 1949, for the first Foundation building, which was dedicated on November 5, 1950. Following that dedication, those attending moved east to an adjoining ten-acre site, also donated by Uncle Doc, to turn earth for the Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, which was consecrated on April 20, 1952.

The years 1947 through 1950 were relatively quiet. The family had to learn to live with its tragedy. Sharon Louise was born on May 13, 1947, and her presence helped. Mary thought they should have a new home and liked the idea of Rio Grande Boulevard. After the Foundation's future site had been identified, Uncle Doc took Mary to a high point of the Llano Addition. He indicated the views on all sides: east to the Manzanos, north along the front crest of the Sandias, west across the river to the volcanoes and far away Mount Taylor, and the

promise of a box seat for this country's sometimes startling sunsets. He pointed out the closeness to the clinic-to-be, and what that would mean to a surgeon husband. "I'll give you twenty acres right here," he said. Mary accepted. With the help of architects Zehner and Meem they built a home which formed a square around a central patio and which was ideal for their joint purposes of family living and of entertaining in connection with Foundation and Clinic activities. The house and land were valued at \$90,000 when Randy and Mary moved in, in 1949.

Randy became Chief Medical Officer for Trans World Airlines in late 1947 and also became consultant to other airlines and to aircraft manufacturers. He remained in the Air Force Reserves, and was never without a high-level, military assignment. In late 1945 he had begun many years of service in first one capacity, then another, with the Scientific Advisory Board (Air Force), and in 1947 also began consultancies with the Air Surgeon General. The assignments were interesting and rewarding, but not in those years very demanding of his time or energy. So, Randy was home for much longer periods than in the war years or in later years.

The Foundation itself was not as demanding as in later years. The first requirement was money to provide a Foundation-Clinic building and thus provide facilities for an expanded clinic staff and more activity—in other words to provide for patients as well as for research and medical education. The Foundation had a few clinical research projects, but it was not until about 1951 that it undertook a major program—a continuing study of the effects of blast-energized missiles and of blast-wave shock on the human organism, under a contract first with the Atomic Energy Commission and after 1959 with the Department of Defense. In its new quarters the Clinic's workload expanded rapidly, and little space was available for Foundation programs.

In 1949, Randy suggested that I visit Albuquerque to determine if the city would support me in a public relations activity. En route I could visit a then-bankrupt farm-implement client, so I rode out from Chicago on the Santa Fe. It developed quickly that Albuquerque would not provide for me. Randy drove me to Santa Fe in his Cadillac roadster and even demonstrated the supercharger. On the way home he pointed out the lights of Los Alamos and on the whole did such an effective job of describing life in New Mexico that within six months I had accepted an appointment in Los Alamos and was living there. Mary was in the hospital while I was in Albuquerque and

it was the next night, June 16, 1949, that the Lovelace's youngest daughter, Jacqueline Anne, was born and named after Jacqueline Cochran.

As Randy told me then, the family was finding enough time to enjoy New Mexico. He usually managed throughout the years to get into the high parts of the Sangre de Cristo Range above Eagle Nest Lake and to the Springer Ranch along the upper Cimarron for the fall hunting of wildfowl, turkey, bear, deer, antelope, and elk. Almost every year he and Jimmie Doolittle would try for elk with owner Robert S. LeSage of Dallas on his Marino Valley Ranch. Hunting, perhaps like flying, was a recreation which wiped out other concerns for a brief time, and he gave hunting the same concentration which otherwise he gave to surgery. In addition his reflexes were good, his equipment superb, and he was a fine shot. He always got game. John Domacker, early business administrator of the Foundation and now an Albuquerque stock broker—whose wife, then Martha Matthews, was a doctor's daughter and was a school contemporary of Randy and the Moultons—has many stories about hunting and fishing with Mary and Randy. He recalls one day on the Springer Ranch when he and Randy were seated on a bale of hay at their favorite spot, watching a point where two game trails intersected. Suddenly, a doe appeared from one direction and a buck from the other, both racing toward the crossing of the trails. Both rifles were fired, both deer fell upon the crossing, and both hunters began to argue as to who had killed and would take the buck. John's most vivid memory is of the speed with which Randy could dress out a deer or an elk, then loaf while the others struggled with their game. The Lovelace girls say that their mother really wasn't very enthusiastic about hunting or fishing, but it was a way to get into the high mountains—and with Randy along—so she hunted and she fished. I talked with her one day as she prepared for a trout-fishing trip, asking how she was with flies and she said she used worms. I asked about the slimy feel of worms that so many women complain of, and she said she had licked that problem by coating her hands with mud when using worms.

Randy always carried a heavy surgical load and at times a full research load, but he was especially busy with surgery from 1947 for perhaps ten years. An associate has said that during those earlier years when he was regularly in surgery and when his travel schedule was relatively light, he was an exceptionally fine surgeon. Here, too, Randy retained his interest in things mechanical, having developed at least

six tools now in general surgical use and bearing his name. I have heard persons in Indian pueblos and Spanish villages speak of Randy—and of Uncle Doc—with utmost respect and affection. When Randy died, they spoke of it as of an intimate loss. They had thought of him not so much as a doctor or a surgeon, but as a man of compassion. The wife of a friend underwent an operation and in a sentence described his doctor-patient manner: “He seemed to think you were the only patient in the world.” Floyd Odlum mentioned that Randy had operated on him twice and on Jackie Cochran three times, and he stressed that Randy had sat up two nights in Jackie’s room following the second operation to be on hand in case of postoperative trouble. Uncle Doc, secretaries, and others have mentioned how “He always had time to talk with a patient, whether it was in the hall, at the airport, or on the street.”

Those characteristics are of course reminiscent of Uncle Doc, but it was Randy who achieved them and who retained them despite the other demands on his time and his abilities. Randy seldom spoke of his feeling for Uncle Doc, but the respect and the very real affection with which he expressed “Uncle Doc” left little doubt of their close relationship, and that opinion has been confirmed by close associates of the two. Both were strong men—and stubborn—and there were differences, of course, but there was also mutual respect and affection which led to compromise when their positions were opposed.

Two Drs. Lovelace in one building, and both in top administrative as well as professional positions, could be confusing. In the years after 1947, staff members began referring to them as “Dr. L-I” and “Dr. L-II,” which made good shorthand. It became “Dr. Lovelace the First?” or “Dr. Lovelace the Second?” as a telephone operator’s question. The close relationship of Dr. L-I, of Randy’s father, Edgar, and of Randy caused terminology sometimes confusing to the outsider. He spent many school years in his uncle’s home, and quite naturally referred to Grandma Lovelace and Uncle Doc as “his folks.” Over the years a few outside the family were privileged also to call the older man “Uncle Doc,” although I think he granted that privilege primarily to keep us from referring to him as “old Doc” and to Randy as “young Doc.” Uncle Doc sometimes addressed Randy as “son,” with the full understanding of Randy’s father. Randy almost always referred to his parent as “Dad.” To Mary, Edgar Lovelace also was “Dad,” while her father was always “Papa.”

For the Lovelaces the few years when outside interests were some-

what less demanding extended through 1950. Taking Chris with them, Randy and Mary sailed for Europe on the *Queen Elizabeth* on August 3, 1950, visited five nations of western Europe, and returned on the same ship in early September with Mr. Odum as a welcome co-passenger. When they returned the Korean War was fully under way. Even earlier the shape of the two decades to come had been drawn when Russia fired an A-bomb in 1949, and in January 1950, President Truman directed an intensified program at Los Alamos to develop the so-called H-bomb. There were five series of atmospheric nuclear weapons tests on Marshall Island atolls, and seven series on the new test site in southern Nevada; while in Siberia the Russians almost matched series for series. Those events resulted in growth and a high level of activity in government installations in New Mexico and had impact on activity and programs at the Lovelace facilities, and in the Lovelace home where Mary henceforth always had to keep a suitcase packed for Randy.

Randy accepted in 1951 a two-year appointment as Chairman, Armed Forces Medical Policy Council to the Secretary of Defense. In his new position, and with the younger Charles Mayo as a co-worker, Randy in the fall of 1951 traveled a zig-zag, 30,000-mile course across the nation and on around the world inspecting medical installations of the U.S. Armed Forces and then of our Allies. The position required his residence in Washington, D.C., and, as it worked out, his usual schedule was half a week there and half a week at home, when he wasn't traveling. There comes a time when a capable man is sufficiently knowledgeable that he doesn't require a detailed briefing. It is told that an Army officer in the Korean War went to Randy to say he wanted to develop a project which would furnish bulletproof armor to the soldiers and that he was having difficulties. Randy cut him rather short, and asked him to come back at a certain time. When he returned, Randy told him everything was arranged and to go ahead. Randy had recommended, helped develop, and tested flak armor for the Eighth Air Force in World War II. He knew that subject. He had many capabilities, but more and more it was that experience, that broad knowledge which brought him key appointments.

I have sought among his associates to pin down his capabilities, aside from the very real physical and moral courage which General Pinson has described.

Floyd Odum thought Randy's qualities three-fold: a) Randy had a lovable personality; others wanted to do what Randy wanted them to

do; b) Randy was thoughtful of others and had pride in his work, as shown by his efforts toward perfection; and, c) his interest in seeing what made things go, an almost childlike curiosity.

Dr. C. S. White was a Navy flight surgeon and a Rhodes Scholar, and was brought to Albuquerque by Randy to direct research at the Foundation. He succeeded Randy as Foundation Director. He had a penetrating and quite interesting evaluation that Randy was a "great catalyst." He said Randy would get people together to consider a subject and somehow he would cause the group to "go critical," and action would ensue. He also said Randy was always able then to find someone in the committee or other organization of the moment, or at the Foundation, to carry the action to a conclusion. He also noted Randy's ability to look into the future.

Dr. Ulrich C. Luft, of the Foundation staff, said: "Randy had the quite unusual ability to achieve very rapidly and with minimum briefing a sufficient grasp of fields which were strange to him and very complicated." He added: "He also had an ability to pick the essential, key item out of many; to go right to the heart of a matter; and coupled with this or perhaps growing out of it, an ability to anticipate requirements in time periods of the future."

Equally penetrating was the analysis of another longtime associate, who is well aware of the many executive positions Randy held but who said: "Randy was not an outstanding executive or administrator. A good executive can say 'no,' and make you like it; Randy couldn't say 'no' unless he worked his temper up first." We discussed that thought quite awhile and finally decided that he was indeed a very fine leader with, in the best sense of the word, a touch of the promoter in that he could manage to get things done.

In comparison with 1958-65, Randy stayed home a great deal during 1952-57. He still traveled considerably. Travel was necessary to him. It was from the contacts and observations of such trips that he drew his ideas and his inspirations. He recognized this fact, saying in an interview that reports were fine and had their place but that they could not equal face-to-face discussions. He began attending more national and international congresses. In 1952 he had helped found the Aero Space Medical Panel, Advisory Group for Aeronautics Research and Development, of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and through 1964 that organization provided a reason for periodic trips to Europe, almost always including Sweden. A glance at the list of his appointments and memberships shows that he had relatively

fewer in this period; as a result there was greater concentration on the Foundation and the Clinic, and both moved ahead rapidly in all types of resources and in programs and, for the Clinic, because of larger staff and facilities, in patients treated.

Somewhere in the Fifties, Randy ran into trouble again about his flying. It had been many years since 1928, so he went to Bill Cutter for flying lessons and was given a solo certificate—undated of course, as are so many of the Lovelace mementos. The girls have told me that their mother did not like private flying, but I do not know what she may have done about Randy's flying. Clark Carr recalls that somewhere in the early Fifties, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton, Mary's parents, came to him for arguments to help bolster their contention that Randy should fly only as a passenger. Uncle Doc had been a very early user of piloted small aircraft to reach ill patients around New Mexico, but he also was opposed to Randy in the role of pilot. Perhaps fairly late in the decade the Foundation's Board of Trustees got into the act, reportedly issuing a "strong suggestion" that Randy should use piloted charter planes and that he should leave flying to the pilot.

There was national debate in 1956 as to the need to develop long-range missiles capable of carrying the newly developed thermonuclear explosives, then there was Sputnik in 1957, and the United States' hurried efforts to answer with Explorer. Suddenly the accent was on rockets and satellites and space. Randy was by then in space medicine which was a reasonable progression on outward from aviation medicine.

With space Randy was in his element, the element toward which his interest had nudged him since that day, whatever day it was, when as a boy he looked into the big sky above New Mexico and imagined himself up there. If he had lived he most certainly would have somehow got aboard one of the multiplace orbiting vessels, perhaps not today's type but tomorrow's. Always some measure of his thoughts or perhaps of his yearnings was up *there*, and later out *there*. It was this dream and motivation and yearning and not specifically a reference to an always-on-the-go man which caused Mary's sister, Ethel Moulton Huffman, out of her own knowledge of the boy and the man, to tell me: "He was on a comet, always."

Three events during 1958 committed him thereafter to space. In April, Jimmie Doolittle asked him to chair the Working Group on Human Factors and Training, of the Special Committee on Space Technology, National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics. Serving with

him on the eight-man committee were his associate Dr. Luft, of the Foundation, and Dr. Wright Langham of Los Alamos. They made a crash study of the problems of putting a man into space. Later in 1958, Randy became Chairman, Special Advisory Committee on Life Sciences for Project Mercury, NASA. Over the years he went several times to Moscow, but in 1958 he was there for the annual meeting of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale and by observation learned enough of Russia's effort in space to become seriously concerned. Then he and his associates helped design and program the extensive series of tests given to the thirty-two military test pilots from whom the seven Mercury astronauts were selected. As each group concluded the tests in Albuquerque before going on to Dayton for others, Randy and Mary had the men to their home for cocktails, and some of us were privileged to tag along. He may have said it elsewhere but it was there in the Lovelace living room that Lt. Colonel John H. Glenn Jr. said of their tests: "I didn't know the human body had so many openings to explore, probe, poke, jab, squeeze, and scrutinize." Part of Randy's attention was always focused on medicine and on patients, and after Glenn completed his flight, Randy announced: "This program represents a real breakthrough in medical research inasmuch as it provides new methods of physical evaluation of patients and biological monitoring of patients during health and disease."

The appointments after 1957 became more numerous and the pace of Randy's life quickened, then quickened again, and again. Among his several appointments to important and time-consuming committees, such as the Stever Committee, was one as a member of the Plowshare Advisory Committee, dealing with the peaceful uses of nuclear explosives for engineering projects and he was among the observers that very chill December morning in 1961 when Project Gnome was fired deep down in a salt deposit and its highly radioactive steam vented through the workshaft to drift downwind between the observers and Carlsbad before it dispersed.

From the pattern of Randy's life and its ever-quickening pace after 1957, one should have foreseen a period like 1963-64. It began in 1963 when among other appointments in April he became president for one year of Southwest Foundations, an organization of fifty-four nonprofit foundations in three states, and the president had to help plan, then organize, its convention in Albuquerque in spring 1964. He accepted in 1963 appointment as Senior Consultant, Office

of Manned Space Flight, with the intensifying requirement to look ever further ahead to anticipate the biological and other physical science requirements. On September 12, 1963, culminating repeated board and committee service, he was elected President of the Air Force Association with the accompanying requirement to spend a year on the speech-and-banquet circuit. The load was at its peak in early spring as planning went forward for the dedication on April 26 of a \$2,700,000 Foundation-research and Clinic-use building which filled the space between the Hopkins Memorial Radiation Laboratory and the Lassetter Memorial Laboratory buildings to the west and the enlarged Bataan Hospital to the east. The dedication program encompassed numerous and varied seminars and conferences, trustee meetings, dedication of the Albert K. Mitchell Gallery of Western Art, as well as social events, and extended through a week. Immediately prior to that week, Randy went to the White House with Mary, Dr. and Mrs. John Sellman (daughter Chris), and Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, where he was sworn on April 20 as Director of Space Medicine, Office of Manned Space Flight, NASA, and President Johnson described him as "A true twentieth-century pioneer."

The new position was accepted with the understanding that he would retain his work and home in Albuquerque and commute to an office in Washington. Only the new availability of jet air-service made such an arrangement, or meeting his other commitments, possible. Soon he was spending at least a day or two each week in Washington, at least monthly visiting Langley Air Force Base or Cape Kennedy, or traveling to make his Air Force Association appearances. In the brief periods when he was home he had to occupy himself with surgery, and with the affairs of the Clinic and of the Foundation of which he was now president. To those of us who saw him periodically, he aged visibly. In October 1958 his passport for an Air Force trip to Europe had described his hair as greying; in 1964 it was grey. His weight increased, and many worried about him. I could only twit him about the many years since he had had a medical examination (he finally had one in July 1965), or about how he was or wasn't adapting to the stress of his environment, which was using his phraseology and was taking an unfair advantage. Mary and the two girls were more practical. Recently I talked with Jackie and with Sharon and was informed that they and Chris were all good swimmers and divers, which led me to observe that that explained the swimming pool beside their home. "Not at all," Sharon said. "We built the pool to force Daddy into exercising."

At a later date Randy had his secretary prepare for me a paper which outlined his travel and speech engagements from October 1962 through 1964. In three months of 1962 there were eight formal engagements involving travel; there were forty-six in 1963, and fifty-seven in 1964. Randy's frequent absences were troublesome to Mary, who never enjoyed his being away from her and their home, and who really suffered emotionally as 1964 progressed. Randy must have had wise advice because in July he, Mary, and the two girls—Sharon and Jackie—were flown from New York to Europe, to Russia, to India, to Southeast Asia, to Japan and on home, returning as a happy and glowing family group. Associates talked him and Mary into making new wills before undertaking that round-the-world flight. During the remainder of 1964, Randy made only eleven trips, far below the earlier portion of the year, and five of those were to Houston and Washington for the space job. One was for the Air Force Association in September, when he ended his year's presidency. In the remainder of the year, other appointments terminated and there were few new ones. There was one exception, and it holds interest.

In talking with Jackie, and then with Sharon and Chris, I sought information on the family's eating preferences, learning only that they all liked corn on the cob, barbecue, Spanish food, and steak—in fact, they thought they could best be described as a steak family. Then I learned that possibly sometime in 1964 their father had joined "The Cooking Club" of Colorado Springs at the invitation of Thayer Tutt, president of the Broadmoor Hotel and a Lovelace trustee. The Lovelaces flew to Colorado Springs several times for the once-a-month, Saturday-night events. Only Randy could attend, as they were stag, and held in a cottage on Cheyenne Mountain. Sometimes Randy took associates at the Foundation with him. The girls remembered also that their father was an experimenter, and most particularly they recalled a meal of canned iguana, which they thought was something like "chewing on a string." They also recalled that their father taught them table manners and, they said, they turned out to be "quite Continental." They explained: "We learned to eat meat and vegetables—but not salads—with our forks held in the left hand." The preceding caused Chris some amusement later. She said: "Father was very much a tease; the girls are recalling times he was teasing them." But she did agree with them that her father used his knife to rap the knuckles of young ladies who erred in table manners, and that Sharon, who sat next to him, was quickest to learn.

I attempted to lead the girls on, by asking just what they thought of their lives during these years when their father was strictly a go-go-go type. Both girls concentrated hard, they explained. "Yes, he was gone a great deal of the time, but that's the way he was and that's the way things were. But when he was home he was one hundred per cent with us. We had breakfast and dinner together. Sundays we would do things like go to the mountains together. For dinner, we frequently would eat off TV tables in his den, with the TV turned off, although maybe we would watch TV after dinner. He would kiss us goodnight." Those informal meals in the den, perhaps with cedar chips burning in the small fireplace, stood out importantly in the girl's memories, in contrast to the many formal meals at the opposite end of the house, and closer to the kitchen. I took the opportunity to ask about discipline. The two girls' answers varied. Sharon, the elder, thought that most of their discipline came from their mother, because their father was so often absent. She agreed though with Jackie that while much that they learned was from their mother's example, some social discipline, like the table manners, was to a considerable degree taught by their father. For instance, anyone who has visited at the Lovelace home will have noticed the gracious way the girls extend a hand for a greeting, and the firmness of their handshake. As Jackie explained, "Daddy would offer us a fishy hand, then teach us how to shake hands firmly, and how to say a good 'how are you?'" The girls are in agreement on two other aspects of discipline. Jackie recalls that one could bring home a card with four A's and one B and Randy would ask: "How about that B?" But he didn't scold. When truly upset, his eyes became piercing, and both girls agree that those eyes gave them lots of trouble. They also agree that Chris had quite a few spankings, that Sharon had only one (when she rode her tricycle down Ridgecrest and was caught), and that Jackie never was spanked. The simple fact is that all three girls are wonderfully well trained in social things, apparently have sound heads to go with charming ways, and each is different in important ways from the others.

So, they came to Christmas of 1964. Christmas morning was gift time. They all had breakfast together, with Oregon pears a must, and on each girl's plate the usual check from Granduncle Doc and another from Grandfather Lovelace. When their father could no longer contain his curiosity, they went to the tree in the living room and opened their presents in customary fashion, rotating one by one around the circle. They not only had their own stockings hanging on the fireplace,

there also was a single huge stocking Mary had found somewhere. One Christmas the girls turned the tables and bought many food delicacies to stuff that large stocking, to provide tidbits for their parents to serve at the many cocktail receptions.

So Randy came into 1965 with a continually heavy schedule related to his space administration work but with fewer demands otherwise. In January he thought everyone should get behind the effort to bring a health center, one of the thirty-two proposed by President Johnson, to Albuquerque. He helped here and there with the Medical School being organized for the University of New Mexico. With his talent for taking what his peers said, then jumping ahead, he had long proposed the use of computers to provide quick diagnosis of a patient's ills, and discussed with me several times what could be done if the records of one million Mayo patients could be computerized and put at the prompt call of any physician. He also had thought of what computers could do to solve the problems of information retrieval in this day when data promises to engulf mankind. He had managed to get a small computer through NASA, and in 1965 got a larger one through the AEC.

As the first half of the year moved along, there was talk within the Foundation and with the trustees about a building, possibly a final building for the present, to house an auditorium, a library, a computer, and various educational facilities otherwise. Viewed against what this doctor and promoter—and again I use the phrase in a conservative sense—had done since 1947, it seemed quite possible that such a facility might be added soon. Randy had always had drive and enthusiasm, and I think he brought a degree of romance to the Board of Trustees as they helped him bring to pass some of his dreams for the Albuquerque institutions.

The entire family was delighted in March when John and Chris Sellman had a baby boy, Charles Randolph, and there began to be more and more occasions for trips to San Francisco.

Randy was obviously a very tired man by midsummer 1965. There are some indications that he then began to think it was about time to cut back on national commitments, about time for a catching-up pause in Foundation and Clinic expansion, about time to spend more time with his family. He told Uncle Doc one day in mid-1965 that so much had already been achieved that he thought he would take time to write his autobiography. He must have talked similarly with Mary because she had the basement cleaned and rearranged so there

would be room for an orderly arrangement of the many files containing his papers. There can be a reasonable doubt whether, after he had rested, he would have continued at a slower pace, but it obviously was his intent.

Robert O. Anderson of Roswell had become co-chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation, and was also chairman of the Board of the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies. Then Dr. Alvin C. Eurich, president of the Aspen group, also became a Lovelace Trustee. Somewhere along the line Randy found time to attend an Institute seminar and found that he liked Aspen. In August he paid \$5,000 down on a \$40,000 condominium house in Meadow Lane. When in residence the owner occupies such houses, but when he is absent they are rented to other visitors. Randy applied for a Colorado license to practice medicine, for use when in the future he might be in Aspen.

There were increasing items of joint interest to the Institute people and the Foundation people, and Randy flew to Aspen quite frequently. Partially because of their new house, Mary went along several times and now and then they took Jackie with them. There is one basic procedure when flying out of Aspen, I have been informed by several charter pilots. It is to climb fast to 12,500 or 13,000 feet which is above the crest of the Sawatch Range to the east and south although not above all the peaks. The more direct route to Albuquerque is almost due south to Gunnison, which means flying for perhaps one hundred miles over rough terrain. Sometimes the pilots would go farther east of south, following above the Roaring Fork Valley toward Green Mountain then swinging to the right and on south, but this route also involves a long stretch of rough terrain. Usually, if Randy was on board the pilot would turn to the left of Green Mountain, flying well above Independence Pass, over only possibly twenty miles of bad terrain and then above the central valley. They "always" used the last route if Mary or Jackie was aboard, I was told. Of course, if the weather was clear Randy often directed the pilot to fly here or there off the direct route, sometimes to fly closer to the ground, so he could do a bit of sightseeing.

In September, Randy and Mary donated land valued at \$32,500 to the Kit Carson Council, Boy Scouts of America. In mid-autumn Randy joined Jimmie Doolittle and LeSage for elk hunting, and then he, John Dornacher and others began looking ahead to their annual goose hunt on the C/S Ranch at Cimarron, to be sometime between December

15 and 24. Then in mid-November he was off again like an old fire horse at the sound of an alarm. With only an hour's notice he was invited to be an observer on a flight which Rockwell-Standard Corporation had arranged and Randy managed to make a commercial jet flight to Honolulu. From there the group—some thirty persons drawn from various disciplines—were flown in a modified Boeing 707 non-stop across the North Pole to London; then to Buenos Aires and nonstop across the South Pole to Christchurch, and on to Honolulu, covering 26,203 miles in a total flying time of 51 hours, 21 minutes. Randy then took a jet back to San Francisco where the entire family gathered with the Sellmans for Thanksgiving. As some thirty hours were flown in darkness, not too much was observed. Upon his return to Albuquerque he told the *Tribune* that he was able to see the U.S. base in the Antarctic and that this was his biggest thrill on the trip.

On November 15, before the takeoff from Honolulu, Randy managed to get Mary on the phone to wish her a "Happy Anniversary." He also phoned her from each stop the aircraft made, but the monthly anniversary call was something else again. They were married on the fifteenth of the month—September—and ever afterward played a game of who would be the first to wish a "Happy Anniversary" to the other on each fifteenth. Once during the war this was done by letter, but otherwise in person or by phone. Randy's call from Honolulu marked their 386th anniversary, by their calendar, and each undoubtedly was already thinking ahead to December 15 and how to best the other.

They had already planned to spend Christmas at home as usual, then go to their new home in Aspen for the year-end holidays. All the family was to be there.

The week of December 5 was busy: On Tuesday, Mary offered her annual book review to the Tuesday Literary Club. On Wednesday, she presented the devotional service at the final meeting of the Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church. That afternoon she and father Edgar's wife, Frances, went Christmas shopping in Winrock Center where Mary bought Frances shoes with a bright flower on them, and Frances bought Mary and Randy a large barrel to be used for icing drinks. Thursday she attended the Presbyterian Women's annual luncheon. She gave some thought to the Christmas party which was to be at her home on December 20 for the other deacons.

Randy had his usual busy week. He assigned several tests to be made by the astronauts during their forthcoming and highly important rendezvous flight. He and Thayer Tutt were both members of the

Rocky Mountain Wine and Food Society, which has gourmet meals in restaurants or hotels anywhere but which always returns to the Penrose Room of Colorado Springs' Broadmoor Hotel for a pre-Christmas event, and they both were committed to attend with their wives that Saturday night. Friday I went to his office to have him get me the result of a diagnostic test which a physician had neglected to pass along, which was the type of thing which irritated him and he very quickly had the information for me. As I left his office a staff physician was waiting, and said he was tired of dealing with committees but that Randy would get him a decision. We agreed we both would feel somewhat lost if he wasn't there to hear and act on our problems. Before I left, Randy had told me that he was thinking seriously of resigning his space position; perhaps he said that he had already sent NASA a preliminary letter.

On Friday, Randy called the Cutters and, as had become his custom, asked for pilot Milton Brown and that a plane be assigned for two days, Saturday noon through Monday noon. Brown was 27, a native New Mexican, and lived in Albuquerque with his wife, a daughter, and a son. He had piloted Randy in the same plane for about twenty-five hours. He was committed to go to Santa Fe Saturday morning to helicopter Santa Claus from the airport to the downtown plaza but would be back for a noontime takeoff. Randy wanted to see Dr. Eurich and also wanted to make certain the house would be ready for the holidays, and had already decided to go on to Aspen after Colorado Springs.

Then he got around to telling Mary and Jackie that they would all go to the Springs and Aspen Saturday, and ran into unexpected difficulty. Jackie is a sports enthusiast, and especially good at breakaway, which seems to be a spinoff from soccer football. Saturday morning her team was to play a visiting team, and she felt she was committed. She recalls that her father "became quite a bit provoked with me." It is quite probable her eyes flashed as they do when she becomes intent, and that his eyes took on that piercing look. But, "Mother said nothing." In fact Mother had cooperated other times to get Jackie excused from weekend flights. On Saturday morning, Jackie weakened a little and told her mother she would try to return by 11:30 or in time to accompany them. As it turned out, she had to call her mother at 11:30 tell her that she simply couldn't get there, and for them to go ahead. So she spent the weekend at home with Mercedes Barela, who had been with the family for years and was more than a housekeeper.

The banquet Saturday night was a bit overwhelming in its wines and brandies, and the variety and richness of the food, but thoroughly enjoyable. Sunday morning they didn't get started quite as early as they had planned, but they were flown above the Front Range and the valley and on across the Sawatch Range, with snow-covered mountain peaks all around shining brightly in the sunshine, then down to the Aspen airport. On the way Mary quite possibly talked with Randy about the gourmet dinner he would have to arrange for the Cooking Club's February feast. Dr. Eurich was not there when they arrived, so they talked with others, then drove out to see their house, which would be ready by Christmas.

Back in Albuquerque, father Edgar Lovelace and his wife Frances became concerned when Randy failed to visit them in mid-morning. For the seven or eight years that they lived on the ranch west of the Rio Puerco, and in the three years they had been back in town, Randy never failed to visit them on Sunday morning if he was in town. If he was to be absent or too heavily engaged, he always telephoned to tell them so. This time they had heard nothing, so they expected him. They phoned, Mercedes told them about the trip to the Springs and Aspen and that Randy and Mary wouldn't in any case be back before afternoon, so they accepted that Randy wouldn't come to their home that Sunday.

About noon Randy and Mary returned to the airport where Pilot Brown was waiting. Mary probably climbed into the back seat. Randy may have got back there with her, as he sometimes did, or he may have been in the front seat beside the pilot, as he often was. They took off at 12:30 noon and while it would be about two hours back to Albuquerque and they wouldn't get there before mid-afternoon they still had time to fly a circle to the west to look down on their new house. Then the white plane with its two-tone stripe flew into the east up the valley of the Roaring Fork and those on the ground thought it was going to fly above Independence Pass, but before the stream split around Green Mountain, the man at the controls swung to the right toward Grizzly Gulch and the rocky sides of the Sawatch Range.

W. RANDOLPH LOVELACE II: BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WILLIAM RANDOLPH ("RANDY") LOVELACE II was born on Dec. 30, 1907, in Springfield, Mo., the son of Edgar Blaine and Jewell Costley Lovelace. Edgar B. Lovelace was born in Paydown, and Jewell Costley in Monette, Mo. They were divorced in 1918. The mother died in California in 1933. The father, now 85, lives in Albuquerque with his wife, Frances.

Randy Lovelace's uncle, William Randolph Lovelace I, "Uncle Doc," was born July 27, 1883, on Dry Fork south of Belle, Mo., never married, and has been a resident of Albuquerque since 1913.

Randy's wife, Mary Easter Moulton Lovelace, was born April 7, 1912, in Lucy, N.M., to Earl Lake and Adelaide Peirce Moulton, he being from Michigan and she from California. Mr. Moulton died in 1948. Mrs. Moulton, now 82, lives in Albuquerque. Mary's older sister Ethel, born in 1908 at Lucy, is now Mrs. Oscar B. Huffman of Nambe, N.M.; the younger sister, Gertrude, born in 1914 at Corona, N.M., is now Mrs. E. E. Kinney of Artesia, N.M. The Moultons moved to Albuquerque in 1920, where Mary completed grade school in 1925 and was graduated from Albuquerque High School in 1929. She received her B.A. in musical education at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., in 1933, where she was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Randy Lovelace was tutored, 1914-17, while living in Albuquerque and on a ranch near Willard, attended Willard Public School 1917-18, then enrolled in Sept. 1918 in Albuquerque's Fourth Ward (now Lew Wallace) School; finished elementary schooling in June 1921; and was graduated from Albuquerque High School in June 1925. He attended Washington University, St. Louis, 1925-30, having a premedical major and receiving a B.A. degree; studied medicine, 1930-32, in Washington Medical School, St. Louis; Cornell University Medical School, New York City, 1932-33; Harvard University Medical School, Boston, 1933-34, receiving his M.D., Oct. 19, 1934. He interned in Medicine, Oct. 1934—July 1936, Bellevue Hospital, New York City. In summer, 1929, he took a course at University of Southern California. In summer, 1931, he also took a course at the University of Wisconsin. He was a Fellow in Surgery, Mayo Foundation for Medical Research and Education, Rochester, July 1, 1936, to 1939. He received his M.S. in Surgery from Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota, Rochester, in 1939.

Randy and Mary were married Sept. 15, 1933, in the First Presbyterian Church, Albuquerque. They had five children, three girls and two boys: Mary Christine Lovelace, born Dec. 22, 1938, in Rochester, Minn. On Aug. 26, 1961, she married Dr. John Sellman, now in post-doctoral training in an orthopedic residency in the University of California Medical Center, San Francisco. Their son, Charles Randolph Sellman, was born March 5, 1965. William Randolph Lovelace III, was born in Rochester Dec. 10, 1940, and died there July 7, 1946. Charles Moulton Lovelace was born in Rochester Aug. 3, 1942, and died Aug. 13, 1946, at Warm Springs Foundation, Ga. Sharon Louise

ON A COMET ALWAYS

385

Lovelace was born in Albuquerque, May 13, 1947. Jacqueline Anne Lovelace was born in Albuquerque, June 16, 1949.

Randy and Mary died as the result of an aircraft accident on Dec. 12, 1965, about 20 miles from Aspen, Colo., in Grizzly Gulch.

Aviation Medicine and Surgery: As a Navy ROTC member, W. Randolph Lovelace II attended Great Lakes Naval Training Center, spring 1928, earning a pilot's license. On leave from Mayo, Feb. 15 to Apr. 1, 1937, he earned a rating of flight surgeon, School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Field, Texas. Early in 1939 he received the Mayo Foundation's J. William White Scholarship providing foreign travel to study medicine and surgery. During Apr.-June 1939 he studied surgery in nine countries in Europe. Beginning in 1937 he was a student, then an associate of Dr. Walter M. Boothby in aviation medicine research at Mayo's. In 1938 the Aero Medical Laboratory at Wright Field asked them, together with Dr. Arthur H. Bulbulian, to develop an oxygen mask for the Army Air Corps. In 1939-40, he was First Assistant to Dr. Charles W. Mayo at the Mayo Clinic, and in 1940-41 was an assistant surgeon. In 1942 he became a staff surgeon and head of a surgical section at the Clinic, retaining those positions while on leave with the military, 1942-46. Together with the airlines, Dr. Boothby, and Captain Harry G. Armstrong of the U.S. Medical Corps, he was a recipient in 1940 of the Collier Trophy.

World War II Service: His records indicate that after Randolph Field in 1937, he was made a First Lieutenant in command of an Army Medical Corps Reserve unit. In Feb. 1942 he was called to active duty with Army Air Corps (later Army Air Forces) as a Major, Office of Air Surgeon, Headquarters. Beginning in Apr. 1942, at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, he served first as Chief, Service Liaison Branch, and then as Chief, Oxygen Branch, Aero Medical Laboratory. Early in 1943 he was made a lieutenant-colonel. On June 24, 1943, he tested high altitude bailout equipment and procedures in a drop from 40,200 feet. From Sept. 1943 until December 1945 he served as Chief, Aero Medical Laboratory. In 1944 he was promoted to colonel. Terminal leave was from Dec. 1945 until Mar. 1946, after which he returned to his surgical duties at Mayo Clinic.

He was awarded: the Distinguished Flying Cross (1943), the Air Medal, the Legion of Merit, the Army Commendation Ribbon, and American Service Medal, and was authorized to wear the American, Asiatic-Pacific and the European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Ribbons with three bronze battle stars, and American Service (Alaska) Ribbon. *The Lovelace Foundation and Clinic:* After his return to Albuquerque in 1946, Randy became head of a section on surgery and partner in the Lovelace Clinic. On Sept. 25, 1947, the Drs. Lovelace and their partner, Dr. Edgar T. Lassetter, a brother-in-law of Dr. Lovelace I, announced that they had donated the assets of the Clinic to establish a Lovelace Foundation for Medical Education and Research, under a fourteen-member Board of Trustees to be chaired by Floyd Odium of New York and Indio, Calif. Coincidentally the Clinic was reorganized into a voluntary association of salaried physicians, controlled by a Board of Governors. In 1960 Randy was named cochairman of the Board of Governors, with his uncle, Dr. Lovelace I. Randy was Director of the Foundation 1947-65 and, until 1963, a vice-president, then was elevated to the presidency. Ground was broken May 21, 1949, for the first new Foundation-Clinic building, which was dedicated Nov. 5, 1950. Helping round out the medical center, the Bataan Memorial Methodist hospital was consecrated Apr. 20, 1952, on adjacent land donated by Dr. Lovelace I.

Other Military Service, 1945-65: Randy remained in the U.S. Air Force Reserves, was promoted to Brigadier General, USAFR, in 1961 and posthumously to Major General in February 1966.

Other Military-related Service: 1945-53, Chairman, Committee on Aviation Medicine and Psychology, Scientific Advisory Board to Commanding General, USAF; Member-at-large, 1953-55. Member, Stever Ad Hoc Committee on Research and Development, Scientific Advisory Board, 1957-58, and the Space Study Committee, 1960-61. Consultant in Aviation Medicine to the Surgeon General, Department of the Air Force, 1947-50. Medical Service Reserve Advisory Council to the Surgeon General, 1961-64. 1951-52, Chairman, Armed Forces Medical Policy Council to the Secretary of Defense. Consultant, 1952-53 to Assistant Secretary of Defense (Health and Medical). Advisory Panel on Medical Sciences to Director, Defense Research and Engineering, 1959-60. From 1952-64 co-founder member of the Aero Space Medical Panel, Advisory Group for Aeronautics Research and Development, North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In 1958-59 he was panel chairman. Consultant, 1959-64, Air Force Special Weapons Center, Kirtland Air Force Base. Assistant for Bioastronautics in Headquarters, Air Force Systems Command.

Space Medicine: The following appointments were with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA): Advisory Committee on Flight Medicine and Biology, 1959-61. Chairman, Special Advisory Committee on Life Sciences, 1959-63. Senior Consultant, Office of Manned Space Flight, 1963-64. Director of Space Medicine, Office of Manned Space Flight, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Washington, D.C., Apr. 20, 1964, to Dec. 1965.

Also a member of the Advisory Committee on Flight Medicine and Biology, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), 1957-58; and Chairman of Working Group on Human Factors and Training 1957-58.

Other Appointments: U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. 1951-52, member, Biomedical Test Planning and Screening Committee. 1955, delegate, International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, in Geneva. 1959-65, member *Plowshare Advisory Committee, and in December 1961 an observer at Project Gnome near Carlsbad, New Mexico. He held positions on the board of directors and other posts in some twenty-two foundations and organizations. He was a member of some thirty-three international, national, and local associations and societies.

Hospital Staff Appointments: Bataan Memorial Methodist Hospital, Albuquerque, New Mexico, active staff, 1952-65. Veterans Administration Hospital, Albuquerque, consulting staff, 1946-65. Presbyterian Hospital, Albuquerque, courtesy staff. St. Joseph's Hospital, Albuquerque, courtesy staff. Los Alamos Medical Center, Los Alamos, New Mexico, consulting surgeon, 1955-65.

Publications: Dr. Lovelace II contributed over 90 technical papers and articles for scientific and medical journals on surgery of the neck and abdomen (intestines), on oxygen therapy and aerospace medical problems.

Awards: 1941, named by U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce one of Nation's Outstanding Young Men. 1947, Royal Order of the Sword—Degree of Officer First Class by Swedish Government for his assistance in establishing an aviation medicine program in Sweden. 1948, John Jeffries Award—(Institute of Aeronautical Sciences) for "Out-

standing contributions to the advancement of aeronautics through medical research." 1955, Exceptional Service Award—(Dept. of Air Force) in "Recognition of distinguished patriotic service, 1946-55." 1959, Science Award—(Air Force Association) for "Distinguished service to air power in the field of science." Co-winner with Brig. Gen. Donald D. Flickinger. 1962, Special Aerospace Medicine Honor Citation—(American Medical Assn.) for outstanding service to the U.S. in connection with the astronaut program. 1963, Melbourne W. Boynton Award—(American Astronautical Soc.) "for more than 20 years outstanding service in advanced space medical research." 1963, New Mexico Academy of Science Award in recognition of contributions to science and distinction brought to New Mexico. 1963, Man of the Year Award—New Mexico Realtors Assn. 1964, Lyster Award—(Aerospace Medical Assn.) for outstanding scientific and professional achievements and contributions in the field of aviation medicine. 1964, Outstanding Achievement Award—(Regents, Univ. of Minnesota) for contributions to aviation medicine, research, government and armed services. 1964, Karolinska Institutet Medallion—(Karolinska Institutet, Stockholm), presented by Dr. Ulf von Euler. 1964, Academy of Medical Sciences, Prof. N. I. Pirogov Memorial Medallion in honor of the 150th (1810-1960) Anniversary of the Academy of Medical Sciences, Moscow, U.S.S.R., presented by Dr. V. Parin, Acting Head of Academy of Medical Sciences. 1964, The Moscow Kremlin Medallion, in honor of the City of Moscow, presented by Prof. P. G. Gazenko in his capacity as a Representative of the Academy of Sciences. 1966, Louis W. Hill Space Transportation Award, with \$5,000 honorarium.

✪ RICHARD G. ELLIOTT has been Director of Information for Albuquerque Operations Office, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission since 1950. Following his early years with newspapers and magazines, progressing from writer to columnist to managing editor, he promoted sports enterprises in western Europe for two years, published an Oregon weekly newspaper, became an account executive and then general manager for an industrial-financial public relations counseling firm. He continues such work here in Albuquerque but is almost exclusively occupied with work without remuneration for nonprofit organizations. He serves as a director of various community and state organizations, including the Sandoval County Economic Opportunity Corporation. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott live in the community of Llanito, north of Bernalillo, in the Rio Grande Valley, where they raise and show registered Angus cattle on what is known as Elliott's Pear Tree Ranch.

Mr. Elliott served with Army Air Forces during World War II, being assigned to Air Forces Group, War Department Bureau of Public Relations, where he first learned of Dr. Lovelace II. Through Jacqueline Cochran they became acquainted in early 1946, and the association continued through 1965.

The manuscript for "On a Comet Always" was coordinated with members of the Lovelace families, including the daughters of Dr. and Mrs. W. Randolph Lovelace II, and with officials and other associates at the Lovelace Foundation.

Death Comes for the Archbishop
a Novel of Love & Death

BY SISTER PETER DAMIAN CHARLES, O.P.

WILLA CATHER'S masterful novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, contains a strikingly paradoxical relationship between the title, with its emphasis on death, and the story, with its stress on life and love. This subtle dichotomy of the human condition—love and death, Eros and Thanatos—affords, then, a basis upon which to examine the work.

Nearing the end of his life, the narrative's hero, Archbishop Latour, says to his young friend, Bernard Ducrot, "I shall not die of a cold, my son, I shall die of having lived."¹ One might well read there, 'of having loved,' for that is precisely what this novel portrays. Miss Cather herself gives the clue when she discusses the style of the novel in a letter written to *Commonweal* in November 1927:

I had all my life wanted to do something in the style of legend which is absolutely the reverse of dramatic treatment. Since I first saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes of the life of St. Geneviève in my student days, I have wished that I could try something like that in prose; something without accent, with none of the artificial elements of composition. In the Golden Legend the martyrdoms of the saints are no more dwelt upon than are the trivial incidents of their lives; it is as though all human experiences, measured against one supreme spiritual experience, were of about the same importance.²

The "one supreme spiritual experience" of Jean Latour's death is constantly and consciously present to his very living out of the life of love and of dedication he has espoused from the novel's opening

1. Willa Cather, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1964), p. 269. All references are to this edition.

2. *Willa Cather On Writing* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1962), p. 9.

pages, and indeed before. Lee Wilson Dodd wrote perceptively in his review of the work: "There is a great, a very great love story in Miss Cather's masterly, quiet narrative. It is a severe, purely designed chalice of hand-beaten silver, filled to the brim with the white essential wine of love—love of man to man, love of God to man, love of man to God."³ Yet this love is inspired and shadowed by death—the death of the God-Man—whose incarnation, Denis de Rougemont tells us, delivered man from "the woe of being alive" and made possible a new concept:

Death, from being the last term, is become the first condition. What the Gospel calls dying to self is the beginning of new life already here *below*—not the soul's flight out of the world, but its return in force into the midst of the world. . . . Thereupon love is no longer to flee and persistently to reject the act of love . . . the love of God has opened an entirely new way to us—the way of holiness. And the way is the contrary of the sublimation that had been an illusory flight out of the concreteness of life. To love according to this new way is a positive act and an act of transformation.⁴

This is the love, undoubtedly, that motivates and sustains Jean Latour in his positive commitment to life and the goods that it holds—friendship, appreciation of beauty, enjoyment of fine foods and gardens. But the simple fact of his dedication to a transcendent solution to the love-death conflict does not remove the essential struggle from the life of Jean Latour; it does, however, provide a rationale that serves to ease the torment. A sensitive, genteel, intelligent young man, the bishop experiences to an extraordinary degree the demands of the human condition; yet the serenity with which he lives out his life bespeaks the sublimity of his consecration.

Miss Cather's method in this novel is eminently designed to convey this mood of calm acceptance of all the divergencies of human existence. The telling of Jean Marie Latour's journey toward death by recounting a series of adventures interspersed with legends and historic tales is not at all an eclectic, haphazard evasion of the novelist's task. It is, by contrast, a most suitable way of re-creating the

3. Lee Wilson Dodd, "A Hymn to Spiritual Beauty," *Saturday Review of Literature*, IV (September 10, 1927), p. 101.

4. Denis de Rougemont, *Love in the Western World*, trans. Montgomery Belgion, revised and augmented edition, (New York: Anchor Books, 1957), pp. 58-60.

bishop's mind—the landscape to be explored in this probing of the love-death dichotomy. Only by an attempt at assimilation of all that impinges upon the consciousness of this “well-bred and distinguished” pioneer churchman can one approximate any comprehension of the forces that move him. Indeed, it is this quality of intense cerebration, this habit of “[sitting] in the middle of his own consciousness,” of constantly relating his actual situation to all of history, all of civilization, that sets the bishop apart from his fellows. He is assuredly *la tour*, the tower, aloof and above, yet integrally belonging to all around him. At the same time it is this very characteristic that creates within Jean Latour the great tensions of love and death which fill his life and make for the largeness of vision and understanding that marks his person.

The reader's attention is first called to Jean Latour's intellect during the “prologue” when Bishop Ferrand, the American missionary, pleads with the three cardinals to recommend his candidate to the Provincial Council at Baltimore. The Spanish Cardinal Garcia Maria de Allande remarks, suggesting the book's direction, “‘And this Latour is intelligent, you say? What a fate you are drawing upon him!’” (p. 11) The hardship of this fate receives verification when one first views the young bishop in the novel: travelling through the wilderness of conical hills and juniper trees in New Mexico, the “solitary horseman” who is “sensitive to the shape of things” mutters dazedly, “*Mais, c'est fantastique!*” (p. 18) His frustration, however, finds some comfort in an act of love. Opening his weary eyes, he sees before him a juniper tree whose “naked, twisted trunk” had taken the form of a cross. This is, without a doubt, a miracle of the type the bishop was later to explain to his friend and vicar, Joseph Vaillant—“human vision corrected by divine love” (p. 50). He kneels before the symbol of greater Death and Love to renew his love in time of lesser “death.” This worshipper of “singular elegance” and “distinguished” manners is indeed a man of love, of God and of all creation, but his very presence and stance betray him as a man who knows death too—death and suffering. Later in the day when his suffering from thirst becomes extreme, we learn of his solace through meditation on Christ's Passion. The death of the Lord is the great holocaust into which he subsumes all the lesser deaths of his humanity, and through which he transforms his most ordinary actions into deeds of love. And yet, for Bishop Latour, it is his power of intellect that allows this mastery over—or, paradoxically, this submission to—the

combined forces of Love and Death in the person of Jesus Christ. At the same time, however, despite the fact that Jean Latour is ruled by, and rules with, Love—accounting for the overall imperturbable tenor of his life—his intense intellectuality serves as a kind of Thanatos-force that comes into his life and causes the deaths that ready him to meet that final death at the end of his life of love. It is this complex aspect of the bishop's character that I shall examine in this analysis.

The most pervasive of Jean Latour's struggles extends throughout the novel: the constant contrast of his thoughtful nature with that of his active fellow-seminarian and life-long friend, Joseph Vaillant. This difference between the two men, though a basis for their mutual love and support, eventually causes the young bishop's "bitter personal disappointment" at Father Joseph's final departure from him. Although they both come from the same section of France, the priests did not know each other as children. It is in the seminary that the son of the scholarly Latours meets the son of the baker of Riom, and their meeting has immediate consequences. Father Latour later recalls how in an instantaneous act he had chosen the lively, ugly boy for his friend. The narration emphasizes the contrast between the two: "Latour himself was much cooler and more critical in temper; hard to please and often a little grey in mood" (p. 225). Joseph Vaillant—impetuous, gregarious, sickly yet ardent—becomes devoted to the handsome, intellectual, aloof Jean Latour. In their seminary at Clermont both young men, hearing a missionary bishop from Ohio plead for volunteers to the United States, respond eagerly and bind themselves to his aid. On the day of their secret departure from Riom, the tranquil Jean strengthens the tortured Joseph who "had been abroad in the fields all night, wandering up and down, finding his purpose and losing it" (p. 285). Jean Latour, who, "having made his decision and pledged himself, knew no wavering" (p. 284), calms his distraught friend with rational argument and the two begin their journey. Joseph's gratitude to his friend is profound, and, we are told, "he always said that if Jean Latour had not supported him in that hour of torment, he would have been a parish priest in the Puy-de-Dôme for the rest of his life" (p. 286). Jean's intellectuality had saved Vaillant, but frequently in their missionary life together Father Joseph finds that very trait in Jean difficult to understand. By the same token, Father Latour sometimes takes Father Joseph's view to be simplistic if not rash.

Their attitudes differ characteristically in the matter of miracles. Saved from death due to thirst by suddenly coming upon the Mexican settlement of Agua Secreta in an early scene in the novel, Jean Latour reflects:

'If Father Vaillant were here, he would say, "A miracle"; that the Holy Mother, to whom he had addressed himself before the cruciform tree, had led him thither. And it was a miracle. . . . But his dear Joseph must always have the miracle very direct and spectacular, not with Nature, but against it.' (p. 29)

Later after they have jointly heard the story of Our Lady of Guadalupe from the old Mexican priest, Padre Escolastico Herrera, Father Joseph remarks to Bishop Latour: "'Doctrine is well enough for the wise, Jean; but the miracle is something we can hold in our hands and love.'" The bishop's answer sounds the depths of his recognition of both human and divine essences:

'Where there is great love there are always miracles. . . . One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by divine love. I do not see you as you really are Joseph; I see you through my affection for you. The miracles of the Church seem to me to rest not so much upon faces or voices or healing power coming suddenly near to us from afar off, but upon our perceptions being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what is there about us always.' (p. 49)

This same breadth of vision makes for humor in their lives also, causing Father Latour to see in Father Joseph's excellent soup at Christmas dinner "the result of a constantly refined tradition . . . nearly a thousand years of history" (p. 39), much to the chagrin of the cook! And again, wakening to the tones of the ancient silver bell which Father Vaillant had polished and raised with much effort, Jean comments on its rich and long history to the impatience of his vicar, who complains, "'What are you doing, Jean? Trying to make my bell out an infidel? . . . I noticed that scholars always manage to dig out something belittling'" (p. 45). Father Latour's insistence that he does not belittle but enhance falls upon deaf ears, and the bishop can but smile at the simplicity and zeal of this friend.

It is, however, after they have been missionaries together for a

number of years that Bishop Latour suffers his most difficult struggle both because of his love for and his difference from his old friend. In the spring of 1859, Jean Latour experiences once again the joy of being in Santa Fe with his vicar, who is recovering from malarial fever. The eager Joseph, though delighting in the hours of reflection and prayer allotted to him during May, this favorite of months, tells his bishop he hopes to be on his Arizona mission by July. Bishop Latour's remonstrance, "You must realize that I have need of you here, Father Joseph. My duties are too many for one man," calls forth the ardent plea:

'But you do not need me so much as they do! . . . Any one of our good French priests from Montferrand can serve you here. It is work that can be done by intelligence. But down there it is work for the heart, for a particular sympathy, and none of our new priests understand those poor natures as I do. I have almost become a Mexican! . . . Their foolish ways no longer offend me, their very faults are dear to me. I am *their man!*' (p. 208)

The bishop's response is serene, yet the narrator reveals the death this costs him:

No one would have guessed that a sharp struggle was going on within him. Father Joseph's impassioned request had spoiled a cherished plan, and brought Father Latour a bitter personal disappointment. There was but one thing to do,—and before he reached the tamerisks he had done it. He broke off a spray of the dry lilac-coloured flowers to punctuate and seal, as it were, his renunciation. (pp. 208-09)

The ultimate reward of his sacrifice is foreshadowed immediately afterwards by the appearance of Magdalena, one of the first of his "saved" children, advancing into the garden "in a whirlwind of gleaming wings" (p. 209).

Such symbolic approbations of his successes are rare, however, and Bishop Latour discovers more often, especially in the absence of his Eros-inspired friend, that the "grey mood" of this Thanatos-self returns to haunt his loneliness. The narrator tells of one particularly bitter moment on a bleak "December Night": "Bishop Latour had been going through one of those periods of coldness and doubt which,

from his boyhood; had occasionally settled down upon his spirit and made him feel an alien, wherever he was" (p. 211). In this dark frame of mind, he is obsessed with a sense of failure; he sees his prayers as "empty words"; his soul, a "barren field"; his diocese, a "heathen country." The Indians, whose basic spirit is akin to his own, become, in this dark night, a people who travel "their old road of fear and darkness, battling with evil omens and ancient shadows" (p. 211). The Mexicans, on the other hand, whose carefree nature Father Vaillant regards with such affection, Father Latour views as "children who play with their religion" (p. 211). Racked by the torment of his own powerlessness, the bishop tosses sleepless upon his bed, and finally decides to brave the cold to seek solace in his church. His encounter there with the miserable old peon slave Sada performs in a natural way the "miracle" of grace that he needs to lift his spirit from the throes of Thanatos up to that union of the two forces in Agape, the love of God. He later tells Father Vaillant of the joy of that night which reawakened in him the convictions of youth: the trust in the "Cross that took away indignity from suffering and made pain and poverty a means of fellowship with Christ" (p. 217), and in Our Lady, "the Image, the physical form of Love!" (p. 219). Above all, this experience helps him to comprehend that, pitiful as the trembling Sada was, "his poverty was as bleak as hers. . . . This church was Sada's house and he was a servant in it" (p. 218). The strange paradox of Love and Death is only intelligible in terms of the God-Man's command to love even if it means daily "death."

But such momentary enlightenments do not permit the bishop to quell this growing need to share the joys and hardships of his mission life with his vicar. The following spring, Jean Latour journeys south to visit his Navajo friend Eusabio, whose son had died during the long winter. There, in the midst of a storm, "cut off from even this remote little Indian camp by moving walls and tapestries of sand" (p. 233), he undergoes the mental agony of personal decision: can he justify the recall of Father Vaillant from Tucson to satisfy his own lonely spirit? Pondering this question, he contemplates the strange contradictions of his friend's nature and concludes that "he simply accepted them, and when Joseph had been away for a long while, realized that he loved them all. . . . The man was much greater than the sum of his qualities. He added a glow to whatever kind of human society he was dropped down into" (pp. 226, 228). "On the third day," the narrator records, "the Bishop wrote a somewhat formal

letter to his Vicar.” (p. 230). This action, however, does not put to rest the bishop’s problems. When Father Joseph obediently returns to Santa Fe, three weeks pass before the bishop makes any move to acquaint the priest with a reason for the recall. Riding out of town one afternoon, Jean Latour leads his friend to a ridge high over the Rio Grande valley where they come upon a “rugged wall” of “strong golden ochre, very much like gold of the sunlight that was now beating upon it. . . . “That hill, *Blanchet*,’ he tells his boyhood friend, ‘is my Cathedral’ ” (p. 241). The revelation of this sacred hope is accompanied by the first mention of the bishop’s actual death: “‘I should like to complete it before I die—if God so wills’ ” (p. 242). As the bishop discloses his inmost thoughts, and, at the same time, reveals openly his deeply death-conscious nature, his expansive vision comprehends the past and the future as well as the present; but his beloved vicar responds disappointingly: “‘You plan far ahead. . . . Well, that is what a bishop should be able to do. I see only what is under my nose. But I had no idea you were going in for fine buildings when everything about us is so poor—and we ourselves are so poor’ ” (pp. 243-44). Once again, the bishop explains calmly to his friend, “‘But the Cathedral is not for us, Father Joseph. We build for the future—better not lay a stone unless we can do that’ ” (p. 244). Just before they leave the rock, now a throbbing gold in the subdued rays of the setting sun, Latour confides in his friend, “‘I tell you *Blanchet*, I would rather have found that hill of yellow rock than have come into a fortune to spend in charity. The Cathedral is very near my heart, for many reasons. I hope you do not consider me very worldly’ ” (p. 245). Indeed, his last sentence betrays the clarity with which he senses his friend’s mystification at having been called home from saving souls to hear a poor missionary bishop talk of dreams. Joseph’s lack of understanding of symbolic values, though it hurts Father Latour, prepares him somewhat for the “letter of importance” which comes soon afterwards from the Bishop of Leavenworth. Reading the plea for a priest for the newly populated area of Pike’s Peak, he offers the task to Father Joseph. The old impetuosity appears in Vaillant’s reply, “‘I can start tomorrow if you wish it,’ ” and Jean brakes his friend’s enthusiasm with the reminder, “‘Not so fast. . . . You must take your living with you. . . . This, I fear, will be the hardest mission you have undertaken’ ” (p. 248).

As the preparations get underway, the narrator discloses Father

Latour's pain at the thought of separation, possibly a "final break" from his friend. It is only when the old subject of miracles comes up again that Father Joseph begins to see the deep feeling at the root of his intellectual friend's maneuvers. Commenting happily on the fortunate chance of his being in Santa Fe, however obscure the reason, when the "letter of importance" arrives, he concludes, "When the call came, I was here to answer it—by a miracle, indeed." Once more Jean objects rationally:

'Miracles are all very well, Joseph, but I see none here. I sent for you because I felt the need of your companionship. I used my authority as a Bishop to gratify my personal wish. That was selfish, if you will, but surely natural enough. We are countrymen, and are bound by early memories. And that two friends, having come together, should part and go their separate ways—that is natural too. No, I don't think we need any miracle to explain all this.' (p. 253)

Sobered by his bishop's words, Joseph retires to his room where he reflects—perhaps for the first time—on the great difference in their natures. He realizes that "wherever he went, he soon made friends that took the place of country and family. But Jean, who was at ease in any society and was always the flower of courtesy, could not form any new ties. . . . He was . . . gracious to everyone, but known to very few" (p. 253). Conscious now of the severe struggle within his friend's soul, he is touched to tears when the bishop offers him the white mule *Angelica* to accompany his *Contento*—the pair he had bargained for so shamelessly at the outset of their missionary life together, the pair symbolic of their own close relationship in joy and hardship. The next day, Jean Latour rides with Joseph as far as the loop were the road gives the traveler the last glimpse of Santa Fe; Joseph murmurs his motto, "*Auspice Maria!*" and turns his back on "familiar things." Returning to his home and his study, the bishop seems, the narrator assures us, "to come back to reality, to the sense of a Presence awaiting him" (p. 256). Once again, as in the "deaths" that filled his earliest days as a missionary, Father Latour seeks refuge in the immensity of the Love and Death of his Saviour. He finds his "sense of loss . . . replaced by a sense of restoration" and reflects on the solitude which is not a negation but a "perpetual flowering." The bishop's intellectual powers, so often the source of darkness and death to him, now bring life and love in his contempla-

tion of Mary, the fascination of men of all times—even in “the long twilight between the Fall and the Redemption, when the pagan sculptors were always trying to achieve the image of a goddess who should yet be a woman” (p. 257).

In the years of separation that follow, the love of the two great men does not diminish, but the death caused by the contrast of their natures becomes subsumed. On the occasion of their last visit together, Jean Latour, the great thinker, can bestow upon his friend the considered recognition: “*Blanchet . . . you are a better man than I. You have been a great harvester of souls, without pride and without shame—and I am always a little cold—un pédant, as you used to say. If hereafter we have stars in our crowns, yours will be a constellation. Give me your blessing’*” (pp. 261-62). And the man whose “grey mood” so often brought Thanatos into his life kneels before his vicar, “*Trompe-la-Mort*”—whose Eros-character drove him always deeper and deeper into life. Indeed, Father Vaillant’s nickname, “Death-Deceiver,” given to him because of his frequent escapes from death though mortally ill, works well to suggest his Eros-nature, so alien to the Thanatos-spirit of his friend, Jean Latour.

Although Jean Latour’s relationship with Joseph Vaillant is the most pervasive example in the novel of the love-death conflict created by his keen intellect, it is not the only one. Throughout his missionary activities this introspective quality marks his dealings with the varied groups under his jurisdiction, often providing a deeper love and understanding but making also for dark hours of struggle with his Thanatos-spirit. This is clearly seen as the narrator pictures Father Latour’s first contact with his flock in the old Mexican settlement of Agua Secreta which he comes upon so fortunately when he is in danger of dying from thirst. (Miss Cather also subtly symbolizes here the reciprocal needs of pastor and flock.) Accepting the meager hospitality of these people, Latour recognizes the death-dealing possibilities of their superstitious cult of the saints and of their narrow-minded religiosity which sees infidels in all Protestants; yet in his wisdom he discerns too the simplicity of their faith and love. He can smile at their “mixed theology” just as he smiles at his own musing on the goat, “symbol of pagan lewdness . . . [whose] fleece had warmed many a good Christian, and [whose] rich milk nourished sickly children” (p. 31). His consideration of the broad view of history enables him to see how death, like the darkness which must

finally release the "subterranean stream," ultimately yields to love even as it springs from love:

This spot had been a refuge for humanity long before these Mexicans had come upon it. It was older than history. . . . This settlement was his Bishopric in miniature. . . . The Faith planted by the Spanish Friars was not dead; it waited only the toil of the husbandman.
(p. 32)

These reflections, which can only derive from a consciousness "acquainted with the night," result finally in a "love for his fellow man flowing like peace about his heart" (p. 29), as well as in a calm assurance at the thought of future confrontations with such terrifying persons at the powerful old Padre Martinez of Taos.

In his associations with his native clergy Father Latour employs this same judicious blend of mind and heart, always carefully assessing a situation intellectually while yet allowing his final judgment to be made with charity. It is, however, in his dealings with the most primitive culture under his care—the Indians—that Bishop Latour's sensitive and learned nature faces its darkest times. The first Indian with whom the bishop comes in close contact is his guide, Jacinto. This young man shares the bishop's hardships in travel, and gradually, though silence is "their usual form of intercourse," he comes to enjoy real companionship with Father Latour. On their trip to the Laguna Indians as they discuss the meaning of the evening star and pray together before retiring, the narrator notes the bishop's "satisfaction that he was beginning to have some sort of human companionship with this Indian boy" (p. 93). Jacinto's reactions, too are revealed, and one sees the deep source of Jean Latour's appeal for such sincere natures:

The truth was, Jacinto liked the Bishop's way of meeting people. . . . In his experience, white people, when they addressed Indians, always put on a false face. . . . The Bishop put on none at all. He stood straight and turned to the Governor of Laguna, and his face underwent no change. Jacinto thought this remarkable. (p. 94)

This simple acceptance of people as they are wins for Jean Latour love and friendship, but it sometimes causes him frustration and suffering. Journeying with Jacinto toward Acoma Mesa in order to

say Mass there for the dwindling tribe, Father Latour learns that these Indians, who "must share the universal human yearning for something permanent, enduring, without shadow of change" had their idea in substance: "They actually lived upon their Rock; were born upon it and died upon it" (p. 98). Such concretization of an aspiration appalls Latour, and he finds the celebration of Mass in the "gaunt, grey, grim" church of Acoma to be an unparalleled experience. Here his vast knowledge of the past depresses him as he realizes the ruthless power that made this church possible, and the grim grasp for safety that made this sanctuary necessary. Consequently he feels not as though he were on the roof of the world, but as if he were "celebrating Mass at the bottom of the sea, for antediluvian creatures; for types of life so old, so hardened, so shut within their shells, that the sacrifice of Calvary could hardly reach back so far" (p. 100). Neither is his sense of "inadequacy and spiritual defeat" lessened when, on the homeward trip, Jacinto narrates the fearful "Legend of Fray Baltazar," the story of the ambitious friar whose exploitation of the Acoma tribe is matched by their requital of his cruelty in slinging him to his death over the edge of the rock. This same haunting feeling of frustration in the face of darkness re-occurs to Jean Latour months later as he spends a night with Jacinto's family in their tribal home, the Pecos pueblo. And his unusual experience of camping with Jacinto inside the peculiarly shaped cave, "Stone Lips," merely strengthens his intimation of a dark secret at the heart of this tribe's trouble. Though the bishop keeps the secret of the mysterious "horror" in the cave, he is the more deeply convinced that "neither the white men nor the Mexicans in Santa Fe understand anything about Indian beliefs or the workings of the Indian mind" (p. 133).

The Indian character does, however, strike a responsive chord in Father Latour. One Indian who remains his life-long friend is Eusabio, the Navajo leader whom the young bishop met soon after he first came to his new diocese. The strong brave's dignified appearance reflects the broad view of culture so appealing to Father Latour's mind. Later, the bishop visits Eusabio in order to console him upon the death of his only son, and the welcome he receives is one of dignity, confidence, and appreciation. It is here, enjoying the peace of the isolated Navajo hogan, that Father Latour struggles with himself over the matter of Father Vaillant's recall and feels

himself "sitting in the heart of a world made of dusty earth and moving air" (p. 230). Returning to Santa Fe in the company of Eusabio, Jean Latour finds that "traveling with Eusabio was like traveling with the landscape made human" (p. 232). Inspired by this intense rapport with natural life, the bishop muses upon the race's characteristic attitude toward the land: "It was the Indian manner to vanish into the landscape, not to stand out against it. . . . They seemed to have none of the European's desire to 'master' nature, to arrange and re-create. They spent their ingenuity in the other direction; in accommodating themselves to the scene in which they found themselves." (pp. 233-34)

This respect and reverence for nature's mystery taps a kindred depth in Jean Latour's profound being, and he detects in the Navajo people a "superior strength" which adds to his sorrow during the years when this noble tribe is persecuted in and expelled from their own land. Though he is unable to aid them, Father Latour rejoices in their final restoration to their "sacred places" and this thought brings him consolation as he welcomes Eusabio in Santa Fe just before his death. The devotion of the stalwart primitive to the scholarly old priest confirms the deep spiritual bonds which unite them despite the cultural distance between them. The Indian nature seems capable of calling forth not only the dark Thanatos but also the strong Eros within the bishop's soul.

The last part of the novel, Book Nine: "Death Comes for the Archbishop," brings into relief the "one supreme spiritual experience of Father Latour's life—his death—the end toward which his full and varied activities have been tending and the goal toward which he looks for the fulfillment of the struggle between Eros and Thanatos in Agape. The section opens with a quotation from a letter written in 1888—nearly forty years after the bishop's arrival in New Mexico—by Jean Marie Latour to Joseph Vaillant's sister, the beloved Philomène. While declaring his love for his old friend, the letter at the same time betrays the Thanatos-tendency which has always marked the bishop's deeply intellectual faculties, for he assures Philomène that death has been the source not of separation but of union between the two friends. This thought, welling from the Thanatos-spirit which is constantly aware of death, produces the same depth and breadth of vision overflowing in love that has characterized the bishop's whole career. He is concerned not only with the present

moment, his approach to death, but with the past and with the future. His interest in the future declares itself in his care for the training of new missionaries for the diocese. But his joy in the past occupies even more of his hours as the time grows short. After suffering chill and cold from exposure during a mission journey, Latour requests a return to the scene of his youthful activity—Santa Fe. Now near his beloved Cathedral, the bishop realizes that the withdrawal into its shadow is an acknowledgement of an approach to his tomb. He specifically asks Bernard Ducrot to make the journey with him “late in the afternoon, toward sunset” (p. 270), when the glowing mountains embracing the town and his Cathedral burn an “intense rose-carnelian; not the colour of living blood, . . . but the colour of the dried blood of saints and martyrs” (p. 273); the Sangre de Cristo, indeed. His old study, too, with its “thick, wavy white walls that muted sound, that shut out the world and gave repose to the spirit” (p. 273) makes a kind of tomb to which he retires before his last long rest. Here in this retreat he follows a simple routine of rising, praying, visiting, and thinking, his ever-active intellect always at work. At times he dictates “old legends and customs and superstitions” (p. 277); at others he recreates in his imagination memories of his missionary life with Joseph Vaillant, and contemplates with serenity the differences between himself and his friend.

As the final days close in upon him, his “sound mind” surveys life with equilibrium. Death, who has always been with him, he knows well, and he feels confident that “the future [will] take care of itself.” The narrator continues:

But he had an intellectual curiosity about dying, about the changes that took place in a man's beliefs and values. More and more life seemed to him an experience of the Ego, in no sense the Ego itself. This conviction . . . was something apart from his religious life; it was an enlightenment that came to him as a man, a human creature. . . . He observed also that there was no longer any perspective in his memories. . . . He was soon to have done with calendared time, and it had already ceased to count for him. He sat in the middle of his own consciousness; none of his former states of mind were lost or outgrown. They were all within reach of his hand, and all comprehensible. (pp. 289-90)

This quality of close intellection which had dominated his every

action and allowed for the depth and breadth of view encompassing both love and death persists to the last. Because he had centered his thought upon the Love and Death of Christ whose Cross, planted in the middle of history, extends its arms both to the past and to the future, he himself was able to imitate that all-embracing vision and to find no contradiction in the fact that his future begins where his past had begun; "in a tip-tilted green field among his native mountains where . . . he was trying to give consolation to a young man who was being torn in two before his eyes by the desire to go and the desire to stay. He was trying to forge a new Will in that devout and exhausted priest; and the time was short, for the diligence for Paris was already rumbling down the mountain gorge." (p. 299)

Death, from being the "last term" has indeed become the "first condition" and the new life of love in the future is not totally alien to the person who has lived it out on these terms already here below. Jean Marie Latour can face death with genuine peace of mind and soul because his personal love-death struggle, though unresolved for most of his life, has gained in strength and serenity through constant reference to the supreme example, that consummation of the Love-Death conflict in the person of Jesus Christ.

✿ Assistant professor of English at the College of St. Mary of the Springs, **SISTER CHARLES** received her Ph.D. from Notre Dame in 1965. She has published critical articles and essays on Henry James, and she remarks that the work of Willa Cather, the subject of her doctoral dissertation, affected her critically and deepened her appreciation for Cather's "magnificent artistry."

(continued from page 338)

poser. Mr. Honig is well known for his translations from the Spanish, and his critical essays on the literature of Spain.

✿ PHILIP LEGLER, currently living in Santa Fe, has placed poems in most of the major magazines of the country. Last year the University of Nebraska Press published his collection of poems, *A Change of View*. He was in the South Pacific during World War II, coming out as a sergeant. He has taught at New Mexico Highlands University and at Sweet Briar.

✿ Gary Snyder, Thomas McGrath, and Carol Bergé have praised HOWARD McCORD's fourth book of poems, *Fables and Transfigurations*, a handsome volume designed and printed by George Hitchcock, editor and published of *Kayak*. McCord is an assistant professor of English at Washington State University, and he has recently traveled in India. McCord's books include *The Spanish Dark and Other Poems* (1965), *12 Bones* (1964) and *Precise Fragments* (1963). Work-in-progress includes *The Life of Fraenkel's Death* (with Walter Lowenfels), a new book of poems tentatively entitled, *Sarx Bay*, and an anthology of contemporary Indian poets.

✿ E. J. NEELEY, lists her major influences as John Steinbeck, Bernard De Voto, and Paul Horgan. This is her second appearance in *NMQ*. She attended Southern Methodist and Pittsburgh universities; writes stories, poems, and screenplays. In 1955 she received a citation for a distinguished story in the Martha Foley collection of *Best American Stories*.

✿ *Accent, Voices, and Mademoiselle* have published poems by LINDA PASTAN. A graduate of Radcliffe College, where she received a B.A. in English, Mrs. Pastan also holds a degree in library science, and a Masters in English from Brandeis University. Her poetry has been influenced by the work of J. V. Cunningham.

✿ Publications Director for UNM, DON H. PETERSON has had a long writing career. His stories have been published in magazines as varied as *Weird Tales* and *Esquire*, and he has worked on many newspapers, earning his living for twenty years by "working with words, writing, and editing."

✿ Chinese, Japanese, and Greek poetry, as well as the major figure of Wallace Stevens are the central influences on STUART JAY SILVERMAN's poetry. A graduate of Brooklyn College, with a Ph.D. to come from the

University of Illinois, Silverman is an English instructor at the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle. His poetry has been published by *Sewanee Review*, and he has poems forthcoming in *Northwest Review* and *Poetry Northwest*.

✿ ALAN STEPHENS, as associate pro-

fessor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara, has published two books of poetry—*The Sun* and *Between Matter and Principle*—and a selected edition of the poems of Barnabe Googe. All three volumes were published by Alan Swallow, and a third book of poetry, as yet untitled, is awaiting publica-

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVI

VERSE

- Adler, Lucile. *An Abacus and a Sum of Pride*, 335; biog. 338
- Allen, John A. *A Kind of Quest, a Sort of Briar Rose*, 144; biog. 147
- Arteche, Miguel. *Vanished Light*, tr. from Spanish by Dora M. Pettinella, 57
- Bertolino, James D. *Biblic Appendix. A Simple Thing*, 272; biog. 276
- Bilac, Olavo. *Three Poems*, tr. from Portuguese by John Gaw Meem, 270
- Bonnette, Jeanne DeL. *Vacant House*, 333; biog. 338
- Cooperman, Stanley. *The Aviary*, 59; biog. 60
- Drummond, Donald F. *Gannett Peak, Wyoming*, 142; biog. 147
- Foster, Rick. *Before Dark*, 334; biog. 338
- Gregory, W. W. *Powamu*, 337; biog. 338
- Hamilton, Horace. *Looking South*, 145; biog. 147
- Hollander, Robert. *Odyssey Island*, 140; biog. 147
- Honig, Edwin. *Nativity*, 332; *Back in Bodega*, 332; biog. 338
- Kroll, Ernest. *Transcontinental*, 146; biog. 147-148
- Legler, Philip. *At the Humming Rails*, 275; *A Christmas Story*, 328; biog. 276, 404
- Loomis, Edward. *Heroes*, 58; biog. 60
- McAfee, Thomas. *Gardens*, 274; biog. 276
- McCord, Howard. *Kathmandu Valley: A Hillside*, 327; biog. 404
- Meem, John Gaw. *Three Poems by Olavo Bilac*, translations, 270; biog. 276
- Milton, John R. *I Look at the Missouri Through a Storm*, 141; biog. 148
- Morris, Herbert. *The Thunder of the Captains and the Shouting*, 267; biog. 277
- Neely, E. J. *To A Nighthawk*, 329; biog. 404
- Pastan, Linda. *Brittle Things*, 331; biog. 404
- Peterson, Don H. *Song*, 336; biog. 404
- Petinella, Dora. *Vanished Light* by Miguel Arteche, a translation, 57; *Hilltop Village*, 273; biog. 61, 277
- Qoyawayma, Polingaysi. *The Select in the Desert*, 143; biog. 148
- Rubin, Larry. *The Editors*, 60; biog. 61
- Silverman, Stuart. *After Long Silence*, 334; biog. 404
- Stephens, Alan. *The Three Sisters*, 330; *Again How the Weather Was*, 331; biog. 405
- Taylor, Henry. *Long Distance*, 273; biog. 277
- White, Elizabeth Q. *The Select in the Desert*, 143; biog. 148
- Wilson, Keith. *The Lake Above Santos*, 56; biog. 61

FICTION

- Esslinger, Pat M. *El Santa*, 339; biog. 345
- Ford, Edsel. *Some Glad Morning*, 228; biog. 240
- Gaines, Ernest J. *My Grandpa and the Haint*, 149; biog. 160
- Granat, Robert. *The Old Lineman*, 222; biog. 227
- Mayer, Tom. *A Cold Wind*, 101; biog. 100
- Muro, Amado. *Something About Two Mexicans*, 258; biog. 266
- Peden, William. *The Pilgrims*, 5; biog. 25
- Smith, Barry. *The Trap*, 80; biog. 89

ARTICLES

- Blaisdell, Gus. *After Ground Zero: The Writings of Evan S. Connell, Jr.*, 181; biog. 206
- Charles, Sister Peter Damian, *Death Comes for the Archbishop: a Novel of Love and Death*, 389; biog. 403
- Dove, Richard Charles, *Advances in Man's Ability to Measure His Environment: UNM Thirteenth Research Lecture*, 163; biog. 162
- Elliott, Richard G. 'On a Comet, Always,' a biography of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, 351; biog. 387
- Harss, Luis. *Carlos Fuentes: Mexico's Metropolitan Eye*, 26; *Julio Cortázar or the Slap in the Face*, 105; biog. 55, 139
- Hillerman, Tony. *The Great Taos Bank Robbery*, 213; biog. 212
- Murphy, Lawrence R. *The Thunderbolt*, 175; biog. 180
- Orth, Michael. *The Crack in the Consensus: Political Propaganda in American Popular Music*, 62; biog. 79
- Pinson, Brig. Gen. Ernest A. *A Tribute to Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II*, 346
- Swallow, Alan. *Story of a Publisher*, 301; biog. 325
- Vogel, Albert W. *The Education of Eugene Gant*, 278; biog. 292

- Waddington, Raymond B. *Folklore of Electrical Man: Marshall McLuhan*, 241; biog. 257

BOOK REVIEWS

- Franklin, H. Bruce. *Future Perfect*, 95
- McCord, Howard. *The Spanish Dark and Other Poems*, 96
- Sender, Ramon J. *Valle Inclán y la Dificultad de la Tragedia*, 294
- Tomlinson, Charles. *American Scenes and Other Poems*, 293

REVIEWERS

- Hanson, Bernard. 96
- King, Charles L. 295
- Wood, Clifford. 294

ILLUSTRATIONS

- Gelabert, José. *Photographs of Julio Cortázar*, facing page 112
- Mahood, Frank J. *Drawing of Evan S. Connell, Jr.*, 181
- Photographs of Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, following page 360

THE HELENE WURLITZER FOUNDATION

POETRY AWARD

The Helene Wurlitzer Foundation of New Mexico announces an annual award of fifty dollars to the author of the best poem or group of poems chosen by a panel of judges from poetry published in *New Mexico Quarterly*.

1. The announcement of the Poetry Award shall be made in the Winter issue of *New Mexico Quarterly* of each year. Poems eligible for the award shall have been published in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter issues of that year.
2. The winner of the Poetry Award and the names of the judges will be announced in the Spring issue of the Quarterly following the announcement in the Winter issue. Prior notice of the award will be given to the public press.
3. The panel of judges for the award shall be chosen annually by the staff of *New Mexico Quarterly*, and shall consist of three: the Editor of *New Mexico Quarterly*, a member of the teaching staff of the English Department of the University of New Mexico, and a qualified person not currently employed by the University of New Mexico. The decision of the judges shall be final.
4. Poems written by current members of the panel of judges, or of the staff of *New Mexico Quarterly* or the University of New Mexico Press, are not eligible for the award. Translations of poems are not eligible.
5. The winner of the award will be paid the sum of fifty dollars by check when the final decision of the judges has been confirmed.
6. *New Mexico Quarterly* reserves the right to reprint in whole or in part, if it so desires, any poem selected for the award, such reprint to appear only in *New Mexico Quarterly* or under its imprint.

NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY