

[Material]

## FAULKNER ITEMS IN THE OXFORD *EAGLE*

(Part 6)

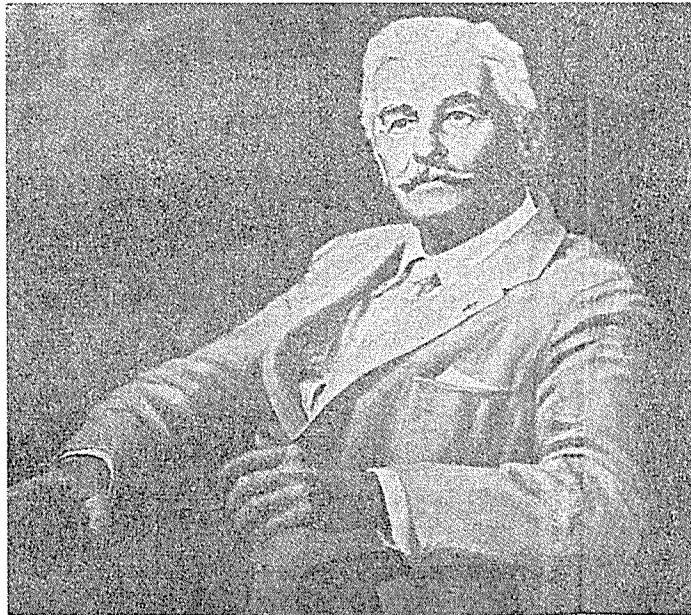
Compiled by Hiroshi TAKAHASHI

### TRIBUTES TO THE AUTHOR (1962)

July 12, 1962. 'Magazine features/William Faulkner [*with picture*],' p.1.

Only a few short months ago, William Faulkner took his favorite wicker chair to Colonel Cofield's studio for his annual sitting. He had his pipe in hand, one of the possessions that was as characteristic as were his black eyebrows and mustache.

Ed Meek, photographer and graduate student at the University, was invited to watch the picture-taking session and snapped a few off-hand shots himself while the father-son Cofield team was working behind the lights.



#### MOST RECENT PORTRAIT

The portrait of William Faulkner done in oils by Murray Lloyd Goldsborough of Lakeland, Fla., is believed to be the only one Faulkner ever agreed to see. Paid in large part by contributions from Ole

Miss personnel and students and admirers from over the United States, the portrait was completed only a few days prior to the author's death. It will hang in the Faulkner Room in the University Library.

—Photo. by Jack Cofield.

**DURING THE** invitational sitting, Faulkner suggested that Meek photograph his horses, Beau Jack and Stonewall, at his stables. Of course, Meek did just that and now has a set of exclusive shots of the Nobel prize-winner in his last days.

One of the perfect shots, depicting Faulkner's love of his hunters as he mounts up, is the cover for the spring issue of the Mississippi Magazine. Inside the general interest magazine, published each semester by the Theta Sigma Phi and Lambda Sigma journalism fraternities at the University of Mississippi, is a picture story of Faulkner at home with his horses.

'SCENES/from/The Life/of/William/Faulkner,' p. 2.

*Three pictures: (1) FAULKNER HOME: These unusually tall cedar trees make for a beautiful setting for the stately Colonial Faulkner Home. Standing with the distinguished writer, is the director (center) and cameraman for the 17-minute film made by the Ford Foundation. — Photo courtesy Madison County Herald. (2) LOVER OF YOUNG PEOPLE: Faulkner enjoyed young people and the opportunity to converse with them. Here, he is seen in an informal setting in his yard, for a session with his young friends. Seated to the left is Dr. J. Byron Gathright, Jr.; to his right, seated on the arm of chair is Mrs. Jerry Hopkins, nee Mildred Murry Douglas; his daughter, Jill, and Hugh Goforth. — Photo courtesy Madison County Herald. (3) GRADUATION SPEAKER: The class of 1951 of University High School had the honor of having Faulkner address them at their graduation exercises. The man standing is the director of a movie for the Omnibus series, in which this particular scene appeared. Seated on the stage at Fulton Chapel are members of the City Board of Trustees, included in the group are Will Lewis and Shine Morgan. — Photo courtesy Madison County Herald.*

'William Faulkner [editorial],' p. 4.

Oxford's most recognized citizen of all times—WILLIAM FAULKNER—passed into eternity on Friday morning of last week.

During his 64 years, he has brought considerable recognition to Oxford, Lafayette County, Mississippi, and even the United States with his literary works. People around the world know and have heard of Oxford because of William Faulkner.

\* \* \*

HE HAS attracted many people from other states, who have admired his works, to come to Oxford to "see" William Faulkner. Few of them ever got a glimpse of him in person, but have seen the house he lived in. Many tourists, over the years, have come out of their way, while on vacation, to see the "home of William Faulkner."

It is an accepted fact that everyone did not agree with everything that he wrote. In all, he was the author of 19 different novels during his lifetime. The right to disagree is one of the precious privileges that we have in a democracy.

Whether or not you agree, we do feel that he truly was a great man, within

his own rights. There are few men who are singled out for the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes. Faulkner was a man who took all recognition of his work in a very modest way without a lot of show.

\* \* \*

HE WILL truly be missed from his circle of Oxford friends; no longer will you see the distinguished little man walking the streets of Oxford, which he loved most of any place in the world.

—Phillips.

'THE GREAT YICK//Hunting friend/loved wildlife/By JOHN CULLEN/Great Author of Woodson Ridge [*with picture*], ' p. 4.

Dear People:

Today I lost a friend. They buried William Faulkner. We have been friends since we were little boys. I leave to others more qualified to judge his literary ability and only speak of him as a friend.

It is said that there is no better place to find out what a man is, than to go on a camping trip with him. That is where I have known Faulkner the best and he proved himself to be a gentleman if there ever was one, at all times. I do not know of a man who was ever in camp with us that did not have the highest respect and a sincere friendship for William Faulkner.

It has been a pleasure and a privilege to know and associate with him. Now he is gone like many of our old hunting friends. Yes, we miss them. Uncle Bud Miller and I them. Uncle Bud Miller and I are the only ones left of our oldest hunting parties. Gone are our old friends and the big woods.

\* \* \*

**THANKS** to Bill Faulkner, men of the future can read and see in their minds' eye, the big woods and men and lives as they were at one time here in Mississippi. Our old hunting grounds and the great virgin forest are gone never to return. We, who hunted with Fadlkner (sic), are the only ones left of our oldest about them.

He loved to hunt with men who loved the big woods and wildlife. And his story of *The Bear* expresses better than anyone else could, the loss of our old hunting grounds. In the great unknown and unlimited universe where ever you go, Bill, I hope you find our old hunting friends, and I want you to be on the lookout for me and Uncle Bud, because it won't be long now before we are going somewhere. And I hope we find you.

To Mrs. Faulkner and all the Faulkner family, we, his old hunting friends, offer our deepest sympathy and want you to know that we will always cherish

the memories of the happy days we spent camped in the big woods with our friend, William Faulkner.

I HAVE SPOKEN,  
THE GREAT YICK

'Nina's Notebook: Bennett Cerf/visits Eagle/By MRS. J. C. (NINA) GOOLSBY/  
Eagle Editor and Publisher [*with picture*],' p. 4.

A sunken place in the canopy of maroon colored canvass, caused by Tuesday night's and early Wednesday morning rains, with the name Douglass painted in bold type across (sic) the west side, cause a steady trickle of waterfall shoved along by the winds, over the side of the grave and on the withered floral arrangements coving the grave of Oxford's Nobel Prize winner, William Faulkner, as he begins his sixth day of the sleep from which no man awakens, this (Wednesday) morning between and underneath the shade of two stately oak trees in St. Peters Cemetery.

There's white dirt mixed with the Lafayette County red clay and the earth is unusually soft and muddy. In fact, it's almost impossible to stand.

Nothing has been placed here yet, to mark the grave of Oxford's most famous citizen, not even the small name plate usually placed at the graves by the funeral home in charge.

**QUIET AT ST. PETERS**

**THERE'S** a strange quiet, but in the distance can be heard the barking of a dog . . . the tooting of automobile horns . . . the motors of heavy grading equipment . . . all signs that life goes on as usual despite the great blow which befell the town and county with the death of this reserved, but nationally-known figure, early Friday morning.

Business "up-town" goes as usual; friends, acquaintances, family members and those who never even knew him continue to discuss his death over coffee and Cokes at their favorite meeting places.

Many there are who like to repeat stories of times spent with Faulkner in the days when he was less famous as they recall pleasant memories through the years.

For, strange as it may seem to those who knew him only through the eyes of strangers and writers who scarcely knew him, understanding William Faulkner was not hard to those who grew up with him and knew him through the years.

To use the words of a close neighbor, B. O. Elliott, Sr., "William Faulkner was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was reserved and some got the impression he was somewhat distant, but I'd say he didn't believe in meddling

with the other fellow's business and expected the same favor in return. He was a good neighbor for more than 30 years."

### *LOVED KIDS AND ANIMALS*

**WILLIAM** will be long remembered for his love for children and animals, especially dogs and horses. Many of his daughter, Jill's, closest friends and some much younger, including Mary Garner Elliott and Sandra Baker, along with Jill called him "Pappy". To them, he was just another good sport and it was a real treat when he would gathered (sic) them around him for story telling time. They all told stories with the famous author taking his turn.

Down through the years scholars have studied and will continue to study to try to understand william Faulkner and his writings.

I predict they'll never really be able to understand hm (sic) . . . that is, those who have never lived in or understood the way of life in his Southland.

**FOR YEARS** William Faulkner has come and gone . . . living sometimes in Virginia, home of his daughter, and three grandsons, whom he would fall into conversation about at the drop of a hat and dearly loved, sometimes in Oxford.

William talked to his friends on the streets daily as he continued his walks over town, but with few only did he talk shop. Ask any of the many, who ever became really close to him . . . they'll tell you they liked him. Like Mack Billingsley, for instance; he was instrumental in cutting some timber for Faulkner and they became fast friends.

Just recently they were engaged in conversation on the street corners when William said "Mack, how long has it been since you had a drink? (sic) When Mack replied, "Why, it's been a couple of years." William said, "Now, I'm sorry to hear that Mack, you might force me to give it up."

### *ROSS BROWN REMEMBERS*

**ROSS BROWN**, a longtime friend of William said, "I was younger than William, therefore he considered me a little boy in the days of our youth. I've always known him, so never noticed his (what some people term) seclusion. His only trouble always was that he had a lot of timidity about him, but he loved horses. His father had a lot and he really loved them. We had a lot of conservations (sic) but never talked shop."

Sure, much has been written and much more will be written by newspaper and magazine editors many of whom flooded the city over the weekend. I can't help but wonder what William would think about the ability of many of these, some so young that if you put a little cream on their face the cats could almost remove the fuzz by just licking them. It's my guess he'd be amused and maybe

a little bit bored with it all.

The world has long wondered about Oxford's feeling for William Faulkner.

A writer Gordon Langley Hall once wrote "Like any other visitor to Oxford, Miss, I was anxious to learn all I could about the neighborhood that William Faulkner has made famous, yet a search for some of his books in the local stores turned out to be a baffling failure.

"The only book I found by Faulkner was a paperback edition of "Requiem for a Nun" in one of the drugstores".

I'll contradict this statement anywhere it appears if I see it again.

### *AGREES WITH CERF*

**I ALONG WITH** Bennett Cerf, partner in Random House Publishing Company and William's publisher for more than 28 years, found a shelf full of this famous Faulkner's writings just across the street at the Rebel Press and Bookstore early Saturday morning.

Bennett, nationally known publisher and equally nationally known and much loved panelist on "What's My Line" along with his partner in Random House made the trip to Oxford for the funeral of their highly respected and much loved friend.

Mr. Hall further wrote, "The Faulkner home is currently up for sale together with the adjoining land" (sic) (this in 1958). He is moving to Virginia where his daughter Jill resides. The tragic irony of Oxford seems to lie in the fact that the local residents have failed to appreciate their most famous son—and now he is leaving."

### *REAL HOME*

**WE'D LIKE** to add that William Faulkner never really left Oxford. True he'd go away for a visit . . . in his young days for as long as two years at a time (his trip to Europe.) But always there that seemed to be that haunting something that would bring him back. . . after a couple of months of absence you'd look up to see him walking the streets again just as if he'd never been away.

The only reason the writings of Shakespear (sic) will live longer than those of William Faulkner's because they were born first.

Perhaps the only thing, he didn't oblige all his friends with was his autograph in his books they purchased. When asked by one for his autograph he replied after giving it to him. "This is something I do not make a practice of. How many times did you or anyone ever see the signature of William Shakespears (sic)". This friend contributes his getting the autograph to the fact that he delivered some medicine to "Miss Maude (sic)" at 2 a. m. once and

William was there to receive it.

He was returning the good deed.

To Mr. Hall we might add "And William Faulkner never left Oxford . . . the setting of so many of the books that brought him world wide fame . . . and through these books, Oxford, Lafayette County and William Faulkner will live as long as time and generation after generation will continue to hear and love "The Faulkner Story."

'As I knew/William Faulkner,' pp. [9, 14].

Tribute to Faulkner

*The merchants of the City of Oxford responded to a suggestion made by Mrs. Nina Goolsby, editor and publisher of The Oxford Eagle—to close for 15-minute period during the funeral services of the late William Faulkner.*

*The City of Oxford had leaflets printed, which were distributed to the various merchants to put on their doors.*

A hunting buddy of William Faulkner, John Cullen, perhaps knew the real Faulkner as well as anyone, other than the great writer's immediate family.

Many of these incidents and stories are related by The Great Yick in "Old Times in the Faulkner Country," which was authored by Cullen in the Fall of 1961.

"I have known Faulkner since he was a little boy and have grown up with him and have been associated with him in play, school, days in the countryside and hunting parties," stated (sic) Mr. Cullen. The Yick recalls the time when the youthful days of the Great Writer were spent at the family home on South Street—now South Lamar.

**Author Cullen recalls that Faulkner did not take part in play activity at school. "He was a small boy and would usually just stand around during recess and the lunch hour and watch the others play," stated Mr. Cullen. Mr. Cullen said that he was a great thinker and even as a boy, he would stand for long periods of time and just concentrate without saying anything to anyone.**

It is said that the Nobel Prize winner had a wonderful memory and even though he did not write things down or take notes, that he was making mental recordings of what he saw and would later put them in writing—the thing he did until his death, Friday, July 6, 1962. "This beloved friend of mine was more of a listener than a talker," stated Mr. Cullen.

"There were many times that he visited me at my home near Thompson's

Lake. We would swim and wade around in the lake and shoot frogs with a .22 rifle and also kill cottonmouth moccasins. Faulkner and I also spent a good deal of time on these visits just walking (Continued on Page 6) (Continued from page one) thru the woods and talking about wildlife. He would ask me many questions and was very observant about everything," Mr. Cullen said.

**As a child, according to Mr. Cullen, Faulkner was unusually thoughtful and considerate of others.**

**For a number of years, Faulkner and Cullen attended the same school. Faulkner was a couple of grades behind Mr. Cullen.**

At the age of 14, the parents of Mr. Cullen sent him to school in town, where he only lasted for a brief time. It seem (sic) that the parents of Cullen were not able to provide him with proper clothing and he was rather embarrassed (sic) a lot of time. He quit school in the seventh grade and became a professional cement finisher.

After leaving school, Cullen did see his friend Faulkner, only occasionally on the streets.

World War I came around and both of them went into service. Cullen joined the ranks of the army and his friend, Faulkner, joined the Royal Air Force. For several years they did not see each other.

**Faulkner returned from the War and brought back with him to Oxford his ole uniform, which he wore around town for so long that people got tired of it. This, however, was characteristic of Faulkner, in that he was known to wear old clothing. A tweed coat of his, became a very familiar sight to Oxonians and other people of the world who knew him.**

Mr. Cullen recalls that after Faulkner returned from the Army that he enrolled at the University for a time and then he worked at odd jobs for a period of time. It is also known that he fired boilers in the University electric power plant for a while.

The famed writer also had a taste, at this time of his life, in working at the University post office. This job, like many others did not appeal to the author. Cullen states that his friend was pretty much a Jack-of-all-trades and at one time even did carpentry work. He also tried his hand at sign painting.

**It seems that he first got his literary start by contributing poems to the "Mississippiian," college newspaper at the University. "To me, it seems that Faulkner started to find himself here and from this modest beginning, continued to spiral to heights unkown.**

"I am glad to have known such a fine person and I will cherish many fond memories of experiences that we have had together," said longtime friend Cullen.



'Death draws large/crowd of reporters,' pp. [9, 14].

The death of William Faulkner attracted more of the news media to Oxford than any other single event. Almost as soon as his death was announced, representatives started "swarming down" on Oxford. Some came by car, bus, and others by chartered planes or on regular flights.

Each of them came here with one thing in mind—for a big scoop, but with many they soon found that this would be hard to come about. Many of them came by The Oxford (Continued on Page 6) (Continued from Page 1) Eagle, in search for bits of information recorded in past issues of this paper.

. . . .

'*WEARS TIE, TAILS*: Faulkner's speech/termed as an epic,' p. [9].

Fancy clothes were not a part of William Faulkner. He wore his first white tie and tails when he accepted the 1949 Nobel Prize for literature from King Gustaf VI personally in the Stockholm City Hall, Dec. 10, 1950.

Faulkner then made his statement on the prize, and it was an epic.

"I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory but to make out the material of the human spirit something which was not there before," Faulkner said. "So this award is only mine in trust."

"It will not be hard to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and the significance (sic) of its origin, but I would like to do the same with the acclaim, too, by using this fine moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young man or young woman already dedicated to the same anguish and sweat who will someday stand here where I am standing.

"Our tragedy today in (sic) a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up?

"Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself, which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

"He must learn them again, he must teach himself that the greatest (sic) of all things is to be afraid, and teaching himself that forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old varieties (sic) and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice.

Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust,

of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all, without pity of (sic) compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the gland.”

*‘Ole timers hunted/with “Bill” Faulkner/in Big Delta woods,’* p. [9].

Most of William Faulkner’s hunting buddies are now deceased. He was known to hunt both in the camp of Colonel Stone and also with Dr. A. C. Bramlett’s group.

These hunting trips date back as far as 50 years ago. It is said that the author killed his first deer, when he was only 15 or 16 years of age.

**SOME OF** the old gang, included Dr. A. C. Bramlett, Bob Harkins, Uncle Bud Miller, Bob Evans, Joe Butler, Uncle Ike Roberts, Julian Bramletts, John Cullen, Uncle Add Bush the cook and Silas Barr who had the job of chopping the wood and assisting with the cooking.

All of the above men are dead with the exception of Uncle Bud Miller and John Cullen. Faulkner knew most of these men very well and camped with them on the trip to the Mississippi Delta.

*‘A-1 SPORT: Author liked hunting,’* p. [9].

The late William Faulkner did not spend all his time writing or thinking about Yoknapatawpha or Jefferson County, because some of the old-timers recall many very pleasant hunting trips to the Big Woods in the Mississippi Delta.

Among the two most notable hunting characters are John Cullen and R. W. “Walton—Uncle Bud” Miller. These hunting experiences, which lasted anywhere from 10 to 14 days in length, even though they took place many years ago, are very real to these men today.

“I guess that “Bill (sic) must have gone on five or six of these hunts with us”, stated “Uncle Bud” as he sat with his friend, John Cullen, under a big shade tree in his yard, Monday morning. “These were wonderful days and days that would truly be worth reliving”, stated the 80-year-old Miller.

“You really had to be on a hunt to get to know the real William Faulkner. In my book he was A-1 all the way and a darn good Sport,” stated Uncle Bud. The 67-year-old Cullen sat alongside his friend and concurred in the remarks.

These men and their old hunting buddies would usually take-off to the cane-breaks and thickets of the massive Delta in the Fall of the year, when crops were gathered. Back in the olden days they had to travel by wagon and this usually meant more than a day’s journey to the camp site.

One of the favorite hunting grounds of Faulkner and his friends was Northwest of Charleston in the Tallahatchie River botton (sic). This place, which en-

compassed a 5,000-acre woods area, was near the point where the Yocona River flowed into the Tallahatchie. They also were known to camp on Cypress Lake between McCan and Hog Bayou in Sharkey County.

. . . .

'Faulkner authored/19 different books,' p. [9].

The mighty pen of William Faulkner has been stilled forever, but his work will live on as long as there are people who can appreciate novels depicting human problems.

His novels—19 in all—dealt with the Southern scene, but the writer of all times once explained that he was not concerned with regional problems as were many of his contemporaries but rather with "human problems."

The South and Yoknapatawpha County, patterned after his own Lafayette County, lacked the moonlight and magnolia atmosphere in the Faulkner books. In fact, "Sanctuary," published in 1931, was his most popular—and most shocking novel. He said he wrote of a region haunted by prospects of a commercialized future that would make life impersonal and depthless.

\* \* \*

**AUTHOR SHERWOOD** Anderson helped the man who later became a Nobel prize-winner to his way to fortune and fame. He encouraged Faulkner to turn his efforts to the novel he was writing while living with Anderson in the French Quarters in New Orleans, and six weeks later, "Soldiers' Pay" was ready for the publisher. Faulkner's association with Anderson was only the beginning of a worthy career.

Although Faulkner will be most widely remembered as the author of "Sanctuary," students of 20th Century literature will remember him as the author of "The Sound and the Fury" (1929) "Absalom Absalom!" (1936), "The Hamlet" 1940, and "A Fable," for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1955.

The handsome little man with white hair, black eyebrows and mustache, looked upon "The (sic) Fable" as his greatest work. A religious allegory, "The (sic) Fable," is only one of his novels filled with symbolism. It was based on the false armistice which occurred just before the end of World War I. He once described it as a modern "Story of Christ."

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**FAULKNER'S** concern for human problems carried over to his life as well as his writing. He gave the \$30,000 he received as the Nobel Prize in 1955 to be used for the good of Lafayette County, to be administered by three trustees.

He had just finished another novel, "The Reivers," Book of the Month selection. The title comes from a word of Scottish derivation meaning to rob or

despoil.

Several of his stories were made into movies, but he cared little for the medium, refusing to go see any of them. Among the stories adapted for the screen were "Intruder in the Dust," "The Long Hot Summer," and "The Sound and the Fury."

\* \* \*

**FAULKNER ALSO** tried his hand at screen writing, collecting credit lines for "The Road to Glory," "Slave Ship," "To Have and Have Not," and "The Big Sleep."

According to one critic, his greatest creation was no single book, but an entire world—the county of Yoknapatawpha with its county seat of Jefferson and its myriad good, bad, but always recognizably human people.

**July 19, 1962.** 'NINA'S NOTEBOOK: Old papers/are sought/By MRS. J. C. (NINA) GOOLSBY/Eagle Editor and publisher,' p. [4].

In spite of the fact that we printed several hundred extra copies of the William Faulkner edition of the Eagle our supply has long been exhausted . . . still the letters and phone calls continue to pour in from practically every state in the union requesting copies.

Do you still have your copy lying around? If so, the Oxford Eagle would like to buy it back, if you are through with it, and don't want to keep it yourself. PLEASE . . . we are receiving so many orders for these papers . . . if you don't wish to keep yours, return it or bring it to us and we'll give you your money back.

Typical of the many letters received is the following one from Carl Petersen, Waukegan, Illinois; he writes,

#### ***LETTERS TO THE EDITOR***

"Dear Mrs. Goolsby:

"Several years ago I read a book by William Faulkner and my life was never quite the same thereafter. I've read all his published work—yes: poems, speeches, letters-to-editors and have collected most of it.

A few years ago I started subscribing to the Eagle for whatever collector's material it might contain. Since, I've read each new issue from cover to cover and in the process I've learned a lot about the community. The current issue of the Eagle is splendid, but it's one collector's item I'd hoped not to have for many years and reading it has been most saddening.

"I am now putting together a large scrapbook containing material relating to Mr. Faulkner's death. It will include clippings from major newspapers around

the country and one source has promised international clippings. Included will be a White House press release of the President's tribute.

Most important, though, are the material from the Commercial Appeal, the Times-Picayune, and, of prime importance, The EAGLE. People throughout the country have been most kind in aiding this project; may I have your help with three requests?"

**Editor's note: I hereby withhold (sic) the requests, then he continues.**

"This fall I plan to visit New Orleans and Oxford. I hope I may have the privilege of meeting the lady who wrote, "The only reason the writing of Shakespeare (sic) will live longer than those of William Faulkner is because they were born first."

"Sincerely yours, Carl Petersen."

I will try to see these unprinted requests are carried (sic) out of the letter so Mr. Petersen will have for his files the material he desires.

### **REQUESTS ARE NUMEROUS**

Another letter from Marjean Patterson, YWA Director writes:

"Last week I had the opportunity to read your latest edition of THE OXFORD Eagle, the issue which was primarily devoted to William Faulkner. I appreciated so very much the various tributes which were made about this great man. Would it be possible for me to obtain two copies of this paper?"

These are just two of the many requests coming in, so, if you don't want to keep your paper someone else does and we'll pay you for it.

A most welcome and highly treasured gift to the Oxford Eagle this week came from a long time friend of the Eagle and William Faulkner, Col. J. R. Cofield. This gift, the last picture of William Faulkner by Col. Cofield's talented son, Jack, will be framed and find it's (sic) permanent place on the wall in the office of the Oxford Eagle on Jackson Avenue.

Col. Cofield, listed among William's best friends, has been shooting William since he first came to Oxford many years ago and one side of his studio is practically covered with Faulkner pictures. Next to Phill Mullen he probably shot more pictures of William than any man living.

All do credit to his great work. But, just as great as any of the pictures by the father, is this last picture by the son, Jack. Again we express our thanks to the Cofields for the gift of one of their prize possessions.

Mr. Cofield was out of town on vacation when he heard of the death of his friend; he returned to Oxford over the weekend.

**July 26, 1962.** 'NOT ANOTHER LIKE IT: *City's "new name" could be reality*

[*picture of Col. J. R. Cofield*], p. 1.

A longtime friend of the late novelist William Faulkner this week came up with an idea that would honor the Nobel Prize winning author who did much to "put Oxford on the map."

In a letter to the *Eagle*, J. R. "Colonel" Cofield proposed to change the name of Oxford to Jefferson, the fictional setting of a great deal of Faulkner's writing.

Mr. Cofield said that he could "think of no better tribute" than to transform the city's legal name to Jefferson. Both Jefferson and the fictitious Yoknapatawpha County of Faulkner's novels have been contrasted favorably with Oxford and Lafayette County by critics and literary figures.

\* \* \*

"AND WHY NOT?" Mr. Cofield asked. "I have heard of other towns changing names, although probably (sic) never one as large as this."

Mr. Cofield, a veteran photographer, worked with his son, Jack, to make the last formal portrait of the world-reknown (sic) auther (sic). He also commented that the new name of Jefferson "would be an honorable one" and would serve a triple purpose.

"It wouldn't just be in tribute to Bill's fiction," he said, "but also to our great leader of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, and then again for another great Southern, Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence."

\* \* \*

"THE COLONEL," AS Mr. Cofield has come to be known since serving as the official photographer for the Ole Miss yearbook for several years, indicated that he wished to throw out the idea of name-swapping to see if folks will petition in favor of it.

Another point to suggest the new name for Oxford—according to the "Colonel" is that the name Oxford "is so very, very common." "I once looked it up in the Atlas," he continued, "and as I recall fully three-fourths of the 48 states had an Oxford in it. The largest was Oxford, Mass., and Oxford, Miss."

\* \* \*

"I'M SURE THERE must not be another Jefferson, Miss., for I know William would never have named it so if it were not original since he was a 'sticker' for authenticity."

The "Colonel" was enthusiastic about the proposal saying he was "sure that William would get a chuckle out of the idea."

"To his mind, Oxford was Jefferson."

'NINA'S NOTEBOOK: Letters keep/piling in box/By MRS. J. C. (NINA) GOOLS-BY/*Eagle* Editor and Publisher,' p. [4].

Hot, dry July has rolled her merry way around and is about to be a month in our part. Already with the late rain it appears a smell of fall and a promise of cooler, shorter days to come is upon us. None too soon. I love all the months but I think I care for July less than any.

After a visit to Oxford and the South Joseph E. Brousseau of Oak Park, Ill., in a letter to George Street wrote:

"I am sending you a copy of 'Oxfords (sic) Men' which I wrote after a trip to the South. I hope your friends in Oxford will like it, as it reflects our thoughts and our impressions as we traveled through the beautiful rolling countryside of Northern Mississippi where the marks and memories of the war are still so vivid in the minds of our people.

"On the war's 100th Anniversary we send this verse as a salute to the people of the South, together with our best wishes."

\* \* \*

I DON'T GO along with that about the marks and memories of this particular war being so vivid in the minds of our people but here's "OXFORD'S MEN" anyway.

"What is that look of noble grace, we see upon the statue's face,  
 As it stands midst the trees in Oxford's Square,  
 In memory of soldiers honored there.  
 Who were these men of long ago,  
 So revered then and now none know,  
 Whose glory like a beacon light,  
 Forever shines; forever bright.  
 There leads a road where the markers say,  
 That Longstreet's army passed that way,  
 Thru Holly Springs and Bolivar,  
 Past battlements, the scars of war,  
 Unto that hallowed wooded hill,  
 Where there is peace and sound are stilled;  
 Where history's wide unfolding scenes,  
 Appear again as in a dream.

What is that distant cloud of dust,  
 From which so many rifles thrust,  
 And the ever growing sound,  
 Of tramping feet upon the ground,  
 The creak of axle and of trace,  
 As horses strain to keep the pace,

Of the long grey line with mist o'ercast,  
 As it emerges from the past.  
 Who are the men now marching by,  
 With swinging gait and heads held high,  
 Each one endowed with that same grace,  
 That dignifies the statue's face.  
 They are the men who left dear wives,  
 And in the end gave their lives,  
 Who fought by day and marched by night,  
 And kindled the flame of their beacon light,  
 When they charged with brave defiant yells,  
 Amidst hail of shot and bursting shells.  
 They are the men of long ago,  
 The honored men we use to know.  
 They march once more thru Oxford's Square,  
 Past the statue that stands so proudly there,  
 Along the quiet, tree-lined streets,  
 Where the people wait and women weep.  
 And the beat of the drums fades away,  
 As they wave goodbye to the men in grey."

*FAULKNER ISSUE ALL GONE*

To the many of you who have written for copies of our July 12 edition, we just have to say "We're sorry." Even though we printed many extra copies, we failed to anticipate the great demand. Maybe you can persuade a relative or friend to let you have his or hers.

My mail box has been extra heavy these past few weeks . . . One of the most refreshing letters came from a good friend and former Oxonian, Dorothy McElroy Loffer who wrote:

"Dearest Nina":

. . . .

"Your articles keep me up to date on what my busy daddy has been up to and I love Oxford and its people as much as he does. I love Naples but there will never be any place to me like Oxford.

"I could send you my copy about the death of William Faulkner but I'm afraid I fall in the category of being one of those who treasure it. I remember the times I've seen him drive around Oxford, especially North Lamar in his open car wearing what I call a "Frank\_\_\_\_\_ " hat, with his odd looking pipe in his mouth.

. . . .



*'Mississippi weeklies speak/in regard to William Faulkner [with picture],'* p. [8].

Three weeks have passed since one of the world's greatest story-tellers died. Three weeks, a total of 21 days . . .

And as the world about which the late William Faulkner wrote so universally was spinning on, unerringly, countless words were being written and spoken concerning the man who was no longer.

On benches outside the Lafayette County Courthouse . . . in small gatherings of learned men who studiously assayed the dead's (sic) man's life work . . . across thousands of miles of radio and television circuits . . . and in the newspapers of Faulkner's home state people were voicing opinions.

Some opinions were favorable. Many were not.

Especially in Mississippi, the mother lode of the great (sic) writer's source of imagination and talent, were men putting down words of tribute and condemnation (sic). For the lost literary giant of Oxford.

The following are selection taken from several weekly Mississippi newspapers. They all have the same subject. They differ only by individual writer and by writer's obvious intelligence.

They all, however, "speak their mind." And that's how Faulkner—the artist—would have wanted it.

\* \* \*

**Bob Cook, Editor, The Pontotoc Progress.**

"The sudden death of Mississippi's William Faulkner at Oxford last week took from the American scene one of the literary giants of the modern-day world. To say that he was not recognized or unappreciated by fellow citizens of his home state of Mississippi would not be true by any means . . . To the contrary, William Faulkner was recognized as a great author by Mississippians. He was not understood by a multitude, but the people of his state were well aware of his genuine desire for solitude, respected his right of independence, and reserved to him his privilege of writing and voicing the thoughts that he felt. He received praise and criticism—oftentimes both from the same quarter. And then there were some observers who were apathetic with an indifference as only Mississippians can have. The fact that he was from Mississippi certainly did not dull the attraction of his writings and his subject matter. Regardless of one's opinion, we feel that it will be a credit (sic) to his memory that no one can (sic) every (sic) replace William Faulkner as a man, as an author, as a thinker, nor as a controversial figure.

\* \* \*

**Ormsby Rutledge, Editor, New Albany Gazette.**

Death has claimed a New Albany native who achieved a high place in World Literature to become the recipient in 1955 of the Nobel Prize for Literature. He, William Faulkner, was perhaps as peculiar as a person can be and yet remain unconfined. Our recollections of him go back some 35 years ago when we first graced the campus of Ole Miss. He used to regularly play the University Golf Course and we can see him now trudging along with the biggest golf club bag made across his shoulders filled with every (sic) golf club made. No caddy for him, and for (sic) that (sic) matter he played solo. Then when hot weather came, he would come down the railroad tracks to the course which lay nearby with his trousers rolled up to his knees and barefooted.

“THE old house in which he was born here in New Albany where the present modern A. R. Presbyterian manse stands and was torn down to make room for this new house, but not before several historical societies and so forth had been contacted to ascertain if they were interested in buying the old house and converting it into a shrine or whatever such places are to commemorate it having been his birthplace. His father, the late Murray (sic) Falkner, operated a livery stable while living in New Albany after moving here from Ripley and then moved on to Oxford where he became Secretary of the University during our school days there. He was as genial and sociable as his son William was the opposite and we knew him quite well, but William, no. Also in school at the same time was a younger brother of William’s the late Dean Faulkner, who also was very personable and whom we knew very well. Dean became an airplane pilot and was killed in a barnstorming crash near Thaxton one Sunday afternoon in the late 1930’s. Strangely, we had run across him here in New Albany the Saturday before and renewed our acquaintance (sic) with him briefly. Then the other brother was John, an author in his own right, and also a sociable one. He still lives (sic) in Oxford with his wife and it was at her parents’ home that we boarded during those early school years.

---

“AND so it is no wonder that he is reputed to have quit a job as a postal clerk because he resented having to wait on everyone who came along wanting a “penny postal card” and they were only a penny in those days. Too much trouble to get up just for a penny postal card, so he up and quit and wrote the books which made him famous with just about everybody but his home folk about whom he wrote so boldly and fiercely. While the literary critics acclaimed him for his sordid stories dealing with actual personalities in and about Oxford, both living and dead, and who everybody there knew who they were—sounds a bit like one of (sic) his (sic) long-winded sentences—we read most of them and considered them trash and a discredit to the South, to Mississippi and to Oxford

and Lafayette County. And we said so long before he died, which does not now alter the case.

---

**Thomas M. Alewine, Editor, Rankin County News.**

“William Faulkner, the Mississippi novelist, is dead and buried. Of course all dead people are good folks, but it is unfortunate that all of the trash he wrote could not have been buried with him. Maybe it won him fame and fortune and a Pulitzer prize of dubious value, but we cannot recall a single item (sic) of his that had a good word for his native state. It seems a shame that one whose writings only ridiculed should be placed beneath Mississippi sod.

\* \* \*

**Huntington Howell, Editor, The Panolian.**

Mississippi was going about its usual business when by radio and telephone, then from newspapers on July 6 came the report of native son William Faulkner's death.

It might have seemed that Mississippi kept on doing what it had been doing when the report was heard, but for many thousands the end of the great writer's life was a cause for sadness and reflection. And no one could have accused Faulkner who seemed to value privacy above all else, of wanting to create a stir in his home state—even in death.

During Faulkner's lifetime, there were many expressions of indignation at his subject matter (sic). Faulkner created Yoknapatowpha (sic) County using many of the landmarks of nearby Lafayette in the process. His fictional characters nevertheless were counterparts of some who inhabited the red clay hills of the adjoining county. And if you didn't like what he wrote about, you could hardly declare that yours was the prevailing opinion. He was a great story-teller.

If William Faulkner borrowed much of his material from the state which claimed (sic) him, shared with Mississippi the international acclaim which was accorded his literary efforts.

In a state belabored for its conservatism, he was a moderate. He did not preach the moderate view nor did he withhold his opinion when asked for it.

There was never any doubt about his love for Mississippi, the place which was his home and which he called home.

He was eloquent in his acceptance of the Nobel Prize in 1950. “. . . The basest of all things,” he said, “is to be afraid (sic).” (sic) . . . I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even (sic) nthe (sic) nthere (sic) will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaust-

ible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail.”

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

**William Anderson, Editor, Southern Sentinel.**

There has no doubt been (sic) more publicity concerning William Faulkner, of Oxford since his death than there has been concerning any other writer or literary figure who has died in America in recent years, or perhaps at any time.

Most of these articles emphasize his great ability as a write (sic), which has been highly recognized throughout (sic) the civilized world. Usually men who are great and famous in any line of endeavor seem somewhat odd to the people who know them casually, and live in the same community and area with them. They are regarded as somewhat different, and in reality they are different, because they live in a mental world entirely different and apart from the mental world of the average individual. They are somewhat odd, and they can easily be so regarded, because they are concerned primarily with thinking, while the average individual is concerned primarily with earning a living. However, most of them are intensely human, and have some wonderful traits and characteristics which are largely unknown, except to their families and most intimate friends.

\* \* \*

**Curtis H. Mullen, Editor, Madison County Herald.**

“When we came to Oxford in 1933, Mr. Faulkner was spending a good deal of his time in Hollywood. However, he soon forsook the west coast to be at home. For two or three years we often passed Mr. Faulkner at his favorite post near the First National Bank where he looked out over the Oxford square and where it is said he thought out many of the passages he recorded in his book. A brief “hello” was about all our conversation in those days.

“Later on Mr. Faulkner frequently visited the Oxford Eagle office. For several weeks he wrote an exclusive column on dogs for our weekly newspaper.

Somewhat of a recluse in nature in those early years we knew him, the opinion in his home town was divided. A good many people were doubtful that Faulkner’s writings were a credit to the University town. Perhaps a few still are. His early novels were mainly shockers, although each had some of his writing greatness.

“After Mr. Faulkner won the Nobel prize in literature his whole nature underwent a great change. Suddenly, he found that he liked the limelight and mixing with people. In those days our son Phil handled a good deal of Faulkner’s local publicity, even narrated a film on Faulkner winning the prize. At times the author continued to rebel at some phases of publicity, but our son usually talked

him into going along with whatever reporters desired in their interviews with the prize winner.

Aug. 9, 1962. 'Letter to editor,' p. [4].

Oxford, Miss.

Aug. 1, 1962

Dear Nina:

One last word on the subject of changing the name of Oxford to Jefferson—I frankly got a huge belt out of persuing your last article on “the stirring up of the hornets nest.” Of course the Colonel knew that it was impossible, if not down right ridiculous, to actually try to carry out the idea—why we would have to go as far as Washington, I suppose, to acquire this purpose, besides it would inconvenience every (sic) in the district, even I, the Colonel, with his letter heads, bill heads, bank account, even embossin (sic) dye on my photo mounts.

But bare in mind, you “Nina,” and I, DID acquire our purpose. We not only brought the name of Jefferson to everyone’s mind and at the same time, Faulkner’s name to the forefront, but we started the ball to rolling as to the sale of his last serious work, namely: REQUIEM FOR A NUN, in which he so adeptly describes the founding of Oxford (Jefferson) and the building of the first courthouse, the second, and even the present one.

\* \* \*

**HE USES** the “first” lock of the pioneer district (imported by horseback from South Carolina, and weighs 15 pounds) as his symbol of law and order—it came even before the log-courthouse.

I venture to say the sale of this book now will increase by 100 per cent in Oxford alone, as tis (sic) a well-known fact that Faulkner was less read in his own home town than any other spot on the globe.

What was the parable something about “A man is without honor in his own home town?” And lastly I quote direct from “Bill” (from LIFE magazine writeup) as “Faulkner frankly wanted immortality, as he says “To leave at least a scratch on the face of anonymity.”

And President Kennedy himself said of William “that” he now rests, the search done, HIS PLACE SECURE among great orators of this age.”

I am happy that Nina and I saw eye to eye on this project of reminding our townfolks of OUR GREAT LOSS—and (in LIFE’S) Faulkner’s Legacy, their closing out lines “There never was and never will be another like William Faulkner.”

Sinctrely (sic),

J. R. (Colonel) Cofield

'NINA'S NOTEBOOK: Moon Mullen/adds his part/By MRS. J. C. (NINA) GOOLS-BY/Eagle Editor and Publisher,' p. [4].

. . . .

Many words have been written and many more will be penned before the nation recovers from the shock of the untimely death of William Faulkner.

I've been looking weekly, since his death for the story by Phil Mullen which I felt sure was bound to come. It appeared in last week's "Madison County Herald." Since Moon knew him, probably better than any newspaper man alive I thought you'd like to read it, too.

He writes under big bold headlines which read "William Faulkner, Greatest Novelist of the Century, Also was a Great and \_\_\_\_\_ Man."

\* \* \*

"**WE WERE DRIVING** across the Navajo Reservation in Northern Arizona towards the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, when the radio reported that the greatest of Mississippians was dead.

"William Faulkner, winner of the Nobel and Pulitzer prizes and acclaimed by world authorities as the greatest figure in American Literature of this century, had succumbed to a heart attack in his beloved Oxford, Mississippi.

"The news was particularly shocking to me because several times in recent months the notion had flickered across my mind to write to Faulkner and thank him again for his many courtesies and kindnesses to me.

"Now it was too late. All I could do was to wire Mrs. Faulkner expressing my deep regret, asking for the honor of sharing the family's grief.

\* \* \*

#### *MORE FAULKNER STORIES*

"**THERE HAS BEEN** so much said and written about William Faulkner in recent weeks. Respectful stories in all the major newspapers of the world, picture and text spreads in the magazines, the highest praise from President Kennedy and other world figures.

"But perhaps I should write something, if only because Bill Faulkner used to read what I wrote and seemtd (sic) to appreciate what I wrote about him. That was when I was associate editor of the Oxford Eagle (1939-51) his home-town newspaper.

\* \* \*

"**I HAVEN'T SEEN** much of him in the last 10 years, have had only a few notes from him. The last time we met was on the streets in Oxford and we compared notes on our grandchildren. His daughter, Jill, and my daughter, Phyllis, were about the same age and high school classmates. He was happy ofer (sic) a new granddaughter and said, "We had to put up with two nasty little boys

before finally getting this lovely little girl.”

“There is no point in my laboring on the greatness of his writing, or arguing about it with those Mississippians, most of whom never read anything he wrote—who resented his stories of violence and degradation (sic). World opinion has established his greatness.

“It is true that he has written some of the most violant (sic), \_\_\_\_\_ and shocking passages in literature. At the same time, he has written some of the most beautiful, \_\_\_\_\_, sensitive and nostalgic.

“For some unknown reason, \_\_\_\_\_ critics seem to miss the fact that much of his writing was done as if in the thoughts and observations of adolescent boy, in that part of life when events are the \_\_\_\_\_ poetic, when nobility is most \_\_\_\_\_ed, when the majesty and power \_\_\_\_\_ mystery of love and life are at the greatest: when all humanity is bigger than life.

. . . .

‘Faulkner’s will/brought to light,’ p. [7].

William Faulkner, who died July 6, left most of his estate to his widow and their daughter, his will disclosed Saturday.

There was no immediate estimate of the amount of the estate.

The 14-page will, filed in Lafayette County Chancery Court, was signed by the Nobel prize winning author on June 1, 1960.

A codicil signed Dec. 28, 1960, said: “I give and requeath (sic) to the William Faulkner Foundation, Charlottesville, Va., all of my manuscripts and other tangible personal property deposited at the Alderman Library of the University of Virginia.”

A spokesman for the university said earlier this week that the collection included every known manuscript of Faulkner’s major works except “Absalom, Absalom!”

Faulkner left \$5,000 each to a niece and nephew, James M. Faulkner and Mrs. Deane (sic) Faulkner Mallard, both of Oxford.

He left one-half of his adjusted gross estate to his widow, Mrs. Estelle Faulkner, and the remainder, after expenses, to his daughter, Jill Faulkner Summers of Charlottesville, Va.

The estate includes the columned Faulkner mansion here in which Mrs. Faulkner has continued to live since the funeral.

**Aug. 16, 1962.** ‘*Big crowds flock to local Museum [with picture],*’ pp. 1, 6.

Mary Buie Museum has been swarming with Faulkner admirers from 17 states since the novelist died, July 6, all viewing the permanent display of the

famed Oxonian's literary medals.

Sightseers passing through Oxford, University students, and representatives of the news media have all stood by the upright case in general awe.

Listed on the guest register are people from Louisiana, Florida, Illinois, Arkansas, New York, Kansas, Maryland, New Mexico, California, and Minnesota. Several foreign countries have also had representatives who's seen the collection.

\* \* \*

"**OF COURSE**, many Mississippians have stopped by too," Mrs. Herron Rowland, curator of the museum said, "but too few Oxonians have taken advantage of the opportunity in their own backyard."

The valuable collection will be on display the remainder of this week. However, Mrs. Herron pointed out that the museum will be closed Monday until the first week of September.

Probably of most interest to the Faulkner admirer who has seen him pictured in tattered tweeds is the recent photograph of the gentlemen (sic) in a deep red riding habit. The handcolored photograph was given to the museum by J. R. Cofield, local photographer who was one of the privileged few to be allowed to portray Faulkner in a sitting.

"**THE COLORED** likeness of Mr. Faulkner definitely adds the final touch to the collection," Mrs. Herron graciously points out, "since his medals speak for themselves."

Standing alone in the upper left corner of the case is the Nobel Prize award, consisting of a specially painted certificate and gold medallion.

Both were presented to Faulkner in 1950. According to the translation. The Swedish Academy "has in its (sic) by the King of Sweden, Dec. 10, committee meeting of Nov. 10, 1950, in general agreement of Alfred Nobel set up on Nov. 27, 1895, resolved to confer upon William Faulkner the 1949 year's literary Nobel Prize for his powerful and independent artistic contribution in America's new literature of the novel." He also received 30,000 thousands dollars with the award.

On the bottom shelf rests a medal denoting Venezuela's admiration for the Oxford novelist. Senor Betancourt requested that the State Department send William Faulkner to Venezuela to participate in their state event and to receive the award.

**ANOTHER GOLD MEDAL** on display was presented to Faulkner by the (Continued on Page 6) (Continued from page one) Institute of Arts and Letters, May 24, 1962. It was placed in the museum, June 28, 1962, by Mrs. Faulkner.

Taking it (sic) place of honor is the French Legion D'Honneur award, present-



ed at the French Consulate in New Orleans, 1951.

"For distinctive fiction, published in book form during the year by an American Author, preferably dealing with American life," is the inscription denoting the importance of the Pulitzer Prize of 1955. The award and 500 dollars was made to the local novelist on the merit of his novel, *A Fable*.

Holding down the bottom row is the William Dean Howells Medal of the American Academy, presented to Faulkner in 1950. Another medal on loan to museum by the Faulkner family is the 1948 award presented by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

\* \* \*

**THE NATIONAL** Book Award of 1950 for collected stories and the Silver Medal of the Athens Academy, presented March 28, 1957, while he was in Greece on an official visit for the U. S. Dept. of State, are also included in the group of collector's items.

Of greatest curiosity in (sic) the News Paper Guild award of New York, presented in April, 1951. The bronze inscripton is set in type and can only be read in reverse through a mirror in the case.

Standing aloof on the top of the case is a Geisha Girl with her Samisen. The Japanese doll was sent to William Faulkner by Dr. Sasaki of Hiroshima and is on loan from Mrs. Faulkner.

Not to be left out of the current showing is a representative number of John Faulkner's paintings, all depciting (sic) local scenes. Two on exhibition now are "Going in De Rain" and "Weighin' in De Day's Picking."

**Aug. 23, 1962.** 'ROBERT WALTON "UNCLE BUD" MILLER: . . . *Faulkner's hunting buddy*/Old timer calls it quits for present life/and joins hunting buddies in hereafter [*with picture*],' p. [17].

The leader of William Faulkner's hunting buddies, Robert Walton "Uncle Bud" Miller, has gone to the better hunting ground. Final services for the old timer were held \_\_\_\_\_day at the College Hill Presbyterian Church. The Rev. J. M. \_\_\_\_\_ officiated.

"Uncle Bud," as he was called by the scores who knew him, shared the lime-light with John Cullen a little more than a month ago when their hunting partner, Faulkner died.

He said he and Faulkner were on the same hunting expeditions five or six times, but the hunting \_\_\_\_\_ in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha and Jefferson County are over for the two. They both lie in St. Peter's Cemetery.

\* \* \*

"UNCLE BUD" had recently celebrated his 81st birthday, Aug. 6. He was a

native of Lafayette County and knew everyone who called himself a part of the county.

Former employee of the State Highway Department, "Uncle Bud" was the son of George and Kate Wiley Miller. He was the last of a family of 10 children.

He had been in bad health for a number of years and had been at Bramlett Hospital for two weeks. He was a member of the College Hill Presbyterian Church.

Although Mr. Miller did not leave any children, he is survived by a host of nieces and nephews, including Russell Miller of Bowling Green, Ky., Norman Miller of New Albany, Erskine Miller of West Point, Hugh Miller and Robert Miller, both of Amory, Dr. J. A. Clark, Jr., of Memphis, Arthur M. Clark of Dallas, Tex.

\* \* \*

**HIS NIECES** are Mrs. J. G. Moore of Amory, Mrs. C. C. Thompson, Jr., of Columbia, Mrs. Cerel Raines of Memphis, and Mrs. Frank Olivia of Jacksonville, Fla.

Douglass Funeral Home was in charge.

**Aug. 30, 1962.** "*Colonel*" makes big presentation [with picture], pp. 1, 6.

The gentleman who has caught the favored expressions of so many will be the star of a television film soon.

'Colonel' J. R. Cofield, Oxford's own veteran photographer will present his collection of photographs of his friend, William Faulkner, to the University of Mississippi and will be filmed as he presents the leather bound volume to Miss Dorothy Oldham, the Nobel Prize winner's sister-in-law and custodian of the Mississippi Room at the University.

"This collection on my old friend I donate to my Alma Mater — 'Ole Miss' and shall remain in the 'Faulkner Room' adjacent to the 'Mississippi Room' in the Ole Miss Library Building," reads the inscription on the inside cover of the valuable work.

\* \* \*

**COVERING** everything from Faulkner's first sitting in the form of a studio portrait, 1930, to his last portrait, 1962, the album also includes the old days of Oxford and Ole Miss.

"My son, Jack, and I slaved over this volume for 10 solid days and nights," the 'Colonel' said proudly. He has added his own captions to many of the Faulkner expressions as well as filling in names of many of the oldtime characters, likening most of them to Faulkner's fictional characters.

In thumbing through the work, containing pictures taken before the Civil

War, the first portrait holds special interest when 'Colonel' Cofield says that the best looking part of the picture would have been to capture Faulkner in full dress. According to the photographer, Mr. Faulkner appeared in a pair of white seersucker trousers, smeared with red paint. The picture does show his blue denim workshirt and red bandanna handkerchief carelessly stuffed in the pocket of his favorite tweed coat.

And there is his family's favorite late portrait, one in which his wife remarked he looked as if his grandchildren were gambling at his feet.

\* \* \*

**EXPRESSIONS** galore of Faulkner on page after page indicate that he was a man of many moods. The 'Colonel' has labeled one shot "The Moody Faulkner." This one (Continued on Page Six) (Continued from page one) in particular was taken in February, 1962, by young Jack Cofield.

"The only really happy expression I ever caught of William I caught unaware at Dean's Wedding," Mr. Cofield says as he points out one black and white likeness in which Mr. Faulkner is smiling with his beady little eyes as well as with his mouth at his niece's wedding.

And as would be proper, Mr. Cofield includes his photograph of the recent painting of Mr. Faulkner in his famous riding habit. "As some say, he sat jaunty in his black topper," the 'Colonel' said, rearing back with a hearty laugh as he remembered the famous novelist.

\* \* \*

**EACH PAGE** contains a phase of the author's life. The last section makes up the history that played such a large part in his writing. All in all, the Cofield book would not be complete without a glance at Oxford long ago.

And to close out an era as only Faulkner would have wanted, 'Colonel' Cofield artfully displays Faulkner's funeral in the tiniest shot he says he could find. The mainature (sic) picture, standing alone on an otherwise bare page, bears the inscription, "As my little friend would have desired this conclusion—no strain, no strife, no splash—just utter simplicity."

'Letter to Editor,' pp. [4, ?].

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

5677 Hickory Ridge Drive  
Jackson 6, Miss.

Dear Nina:

I've made a lot of tracks in Oxford and on the Ole Miss Campus.

You've had lots of things to write about Mr. Faulkner. Here is a little experience that I had back in the old days. Young Charlie Nelson, the son of old

Professor Charlie—both very dear friends of mind (sic)—wanted me to write this little human interest story about your great townsman. If you want to run it your paper, fine. You be the judge.

I've got a lot of good friends in your good town.

Sincerely,  
R. W. Griffith  
Assistant Superintendent  
State of Mississippi Department  
of Education

**EDITOR'S NOTE: We thought it was good enough to print and delight in doing so.**

Thank you, Mr. Griffith.

#### A Brush with Genius

The school year 1919-20 found me a Freshman at Ole Miss. "Blind Jim" was our Dean. In the Chancellor's chair sat Hon. J. N. Powers. Dr. Alfred Hume was vice Chancellor and Professor of Mathematics. Mr. J. M. Faulkner (sic) was Financial Secretary and his son William Faulkner worked in the campus Post Office to which Calvin faith- (Continued from Page 4 [sic]) (Continued from Page Four) fully carried the mail.

Life at Ole Miss in those days followed an even routine. As I recall we had a half holiday when the enrollment that year hit an all time high of 500.

Several of us fellows short on money and long on yearning for learning rented a house over in town. The first street after crossing the bridge leaving the campus for town, after turning right, led us to our bachelors' home. There we did our own housekeeping and cooking. Biscuit, molasses and thickened gravey (sic) stood high on the bill of fare.

\* \* \*

**MY DAD** over in Monroe County, Aberdeen, Route 7, near Wren, wrapped me up a ham and sent it to me by Uncle Sam's mail. He wrote me to look for it. Several days passed and no ham. I would stop at the Post Office and ask.

"Mr. Faulkner, have I got a ham in there?"

"No," came the laconic reply, between short puffs on a little pipe as he turned a page in the book he was reading. The way he said "no," sounded like "Nope," but it meant no ham to me.

Finally a taste for ham got the better of me.

\* \* \*

**MR. FAULKNER**, have I got a ham in there?"

"No."

By that time I had rammed my head through the little post office widow

(sic), staring (sic) my eyes because my nostrils had picked up a faint odor of ham. Then I spied it wrapped up in a tow sack, outlining in full its delectable shape.

"Mr. Faulkner, don't you see that ham? There it is right over there," pointing with an itching finger to the ham that had probably been resting peacefully there for several days. Without a word, he turned, picked it up and handed it to me.

\* \* \*

**NOW I KNOW** that in that instant, that very moment, I had a brush with genius. My concern for ham hindered my realizing that Mr. Faulkner then was sipping the nectar of the gods and eating ambrosia from the Muse's bowl.

**Sept. 13, 1962.** 'Faulkner album/portrays facets,' p. [26].

J. R. Cofield, well know (sic) professional photographer of Oxford, Mississippi, has presented the University of Mississippi Library a "king size" album of pictures portraying different facets of William Faulkner's life over a thirty-year period.

"Colonel" Cofield, a long-time friend and personal photographer of the late author, made the presentation to Miss Dorothy Oldham, Faulkner's sister-in-law and curator of the Mississippi Collection in the Ole Miss Library.

The album containing some 100 photographs measures about 2x3 feet and is bound in tobacco brown leather with a gold inscription.

\* \* \*

**IT BEGINS** with a portrait of the aspiring Nobel Prize (sic) winner taken in 1930. On the last page is a picture of the last formal portrait of Faulkner taken by the Colonel's son, Jack. It was made just a short while before the creator (sic) of the town of Jefferson and Yaconapatawpa (sic) County passed away.

The Cofield Album will be added to the already large collection of Faulkner works in the Mississippi Room of the University Library, providing further material for students and scholars in years to come who wish to review the life of one of the world's great author (sic).

**Sept. 27, 1962.** 'Mrs. Faulkner shows,' p. [13].

Oil paintings by Mrs. William Faulkner are now showing at the Mary Buie Museum, according to Mrs. Rose Rowland, curator.

This exhibition will remain on display for several weeks.

**MRS. FAULKNER** has been painting only a few years, in fact she began while living in Charlottesville, Va., and had a very successful exhibition there.

The paintings are delightful in the unusual use of mystic blues and greens.

They give one the impression of far-away places and your imagination can take you up into the mountains, beside the waterfall or looking up at a windswept tree hanging over a rocky ledge or over a quaint bridge under which flows the dark blue waters of the rivers below.

(Concluded)

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