a manuscript written by

Emmet Russell

with introduction by

Eunice Russell Schatz

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Introduction

Eunice Russell Schatz

The room is full of my father's voice. It speaks through the black tome on my bookshelf, titled "The Finished Work of God," his doctoral thesis. Beside it are his three published novels in their green and black bindings, and a few compilations of some of his poetry. If I reach back into a file drawer, I can hardly get my fingers between the tightly packed folders of his manuscripts, including his journals and his version of his life story, "Going Up To God."

A flick of one finger can bring most of these works to my computer screen, for I have painstakingly copied his work onto my hard disk. There are his letters written to me over the years—letters I always saved because someone once advised me to only save what was of intrinsic value, and my father's letters were more than accounts of his daily doings. Most often they were responses to books he was reading and the ideas of their authors.

In the closet another dusty box lies at rest—unpublished manuscripts of novels he wrote intended for a Christian audience. Their cries are faint to me, for they reflect a time long gone. Although his first three novels with their come-out-all-right plots gained a sympathetic ear, by the late sixties and early seventies, even a conservative Christian audience yearned for more complexity.

The room is full of his voice, but so is my heart. I feel the stream within, coursing its way through my consciousness—sometimes limpid and all-encompassing, sometimes tumbling like a cataract. So much of who I am was formed by this voice. It is this voice that I am giving to others by the audacious act of telling my father's story—adding to his own voice my own interpretation.

It was easier for me to write of my mother, as I did in Still Woman Moving. In fact, she dominated my story to a certain extent, because of our conflicts and differences that I had to resolve. And she left few artifacts behind; not being a writer, she did not see herself self-consciously. So I was free to observe and remember and draw my own conclusions, creating a reality of my own. Writing the story of my intertwined life with my mother freed me to see her in new ways, to value and embrace the Mother I had introjected despite my fierce efforts to fight her influence. It was something I needed to do as I matured in my own ministry as a counselor, being asked to nurture others.

It is different with my father, whom I adored unquestioningly. I strongly identified with him from childhood, absorbing his influence easily because our temperaments were alike. In addition, his writings left an indelible mark, where he could give himself the advantage of presenting himself as he wanted to be seen. The pages that follow are often a direct transposition of his journal—incomplete sentences and exclamations and all! It made a certain kind of sense to me to leave them in that primitive form.

The task of writing his autobiography proved formidable to my father. In a letter to me he wrote:

> *The first draft is like collecting maple sap: thirty gallons make one gallon of syrup standard, eleven pounds to the gallon weight. Page-wise, word-wise, this brew should boil down proportionately to make a possibly publishable book. Fortunately, literary sap can be stored a long time before being boiled down. Instead of fermenting, it grows mellower, boils more compactly, after being kept a long time.*

Then, in a prescient afterthought, he added: *If I should never do more than gather the sap, you could do the boiling and make the book, no doubt better than I.*

At the time, I resisted this implicit plea to complete his work. I was not sure I wanted to gather the sap, still less sure I could do the boiling. And I had little idea of how much there was to gather. It would require psychic distance to write about my father fairly. I could not simply leave the view of his own life as he wrote it because I quickly recognized that there were angles of view that he did not permit himself to take which are essential in getting a grasp of the man in his fullness. But for the first pages of this manuscript, I did insert some of my own views. Soon I abandoned this and let him speak in his own words.

It takes a certain hubris to be the one to interpret the story of someone as loved and revered as my father was by others. But I stand in a growing tradition of women who write as daughters. Usually the father is famous; in my case, I write of an unknown man in order to make him known. In the process, I will be uncovering the peculiarly special father-daughter link which every woman knows, however dimly, but often cannot articulate. But I shall also try to stand at a respectful distance and let him speak for himself so that others can take their own angle of viewing and find their own place in the story.

As intimately as I may have thought that I knew this person, I now feel the resonances of what I did not know, of the many things left unsaid. It is to peer beyond the known, the recorded, that I come to these pages now.

On the wall hangs a picture of my father, taken a year or two before he died. His snowy white hair is luminous, haloing his face. He looks angelic, like a saint, emitting an aura that was lifelong. As a child in the church pew, I remember gazing up at him in the pulpit above me, his head tilted upward as he spoke without reference to his notes, his voice resonant with feeling. At home, as I passed by his study door, I could glimpse him within sitting in his rocking chair wrapped in silence, his thumb tucked under his chin, a finger on his cheek, a man full of thoughts and prayers—it did not matter which. This was my father, and he represented God to me.

It is small wonder that the concept of God as Father was utterly natural and comforting to me. I did not grow up with either the terror of too much father presence, or the haunting cry of absence that my contemporaries have struggled to analyze. Modern female writers have spoken of "the terror of analyzing one's relation to the father,"1 and the necessity of confronting that relationship as "the only way to female self-realization."2 This was not my experience. If anything, it was my relationship to my father that fostered my growth as a woman and my sense of self. It was only in the area of preparation for marriage that I felt held back because of my idolization of this good father and unwillingness to surrender to the inevitably flawed examples of manhood that present themselves to us when we are young.

Deeper than that, although I have spent half a lifetime examining the alternately thorny and rose-bowered road to self-realization, it was my father's influence which forced me to a more profound acknowledgment—that I am not my own. In the words of Scripture, I have been "bought with a price, crucified with Christ, and the life that I now live, I live by the faith of the son of God who loved me and gave himself for me"—my father's life verse from Galatians 2:20. It was my father who deliberately placed me in the arms of a Father more loving than he could be.

In the recording of his story here, I see how I have been marked by this father, and what he has all the time been pointing me toward—not himself as ideal father, but my Father in heaven. This is the person I share with you, the reader.

Colonial Clues

Between 1635 and 1642, William and Martha Russell came to America from England. The Russell men—farmers, artisans, country preachers—raised large families, majored in longevity and integrity. They married into Colonial families: Hubbard, Winship, Dickson, Wyeth, Locke, Buttterfield, Leighton, Lampson, Loveland.

April 19, 1775, Jason Russell, fifty-eight, lame, was shot down on his doorstep in Menotomy, now Arlington, Massachusetts, by British soldiers retreating from Lexington and Concord. He and eleven Minutemen, hemmed in by the flank and main force of the Redcoats, were killed. They lie buried under a monument in Arlington. An account of the events in Arlington that day is in Yankee magazine for April, 1968.

The Jason Russell house, built in 1680, is now a museum. Thus the Russell family has its Arlington cemetery and shrine.

The next generation Jason came back from New Hampshire to serve in the Continental Army during the Revolution; first in Captain William Walker's Company of Colonel James Reed's Regiment; second, in Captain Joseph Barrett's Company of Colonel Nichols' Regiment. Soldier Jason's son continued the northeastward migration into the wilderness of Maine. The West was not the only American frontier. In the morning of colonial life, men faced the sun as they sought new homes eastward.

Seventh generation Asa Russell, a thickset man, farmer and blacksmith, asserted his individuality by embracing the novel Universalist doctrine. His brother William, tall, slim, with wavy brown hair, light complexion, "a good disposition," mild-spoken, was a deacon of the Free Baptist Church, Athens, Maine. Brother Stephen, of large frame, medium height and weight, "very jolly," was a town officer and Free Baptist minister.

Asa's son, *Henry Leonard Russell,* was my grandfather.

In 1630 the "Hull Colony" arrived from Old England. Among them, John Upham, his wife Elizabeth, their children—John Jr., seven; Nathaniel, five; Elizabeth, three—with Sarah Upham, twenty-six, whom we surmise to be John Sr.'s sister. What a blessing to the mother of three expecting a fourth! Phineas was born shortly after their arrival in New England.

Phineas was the only son to leave posterity. Active in King Philip's War, he attained the rank of lieutenant. A Nathaniel Upham served in the American Revolution. His grandson John Allen Upham, was born in Vermont, whither the family migrated after a sojourn in Hull, Quebec. That "Hull Colony" again. More radial pioneering: this time due north.

The Upham men married into many New England families: Webb, Wood, Floyd, Tuthill, Dill, Ward, Fay, Kelsey, Whipple. New England genealogy is a spider's web of interrelationships.

My grandmother, *Mary Eunice Upham,* from the ninth generation in America, was born to John Allen Upham and his first wife Mary Eunice Kelsey.

A worn family Bible, inscribed "Ruth Brown, her Bible given by her father James Sloan Brown March 23, 1811, price six dollars." Ruth was the first wife of John Brown. My grandfather *James Emmet Brown* was the sixth child of John Brown by his second wife, Sarah Jones. The Browns were Quakers, who migrated from the seaboard to Elmira, New York—humble people who loved and lived close to the land. The Jones were staunch Presbyterians.

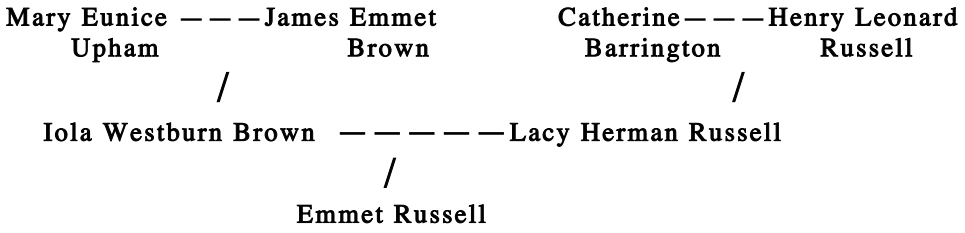
Toward the middle of the nineteenth century the potato famine in Ireland drove the Barringtons to America. My grandmother's father brought his fifteen motherless children to Albany, New York, whence they scattered south and west. Some reached Wisconsin, where my grandfather Henry Leonard Russell met and married my grandmother, *Catherine Barrington.*

Indigenous to America, the potato first made, then broke, the economy of Ireland. Now the victims of famine sought refuge in the land whence the potato came.

Pioneering men and their sturdy women made America; the Indian-haunted wilderness of Maine, of western New York, of Wisconsin; filled the land to the Pacific; leapt the ocean to make Hawaii a state; set the stage for the space age of the twentieth century.

Is it significant that our competitors in the space age were the Russians, who also had the widest area for expansion of any Old World people? In the space age frontiers are so far away that a thousand generations could not reach them. What if the universe is really expanding?

Four Important People



Henry Leonard Russell

A tall man placed a silver key-wind watch in the hands of a ten-year-old boy, saying, "It is yours to keep." That is my first memory of my Grandfather Russell.

The hair was gray now, the six foot two a bit stooped, since he brought that Liverpool watch with its intriguing engraving west in 1855, riding on the hard benches of an immigrant train. The young farmer and lumberman had cut the last stick of timber in Maine worth cutting, so he came to Chicago. Here he acquired a quarter section of land, which today is expensive suburban property.

It was a swamp, inhabited by the skunks for which the Indians named Chicago—Si-kak-o—skunktown. To a man from the woods of Maine, this was no place to live.

So Grandfather traded his equity for a yoke of oxen, headed north to Oconto, on the shores of Green Bay, Wisconsin. Here he could cut down trees, farm, and raise a family in a healthful, if severe, climate.

On a visit to us, when my other grandfather lived with us, the two grandfathers went for a walk. Grandfather Russell followed the woodsman's practice, blazing a trail with his jackknife on telephone poles, to make sure he could find his way back. He sawed and split firewood to the last. At his death at 87, he left five years' supply of fitted stove wood in the shed of his Oconto home.

I wish I could have known this self-reliant man better. Physical vigor, an alert, enterprising mind, integrity and gentleness; of these I was aware. I would have liked to know the inner life of the man more intimately.

Catherine Barrington

Catherine Barrington was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1843, and came to America when she was seven. Her mother died on the voyage and was buried at sea.

When not quite sixteen, Catherine gladly exchanged keeping house for her father and family of motherless children, for a husband. She married my Grandfather Russell in 1859 at Rural, Wisconsin. Indians roamed the land.

Ten children came into their home, of whom nine grew to maturity. Little Minnie, who died at a year and a half old, was ever as dear to her mother as any of the living. Of three sons, the second was my father.

Brought up in childhood in the Church of Ireland, my grandmother remained a loyal Episcopalian, of the Evangelical or "Low Church" conviction. Many a winter morning she would not eat breakfast until she reached home from the long ride in a sleigh to attend early Communion. In old age she decided that the Lord would forgive her if she ate a bite of breakfast first.

Our visits to her, and hers to us, were few, but her prayers influenced my life. There was quiet joy when she knew that I was entering the ministry instead of the practice of law. The denomination did not matter.

Out of her meager store, she gave my wife and me fifty dollars when we left for China, a gift without which we would have suffered privation on our journey. It was a deep disappointment that she died before we returned I felt that I had only begun to know her, through correspondence and the last visit with her.

Catherine Barrington Russell, short enough to fit under my arm, weighing about ninety pounds, with ready Irish wit, sincere sympathy, unobtrusive good sense—the radiance of a bright and loving spirit—has a share in whatever is good in me.

Mary Eunice Upham

Mary Eunice Upham was born in 1831 among the Green Mountains of Vermont. Her mother died when she was little more than a year old, giving her, on her deathbed, to friends named Atkins to care for.

Mary grew up in the Universalist Church, then warmly evangelical. As a girl, she published a handwritten paper called the Universalist Star. Its cover bore an intricate design of leaves and flowers, the masthead beautifully lettered. Inside, a poem, "Our Pastor," evoked the old fashioned minister, gray-haired, gentle-voiced, kindly, walking with measured step among his village people, beloved of all.

None of Mary's poetry has been preserved. She was a friend of Lucy Larcom. There was another literary friend, a young man to whom she became engaged, but who turned aside and married another. After Mary was married, he wrote Mary to tell her that he had made a tragic mistake.

Mary and her husband James had agreed that either might open the other's mail. James opened this letter before Mary saw it. He never opened another. Mary never answered—nor would she tell who the young man was. Mary suffered keenly. Something went out of her life, never to be replaced. Yet her marriage to James was quietly happy.

Mary did crayon pictures fashionable in the mid-nineteenth century. One, of a country churchyard, might illustrate Gray's Elegy. Another was of the Narrows of Lake George. The trees are alive, the water ripples. Perhaps the mountains in the background loom a bit precariously over the lake. The boats and the men in them might be the work of Grandma Moses. The effect is "Early American."

There is careful needlework too, and sampler-lettered bookmarks in the big family Bible her husband bought when they were married. Mary made intricate wreaths of hairwork, and hair watch chains.

> *I may be forgiven for paying particular attention to the maternal line of my ancestry, and especially to one whose name I bear. I also wear the ring she made by twisting her own hair—one of those intricately wrought pieces of "hairwork" referred to here.*
>
> *I can imagine that her poetic and artistic sense was a progenitor of that streak in Emmet, as well, although his strongest connection was with his grandfather, who lived with the family most of Emmet's life at home. Certainly, she is the forebear who wrote poetry.*

Do I also sense a wisp of romantic idealism in the recounting of her youthful engagement to a literary man? This idealization of romance was a constant theme in Emmet's journals.

In mid-century, Mary studied at Orford Academy in New Hampshire, filled her autograph album with quaint poetry.

Mary next appears in the home of a Universalist minister in Metamora, Illinois, in 1863, to be married to James Emmet Brown. How my grandparents became acquainted, how they courted, is their secret.

Mary lives in the spidery handwriting of letters to me; the first when I was only five months old:

Dear little grandson,

Your nice letter of February 28 received March 15. There was so much snow that Grandpa couldn't get to the P.O. for such a long time. And to think that you have been waiting almost three weeks for an answer. I was so glad you could dictate a letter to me, and when you are a little older you can write a letter all by yourself. Won't that be fun for you and mama! Right here I must send a kiss (...), then a little later will send another.

Once after sending her usual Christmas box, she wrote: "Maybe you can help mama look over the papers in the box to see if grandma's gold-bowed glasses are in them. I have mislaid them."

My last letter from her was written about six weeks before her death:

My dear Grandson Emmet Russell,

Before this letter reaches you, you will have passed the tenth milestone of your young life. Just think, I am seven times as old as you are, and a little more. Seven times ten are how much? I hope the little shirt will be a good fit, and that you will be pleased with it and enjoy it. When you are twice as old, if I live, I will make you a pair of shirts. I will then be over 80 years old. I hope you will see many happy birthdays, and each one will find you wiser and better than the last. Your parents and grandparents love you very dearly, and wish a noble manhood for you. Have that in remembrance as you grow up.
How I would love to see you and your dear parents this lovely October day. It's a real treat to have a pleasant day. Write grandma and send her another copy of the Evening News.

The Evening News was a handwritten paper I attempted, inspired by Grandmother's girlhood effort.

Did her letter cover up a surmise that she might not be with us for that eighth decade?

James Emmet Brown

James Emmet Brown was born on a frontier farm near Elmira, New York, in 1833. Indians were not confined to reservations; neighbors were far apart. To let the fire go out meant that one must walk to the nearest neighbor and bring back live coals on a shovel. Friction matches were not yet used.

The farm was nearly self-sufficient. All food was raised. Flax and wool were carded, spun and woven. Hides were home-tanned; a journeyman shoemaker came once a year. Left and right shoes were not differentiated; shoes exchanged feet each day, to wear down the heels evenly. Mutton tallow made the stiff leather pliable and waterproof. The orchard knew no insect pests. One could bite into an apple without fear of disturbing a worm. Crows still feared scarecrows in the cornfield.

James was not quite five when the first railroad train chugged into Elmira in 1838. James was left to hold the horses while his elders observed proceedings from nearer the tracks. The horses plunged and reared at the unwonted sight and sound, but James held the reins tightly. The horses did not run away.

James' father was a Friend who was put out of Friends' Meeting for marrying, as his second wife, a Presbyterian. Some of the children went the Presbyterian way, but with James the Quaker influence predominated. But he did not use the "plain speech."

When the new invention, the telegraph, was adopted by the railroads, young James learned the Morse code and worked for the Erie.

James attended Elmira Academy, still coeducational.

He read aloud to our family, with clear enunciation and expressive voice, from Dickens' novels, Pansy's Three People. A special treat was to hear him recite the poems of Robert Burns. Here the Quaker hid beneath a Scotch accent, heritage of his Presbyterian mother. He loved the Friends' poet Whittier too.

In 1857, James went to Minnesota Territory, served as Indian Agent for the Government, at Clearwater on the Minnesota River. Here, impelled by the militancy in Friend Whittier's poems on slavery, James responded to the call of Abraham Lincoln for volunteers to save the Union, enlisting in the Third Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, Company 4, on September 25, 1861. He rose to be orderly sergeant.

Saturday, November 17, under clear skies and a bright sun, the men embarked on boats down the Minnesota River to the Mississippi. Held several hours on a sandbar, they reached St. Paul in the afternoon, paraded, and re-embarked on three steamboats for LaCrosse, Wisconsin, which they reached at 7 a.m. Sunday. Here they entrained in twenty-five railroad cars. At Portage, Wisconsin, local ladies tendered them a "generous supper."

The regiment left Chicago Monday noon, reached Jeffersonville, Indiana, Tuesday morning, crossed the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky, where Union people served a "fine lunch."

After lunch, the men marched to Camp Jenkins, five miles out of Louisville. Sent south to guard the railroad from Nashville, Tennessee, to Chattanooga, the regiment was encamped at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on July 13, 1862, when Colonel Forrest, the famed Confederate cavalry commander, attacked early in the morning. A body of the Ninth Michigan was defeated in a bloody battle, and the town fell to the rebels by noon.

The colonel commanding the Third Minnesota was taken under flag of truce to see the captured Federal commander, who persuaded him that his troops must surrender.

To this surrender it may well be that I owe the fact that I have a grandfather James Emmet Brown. What if they had continued to fight? Once I asked my grandfather if he ever shot anybody in the war. Slowly he replied, "I aimed at a man once, but I think I aimed too high." The Quaker triumphed over the soldier.

The surrendered regiment was marched rapidly to McMinnville. The non-commissioned officers and men were paroled and marched back to Murfreesboro, under a Confederate officer. Murfreesboro was already occupied by Federal troops. Finally exchanged and released from their parole, the men were used in the Indian campaign. The Sioux were on the warpath in August, 1862.

Minnesota people had taken refuge in stockades. Long, hard wilderness marches were marked with Indian slaughter. The regiment took part in the battle of Wood Lake against a larger body of Indians, who were exalted by their massacre of a thousand white prisoners on the frontier. The Third acquitted itself well.

Before the Third was sent south again, my grandfather was discharged in October, 1862. Long marches brought on varicose veins, requiring treatment the rest of his life. In 1898 he began to receive a pension, which later reached $25 a month, paid quarterly.

James became a sutler (a man who follows an Army and sells provisions to the soldiers), and was with the Third at Vicksburg when General Grant captured the city on July 4, 1863, while the battle of Gettysburg was being fought in the east.

August 2, 1863, James was in Metamora, Illinois, being married to Mary Eunice Upham. They lived for a time in Vicksburg, but the southern climate did not agree with Mary. They were in Minneapolis in 1865, when my mother was born.

In 1868, they moved to Braceville, Ohio, where my grandfather was postmaster. "Confiding in the integrity, ability and punctuality of the said James E. Brown," as the commission quaintly recites, James was appointed "at the pleasure of the Postmaster General." The pleasure was political. Being a veteran gave a certain preference.

In 1875 the young family moved to Warren, Ohio. There James was agent of the Erie Railroad. The telegraph key, the ticket window and the freight house kept him busy.

James and Mary visited the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, staying at the Grand Exposition Hotel, "the Saratoga of Philadelphia, at the intersection of Girard and Lancaster Avenues, within ten minutes' walk of the Centennial Exposition and Penn's Railroad Depot. The largest hotel in the World, built entirely of brick—1,325 rooms—Capacity 3,000—on the European Plan. Lodging one dollar per day. Meals in the dining room at very moderate charges."

James and Mary also visited Niagara Falls. In those days, one who had been to Niagara Falls was treated among Americans as a Haji who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca is treated among Muslims. The visit is now so little regarded that instead of being treated as a Haji from Mecca, you will only bore people by trying to tell them of your visit—or still worse, showing them home movies!

The Exposition was another matter. Not for another hundred years could another centennial of American Independence be celebrated. Here was an unrivalled display of the technology of the time, and of arts and manners. Proud horses; splendid carriages; no automobiles. Bearded and bewhiskered male faces predominated over the clean-shaven. Colorado, the Centennial State, shared honors—and expenses—with Kansas, in a joint building.

James invented a letter-slot with a spring to keep it closed, such as is widely used in doors. Lacking funds to develop the idea, he shared his secret with a man who patented it and pocketed whatever profit there was. To Grandfather it was not worth going to law about, nor was he bitter about it.

> *Would my forebears have survived this current litigious age? I ponder this philosophical acceptance of being wronged; it takes me forward to Emmet's birth, when no one took any legal recourse for possible maltreatment by the attending doctor, causing injury to his sight.*

Trusting the integrity of others too far, James bought a "farm" in Iowa, sight unseen, for $1,200, and moved there about 1887. James and Mary and their now grown-up daughter Iola found twenty-three run-down acres, a dilapidated house and farm buildings, on a rough road six miles from West Union, Fayette County.

For a grove on the place, Mary named it Timberland View. James' skill soon made the buildings sound, while Mary's homemaking energy transformed the interior, and brought the garden to productiveness, with a berry patch and orchard. A few acres of grain, the meadow for pasture, with a few cows, pigs, chickens and one or two horses, plus the woodlot, enabled them to live well and happy.

When they drove to town for church or shopping, there were buffalo robes lined with James' army blankets, and soapstones, to keep them warm in the sleigh in the cold winters. The few bags of home-grown grain were taken to a grist mill at Auburn, to come home as flour, middlings and bran.

When Mary died in 1902, James came to live with his daughter, my mother, and family, following our fortunes until, eighteen years later, shortly before his eighty-seventh birthday, he died.

When rarely the name of Mary fell from his lips, there was tenderness and a world of memory in the sound. Unobtrusively he entered into the life of the family. The garden was his care. Small repairs around the house were promptly made. Annually the wash boiler, carefully scrubbed, brimmed with apple butter that he stirred with a hand-carved wooden spoon.

He made work mittens of heavy cloth, by his own pattern, and sewed the braids together to make rugs; for he could make the rugs lie permanently flat. He brought his homemade anvil from the farm, on which he cracked butternuts. Thus he kept alive in our home the old ways of American life to the infinite enrichment of my experience.

Grandfather Brown was often taken for a minister, because of his dignified bearing, his neat navy blue suits, his stiff-bosomed white shirts and narrow black tie. In Kansas City we knew it was hot weather when Grandfather took off his coat. I never saw him without the vest, stiff shirt and high collar. Six feet two, 125 pounds, he walked militarily erect, with slight help from a cane. A man to emulate, and to love.

And Then There Were Two

My parents: Grandmother Russell was eighteen when her second son, my father, *Lacy Herman Russell,* was born in Oconto, Wisconsin, in 1861. Eight more children came into the home, the last arriving when my father was sixteen.

My father learned to work early, to use the axe at the age of five. There was an interruption when he cut his knee. Farm chores did not appeal to him, as boy or man. Early he sought escape by tallying lumber in a sawmill. A young lad with a quick mind on figures and a keen eye, could do this as well as a grown man. Multiplying mentally to 25 X 25 was taught in school.

Father put himself through Oshkosh Normal School, acquired a small, select library. Among his books were Milton's poems, Macauley's essays, Bacon's essays, a set of small books about the Greek and Latin classics, and a chronology of American history, bound in tree calf, which credited the Chinese with the discovery of America in 432 A.D. My father knew Shakespeare well, and was inclined to the Bacon side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

He taught school at fifteen, the traditional type where the big boys had a habit of throwing out teachers. My father kept his post all year. But teaching was not what he wanted. He tried the University of Wisconsin; left in his freshman year. That was not what he wanted either.

His restless spirit drove him to the Dakotas, to Manitoba, probably to California and to New England. Indications are slight but precise; he was reticent about his experiences. He tried storekeeping, surveying, whatever came his way; dabbled in real estate speculation. Before he was thirty, he amassed a stake of $10,000, which he invested in "city lots" around Fargo, North Dakota. When Fargo refused to become a metropolis, he lost it all.

Around 1890 he became a bookkeeper for Standard Oil; distinguished himself by straightening out the tangled finances of their St. Paul office. Though John D. Rockefeller personally presented him with the gold hunting case watch that he wore till his death, nevertheless my father fell victim to nepotism, losing his job when "hard times" struck the country in 1893.

It was an unfortunate moment, since my arrival in October, 1892, brought heavy medical expenses. Somewhere along the way my father acquired an ambition to study law. This ambition he could not now realize for himself; he concentrated hope on me.

As a person who is interested in vocational issues, I am intrigued by Emmet's father's work history. He is not inclined to the physical—"farm chores did not appeal to him." but gravitates to the more interesting mental activity of tallying lumber. This focus on the intellectual side is underscored in the mention of his extensive library, his fling at teaching school, and his ambition to study law.

However, the restless element pushed him toward the entrepreneurial—storekeeping, real estate speculation. This was reinforced by the need to support the family, including a son requiring extra help in becoming independent. Emmet was given the father he needed to not only survive, but thrive in the world.

One is struck by the ease with which Lacey made and lost money, took in land on a trade, which later proved worthless, invested in ventures in remote areas with a cavalier air. One could not call him reckless or imprudent, but neither would one term him cautious or retentive.

There are grounds for contrast with his wife. Would these contrasts serve the couple well in the decision they made to live separately for a time in order to support Emmet in his college education?

My mother, *Iola Westburn Brown,* was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The family moved away so soon that her childhood experiences are of Ohio.

A curious portrait of her, on two pieces of glass, giving a three-dimensional effect, shows her at about twelve. Her dress is heavy and stiff; a bit of lace at the neck peeps out above the jacket; sleeves reach to the wrists. One finger of a firm hand wears a gold ring. There are pearl earrings in her pierced ears. The mouth is full, the nose straight, forehead high, eyes hazel. Medium brown hair is combed severely back, no lock straying. She leans forward, as if asking life what it held for her.

She attended Buchtel College in Akron, Ohio, a Universalist school that became secular University of Akron. There she lived with "Auntie" Brown, no blood relative, a woman devoted to the improvement of young people.

For Auntie Brown and her household of students, my mother peeled potatoes and did housework. Mother studied the history of England and France, Botany, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy (Physics), German. Two years of combined study and housework were too much for her physical condition. She had to abandon college mid-course. She studied oil painting; learned hairwork from her mother, made my father a watch-chain of her own hair, before marriage—a highly esteemed token of affection.

Down the maternal line comes the literary and artistic sensibilities to become so dominant in Emmet. But with these characteristics comes also a tendency toward frail health.

It is Emmet's mother who will hover most closely over his growth in the early years—introducing him to art, literature, botany, history in the primitive ways of childhood—walks in the woods, planting in the garden, trips to the library and museums, introduction to civic occasions.

During college, Emmet will look to his father for companionship, but his mother's presence has an established dominance that exerts its influence on an emotional level.

Marriage was undoubtedly the career anticipated for her. Her education was more extensive than usual in her day. It was notable for the strong emphasis on natural science, and for including German.

About 1888, my mother came from Iowa to St. Paul to visit relatives. A young Universalist minister, Rev. Walter Vail, was creating a stir, preaching in a public hall. There she naturally went. My father was also drawn there.

At social functions for the young people, Lacy Russell met Iola Brown on Sunday, October 21, 1888. Though with reservations, second thoughts and maidenly reserve, on my mother's part, it was love at first sight. They became engaged on January 6, 1890, and were married June 17, 1891. Romance was to last nearly half a century, till they died within a few months of each other.

Romance? They took a walk in the woods one day. My father, perhaps to cover embarrassment, peeled a stick cut from a tree beside the path. That crude, crooked stick my mother kept lifelong.

One day on a picnic, they went out in a rowboat on one of Minnesota's lakes. A storm came up. My father took off his coat; my mother put it on wrong side out. She held the umbrella over both as best she could. When they reached shore, the downpour ended, father put on the coat, the wet inside next his drenched shirt, and they rejoined the crowd, apparently dry. A joke shared is a prime promoter of romance.

Unconventional always, my father gave my mother an engagement ring set with a single pearl at the center of a fan of turquoises.

The two strains rest side by side in his parents—the romantic treasuring of a cherished symbol of affection, and the unconventional impulse to ignore tradition in the choice of the engagement ring. Both strains persist in Emmet, in their own way.

How I loved that turquoise and seed pearl ring when my father passed it on to me when I was 21. How I mourned the day I lost it. It bespoke an era of my history that I could not regain.

I Discover America

Nine o'clock Saturday morning, October 8, 1892, I discovered America. My father and both grandmothers assisted the physician in bringing me into the world, laying me on a feather pillow in a wicker clothes basket, in a flat near the High Bridge in St. Paul.

Joy over a "perfect baby" was soon clouded by the discovery of sore eyes, the total loss of the left, and of most of the sight of the right, in spite of daily visits from eye specialist Dr. Wood for three months.

This accounting does not square with hints I received over the years as to the true cause of Emmet's eye problem. There were vaguely whispered remarks about the attending doctor being drunk, and dropping an instrument into the one good eye while putting in the customary silver nitrate drops, so that he was left with only the eye that had a roving pupil.

When I questioned my father about this, he was hesitant to speak of anything out of order done by the physicians. It seemed that he either did not know exactly what occurred, or did not want to know. I accepted this as a closed book that he was unwilling to open.

I search his mother's diary in vain for some word that will confirm my suspicions. Nothing. Only the ominous word twenty-three years later in 1915 that indicates her bitterness at the act of God in giving her a son with poor eyesight. The "mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Slow physical development; only fifteen pounds at one year. All hope lay in a devoted mother's care, a far-sighted father's protection; their indomitable determination that this helpless, nearly blind baby, with his satiny skin, ready laughter, frequent tears, unintelligible prattle, shall have his chance at success in life.

A Child's Home

Spring 1894 we moved to our home on the prairie, yet within St. Paul. A house with a second story, stairs straight and steep, down which I had many a fall. My mother always reached the stairs as soon as I did, to dry my tears and comfort me.

Dining room windows were filled with plants. Outside, a large yard, the rear given to a vegetable garden and a bare spot where trash was burnt, and firecrackers set off on the Fourth of July. The front half was a lawn, around it a ditch to irrigate our sweet peas. Flowers, humming birds, bees, white clouds sailing a blue sky above, were my joy.

A boy, barefoot, standing in wet grass after a storm—dew sparkles in the sunset. A double rainbow arches over dark clouds.

A blur of blue and scarlet; a humming bird sipping from a nasturtium horn.

Rubber boots; inserting one foot—withdrawing it because a bumblebee was there.

The night my father brought home a clock, its glass door displaying brass works. I stopped what I was doing to listen to its chimes.

Father's Christmas present to Mother: a sewing machine, which I was permitted to run.

Attempting everything my mother did; and so quilt-making—the remnant reminiscent of my blouses and my mother's dresses.

Smudgy child-fingers kneading black bread of the same dough of which my mother made white loaves.

Friends: the Hartfiels, who lived behind their grocery in rooms kept with a Saxon's neatness. Soon they rendered habitable the attic for their growing family; then an apartment with gleaming white walls. Finally they built a house—the New World saga of Old World people.

My mother felt safe to leave me with the Hartfiels—a haven of love and peace for me. Mr. Hartfiel said the Lord's Prayer fast in German before meals. They attended a German Lutheran Church. There were two little girls.

One day I went to the grocery for milk. Minnie and Alma carried the pail home, while I skipped ahead, demonstrating somersaults, a new skill. I interpreted their silence as admiration. When we reached my house, they ran home as fast as their legs could carry them.

A grove with ferns, mosses, ladyslipper, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Solomon's seal, bleeding heart, blue, yellow and white violets. Roadside roses; prairies yellow with goldenrod; feathered milkweed pods. My mother brought back wild plants, making them feel at home in our garden. We would take our lunch, spread a comforter under the trees, and picnic amid bird songs and the hum of bees. The ants appreciated our picnics.

Beyond the grove, railroad tracks ran through a cut where Gypsies camped. Scary stories instilled a fear turning many dreams into nightmares. Only my father could soothe me. He held me in his arms, beside a window. A hazy moon hung in the sky. Slowly I ceased trembling and sobbing, grew calm, slept.

The fabric of daily life for this tiny family already takes on a two-fold character: the first in the constant presence and care of Emmet's mother—in the garden, in the

kitchen, in the woods, and the second in the more intermittent but equally powerful contributions of his father—bringing home the clock by day, and then when the nightmares came, rocking his son to soothe him.

Friends: the Henschels. Two boys. A little girl had died. We had a portrait of her, with a dreamy background, which I believed was taken in heaven. Where else could a girl in a white gown, like an angel, be? Wings? They did not show above her shoulders. Her brothers spoke of her in hushed tones, as "our sunshine sister."

Mr. Henschel's parents owned a bakery, whose sweet smells are evoked when I pass a bakery.

The kindness with which I was surrounded was accentuated when we visited my mother's relatives in Minneapolis. At first this meant a ride on the cable cars downtown, then steam cars to Minneapolis, and a streetcar to the cousins' farm near Minnehaha Falls. Later the interurban trolley took us direct.

Quaker Cousin Milton, with his bluff ways, would grasp my hand in his with a vigorous shake, and shout, "How art thou?" in a man-to-man greeting. His daughters Alice and Sadie, high school girls, were gentler. Happy days, when they drove over with their pony for an extended visit.

A dimness I cannot penetrate except through mother's diary; scattered memories merge in a stream of experience, weaving a life.

April 12, 1896, my father cut my curls, and I proudly became a boy. In summer he cut my hair short for hot weather comfort.

My mother joined Eastern Star. She would shut the kitchen door while she practiced her ritual. Shutting the door increased my curiosity. I learned it all, but kept the secret, even from her. Soon the rigmarole was forgotten.

The night my mother joined the Star, my father wanted to go to the Odd Fellows' lodge. For lack of a babysitter (an occupation confined to grandmothers and maiden aunts) my father took me with him. I wore my first suit, a blue sailor, open collar with white piping, black tie.

My father and other men wore regalia collars. One was thrown around my neck in fun. They showed me a stuffed goat, mounted on a platform. I rode the goat.

In July, 1896, I went to Sunday School for the first time, at a Universalist Church in Minneapolis. I sat in a semicircle of chairs, the teacher standing.

Military affairs—reunion of the Third Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, with Grandfather Brown. We sat at a long table, eating beans and hardtack.

The fife and drum corps stirred my blood; when the band played, I was beside myself with joy. How beautiful the American flag, waving in the breeze! The oratory passed harmlessly over me like a cannonade, but the atmosphere evoked warm loyalty to my country.

Younger Minnesota Volunteers marched away to the war with Spain full of enthusiasm; came home with thinned ranks.

President McKinley visited St. Paul. A boy, looking up at the skirts of his Prince Albert coat, felt the large presidential hand grasp his small one.

July 27, 1897, the laying of the cornerstone of the Minnesota state capitol. My mother wheeled me in my carriage across the prairie. A man in a long black coat, Alexander Ramsey, first territorial governor of Minnesota, did something that I could

not see, to a block of stone, which was then lowered into place. Mr. A. L. Larpenteur, who made the original entry on the land, and thereby held the first title under the United States, was there. No Indians, original owners, were recognized.

History touched me again when Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," spoke on "Power" in church. To me she was a rustling silk gown and a firm, sweet voice.

For my sixth birthday, a horn and drum. The horn did not last long, but the drum was music—to me! Its gold, red and blue sides shone brilliantly.

Circuses are for boys! My first, Gentry's Dog and Pony Show. A little dog in a cart, driving another dog. At home my first balloon rose to the ceiling.

July, 1900, my first "real" circus: Forepaugh and Sells. Sitting in the high tent, watching the big ring, seeing little. Merely watching the animals' parade satisfied.

Minnehaha Falls: we celebrated my seventh birthday there, to see a polar bear, a cinnamon bear, black bears, lions, tigers, monkeys, deer, elk, eagles.

The Falls, and the glen. Hiawatha carrying Minnehaha across the stream above the falls. Hearing in the rushing waters the voices of man and maiden. Memorizing sections of Longfellow's poem, dreaming of days not far gone.

Walking down the glen where Minnehaha Creek joins the Minnesota River; sandstone cliffs in layers of reds, browns, yellows. Ladyslippers, Indian moccasins, the orchid state flower; jack-in-the-pulpits, trillium.

Children's Day, 1899, speaking before a sea of indistinguishable faces. I stood beside a ladder which my father made and my mother decorated with striped grasses and flowers, holding a bouquet of our garden blooms, and spoke about climbing life's ladder. No fright; I could not see the people's faces. I looked down at my white suit, flowers and ladder.

Bugs terrified me, because I could not see them until they flew into my eyes.

> *Poor eyesight made public performance easy at this stage of life. Later it became a mixed blessing. Schoolmates would taunt the handicapped boy.*
>
> *What would it mean in a ministerial career, where much of life is lived on a stage—the pulpit. I used to wonder how others might see this man with the wandering right eye from the pew. I paid no attention to what seemed normal to me. I knew he said he could not see anyone beyond the first few rows.*
>
> *I also pondered how this man who could not see people's faces, could see the intricate coloring of sunsets and describe them graphically. Was it perhaps the element of color and light?*

As I grew stronger, my father took me on walks. We stopped at a store where I could count on his buying me a banana. He did not indulge; he saved many special treats for me. Sometimes it was a yellow box covered with pictures of monkeys—Velvet candy. Years later, remembering, I tried to buy another box. To my disgust, all the drugstore had was Velvet tobacco.

My mother's scrapbook; life in the last quarter of the nineteenth century in these colored advertising pictures. History too: great blocks of ice, turrets and crenellated battlements of the ice palace of a rugged St. Paul winter.

Near Seven Corners, St. Paul, lived the Schumanns, in a region infiltrated by Chinese. Mr. Schumann, a barber, veteran of the Battle of Sedan in 1871, and his wife, lived behind the shop.

Mrs. Schumann was confined to a wheelchair, which she maneuvered as she worked. The kitchen floor was scrubbed till it shone. She always had cookies for me.

The back wall of her kitchen was in glass. Long shelves were loaded with plants. Above them hung a cage in which a Harz mountain canary sang blithely. Every creature near Mrs. Schumann partook of her joy.

In broken Chinese-English, her Chinese neighbors brought their troubles for her broken German-English solutions. They shared their joys too. She had gifts for everyone.

The last time I saw Mr. Schumann, in 1915, he was at the farm where St. Paul cared for its poor; a broken man after his wife died. The bluff soldier could not face life alone. His wheelchair wife conquered it for two.

Shadows came my way too. One day I sat in a rocking chair before the glowing baseburner, rocked too hard, and fell against the stove. Pain photographed the scene; also the ride to the doctor's office. A scar remains.

Watching a man clean our chimney, his grimy, streaked face and harsh voice figured in dreams. Tales of the gypsies mingled with the chimney sweep's face, and with the baby carriage in which I was taken on long walks. In my dreams a gypsy chimney sweep would push the carriage along a narrow path between two abysses. Just as he was about to push me off the end into horrible darkness, I would wake screaming. Only my father could calm me.

My father's brother came to visit. "Emmet is delighted with his uncle," my mother wrote in her diary! Perhaps at first: little did she know! One day Uncle sat before the fire, while I played on the floor with my prized blocks. Idly, Uncle picked up a block, and with the other hand held the poker in the fire until it glowed red, then made random scorched marks—not even a pattern—on my block, paying no heed to my cries of protest!

It was years later, when I stood beside my father at his brother's unmarked grave in a Seattle cemetery, that I began to understand a brother's love, and forgive my uncle.

Friends had a dog, nearly as tall as I, the friendliest, safest of playmates. Excited by something, I know not what, he bared his teeth, and as I stepped back in terror, snapped at me, grazing my temple. The wound was dressed in butter, wrapped in butcher's paper. I acquired a fear of dogs, missed that important part of a boy's life, dog companionship.

We always had a cat, frequently kittens. Though I liked to play with them, the self-sufficient creatures alienated my affections by their indifference.

I was four when I saw my great-grandmother Upham, in her mid-nineties. She had broken her hip and was in traction. I remember the arrangement of pulleys.

What ideas can a boy of four express? Samples: of thunder in winter—"King Ice has left us snow, and now he is going home."

"Water not a plant on cloudy days,
But on sunny days water the plant."

Or: “I am not in trouble,
But mischief I am always in.”

My mother and I would line up chairs for a train through the parlor and dining room. I was engineer—bell, whistle and choo-choo—my mother the passenger. We travelled to all the states, learning the names of the capitals.

I did not understand all the books my mother read me, nor was this necessary. A child absorbs and understands afterward.

My parents gave me lessons in astronomy with an orange for the sun, apples for planets, connected by knitting needles, to demonstrate planetary motions. The pay-off came when the knitting needles were removed and I ate sun and planets! One morning my parents pointed out the phenomenon known as “sun dogs.”

My father had a set of rubber stamps, with which he made up cards of words and sentences, so that I learned to read before going to school.

I was five when I began kindergarten. It ended when my Grandmother Brown came for a month’s visit. The private kindergarten was in a long basement room with high windows. Mid-morning we were fed a cracker and section of an orange—more to teach manners than for nourishment.

September, 1898, I entered the Webster Public School kindergarten in St. Paul; a vast, sunlit room with shiny floor marked with dark lines; a circle for games; chairs around low tables—and a squirrel in a cage. The squirrel ran around a wheel, or climbed a tree trunk.

My mother took me until I knew the way; after this, I walked, even in winter.

April 3, 1899, my class was promoted to first grade. We were treated to our first moving picture show. On the screen were geometric patterns of colors weaving about in kaleidoscopic fashion. There was a black and white scene of a fire engine coming toward us, with sound effects—bells, clattering hooves—the horses coming at us as if they would run over us—then ran off the screen at the bottom of the picture. The jaded eyes of a generation inured to color TV cannot imagine the thrill of this pioneer effort for us who had never seen anything like it.

Another day my mother and I had lunch with a cousin who lived not far from my school. I could have walked back to school in ample time, but auntie offered to have her coachman drive us. What boy could resist the thrill of riding behind a pair of matched black horses, with a liveried coachman on the box!

We drove a short way when a wheel came off. The horses stopped at once, the coachman climbed down from the box, removed his black gloves, retrieved the wheel, replaced wheel and linchpin, mounted the box, and we were off once more.

But my vision of driving into the schoolyard in a carriage, being handed down by the liveried coachman before the awed eyes of schoolmates, was dashed. We were late; not a soul in sight. My aunt took me to the principal’s office and made my excuse. I walked through the echoing corridors, entered my classroom inconspicuously, with the less-than-awed eyes of my schoolmates upon me, presented my excuse to the teacher and took my undistinguished place. Pride goeth before a fall.

I have a slip of paper scrawled in my handwriting, on which my teacher neatly wrote, “Good.” She meant my spelling, not my handwriting. She praised it, in spite of the impossible scrawl, that I might be encouraged to achieve. “The real gifts of education are tendencies, not attainments,” I was to write in college years.

My grandparents sent us wooden boxes at Christmas—a turkey, stuffed, oven-ready; pumpkin prepared for pies; candy and nuts; home knit stockings and mittens; and "lots of love things only grandma can think of," mother wrote.

One year, seeing the big box standing on the floor, lid pried off; the kerosene lamp on a shelf above the black iron sink; window shade up, showing a dark night sky over snowy ground; mother and father stood near I found a round box inside on which I pounced. I opened the fateful box—and sneezed! Home ground pepper! Grandmother ground spices in a hand mill. In grandmother's garden were red, white and black raspberries, currants and gooseberries. Old-fashioned flowers; lemon lilies, tiger lilies, cannas, bachelor buttons, pinks, nasturtiums, pansies, geraniums. The gnarled cedar tree in the yard bore berries. A swing and striped hammock hung from its low branches.

I slept on a walnut double spool bed, on a cornhusk mattress over coil springs fastened to slats. On my bureau was a yellow china rooster trimmed in gold. The sun shone in an east window, through which came, early in the morning, the crow of a live rooster. In the playroom was a box full of spools of many colors and sizes.

I would follow Grandfather to the barn at milking-time, silver cup in hand, the cats and kittens running ahead to watch Grandpa on his three-legged stool, milking. The cats had their pan of warm milk, and I my silver mug. Grandfather's quiet ways, speaking soothingly to temperamental cows, urging them into position with a friendly pat, made them yield their milk willingly.

Grandfather operated the dasher churn, though when butter failed to come, Grandmother took a hand. She gathered the butter, lifted the golden lump from the churn, molded it into prints, or pressed it into earthenware jars.

This was before the days of separators. Grandma set the milk in shallow pans, covering them with cheesecloth. Next day she skimmed the cream into an earthenware crock, until churning day. Buttermilk rich with flecks of butter in it, no water added, was a treat.

There was a red damask tablecloth for ordinary days; a yellow flowered cloth of the same material appeared often when we were there. Grandma knew that yellow was my favorite color. Was that why she always kept a yellow cat, among her cats of many colors?

Cats solved the mice population explosion problem. One day in the meadow I found a nest of baby mice. I put the squirming, squeaking semi-transparent pink mice into my overalls pocket. Back at the house, I placed them in a pan and called the kittens. They sniffed, pawed the small creatures, looked puzzled. The mother cat strolled over and gave her kittens a demonstration on what to do with mice. I felt no remorse, no pity, merely boyish curiosity.

In the woods across the meadow, limestone cliffs with caves; a balanced rock, its base eroded to a pillar. I caught a minnow in the brook with my hands. A clear stream that ran over rocks. My Vermont grandmother said it was a brook; Iowa neighbors said it was a "crick." It's a brook in my personal geography.

The woods—a cool place for picnics; to pick flowers, ferns and mosses; to dream in. When later I learned Greek mythology, for me Theseus hid his sandals under Balance Rock. The Cretan labyrinth of the Minotaur was there; the spool of silk

thread by which the hero found his way, was plainly marked "Coats Thread." Childhood knows no anachronisms.

Little journeys with the horses, in the fringed-top, two-seated carriage. Grandpa carried a whip on the dashboard, but rarely used it.

Friends: the Barnharts ran a large, well-equipped farm. A son, older than I, was kind to me. A girl and boy near my age were my playmates. The depth and warmth of the Barnharts molded my ideals.

Wisely-guided freedom made childhood rich for me, whether in the Twin Cities or on the Iowa farm.

When we went to the farm in the summer of 1900, I did not know that it was the end of an era, both of our St. Paul life and of visits to the farm. The end of the century was a mere calendar event, the crossing of an imaginary line. Leaving my childhood home, and the end of visits to my grandparents, were a deeply felt break in my life.

My father, in St. Paul, was packing for the move to Omaha to start a new business venture; visiting us in Iowa on his way.

September 25, 1900, we moved to Omaha. Thus ended the first major division of my life—an end and a beginning.

I have a poignant memory of picking my first wild strawberry, among the rocks at the edge of Grandfather's woods. I looked down from the hillside over green meadow and fields, looked around at a sunny cloud-flecked sky, up toward the woods. There, between outcroppings of limestone, I spied one coral berry, whose flavor I can taste today. A symbol of the essence of my childhood. Such are the moments of which one could say, "Oh stay, thou art so fair!"

I Discover Books and Heartaches

Our first home in Omaha was an upstairs apartment. Bookcases lined one wall. A bathroom with a tin-lined tub was a novelty.

The Long School received me October 1, 1900. Omaha put me back into first grade. During the morning I passed through second grade, came home at noon a member of third grade. Here I stuck; the geography of Nebraska was new to me.

A big, sunny schoolroom. I sat close to the teacher's desk, still could not see the blackboard. The teacher read aloud as she wrote; I copied.

A girl with eyes of blue smiled. Remembering, years later I wrote:

> A pinafore, with eyes of blue,
> And fair brown hair above them;
> Say what could cherub Sir Knight do,
> But love them?

A very black Negro boy was good to me. I could always tell who he was. Other faces I could not distinguish.

This is the first reference to race in Emmet's writing, and it is interesting to observe that the first impression is a visual one. As a matter of fact, the skin color would make friendship easier to develop because it was easily seen, even from a distance. Emmet makes frequent reference to his inability to distinguish faces, and it was a source of occasional difficulty in the pastorate, for parishioners did not always easily forgive his not recognizing them on the street.

Yet race was also a social category, and we shall see that in this area, Emmet partook of the prejudices of his era and part of the country.

January 10, 1901, my cousin Marion Russell came to live with us and go to high school until June 24. Marion was fourteen; I was eight. I remember sitting side by side looking out the east windows toward the reflection of sunset. Her long brown hair hung in a braids.

She took me for walks in the sand hills west of the city. Marion gave me confidence to go about the city. With my mother, I depended on her. With Marion, I felt a chivalrous impulse. She read the street signs; I memorized the names. Emmet Street intrigued me, until I found it merely one more brick-paved street lined with cottages.

Marion made me feel important; her help was unobtrusive, comradely. She awakened the longing for a brother or sister—someone with whom to share thoughts and dreams; someone to be eyes for me.

We are now presented with a dual reason for siblings: first, just his longing for playmates. A second clue appears, however. A sister like Marion would have dealt with his handicap differently than parents who might tend to over-protect. A brother or sister would offer help in a manner that would leave him feeling independent.

In the spring, while Marion was with us, we moved to a cottage near the store. Here I had a narrow playroom with a separate entrance. When I came home from school, this room was flooded with sunlight. Daydreaming was more important than playthings; I began where books left off, wove myself and my child friends into the stories.

Free time was spent outdoors, in the yard where coarse grass of a shaded lawn gave way to weeds and trash at the rear.

A swing hung in a tree. One night I dreamed of a girl named Ethel—or was it Edith, or Elsie?—sitting in the swing, while I talked with her. The memory is sweet.

On becoming a person: one day the superintendent of schools visited He asked us to write a sentence on "Whom do you look like?" Slate pencils scratched on squeaky slates. When the gray-haired man came down my aisle and peered through spectacles, he laughed at what I had written. I was embarrassed, for it was not funny to me. I had written: "I look like myself."

My father put all he had into the store, but his partner became dissatisfied. They decided to separate and divide the assets. One August noon my father remarked that his partner might have him in jail before night. This frightened me. But the difficult division was accomplished; my father got the scales and the old horse; his partner the safe and the wagon.

> *The entrepreneur may be restless and adventuresome, but he is also philosophical about loss. Was this some preparation for the nomadic life of the country pastor that Emmet would some day experience? The woman he would marry moved over 30 times during their 57 years of marriage.*

We moved to 1910-12 Lake Street, curtained the room behind the store to make a living room, with our bookcases along one wall, the blue platform rocker, rag carpet on the floor, and a table where I could study,

The vacant half of the store was soon occupied by a bakery, which meant watching the masons build an oven in the cellar; afterward, sweet, spicy smells from the Danish baker's art.

We moved our goods with the horse and the wagon he acquired. I sat atop the load, holding a birdcage in which sat a not too pleased kitten.

One day the gasoline cook stove caught fire. My father picked it up, carried it outside, put out the blaze. He suffered no burns; became a hero.

There was a tall pay telephone cabinet with wet batteries; my first acquaintance with the telephone.

The morning of September 14, 1901, I stood at the door as newsboys scurried past, shouting "Extra!" The papers proclaimed the death of President McKinley. I felt personal loss; had I not shaken hands with the martyred president?

September 18 the Ak-Sar-Ben (Nebraska spelled backward) parade came past our store. A semi-secret society prepared colorful floats to advertise the city. It was as good as a circus.

Books began to fill my world. The Omaha Public Library had a Children's Room, airy, with low tables and chairs, bookshelves at eye level, crammed with treasures. I

walked down town, browsed extensively, brought home a book which was quickly devoured, so that I soon came back.

There was a Greek mythology with illustrations like paintings on Greek vases. There were the Renty books, from which I acquired a love for early English history and a sympathy for Cooperesque Indians. I read everything by Ernest Seton-Thompson, identified with hunted animals, suffered with them.

One Christmas I received a pair of red knit gloves. Eager to display them, I walked to the library, carrying a book. January cold pained my hands. I suffered no lasting harm, but never again wore the gloves.

November 24, 1901, a telegram; Grandma Brown died. My father tacked a sign on the front door, "Closed for a funeral," and we took the night train to Iowa.

At the railroad station a Negro schoolmate drew me aside—dark sky above platform lights outside—to show me furtively something he half-drew from his pocket.

"Is it a mouth organ?" I inquired innocently. He did not say, but memory of the shape makes me sure it was a gun. If only guns had not cluttered up the life of this young lad who was kind to me!

In the coach, my father held me on his lap, while I looked often at the key-wind, open-faced watch my Grandfather Russell gave me.

Grandpa Brown met us at West Union in the morning. I was taken to see my grandmother, cold and stiff, lying in the bedroom. This was not my so-alive Grandma! She was gone; that I understood.

In the afternoon my father and I walked in the meadow. I asked if we would walk in the woods tomorrow. I see dark clouds against a pale blue sky, filled with wan westering sunshine, and my father's kind face as he said, "No, we must lay Grandma away tomorrow." My dread turned to sorrow. I do not remember the funeral; it was irrelevant; where was Grandma?

A sad Thanksgiving; my father returned to Omaha in the afternoon, my mother and I stayed till December 19 to help Grandpa pack, for he was coming to live with us. I had my first ride in a sleeping car.

A French-Canadian schoolmate, older than I, was good to me. One Christmas he took me to his home in the dreary Missouri River Bottoms. The shabby house was cheery within; a Christmas tree decorated; a happy day.

The Lake Street School was opposite our store. Boys and girls came to buy candy at recess time. It was my privilege to wait on them. They envied me—but though free to eat all I wanted, I found selling more fun than eating.

Fifth grade was a critical year; in a room shaded by large trees. I sat far back. A front seat was no help.. I could not see the blackboard. The teacher let me take the book from which she copied material on the board.

I sat directly behind Zoe Olga Estey, whose first name contained the initials of her middle and last names. She was dark, with curls. Zoe smiled at me when I returned to my seat after reciting. When Zoe came into the store, I would linger in the rear. I never progressed beyond a shy "Hello."

My fifth grade teacher was Miss Minna Moore. One day I found in my grammar, as an example, Pope's line,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Unable to recall the second line of the famous couplet, I raised my hand and asked Miss Moore. Crisply she replied,

"Act well thy part; there all the honor lies."

I felt hurt at her tone, though it was not unkind. I was ashamed that I did not recall the line. No doubt she did not intend a rebuke, but the couplet struck. Poetry was more important than grammar.

The first deep heartbreak of my life came when children on the playground indicated that they did not want a nearly blind boy to play with them. I was a nuisance.

So I entered the schoolroom downcast, fighting back tears. I did not notice whether Zoe smiled. Taking my seat, I could keep back the tears no longer. Gently, with a sweetness vivid after more than sixty years, Miss Moore asked, "What is the matter, Emmet?"

"Nothing," I answered, in a voice that plainly said, "Everything." She paid no further obvious attention to me, yet from that moment I felt that she understood and cared. Her casual moral support meant everything. Of all this I told my parents nothing.

> *I find no evidence that Emmet's parents prepared their son for the harsh world of peer play, which can be brutal. It is perhaps unfair to expect that they would be able to soften the inevitable blows that would come to a handicapped boy.*
>
> *McLuhan has a saying, "In the world of the blind, all things are sudden." It is this quality of suddenness which I imagine to be present on the playground. The rest of us are equipped with vision to catch the first glimmerings of rejection and scorn. We can tense our muscles, bite our lips, corral an inner defense.*
>
> *So the firstborn and only son who was king in his domain at home with two loving and attentive parents, must develop a new strength in order to deal with a sighted world. And some inner wisdom told him that he must do this without confiding in his parents. This was a beginning of a long struggle for independence—physically, and emotionally.*
>
> *The first step may have been to enter into a period of isolation…*

In May, 1903, my eyes troubled me so that I must stay in a darkened room for the remainder of the year; yet I was promoted with my class. My mother read me such books as Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates by Mary Mapes Dodge. I was as interested in the many pairs of trousers Dutch boys wore, as in the heroism with which Hans kept his finger in the dyke.

The author, Mrs. Dodge, was editor of the St. Nicholas Magazine, which influenced my development through high school. Solving puzzles was my contribution to its pages.

Military play: I made a wooden sword, stained it with red ink, a gory weapon. A wooden rifle served until my father bought me a Daisy Air rifle. After the first box of BB shot was used up, I never bought another. Too dangerous for my poor sight. It was enough fun to pretend. Grandpa Brown taught me the Civil War manual of arms.

> *The person born into the world at the turn of this century would not have the same attitude toward military life that marked the person at the end of the century,*

after a series of devastating wars. Thus, Emmet may not have realized the boon that poor eyesight was in inhibiting not only harmless play with an air rifle at the age of 11, but would also preserve him from combat engagement in World War I or II.

Emmet's military play turned more political. It would not be the first time he envisioned himself a king or president!

I made a map of the narrow territory on the east side of our house, each hill and valley. I cherished every weed. This was my kingdom. On September 30, 1903, I assumed the throne, with a piece of purple velvet on which I sewed a glass button badge of office. I promulgated a constitution, written with red ink in lieu of blood. Sorry, the historic moment is lost!

This kingdom proved too small for my ambition. After reading Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson, I dreamed of a South Sea island. I drew a map; a broad east half and a narrow west portion, between which flowed a stream, from a broad bay with a narrow entrance from the sea on the north, to a narrow, more open gulf on the south. Midway, at a meander in the stream, was a smaller island, on which was my capital.

Later I added cities, towns, railroads and bridges. How large was my dream kingdom? Large enough for my pleasure; small enough to walk to any part of it in a day. A place where I could have everything my way; something increasingly impossible in life.

Finally I added other islands, then a continent—a South Seas Atlantis—until the idea became too big to be attractive. But that was years ahead; before then, the island retreat found expression in poetry.

Perhaps the basic concept of a retreat from the world came from Samuel Johnson's Rasselas, which my father read to me, in his rich voice and perfect enunciation during those busy Omaha days. How he took time to do it is a mystery; but he did. I identified with Rasselas; his sister was my dream sister. When I read Rasselas again in high school, I discovered in it my definition of poetry.

Another book which contributed to my retreat from the world was Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Although the valley was a robber den, it drew me as it did Jan Ridd, because Lorna was there. My Lorna was Zoe Olga Estey.

When Grandpa Brown came to live with us, he brought his own books—Cary's translation of Dante, with Gustave Doré's illustrations. I would lie on the floor with one of the heavy volumes, daydreaming over the pictures, dipping into the text for explanations. Turning from gruesome scenes of the Inferno, shivering at naked, distorted bodies, I preferred the clothed forms of the Purgatorio, still more radiant in the Paradise. Dante drew me, so that in college I learned Italian to be able to read the original.

I had a chum, Eddie. We liked martial games. Then a new boy—Duke—came to town. Duke was polite and had nice manners when with adults. My mother was taken with him, encouraged adding him to our company. Never was "two's company, three's a crowd," better exemplified.

Duke wanted to organize a secret society. I was secretary, because I could get a record book free from the store. We met in the attic of Duke's home, or in a tent made

of a rag carpet, in my back yard. The club was exclusive; we made no effort to expand. Duke drew Eddie away from me. The club broke up. I was left alone.

Saturday mornings I took orders for the store on a route I could cover on foot. Memorizing prices, advertising new items, was fun. On cold days, Mrs. Brock, at the farthest limit of my route, would insist on my taking off shoes and stockings and putting my feet inside her open oven to warm. Such kindness exhilarated me.

> *Such an inconsequential phrase: "Such kindness exhilarated me." Emmet gravitates toward home and hearth as one magnetized, wherever it was offered. Often, he makes special mention of the woman who provides the warmth and welcome. We hear echoes of a deep hunger that cannot be explained by a neglectful family—for they were constant and caring.*
>
> *I can only surmise that they culminated in his desire to create that sort of feeling in his own family. For me this was true; I felt totally secure in my father's love and acceptance—even his delight in me.*

I delivered small emergency telephone orders on foot. One cold day it was a two-cent cake of yeast. The lady pinched the yeast, declared it no good, sent it back. I was not asked to make a second trip. My mother baked a delicious batch of bread with the offending yeast.

Riding with my father on his delivery rounds meant comradeship with him. At noon he would unhitch the horse, leave the wagon in front of the store, and take the horse to the barn a block away. He would hoist me up on Pat's ample back. One day Pat must have been dreaming, for he did not notice that my father had left, until the rattle of the oat pail aroused him, and old Pat proved that he could run. All I could do was cling to his collar and mane.

I must be in business like my father. In summer I operated a lemonade stand. Buying lemons and sugar wholesale, I could sell lemonade at two cents a glass, while my competitors had to charge five cents. In season, I sold marbles. An allowance of one silver dollar a week, for taking orders, delivering, waiting on children at recess, I invested in a savings account. Vaguely I knew I was going to college.

A less successful business venture grew out of my father permitting a salesman to store samples of a breakfast food with us. The salesman quit trying, gave the samples to my father, who turned them over to me.

Eddie and I sampled the Perfo. We did not care for it. Still, others might. I distributed samples on my order route, quoted a low price. They sold well; but during the week complaints poured in. My father had to go around the route and pacify the customers. We tried to feed Perfo to old Pat. He muzzled down through to extract every grain of oats and leave the Perfo.

We saw the beginning of the chocolate bar. An enterprising salesman sold us a box of twenty for ninety-five cents. We could not charge more than five cents apiece, a prospective profit of five cents on the box. As soon as we sold the nineteenth, my mother unwrapped the last bar, and we divided the profits. Inside the coating of chocolate was a creamy strawberry center.

Sunday schools were a minor feature. At first my mother took me to the Unitarian Church, as nearest to her Universalist preference. One year I went to the Episcopal

Church; long enough to learn the catechism, which I promptly forgot. I liked the reverent atmosphere, the boys, the teacher. Next year I went to the Presbyterian Church, where a jolly man taught us the Ten Commandments, carefully explaining how near we could come to swearing without being profane.

In summer, he took us in a wagon to picnic along the Missouri River, where a stream welled out the bluff. Watercress grew there, a novel delicacy for me.

On our way home, the sky was darkened by clouds over the eastern half, tawny yellow in the west. The black clouds rolled up in a funnel, wheeled off over Iowa. A gust of wind whipped off my hat, deposited it on the roof of a building. I have never cared to be closer to a tornado.

The principal of my school, Miss Emma Whitmore, was Christian Scientist. She asked my parents' permission to give me "absent treatments" for my eyes. With no idea of what was involved, we had no objections. I would like to believe that her "treatments" were pure prayer, out of simple love for Christ and for the lad she longed to help. "Love covers a multitude of sins." My eyes were unharmed. It was nice to know that someone cared deeply for my welfare.

Early in 1904, it became evident that, in spite of utmost exertions by the whole family, our retail grocery did not pay. My father sought and obtained a position as bookkeeper with a coal firm in Minneapolis. Salary, eighty-five dollars a month. He left for Minneapolis, to begin earning and to find a place for us to live. My mother, grandfather and I finished up loose ends.

We tried to collect accounts due us. Some paid promptly and cheerfully; a few acted shamefully. From one upstairs flat we feared being thrown down the stairs because we asked payment. A year later I saw my father toss a bundle of old accounts into the Franklin stove. No use keeping them. He took his loss philosophically.

We lost everything but our worn furniture. My father was starting again where he had been more than a decade earlier. Yet it was a welcome move—back to familiar places, old friends and dear relatives.

There was a certain wrench for me in leaving Omaha—the Children's Room of the Public Library; the kind principal and teachers at Lake School; present light and warmth for uncertain mists and darkness. For long I daydreamed about Zoe—not the flesh and blood Zoe; I idealized her.

Omaha, beginning of heartaches, and beginning of the cure for them that I found in books. At eleven and a half—

I Become Aware of People

A night train from Omaha brought my mother, grandfather and me to Minneapolis Wednesday morning, March 16, 1904. Father had not found a place for us to live, so Mother and I started hunting. Saturday we found 720 Southeast Eighth Street, a square, bare, brown house. We stayed with relatives until our household goods came by rail freight on Monday.

The house faced west; upstairs over the front hall was a cubicle that became my playroom, a place to store treasures, and to daydream on rainy days.

There was still snow enough for a sleigh ride with my cousin Sadie behind her lively pony, a joy denied me in Omaha. Wrapped warmly in a fur robe, smooth runners sliding through the snow, bells jingling, the pony snorting in the frosty air, he and we sending out clouds of vapory breath, snowflakes falling softly from a pearl-gray sky, we thought none but cheerful thoughts, spoke none but happy words.

April 20, my mother reports, "Emmet bought himself a fine wagon, $3.00." The statement implies that I made the purchase from my own funds. A good investment in exercise and fun.

The wagon was red outside, blue inside, with a seat, and a square hole in the floor, through which my food reached pedals to propel the vehicle. I steered with the handle reversed. Running around the block on the sidewalk, without crossing a street, contented me. Once I nearly ran into a strange man, to his disgust and my confusion.

Marie lived next door. She too was an only child, eleven, a plump 165 pounds to my less than 70. She would come to our door and ask, "Can Emmet come out and play?" Usually I could. Our two backyards sufficed for hide and seek. With few places to hide, none could conceal us long. The fun was in the hiding, and finding, and running together to the goal. Not even one small quarrel marred our friendship; proof perhaps that one of us was a boy, the other a girl.

Where I was subject to fits of depression, Marie was always cheerful. I might feel ever so miserable when I came outdoors in answer to her call. In minutes I would catch the infection of her good spirits, and laugh and frolic with her.

> *I am startled by the word "depression" used with reference to my father. I acknowledge that he was an emotional man. I remember evenings in my youth, when I used to play the piano before supper with Dad sitting quietly in a rocking chair, head bowed deep in thought. There would be that inevitable moment when he let out a deep sigh. I knew he was feeling what I played, for that is how I played—with feeling.*
>
> *As I read the story of his early life, I can feel some of the solitude, some of the restraint that capped his exuberance. But depression? This opens a new door.*

Zoe was not forgotten. Summer days, lying in the hammock on our front porch, watching sunset clouds, I would sing,

Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your silver light:
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

The stars were not out yet; I did not think Zoe went to bed before sunset. What was she doing? Would my thoughts be wafted to her on the wind? It did not occur to me

to write a letter. Daydreamed Zoe was as real to me as flesh and blood Marie next door.

Reading about King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, Zoe was the lady for whom I would adventure. Most medieval knights were not really in love; neither was I. The gentle feeling gave me a chivalrous deference for pure and noble girlhood and womanhood. This I have no reason to regret.

Minneapolis meant homecoming; visits to my mother's Quaker relatives, and to prickly Presbyterian ones. Prim Cousin Louise was matron at the city jail; a fearful place which I visited with awe.

In Marcy School I completed sixth grade. Frye's big geography sheltered my dreaming, when I finished other studies. Often I opened it at a two-page spread of the Great Wall of China. How was I to know that in less than twenty years I would be walking along that wall?

By January, 1905, my teachers thought that I was wasting my time in seventh grade—did they suspect my dreaming behind the geography?—and sent me into eighth grade. This meant a new school, the Holmes.

Here Miss Elizabeth Williams, principal, a white-haired, gracious lady, led a corps of teachers in the junior high type of program.

My home room teacher, Miss Bridget Hayes, with spritely Irish wit, made "calisthenics" enjoyable instead of a bore. She taught me the lifelong benefits of deep breathing. Once she deeply hurt my feelings by rebuking me before the class for asking too many questions and talking too much.

Another teacher had a gentler method. I sat close to her desk. She simply laid her fingers over my mouth, smiling all the while. I would not for worlds repeat the offense. She surprised me, but my feelings were not hurt.

A visit to the State Penitentiary at Still water: iron-floored corridors, barred cells like cages, dull clothing of the prisoners, their monotonous work on a long ropewalk, left a dismal impression.

Once my grandfather took me to a cat, dog and poultry show—another kind of prisoner—not so depressing.

March 21, 1905, we moved to our own home at 408 Southeast Ninth Street. The neighborhood from which we moved might be called lower middle class; that to which we came was distinctly proletarian, inhabited by recent immigrants. We were not a family given to keeping up with the Joneses. My father could afford to buy this house.

I began to be entrusted with selecting and buying my own shoes. My parents believed in my learning to make decisions. Besides, they knew that I would choose W. L. Douglas $3.00 shoes! Mother made my pants out of my father's; underwear of flour sacks; I was a walking advertisement for Pillsbury's 4X!

> *A sociologically minded person like myself can be forgiven for taking note of the element of social class that rears its head here. I get the distinct impression that Emmet's mother aspired to a level of refinement suitable to her literary and artistic tastes. I gather this from the way she guided her son's activities, in particular the emphasis on books. Yet we hear no complaint from her when she is asked to live in*

cramped or primitive surroundings. She is used to being uprooted, apparently, and it is a good thing, for it occurs again and again.

His father seems more rough-hewn and used to poverty and the struggle to make ends meet. Yet it is through entrepreneurial activity and the resulting flow of cash that he paves the way upward for his son: primarily, of course, in funding his Harvard undergraduate and law school education; but there are traces throughout the story of his purchasing of a typewriter, a violin, a rowing machine—material objects intended to foster Emmet's well-rounded development.

A regular visitor at the Pillsbury Branch Library, though it had no Children's Room; one simply asked for a book; but could not browse.

There was no plumbing in our house. We had a pump in the sink, another on the well outside. A long shed across the back of the lot stored coal and wood, served other necessary purposes.

A vacant lot behind us offered a short cut until one day, coming home, I ran into a barbed wire newly stretched across the opening. For the only time I can remember, my mother was not home when I returned from school. Grandpa seemed to have forgotten whatever his military experience may have taught him about first aid. He bandaged my bloody nose somehow, and I awaited my mother's return. A prominent scar remains. Fortunately the barb missed my good eye. Mother's absence hurt worse.

At a neighborhood store I bought a lamp chimney. Daydreaming as usual, I took the package and started to walk out of the store. I heard the storekeeper saying something as I retreated. When I reached the door, his reiterated words penetrated my consciousness: "It costs six cents!" I went back and paid, so embarrassed that I never entered the store again.

The neighbors with whom we really became friends were two families in the big white house east of ours. Downstairs, Arthur Johnson, his wife, his daughter Betty, who had a job, his lame son Emil, eighteen, and daughter Minnie, my age, twelve.

I played with Minnie as frankly as I had with Marie, but less often. Minnie had more housework, and felt less need of outdoor exercise.

Emil came from Sweden at twelve, bearing vivid memories, loving and dreamy, of the Swedish countryside, wonderful old castles on green hilltops, which he put on canvas in misty oils. His masterpiece: a portrait of his hero, Teddy Roosevelt. Emil could paint houses too.

Upstairs lived the Hagstroms in an apartment reached by an outside stairway. Mr. Hagstrom played the organ; I listened entranced. He would come down and sit on the lower steps, put his arm around me, talking comradely to me.

In Holmes school I met my first lifelong friend, Courtenay Henning. Hitherto my playmates came to my house, except for rare visits to family friends in distant parts of the Twin Cities. Now I began going to Court's home, far out University Avenue.

His home, on the edge of town, was restful. Court's father was a dentist, retired because of ill health. His mother welcomed me hospitably. An elder brother, Robert, was in college. A brother David died at fifteen, leaving Court his golden trumpet. Memories of David cast no gloom over the household.

Court sometimes played the trumpet for me; never enough to satisfy my hunger for music. When we tired of play indoors, we would climb the hillside where wild geraniums grew. Court filled the role of the brother of my dreams.

He went on to the University of Minnesota; briefly tried farming; settled for a desk-farm at the Geneva, New York, State Agricultural Experiment Station, where he became an expert on cream. We wrote to one another as long as he lived. Court was a loyal—not prickly—Presbyterian.

My father's youngest sister and her husband Harry Schedler, visited us in the summer of 1905, with their daughter Mildred, three years old. My one memory is of Aunt Gertrude rising to take Mildred to bed, when Mildred held out her arms to me. She put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I resolved that no impure word should ever come out of the lips my little cousin kissed.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic met in Minneapolis the summer of 1905. I had my first automobile ride, with my grandfather, in the parade.

That summer the Liberty Bell passed through Minneapolis on its tour of the country, making a lasting impression, renewed when I saw it in Philadelphia in 1913.

On my thirteenth birthday, October 8, 1905, I received membership in the Universalist Church of the Redeemer. I remember the venerable pastor, Dr. Marion D. Shutter, laying his hand on my head, saying, "God guard you and guide you, my boy." He gave me a rosebud in token of the occasion. I was doing the expected.

The boys in my Sunday school class were older and larger than I. Thoughtful young women teachers exerted a civilizing influence on us. We had a Printing Club, which printed the church calendars. We smaller boys distributed these Sunday mornings.

For about seven years I had been writing what was credited with being poetry. In 1905, I typed on a toy machine these lines—trite, yet a milestone:

A crimson tint in the eastern sky
Proclaims the break of day;
A silver bream, day's messenger,
Pierces the solemn gray.

The Queen of Night, the crescent moon,
And the stars, her courtiers,
Have sunk to rest at day's first call,
Behind cloud portières.

Those sullen curtains night had drawn
To veil her temples dark,
Roll back to let the morning in—
The sunshine, and the lark.

For Lincoln's birthday:

Out of the soil of the forest,
Into the world of light,
Into the heat of the conflict,

Into the battle for right;
Out of the forest's seclusion
Came Nature's hero at last;
"Man of the hour" they call him—
Man of all time is he!
Into the breach in the rampart
Cast he his life and his years,
Leaving his body a stone there,
This Lincoln a nation reveres.

January, 1906, graduation from eighth grade. In my class prophecy I assigned weird fates to my classmates. It was also my privilege to present the class gift, two chairs and a settee, for the principal's office. The taste of success was sweet.

Singing in the chorus at graduation, "See our oars with feathered spray," evoked a picture that stimulated imagination. Boys in dark blue suits, white shirts, bow ties, black shoes; girls in light dresses, white stockings and slippers. The future beckoned; high school for most; leaving behind childish things; only half a day in school, studying fascinating new subjects at home. Court would be with me, in the same classes, for we both looked forward to college.

Little did I dream the changes impending. For the year 1906, East High was mine.

The school was a modern, airy building, freshman courses all on the second floor. The principal, Mr. W.F. Webster, was understanding and approachable. Not one of my teachers, yet he became my friend, with an influence for the highest and best. In English class we used a Rhetoric written by him, an unusual feature of which was the addition to the classical four—narration, description, exposition and argumentation—of a fifth form of discourse, "persuasion"—which helped prepare me for preaching!

The spirit of the man speaks in a letter Mr. Webster wrote me some years later:

> I was very glad, Emmet, to receive your letter telling me of your success in your school, and I read with much interest your article on the study of Physics. You are certainly fulfilling the promise that you made while here, and I have no doubt that you are one of the best ten in your class.
>
> You did not say anything about your eyes. Have they become any stronger or is the darkness increasing? I certainly hope, for your sake, and for the sake of the many who know and love you that you are able to see the beautiful things around you and which would give such a sweet soul as yours so much pleasure. But whatever comes, I know that you will be ready for it and accept it in a manly way, and go forward making the very best of the privileges which are still allowed you.
>
> Do you please give your kind regards to your mother and take for yourself my best wishes for one whom I had learned to like very much during the time he was here.

Who could bear to disappoint the writer of such a letter? The ominous shadow of the possible loss of sight was never far from me.

> *I hear the poignancy of this remark. Looking back from the vantage point of the end of Emmet's life, and knowing that he was able to read (with the assistance of modern technology) right up to the very end of his life, I am touched that he had to live with this fear.*
>
> *One time a friend came to visit me, and is sometimes the case, she exacted more information from my father about his eyesight than he had shared with me or my brother. My friend had a son who was born with defective eyesight, too, so they spoke openly of the concerns involved. My father said that just once in his life—according to this story, when he was 14— a moment occurred free from headache. That was how he discovered that the dull pain he constantly experienced was not normal. He had never spoken of any pain in my presence.*

My home room teacher, Miss Nellie Young, of pioneer descent; herself a vigorous pioneer personality, taught Advanced English Grammar, clarifying hazy memories of elementary school grammar. Algebra was gloomy; it yielded my lowest grades.

The great thrill was Latin, the first and freshest hour in the morning. Court and I sat in front, between the teacher's desk and the windows. We came in together, passed behind the teacher's desk, turned to take our seats, and—

I do not know what Court's reaction was. Mine was cataclysmic. There sat Miss Julia Fillmore Harris, in a fluffy, frilly light dress—though it was January—some shimmering pastel. White stockings, white shoes. Her brown hair all curls and waves. No conventional schoolmarm she! The only thing Roman about Miss Julia was her first name. A vase of pink rosebuds on her desk. Her hands, dainty and alive; her face all smiles, her voice made music of Latin paradigms. I capitulated in unconditional surrender.

Lowe, Butler and Walker's "Bellum Helveticum;" we did not stop for the introduction, but plunged, the first morning, in medias res: "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres." Fun, learning to pronounce, though I could not imitate the subtle inflections of her silvery speech.

When the next January we left for Kansas City, before the end of the semester, Miss Julia not only gave me credit for the full term, but put down a round 100 as my grade, with such joy as lives for me still. As fresh and dainty as on the first day, flowers always on her desk, her voice and smile kept their first thrill of kindness, patience and vivacity. Latin was not dead; the speech of Caesar became contemporary under her teaching. The measured, musical flow of Latin words has never lost its charm for me.

The association with Latin banished gloom. Latin came to my rescue when I had several sessions with a dentist. While he drilled, I practiced mentally the first three chapters of Caesar's Gallic War. Miss Julia sits beside me when I read a Latin book today. She smiles encouragingly when I am balked by a puzzling passage.

I was first published in The Limpet, the high school paper; the sunrise poem quoted above. The prize: a year's subscription. When shortly the paper ceased publication, I learned the lean rewards of poetry.

The debating society invited me to join. The big boys wanted me, on the basis of mental ability. At last I was living in a world where I could compete.

My father's old friend, Leopold Henschel, left St. Paul to join the Gro. G. Wright Associates in Kansas City, selling Texas land. My father followed him. He was getting nowhere keeping books for a coal company. He left us in Minneapolis until he should see how he would fare.

The Associates were selling half of the 3,500,000 acres which the Farwell Syndicate of Chicago received for building the Texas State Capitol.

By summer 1906, my father was organizing excursion trains to take midwest farmers to inspect and buy the land. He arranged for me to accompany one of the excursions. July 17, I went to St. Paul to begin the journey. We rode in tourist Pullman cars, joined the special train in Kansas City.

Every mile was scenery to me; when the train stopped, I was off to see what might be seen from the platform; to put my foot on the soil of each new state. I was doing in reality what I had done in imagination with our train of chairs at home years before.

We crossed the Oklahoma Territory panhandle in the night. I pulled up my shade, gazed into brilliant moonlight over the flattest plains I had ever seen. What was that sound? A prairie wolf, or a coyote!

Amarillo, dusty cow town in 1906; no sign of helium, oil or agriculture.

Hereford, Deaf Smith County, Texas—the town named for the white-faced cattle, the county for a hero of Sam Houston's day. The Buster House, run by Col. Buster, First Tennessee Heavy Artillery—he would sit of an evening talking with a visiting Union veteran of the War Between the States, fighting battles over again in words. Two glowing red eyes above glowing cigar tips in either face; the Civil War was not over.

Brought up to regard the Other Side as Rebels, I had a practical lesson in history. Supposing every American revered Lincoln, I innocently asked Col. Buster, "But you admire Abraham Lincoln, don't you?" He burst out, "That blue-bellied aristocrat!" To picture Lincoln the shirt-sleeved rail-splitter as an aristocrat was ludicrous to me. Southerners were the aristocrats to me!

Echoes of a revival meeting in which many cowboys "got religion"—they careened down the street shouting rather than singing, "Whosoever, surely meaneth me." What was it all about? To me it was merely part of the picturesque cowboy atmosphere.

I rode out to the XIT ranch headquarters where my father was. A huge room to sleep in, adjoining his office. A windmill with a big tank for watering four to five thousand white-faced Herefords, ready for the last roundup.

I sat on the high corral fence to watch the running, roping, throwing one huge beast after another. Little yelling; nothing theatrical; this was serious business.

We used evaporated milk in the dining room. Who would catch, rope, tie and milk a range cow—which had not more than enough milk for her calf?

No chance to get lost on the plains, so flat that the ranch buildings could be seen for miles; unless one mistook a mirage for reality.

In a clump of cactus I caught a baby quail, examined it, then released it to run to its anxious mother. A bird in the hand, clearly seen, was better than flocks of birds on the wing, mere blurs to my sight.

Inspection trips with my father in a wagon, rare hours of companionship. He had to remain in Texas when I left, so he put me in charge of one of his agents. Across prohibition Kansas my guardian kept imbibing from a flask in his hip pocket—I watched him furtively. I was relieved when we reached Kansas City and I was delivered to our trustworthy friend Leopold Henschel.

Sunday evening, August 5, 1906, I was on the train—alone—for Minneapolis.

Out into Kansas under the slanting rays of a golden sunset casting long shadows across the prairie. Moonless night came down. From the lighted train, nothing to be seen. We stopped at a little station. Out of the darkness, above the chirping of grasshoppers and rustling corn came voices in a little church nearby singing,

He leadeth me, O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught…
…He leadeth me.

Alone. First homesickness. One of the few hymns I knew brought inexplicable, healing peace. I curled up on the plush seat of the coach and slept.

Red dawn wakened me; swept like prairie fire—a fire of pure beauty, harmless, full of joy, over Iowa fields. I did not understand my feeling of release, nor did I forget. God has strange ways of speaking to little boys. I did not know that this was the beginning of something wonderful, to be consummated nine years later on those same Iowa prairies.

My mother decorated our house with flags and red, white and blue bunting to welcome me home.

Grandpa Brown taught me Civil War songs: "Tenting Tonight," "Marching Through Georgia," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Suwanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Faithful Old Dog Tray," also a few hymns: "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," "When He Cometh to Make up His Jewels," "Come to the Savior, Make No Delay."

Just before my fourteenth birthday, on Saturday, September 29, 1906, music moved into the very center of my life. A young woman of twenty, Miss Magdalen Olberg, brought me a violin and gave me my first lesson. Of Czech descent, dark, with large black eyes, even more vivacious than my Miss Julia, her voice was all improvised cadenzas.

Awkward, tense and stiff was I. She insisted sweetly and patiently until I learned to loosen my muscles and hold violin and bow "naturally"—anything but natural to me at first! She was so cheerful and kind that I forgot to be my usual awkward self. Those first notes must have been torture to all who heard them; to me they were the music of the spheres.

Grandpa was the only member of the family who smoked. He learned in the army; would go out on the woodpile after supper to have one cigar. He was fastidious about

not allowing his clothes to become saturated with the odor. He decided to quit—for a good example to me. Purchasing poorer and poorer cigars, at last he had a box of stogies so vile he could not finish them. He never smoked again.

I loved to play with words, Latin or English; a sample:

> Veni, Vidi, Curri (I came, I saw, I ran)
> Caesar had already crossed the Rhone when we were hastily summoned to defeat his designs. We found he had several lines of text drawn up in regular order. We read his plans easily, and sent out a translation in Latin order. This failing to dislodge him, the translation was re-formed in English order, and advanced boldly, but was still unable to flank Caesar's periphrastic troops and volunteer indirect discourse…

So much for spoofing!

On December 27, we sent our household goods by rail freight to Kansas City, Missouri. We stayed with relatives and friends in the Twin Cities until January 7, 1907. Grandpa Brown was visiting in Iowa; joined us on the train on our way to Kansas City.

The railroad station, down in the Missouri River bottoms, was connected with the city by a long wooden enclosed passage, like a cattle chute, leading to elevated streetcar tracks and a tunnel through the bluff.

A new life; a new city. Eager, expectant, I was not disappointed. The Twin Cities continued dear as my childhood home; always a place to visit with pleasure. The future was with Kansas City.

Life Begins at Fourteen

Kansas City

Our life in Kansas City began in a split-level apartment, which sounds deceptively modern. Part of the rooms were in the basement, part slightly above street level. Its location diagonally across from the Manual Training High School decided my educational future.

It was thought that I could not take the courses in mechanical drawing, joinery and machine shop; but there were plenty of academic offerings. Manual was not a trade school, but a conventional high school with the addition of studies designed to educate the hands under the direction of a trained mind.

The building was light and airy, with broad halls and large classrooms. The school had a catalog, which stressed high educational standards: "to produce a self-educating, self-sustaining individual, based upon a harmonious and capable evolution of all his desirable human powers."

The catalog admonished: "Boys and girls should not pore over lessons till midnight." This I heeded; no study by artificial light; plenty of afternoon outdoors air.

Saturday, January 26, 1907, I enrolled at Manual for the spring semester. Having begun Ancient History in Minneapolis in the fall, Roman History completed this.

Latin presented a problem, because Kansas City schools ordinarily began subjects that required a full year, only in the fall. Miss Della Drake looked at my Minneapolis record—blessed Miss Julia's impulsive 100—decided it would be a shame for me to wait till fall to begin Caesar. She volunteered to tutor me free of charge in the first half year's work, while I pursued the second half in class. I walked to her home where she led me through the first two books of the Gallic War.

Miss Della did not take the indelible place of Miss Julia in my life, but she won for herself her own significant place. Her sister Miss Nina taught American Literature, a course one could enter in the middle.

There was a beginning class in Plane Geometry, the second semester, for those who failed the first term. I did not warm up to Plane Geometry.

Elocution was a new world, which I was permitted to enter mid-course—the only boy among twenty-nine girls. I wanted to learn to speak in public. If I could talk facing twenty-nine girls, I could make the grade.

One day when I was in an oratorical contest, one of the "big girls" bent over my desk to whisper, "I hope you win." I did not win, but her wish did me more good than a gold medal.

My elocution teacher, Mr. John A. Cowan, was also president of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music. He was a man of strong moral principles, a scorner of all lies, pretense and hypocrisy. One day he and I fell into a conversation about race. Living in Missouri, I quickly acquired, as many Northerners do, the crudest form of prejudice against the Negro. I ventured the question, "Isn't a Negro's brain smaller than a white man's?"

Mr. Cowan exploded. Whatever he said saved me from any such theory, until later the study of anthropology showed me its folly. Mr. Cowan taught me more than elocution. His encouragement gave me stamina.

In the beginning, it would be science that would save Emmet from prejudices. I am used to thinking of my father as literary, an esthete, a man of the arts—especially music. Yet, a strong streak of scientific inquiry stirred him, is a constant theme.

March 14 the Edisonian Society, a science and engineering group, conducted an exciting Assembly program on "Flame." This thrill prepared me later to accept membership in the society. Science opened a wide window; a new dimension in living.

My father bought me a twelve-dollar violin to use until I should demonstrate aptitude for the instrument. On March 15 a teacher came to our flat to give me a first lesson. He was less concerned than my Miss Magdalen; rarely corrected my mistakes, put me through all seven positions before I mastered the first. I acquired slovenly habits, yet retained a love for the weird sounds I produced.

After the first lesson, I walked to my teacher's home on Saturday mornings, a silver dollar in my pocket for the lesson, saving the nickel carfare by exploring the new city on foot.

I heard a violin recital by Mr. François Boucher, who later became my teacher. The tall, lean, dignified man's playing echoes in memory still.

The Christian church close by my school held revival services that spring. My mother, grandfather and I attended one evening. The evangelist spoke on hell, to which he consigned all such as we were. Grandfather's quiet Quaker faith kept him from being disturbed, but my Universalist mother was furious. As for me, the possible existence of hell was not in all my thoughts. I dismissed sermon, minister, and church as irrelevant to my world.

Not so Gipsy Smith, in Convention Hall. I do not remember what the Gipsy said, but I could not forget his singing voice. It drew me, tugged at my heart, filled me with strange longings.

A different, an uncomfortable thrill came to me from our fifteen hundred high school students singing "Dixie." They did not sing it in the gentle way my grandfather did. There was a savage, primitive quality in their voices, as if the last battle of the War Between the States had not yet been fought. I felt like a stranger in Missouri.

My father bought a cottage at 3240 Brooklyn. Relief from the confinement of the flat was sheer joy. We moved in June. I should have looked forward to attending Central High School in the fall. Greek was taught at Central, and Greek I very much wanted. But I was now used to Manual; my teachers were my friends; I was becoming acquainted with my fellow students; I did not want to change.

The school administration was adamant that I must take the manual training subjects in order to graduate at Manual. My mother appealed to the school board, taking me along as Exhibit A. The school board pondered, and Superintendent Greenwood informed us that I could stay at Manual, provided I took as many hours of academic subjects as other students, plus enough hours to make up for the manual training subjects I would not be taking.

This meant 24 courses instead of 16. I presume the board thought they had settled the matter; that I would go to Central, where I could graduate with only 16 courses. Not so: I was delighted with the prospect of having room for courses in language and science that would not fit into a 16-course curriculum. I could take five or six courses a year instead of four, and graduate almost as soon as I could at Central.

What were we high school students like in 1907? Dress was more conventional then. We boys wore suits with matching pants, often with vests. We wore ties, mostly bow, a few four-in-hands. Torturingly high, stiff collars. Girls wore voluminous dresses, reaching nearly to the shoe-tops. Hair coiled around "rats," piled high on top of the head. The hair had never been substantially cut. Some wore their hair tied at the back with a big bow of wide ribbon.

Inside us, what were we like? Quite human. For me, life began at fourteen. The buds began to swell. Moving to our own home brought first flowering. Kansas City was my spring time.

A Year of Early Flower-Buds
1907-08

A bungalow; a hall bedroom for me; what did it matter? June1907 found us in a house of our own with a tiny yard and a wide horizon eastward across vacant lots.

The event of the summer was the purchase of a piano. None of us could play; but it produced entrancing sounds.

I could walk to parks which offered natural beauty to my hungry soul. It was interesting to go west to the state line, and to walk down the middle of an unpaved road, one foot in Missouri, one in Kansas.

June 15 I bought S. S. Curry's Lessons in Vocal Expression. S. S. Curry was Mr. Cowan's teacher. The book led me to abandon myself to my own thought, to stand on my feet and express it. The literary examples introduced me to new book-friends.

I read David Copperfield, laughed and cried over Peggoty, Ham, little Emily, Dora; learned from the adventures and misadventures of David; looked up in adoration to Agnes. She became my ideal of womanhood. Over and over I read the last paragraph, tears filling my eyes:

> *Oh, Agnes, oh my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed; so may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me, pointing upward.*

No longer would a sister satisfy me; I looked forward to the time when I should find my Agnes, whatever her name; and when she should yield herself to me. David's Agnes saved me from premature infatuation with any childish Dora, however sweet and flower-like. Only someone to point me upward would meet the hunger of my heart.

In August the minister who married my parents, visited us, with his family. One evening at dusk I lay in the hammock on our front porch, Mrs. Vail seated beside me. She placed her warm hand over my eyes and forehead. The dull headache that was my constant companion vanished. I lay still, content.

Dreaming, reading, playing the violin, walking about the city, occasionally playing with the Henschel children who lived close by, summer passed and school began again. A great door swung wide to realms of science, literature, music; to new friends among contemporaries and teachers.

Modern history meshed with my new interest in modern languages. Plane Geometry went its weary way through the fall. In the spring I entered a class of seven in Solid Geometry. For lack of a classroom we met on a stair landing. Three-dimensional diagrams, colored or shaded, almost made sense of mathematics.

Latin meant Cicero, with Miss Della. Mellifluous Latin oratory, the personal charm of Cicero, more human than Caesar. To read and translate was easy; turning English into acceptable Latin prose was hard work.

At home I created a crude model of the Roman Forum, never shown to teacher or fellow-students. I lived and breathed Cicero, despised Catiline, loved the poet

Archias, his oration merged with the tenth chapter of Johnson's Rasselas to form my theory of poetry.

A new interest crowded Latin for room in my life: science, in the form of Botany, taught by genial B. M. Stigall. Field trips on which we identified trees and flowers; touched on anthropology—an Indian battleground of long ago.

I discovered a new world under the compound microscope. Looking around the scar on my eye, which always appeared in the field, I was thrilled with a stained slide of a section of a plant stem. It looked like a city map! My mind leaped; my heart beat faster.

A new world, the microscopic, so resembled the larger world that my mind went on a speculative journey. The idea struck me when I was walking to church: what if the microscopic world is to our world as our world is to our galaxy?

No stopping there; what if there are worlds so vast that to them this greater universe is microscopic? An infinite series of worlds. Or down from the microscopic to worlds smaller yet…

My pace quickened. I walked on and on, church forgotten…I reached home in time for dinner.

Yet another new world opened when I entered Mary Fisher's airy French classroom. As distinct and as pleasant a shock as entering Miss Julia's Latin classroom. Mary Fisher was different; not fluffy and pink, yet equally dainty and feminine. Flowers on her desk. Her voice vigorous, but pleasing. A warm heart; a rapier-keen mind.

Intellectually the most brilliant member of the faculty, her modesty made me associate her with violets. Once she sent me a card of pressed violets from France, bearing the one word, "amitié," (friendship).

On my fifteenth birthday I weighed ninety-eight pounds, stood five feet three and a half inches tall.

Huge, drafty Convention Hall was the setting for a concert by pianist Ignace Jan Paderewski. Schubert's Erlkönig, eerie whispers of the Erlking, plaintive cries of the child, groans of the father, crashing thunders, galloping hooves of the horse, to the dread end—"in his arms the child lay dead."

Beginning March 1, 1908, I had an allowance of $20 a month, kept my own accounts, bought my clothing, except for suits, bought books, music and sundries, saved five or six dollars a month in a savings account.

By summer I had a right to draw on my father's checking account, so that when he was away on business trips, I could draw cash for my mother. She was increasingly not well. It meant much to me to be trusted with such responsibility.

I was invited to join the high school Edisonian Society. To be thrown with young men seriously interested in science and engineering enriched my life. Many things they did I could only watch and admire. I shared in theoretical discussions. The Edisonians presented a school assembly program on "Air"—hot, and the cold of liquid air.

American Literature; Hawthorne's Gentle Boy prepared me to appreciate the Great Stone Face in New Hampshire. Hawthorne's rich fancy drew me, while his melancholy moods disturbed me, perhaps warned me against allowing my own dark moods to grow.

I wanted life to be all sunshine. This could not be. I learned that if one lives at the edge of his somber grove, there will be a pleasant play of light and shadow among the trees and over the grassy slopes beyond.

So when, like Dante, "I found myself in the midst of life's road in a dark wood," his Virgil, or any of my favorite poets, could lead me safely out into the sunlight. Music also worked this magic. Or the touch of a child's trusting hand could work this wonder.

> *Before the days of therapy, Emmet found a solace for his dark moods in the outer world—music, or the hand of a child.*
> *I find myself wondering if I sensed this, very early in my life, and became the child who would lift his spirits. I was not conscious of darkness in my father. Quite the contrary, I experienced him as unfailingly cheerful and encouraging. Yet, his delight in my chirping glee was palpable. So I learned to be happy and to show it.*
> *A scene etches itself on my mind: I am in our Northwoods, N.H. living room, standing at the end of the piano, my head just reaching the edge. My father is playing, probably Schumann's "Happy Farmer." I am dancing up and down with delight, gurgling and enchanted.*

In the spring of 1908, I walked early to school for a voluntary class in German with Mary Fisher and a few "eager beavers" at 7:45 a.m. Why wait till fall to begin another modern language, since Mary Fisher was eager to help?

A thin volume of Emerson's Essays and poems; Self-Reliance with a few of the poems, became my Bible. I rose at six to sit before a wide window facing the sunrise, reading over and over the stirring words.

My morning devotions began with a prayer:

> *Bright spirit of the morning, enter thou,*
> *And gladden all the day.*

Looking at the night sky before retiring, I prayed:

> *Calm spirit of the evening, enter thou,*
> *Give peace to all the night.*

A pagan, I built my own religion; *Self-Reliance* my Bible; Nature, my goddess. I was her priest, my twin altars sunrise and sunset.

> *To call this young man a pagan distorts the modern meaning of the word, for his language is full of archaisms redolent with pious thought. Yet he contends he is but a hairline away from atheism! That his twin altars were sunrise and sunset is clear, for his story is filled with descriptions of these daily events.*
>
> *Why this worship of the dawn and dusk? Was it an opportunity to extend the limits of his visual sense to their utmost by describing the nuances of color? I have concluded that light was more visible to Emmet than color on material objects, and therefore he gloried in this never-ending God-given display in the skies, seemingly for his personal benefit.*

Beauty and purity came radiantly alive when my Cousin Alice came to our home to be married to Shirley Tyler, May 18, 1908. Her own mother was dead; Alice came from Minneapolis to my mother. A Quaker minister officiated; I played Mendelssohn's Spring Song on my fiddle. Alice' voice was soft music, a voice to remember. Shirley, strong, clean-cut, won our respect and love. Visiting their Minneapolis home, a strange, sweet peace always enfolded me.

On the wedding day my grandfather, taking the privilege of a great-uncle of the bride, rushed outdoors at the sound of a hurdy-gurdy in the street, and hired man, monkey and organ to perform on our lawn until the couple left for their train. Neighborhood children flocked around.

Watching a storm to the east one day; lightning split the clouds; thunder rolled about their dark masses. Wild beauty, crashing music, uninhibited display of naked force. No fear; I was part of nature, my soul akin to this tempest. It was my storm; why fear it?

Lightning's fearful sheets of fire ceased as light from the setting sun tinged the eastern sky with color. Thunder went out in murmurs farther and farther away. Pale gold and vermillion, silver and opal, fleecy white and crumpled rose; clouds melted away in over-hanging splendor, subdued indeed, but all the more appealing to a fancy intent upon finding fair forms among their shifting masses. The reflecting east was so lovely that I did not walk around the house to see what the western sky offered.

A summer term, 1908, in the Dillenbeck School of Oratory; I was determined to learn to speak in public, to conquer self-conscious embarrassment.

Walking home one day on the Paseo with its pergola and battlement, I thought out a fanciful conversation with Cicero. My manuscript breaks off where the Consul began to talk about the fate of America; he—or I—was not optimistic.

When the Universalist Church disbanded, I went to the Unitarian Church where literature and philosophy, often Oriental, filled the pulpit. When Manley O. Hudson came from the University of Missouri each week to preach, world affairs dominated the atmosphere. He went on to the Harvard Law School to teach International Law.

But Emerson spoke loudest and clearest to me. In this summer of 1908, coexistence was still possible for my Universalism and my Transcendentalism, with the outlook of science beginning to assert its claim. Fragments of inchoate, incoherent philosophy kept the three in dialogue. In my unclear dialectic—thesis, liberal religion; antithesis, scientific theory; synthesis, philosophy—the three chased one another around like three squirrels in a cage, my mind in hopeful confusion.

A scare—the day I went to town to draw money for a trip my mother and I were to begin that evening to the Twin Cities. Stowing the money in my wallet in an inside coat pocket, I took an unusual route home, through a disreputable neighborhood. Passing a vacant lot covered with man-high weeds, I met two men, one tall, lean, unshaven, unpleasant looking; the other fat and jolly. The fat man accosted me, invited me to have a drink in a nearby saloon.

Alcohol was a danger signal to me. I looked for a way to escape. The fat man did not seem so dangerous as the lean one. Perhaps I recalled Shakespeare's lines in Julius Caesar:

Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Keeping my eye on the worse-favored man, I edged off the sidewalk into the middle of the street, walked slowly at first, soon quickened my pace until I was running. When I reached a more respectable neighborhood I slowed down.

Had these two men followed me from the bank? Or did I simply look like easy picking? Thereafter when I had much money on me, I took a streetcar.

Another misadventure occurred on the respectable Cliff Drive, not frequented by pedestrians. A policeman stopped me, looking for a young man in a gray suit and brown hat, who had relieved someone of his valuables. I was young—fifteen—wore a gray suit and brown hat. The policeman asked what I was doing. Walking for fun did not satisfy him as it did me. He inquired as to my identity. I produced my father's business card.

Incautiously he said that he had gone on one of my father's excursions to Texas. Had he bought land? No. I began a sales talk. He became uneasy. Advising me to walk in more conventional places, he left my company to seek another youth in gray suit and brown hat.

We took a trip to the Twin Cities. Three weeks of careful instruction by Miss Ella Richards, concert pianist, pupil of the renowned Lezschetisky. I began to see music as language, not mere emotion. I wanted to become a musician; wrote scraps of melody that haunted me.

I played for my first violin teacher in Minneapolis; she saw the havoc slipshod teaching had wrought, but said nothing. She would not criticize a fellow-teacher.

Miss Magdalen was no longer a carefree girl She knew deep sorrow. The boy whom she hoped to marry, a student for the ministry, became an atheist. The fact did not shock me, but her stricken face and voice cast a gloom over the sunny room.

The step from Universalist liberalist into atheism was intolerable to her. She gave up the young man, and told him why.

There was only a hairline between where I stood and atheism. Knowing how my Miss Magdalen felt helped me nearly through college not to cross that line; helped me come back, after I saw with my own eyes the depths to which atheism can lead.

We went on to Oconto, Wisconsin, where my father joined us in a visit to his parents. Thence home by way of Chicago, the farthest east point for me. A jolting ride in a horse-drawn Parmelee omnibus over cobbled streets from station to station. The quiet peace and love in Grandma Russell's home clung to me.

Should I study law, as my parents wished, or study music and literature, as inclination urged? I felt a debt of honor to my father who gave up his ambition in order to care for me.

Limited eyesight would pose problems, no matter what career I entered. Law I could practice with minimum contact with the public. I could hope to make enough money to hire someone to read to me. I would know how to manage any property my father might leave me; this he now confidently expected would be a competence. I could give much of my time to music and literature. Was not this a sensible course?

Yet I fiercely desired independence; to make my own way, not be dependent on my father. I had an emotional aversion to law; distaste for its technical language. The thought of law gave me mental claustrophobia.

I loved music, even the drudgery of practice. I began too late to become a concert violinist or pianist. Could I not be a teacher of music, a critic, a composer? Carl Busch of Kansas City was becoming known. I would write my own words to my songs, write essays, poetry. I would be articulate in words as well as in the wordless language of music.

All this I carefully kept to myself. My parents were so sure about law; I could not discuss it with them. It seemed disloyal to talk with others.

Mary Fisher, who detested teaching, knew from experience that to make a living from writing was impossible for one whose ideals were such as hers—or mine. Law leading to leisure appeared ideal to her who had only the prospect of retirement after long years of drudgery in the classroom.

We were about to move. In my dilemma, I thought I would let my parents' choice of a home decide for me. Their choice narrowed to two houses. I said to myself, "If it's Olive, it's music; if it's Garfield, it's law,"

The nearly new house on Olive Avenue had a small room upstairs which the real estate agent euphemistically styled a "music room." Olive had a romantic sound. Such was the trivial basis for my choice.

The older house at 3121 Garfield Avenue, the lower story laced with rough stone, looked like a prosperous lawyer's residence; a Garfield had been president of the United States.

The choice fell on Garfield. I was disappointed. When we moved in, I discovered that the house was ideal for a musician and literary man.

But I stuck with my agreement with myself until I actually got into Law School. Literature and music were henceforth to be secondary in my life. Or were they?

We moved!

A Year of Early Spring

1908-1909

The year I was sixteen was early spring, intellectually and emotionally.

I put on long pants. Boys who have always worn them cannot understand the thrill—like that of a Roman boy wearing his first *toga virilis.* The first Sunday morning, to avoid embarrassment and give myself time to become accustomed to them, I did not go to the Unitarian Church, but walked to one where I thought I would be unknown. I had not gone far when I met a bevy of girls from my high school, strung out across the wide boulevard sidewalk. "Hello, Emmet," they chorused. Fortunately, embarrassment is not a fatal affliction.

I thought it would be fun to wear my father's derby hat, which he had abandoned for a soft fedora. This time I met smiling friends—on a streetcar—an avenue of escape. I continued to wear the pants, but never again donned the derby.

The Omaha and Minneapolis homes I was not attached to; the Iowa farmhouse meant nothing with Grandma gone; to the St. Paul home I would gladly have returned; but it now had a rival in our Kansa City home.

When we left Kansas City three yeas lager, and the dear home was sold, I was deeply disappointed. I wanted to return after college; to burrow my roots deep in the genial Missouri soil, to go on with the life so auspiciously begun. It was not merely the house and the friends I had made; it was the whole atmosphere of the aggressive, ambitious city.

Such nostalgia is a wisp of evanescent sentiment; like a New England fog lingering in some windless hollow, o clinging surprisingly to a precarious hilltop, till it burns off in the sunlight of God's loving plans for an ongoing life. Valleys of depression, low hills of looking back to limited horizons, breed such sentimental fogs in the dark nights of life.

In our yard grew a generously productive peach tree. Here I would take my violin, alternatively practice and eat.

My father installed a punching bag and a rowing machine in our high, airy basement. Remembering how young Longfellow chalked the figure of a man on his college room door and practiced pugilism before it, I attacked the punching bag with intermittent zest. The rowing machine invited to imaginary journeys up strange streams to fascinating adventures.

When I lay ill in bed facing an east window, my mother hung a brilliant Mexican serape at the window to cut down the glare. In one prolonged illness I occupied my parents' large west room. Convalescing, my violin lay on the king size bed beside me. As soon as I could sit up I could play, before I could read.

My father's company finished selling the Texas land, and undertook to sell land on the Isthmus of Tehuantopec, Mexico. Now my father was absent for weeks, even months, at a time. My interest in Mexico was heightened by my mother reading to me Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*—the gorgeous pre-Columbian civilization, dramatic conquest; spoiling of the Indians.

School meant courses in Public Speaking, English history, Rhetoric, Physics; the last with lean red-haired Herbert Page. He combined classroom dignity with humor, and genuine out-of-class camaraderie with his boys—few girls took Physics.

The Edisonian meetings threw sidelights on Physics. Mr. Page introduced me to new developments in physical theory, though it was Mary Fisher who led me to read Gustave Le Bon's books on the evolution of matter and energy. I read Tyndall's *On Sound,* and *Heat, a Mode of Motion,* experimented with sprinkling sand on brass plates, drawing my violin bow across the edge to produce patterns in the sand.

In Optics, I made an opaque projector of a wooden box, a magnifying lens and a light bulb. Grandpa made the track on which to slide pictures in and out.

Mary Fisher was my teacher in two course, second year French and first year German. I never became reconciled to the vagaries of der, die, das. So unchivalrous to treat women and children as neuters! Why a feminine sun and masculine moon, when in French, Latin and Greek the genders are reversed!

The class was declining ein (one) in all three genders, four cases. When we finished the singular, I went on, declining a plural of my own devising, until the laughter of the class and teacher roused me. But the philosophical Germans should ponder the use of English "ones", with a meaning different from "two" or "three."

In French we read George Sand's *le Mare au Diable* (he devil's pool). From the opening quatrain in old French onward, I felt with clumsy, honest Germain, fell in love with Marie. The unmarried purity of their idyllic love story, the tender chivalry of Germain toward Marie, his homely solicitude for his small, motherless son, caused me to read the book over and over.

In German we read from a cheerful anthology of German life and letter, *Gluck Auf* (good luck), which increased my friendly feeling for things German.

I visited Mary Fisher's book-lined—or book-cluttered—study often, always coming away with fresh literary inspiration. She fostered my interests, even in science. Music alone was out of her orbit.

Spring 1909 a school orchestra was formed. I was admitted to the second violin section. Being unable to read scores from a music stand, I had to memorize everything. Monotonous, repetitive second parts are hard to remember. In the fall I was put in the first section, whose more melodious parts are easier to learn. Teamwork, subordinating myself to the harmony of the whole, awakened a new passion within me. The often object loneliness of my life hitherto, was absorbed in being an indistinguishable member of a whole. Moreover, the orchestra gave me a new friend, its director Bertrand Riggs, whose influence helped shape character and career.

Six academic studies, violin and piano lessons, orchestra and Edisonian, did not keep me from entering extension courses offered by Missouri University. I took for credit Professor Isider Loeb's course in American government, an audited a course in Sociology which bored me. I listened to Professor Richard Moulton of Chicago University read Job. Sitting in the gallery almost over the white-haired professor's head, I drank in the dramatic power and literary beauty of the poem. I wrote:

Gone are the summer days,
Gone with the summer wind:
October days of thought

Autumn days. . .

After seeing Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* on the stage, I wrote:

> Darkness of the night is over the desert. The three wise men moving majestically across the sands behold—the Star. Then, an empire before Golgotha, the greatest tragedy of the world's history.

Much pedestrian writing for school, one must learn to walk before he can leap, rub or fly. Much experimental writing also; only in poetry and occasional snatches of consciously poetic prose was there real effort to rewrite—and then I often found my final choice fell on the words of my first rough draft.

I used off-beat subjects for orations—and won no medals! Emerson taught me non-conformity. I reveled in it.

I prepared a handmade book of my poems for my mother at Christmas 1908, in which I inscribed Longfellow's lines:

Look then into thine heart and write!
Yea, into life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the night,
Be these henceforth thy theme.

Alternating moods of gaiety and depression swayed me; the serious began to dominate.

I translated Arnault's poem "The Leaf"—illustrated it with a pressed oak leaf. After I found Macauley's translation, I still preferred my own.

In the holiday book, I included an essay:

> What is Poetry?
>
> You may bottle it up and label it with genus and differentia if you will, but it escapes through the cork, or even through the glass. You cannot bound it; it is limitless. Science says of electricity, "We know what it may do, but cannot fathom what it is." It would be well if we could take poetry in the same spirit, for we do not know what it is. All our guesses are but poor hints at it—arrows that fly wide of the mark. For poetry is intangible, though tangent.
>
> .. . .There is an aristocracy of poetry to which only a few poems are admitted—a Phi Beta Kappa of the worthy poems. . .the noblest.
>
> What is nobility then? Go out upon the mountains of the mind, whence floweth the river of thought which is the living water. Seek nobility in the high places, where levity dares not enter. When the soul comes face to face with the Poetic—the Primeval—the sublime—the divine—then it will realize that those things are highest—most poetic.
>
> There is poetry even in the meanest things—not figuratively, but literally.
>
> *E'en in the mud and scum of things,*

There's something always, always sings.

> And I beheld an island in a stream, and upon the island a great white dome, and it was wonderful. On the island of thought, in the river of the soul, in the temple of the poetic.

To illustrate this essay, I drew a pen and ink sketch of my island, the temple in a grove, and the stream. Like those in my island kingdom of boyhood days.

Sunday evening, February 7, 1909, I wrote:

Sunrise—a subtle majesty there is
In little-noticed, daily things—
A subtle majesty that clings
To all the deepest, simplest mysteries.

Sunrise—this orb of life-sustaining fire,
In robes of gold and purple bars
Arrayed, the monarch of the stars,
Each morning brings, high thinking to inspire.

Sunrise—in raiment new from day to day,
Of all our energies a part,
Example of the highest art—
The Sun is up—behold the clouds give way!

April 1, 1909, the Edisonians presented an assembly program with an April Fools' Day theme, whimsically called "Our Chance." Imagination ran wild, this was an aspect of science to my taste. My part was to appear in the Prince Albert suit and plug hat in which my father was married, and introduce my invention, the Funny graft, a huge packing case in which the smallest of our members was stowed, to produce the voice. An open-mouthed freshman asked how we did it.

April 2, the annual Oratorical Contest. My entry was a parable and a poem—no medal. I doubled that night by playing in the orchestra. A hard day; at 7 a.m. I rehearsed with the school principal. For several weeks I carried in my pocket slips of paper on which I wrote suggestions such as:

> Is every word necessary? Make every word count. . .Remember that you are not discussing the whole universe—not quite. Make the audience do the thinking. Keep your end in view. And get there.
>
> Your subject has not become stale because you have thought about it and worked on it. You must make your audience feel its importance, and not feel you. It must be presented forcibly yet persuasively. "God will not have His Word made manifest by cowards. Not by long-winded idiots. Your audience is sleepy, tired, cross, prejudiced. Wake them up. Keep them awake. Make it "hot' for them.

April 3, description of a scene caught from the train, between St. Paul and my grandparents' home in Wisconsin—I worked over these lines as if they were a poem, seeking a poetic prose style.

> The faint blue of an unclouded August midday spread its quiet influence over the simple Wisconsin landscape. The brown road, a pleasant contrast to the dark green trees on the right, stretched away into the silent distance. Not a breeze in the treetops, not a ripple over the golden fields, not even an insect's chirp to break the sunny stillness. All nature, mute, was radiant.

Another paragraph enshrining one of the most moving experiences of boyhood:

> The gleaming St. Croix, bearing the last beams of the setting sun southward to the Mississippi, moves at our feet. Beyond it, on the Minnesota side, is a low, dark bluff. The sun pauses on its summit, amidst the delicate colors of the clouds. And now the river changes from gold to blue; the clouds soften to violet, and the sun passes reluctantly from sight. As the earth darkens, away to the north, in the dim, blue haze far up the St. Croix, over the fields and forests of Minnesota, shines forth in solitary splendor, L'Etoile du Nord (the North Star, emblem of Minnesota).

There was more to the experience. A boy my own age and I took a rowboat out on the St. Croix and Mississippi, to cross to the Minnesota side. At evening, when it grew dark and the stars came out, suddenly as I turned my oar, I caught the reflection of a star in myriad points of light upon the spray. That a star, many light-years away, would permit me, a mere boy floating in a fragile boat upon a deep, dark river, to multiply that star in drops of spray, seized me with wonder and delight.

I recalled a phrase from a song our eighth grade class sang at graduation, "See our oars with feathered spray." A thrill, to create stars on earth to rival those in heaven1 It brought the vat stellar universe near' I felt one with its majestic motions.

Later, Marcus Aurelius' sentence added meaning to the experience: "Look round thee at the courses of the stars, as if thou wert going along with them."

A dream of my island kingdom took shape thus:

Spirit of Evening

Far to the south the metropolis lay,
Far to the north the bright path stretched away,
Green were the hills with the promise of spring,
And on the left, the valley's proud king,
Bright ran the river beside.

Sill was the wind; not a cloud in the sky,
Southward the river flowed peacefully by;
Mirrored each tint of the set of the sun;
And in the north, out of distant mists dun,
Wondrous, an island arose!

The sun has set, and twilight reigns,
A holy calm is all about,
And as the light in the far heaven wanes,
A little light on the island shines out.

And the stillness is broken by just one sound,
By the sound of a violin,
Touched by the master whose soul has found
Expression in a song—
Come, Muse of thoughtful evening,
Make peaceful all the night.
Another day has slipped away—
O, has it been used aright?
How holy the falling o night, inclining to peaceful emotion
Then nature all reverent stands, I silent and wondering devotion.

In May 1909 I heard the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer, music director of my Church of the Redeemer, and a chorus conducted by Carl Busch, Kansas City composer who arranged the concerts. I heard my first symphony, Dvorak's *New World Symphony.*

I was transported to paradise; the westerning sun shining in from windows high in the wall of Convention Hall; calm blue sky through windows opposite. A harpist's solo completed the illusion of paradise.

As a Junior, sharing Commencement festivities without responsibility was a joy. The Junior Dance was our own; but I did not dance. Neither was I willing to be left out. My suggestions that games be included brought the inevitable appointment on a committee to carry out the project. With me was a bright, lively girl who also did not dance. She had original ideas, and the spirit to carry them out. We planned games tied in with school life; gams about people and events. We had to make do with a classroom filled with desks fixed to the floor.

People drifted in and out all evening; some stayed through; the room was most crowded at the end. A tired committee smiled at one another as we tidied up the room. For once, non-dancers had their chance.

That day was a busy one. At noon I gave my "thesis" in Public Speaking class on the subject, "Repetition of History." Wide-ranging, It covers most of my intellectual interests, except music. It began:

And four great zones of sculpture gird the hall;
And on the lowest, beasts are slaying men,
And on the second, men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings.
Tennyson, The Holy Grail

In Tennyson's description of Arthur's great hall at Camelot is an allegorical epitome of history, philosophy, religion and science. These four lines present one view of the history of human life on the earth.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago man was only potentially higher than other animals. Gradually e began to relish his powers and to exercise them. Then began the second epoch. It has not yet ended.

I might recount how the religions of the world have progressed from the crude, elemental forms that we now call mythology, to the higher and purer system of the present (which will one day be treated as mythology).

I reviewed Greek and Roman history. I appealed to Theodore Roosevelt. After waxing (or should it be waning?) pessimistic about the future of America, I closed with this original poem:

O Past, how great the heritage!
O Present, what neglect!
The history of ancient days
Has none of our respect.
The clamoring morrow claims our life,
And nowise may be checked
We struggle onward in the strife,
As cattle on the plains stampede,
Nor aught but voice of impulse heed.
O come, thou calm and holy Muse,
Inspirer of the rest;
Come thou whose name is earnest Thought,
To rule our world distressed!
Thy counsels to our spirits teach,
That we may live our best;
For into future ages reach
The forces that we set to work,
The thoughts we think, the thoughts we shirk.

My statement that Christianity would one day be considered mythology drew from my teacher, Mr. Cowan, the mild remark that some people might consider this blasphemous. I was surprised.

Summer 1909, a course at the Conservatory with Mr. Cowan, in Pubic Speaking, for which I gave an address on "Our Debt to the Commercial Spirit." I believed with religious fervor in laissez-faire capitalism, free enterprise as I understood it. I was ignorant of its abuses.

When my father said that socialism would play an increasing part in the future, I thought he was wrong. Nothing must be allowed to hinder the capitalistic progress of man.

I knew only the good side of the economic system, my comfortable home, my privileges of education and culture. I was grateful, without realizing how the

underprivileged and the unprivileged felt about their plight, or about my privileged, protected position.

Yet the address was in a sense a tribute to my father, whose high-souled business practices were above reproach. No system of economics is safe in the hands of less honorable men.

I returned to the fascinating story of Dunmorix the aeduan in Caesar's account of his war with the Helvetians; tried to make something dramatic out of it.

A stirring Wagner band concert at Electric Park. Our orchestra played the "Pilgrims' Chorus" at Commencement.

Inquiring into the source of Emerson's power; why did Ralph Waldo, not one of this brothers, "happen" to be the poet? "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

Late in July 1909, my parents and I journeyed to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle. Across the plains to my first sight of the Colorado mountains. July 25, a side-trip from Denver to Colorado Springs. I sat spellbound the three hours gazing westward toward the Rockies in royal purple. A strange feeling that I had been there before; a previous incarnation?

Wordsworth's "Ode on Some Intimations of Immortality," read in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury,* clung to me. Lectures at the Unity school of Practical Christianity in Kansas City; discussions at the Unitarian Church, offered scraps of Hindu philosophy.

This feeling of familiarity with the hitherto unseen—who am I? Where have I been? Am I real? I seemed to float, insubstantial, past these overwhelmingly substantial mountains.

They were unquestionably *there;* of myself I was not so sure. "The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" stood uncompromisingly fast, while I, a wisp of frail flesh, and airy thought—what was I?

A single name—Castle rock—a single picture—the rock loomed near and sheltering against the cosmic background of purple mountains capped with lightning slashed thunder clouds

Near sunset, into Colorado Springs. Our room in the Antlers' Hotel faced Pikes Peak. I hurried back from supper to sit by the window and watch the reflection of sunset, until purple faded to brown, and brown to gray. Then all was swallowed up in black night, which the brilliance of cold stars did not lighten. Earth invisible; only a pattern of radiant points arched over us. Unseen, the mountain could still be felt, a comforting presence as of the pressure of the hand of God.

Sunset set Pike's Peak aflame, spreading downward from the topmost peak until the whole blazed. No wonder men have long sought mountains to worship. A sunrise mountain rose within my heart, whose crystal summit ever afterward lifted thought and feeling to new heights of purity and power.

We did not climb Pike's Peak. I was content to worship at its feet. Later I wrote:

> *Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star*
> *In his steep course?*

The sevran mountain has a charm to stay the morning star of thought—a power of greatness to attract the nobler part of nature,

Beyond groves of cedars lie the hills, above the hills the mountains. There they sit at evening, in their solemn robes, with the faint light of the dying west around their century-whitened heads, the Justices of a higher court.

Soon the Court of Evening is adjourned, mountains and sky become one. The stars peer out, and breezes stir the fragrance of the cedars.

The rays of the morning sun travel across a hemisphere to crown the range with gold from the ever-new east. The clouds part, and there, far above the fragrant cedar groves, stands forth to greet the morning, the Dome of the Temple of Earth, the Rockies!

Memories of a day in Salt Lake City made indelible by pains from eating unwashed, overripe plums; hearing a pin drop in the Mormon Tabernacle; the disappointment of not being allowed into their Temple; always the gray Wasatch Mountains.

Dark over the desert falls the starless night;
Through a distant pass the burning soul of day
Glooms over the desert lake, inflames the desert air.

A night train to Portland; morning along the loveliest of rivers, the Columbia. Eyes glued to the train window, held by flowing water and majestic Mt. Hood. Ripe summer glowed everywhere.

Seattle—Uncle Peer's launch on Puget Sound, Aunt May at the bow, like a Norse goddess, red air streaming in the wind.

One solitary memory of the World's Fair: a violin in a glass case being played mechanically.

Madroue Park; a misty morning on the shore of Lake Washington.

I stand on the shore in the morning,
On the shore of the fathomless lake;
And the evergreen trees of the forest around
Whisper their wisdom to me.

Seattle harbor:

Through mountainous clouds the sun sinks down to the sea. With no more joy and wonder did Balboa gaze upon the southern ocean from the western slopes of Panama. This is the great Pacific, beyond whose mountains of white and gold is the home of the setting sun; there the mythology of ages is gathered. The compass-needle of the Aryan race points westward. That path of gold across the water is its destined way.

The sun reaches the horizon. The cloud mountains, shading from gold to white, their shifting peaks of mist touched by a thousand beams of ever-varied light, look down with gladness and calm pride upon the source of all their glory, as he dried his oar of light down their unmapped passes to the western sea.

Silverdale. Aunt Harriet's enormous Washington red raspberries, floating in bowls of cream!

A night train out of Seattle; next afternoon in Sandpoint, Idaho, on the most beautiful of lakes, Pend Oreille:

In the shadow of the mountains,
In a vale of Idaho,
Where the golden sun of summer
Lights the fields and orchards green,
There, the crystal half of nature,
Lies the lake of Pend Oreille.
In the water lie the foothills,
Lovelier than on the land,
Sunny islands duplicated,
Sky of misty fleece reflected,
Then, earth's master-work of ages,
Nature's grandest symphony:
Formed by giant force and molded
By the master-builder, Time,
Rise the mountains from the margin,
From the marge of Pend Oreille.
And above their clouded summits,
Far above their purple domes,
Painting all the earth with radiance,
Crown of gold upon the mountains,
Path of silver on the lake,
Walks the sun.
O where in Nature,
Is there such a sight as this;
Meadows green and mountains purple,
Fleecy clouds and golden sun,
Mirror lake with path of silver,
Spell of august over all?
O'er the mystic Pend Oreille,
In the shadow of the mountains,
In a vale of Idaho.

Uncle Harry and aunt Gertrude, my father's youngest sister, with their children, Mildred, seven; Merle, three; Fred, nearly two; and baby Helen, met the train. Sturdy children, the girls in neat plaid gingham dressed.

We left the lovely picture of this dear family, with whom five years later I was to spend a winter of sweet peace and joy; left them by their crystal lake and shining mountains, to ride through deep canyons among the Rockies; long dark tunnels, into Montana. A mountain sunset said this to me:

Vision of War

Blood-red hangs the sun in western sky,
As the buttes and the valleys pass sullenly by;
Montana, the red man's last stand,
Montana, the mountainous land.
The blood-red sword of justice, the sun,
Blood on its haft and handle and blade.

A change1 Lo,'tis but the blade that is red,
And it too is fast turning to gold,
And the sword all of gold, all of pure, pure gold,
Is no more a sword, but a city instead!
Its tower and its spires and its streets all of gold,
And a moment it stands there, the butts and the vales
Passing by with the speed of the winged arrow's flight:
Montana, the red man's last stand;
Montana, the mountainous land.
And a moment it stands, all shimmering bright,
All white and all golden, fading slowly from sight.

A while on this earth man stands and looks up:
Let this vision of war, and this cloud-city white
Teach that e'en o'er an earth that still rings with the strife
And the battle of life—
The sword of the conflict is justice's to mold
To a city of peace, and the new world of light.

Across the monotonous plains of eastern Montana and North Dakota, the green, rolling prairies of Minnesota, to St. Paul. Visits with the Hartfiels, and with Shirley and Alice in Minneapolis gave time to sort out and write memories of the journey; bringing the peace of two lovely Christian homes to steady me. The hearty friendship of the Hartfiels kept my feet on solid ground. Alice, like a bouquet of sweet peas, her unforgettable, gentle voice a call to peace and purity.

A Year of Spring at the May
1909-10

School. Beginning Spanish, English Literature, second year German, third year French, Vergil, a term of College Algebra—I dropped French and Vergil the second semester, for health reasons.

One day I fainted—which I did occasionally at this period. Vice principal Bainter put books under my head, loosened collar and tie. When I came to, he gave me water, cautioned me to lie still.

Casually he told students who gathered around how when he was my age, he used to faint. Some sudden effort, a rush of blood to the brain, where it congregates anyway, and he would go down. Nothing serious; it would pass, leave no ill effects. Merely nature's way of restoring balance.

How wise he was to say these things to others in my hearing, instead of to me! I could accept it as his experience, not suspect he was trying to reassure me.

In December I changed violin teachers, going to the Conservatory for lessons from Mr. François Boucher, accomplished violinist and excellent teacher, pupil of Eugen Ysaye.

I tried out two violins, one new, one old. The new was American made, an amber finish, Stradivarius lines. Prejudiced against new violins, I chose the old, a dark, discolored Amati model. At $200, the Amati label was not genuine. But I could dream! I wrote:

I sing with a voice of the past
A song of tomorrow,
A song of the Latin land,
Italy, land of dreams.
I sang where the arch of ancient empire shades the way,—
And then they took me to the north,
Where the Alps at sunrise sang to me,
In the dim monastery.

The rest? A varied life I had,
Wherein I learned wild melodies of forest winds,
And sunlit songs of France and Spain.

The work of centuries I come to thee;
Teach thou me thy song!

I half believed the label!

First tentative notes were so different from the scratching of my factory fiddle—I was in ecstasy. At last I had a real violin! I would never tire of practicing on this instrument; nor did I, until life gave me responsibilities that left scant time for music.

When for my birthday Mrs. Henschel gave me The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, O.W. Holmes became my friend. Later his son Justice Holmes was one of the few men of the law whom I felt to be friendly. The father introduced me to Boston; when I walked across Boston Common, he was by my side, as he walked with the

teacher in his books.

Mary Fisher gave me help in French and German at her home; her books and *objets d'art* stimulating me to intellectual pursuits.

I bought the large Harper's Latin Dictionary. Among other things, I aspired to become a classical scholar. Vergil's hexameters sang themselves into mind and memory. Modern European literature beckoned too.

In the fall I read sixteen Shakespeare plays. My essay commented:

> The man Shakespeare is almost as much a mythical personage as Homer. We have evidence that such a man lived and wrote;—I was not convinced by my father's arguments for Bacon—but so far as the value of the thirty-seven plays we ascribe to him is concerned, the only fact of importance is that these plays were written by one man—a living, growing human being…Better a hundred words by Shakespeare than an encyclopedia of Shakespeareans…
>
> The earliest plays are the most exquisite of songs. The poet's maturing intellect composes great works for the orchestra, rising, in the Merchant of Venice, to the dignity of the symphony; in all keys with consummate knowledge of each instrument's power.
>
> Then he turns to the minor keys and all "sweet discords." There is a compelling sweep to a great chord of the diminished seventh in Timon and Lear, and as a finale to the whole, the poise and decision of a major sixth in The Tempest, with every instrument from the double bass of Caliban, through violins and horns to the highest treble of Ariel.
>
> The painter who has shown life and nature in all their forms, now adds the sunset. His task is done…
>
> With reckless daring the poet gives the Midsummer Night's Dream a classic setting, with a medieval duke, Greek names for the principal characters, decidedly English appellations to the tradespeople; introduces medieval fairies into the woods where once the "thrice three Muses" may have walked; makes indeed a veritable St. John's Eve of incongruous materials.
>
> Shylock, Lear, Hamlet; these are Shakespeare's masterpieces; Shylock is not the least of them. Shylock points forward to Hamlet and Othello…The Tempest is more closely related to the early plays than to the later tragedies. It is one of the "winter tales" which round off the year. The poet was born on St. Valentine's Day and died on Christmas Eve.

In November I completed "The Gift of Song:"

> *The Muses gave to the poet*
> *The rarest of all the arts,*
> *A priceless gift from the mountains of thought,*
> *With a magic the starlight imparts.*
>
> *The delicate whisper of breezes,*
> *The bird's call to its mate,*
> *And the gentle murmur of brooklets*
> *They gave him the power to translate.*

Of the tempest's grand, wild fury,
Of the flash and roar of the storm,
Of the tempest of human passion,
They taught him his ballad to form.

But best of all, through all nature,
Coordinate part with part,
Through the calm and tempest of passion,
There arose a song in his heart.

And the song rose higher and higher,
Till the string broke with the strain,
And a thousand voices began there,
On the pitch that he could not attain.

The first week of January, 1910, was a festival of Shakespeare plays: Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, The Merchant of Venice, Cymbeline, and Delavigne's Louis XI, ending with King Richard III. For weeks I conversed in iambic pentameters!

Friday, January 28, I heard Mischa Elman, violinist. From the first note of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole to the encore I lived in another world. Elman was little older than I. Too late for me to become a soloist of eminence.

Halley's comet at its brightest was not visible to my naked eye; I did not have access to a telescope.

A postcard:

> You'll never guess who this is. I've crossed the pond
> and am hearing grand opera and wonderful concerts
> by wonderful artists…Yes, it is Magdalen Olberg.

She was in Berlin to study, earning her way, suffering.

Tyndall's *On Sound* led me to speculate about applying wave motion to literary history—classic and romantic periods—in a rambling essay.

Friday, February 18, my first opera: Gounod's Faust, by a New Orleans company.

Professor William Lyons Phelps of Yale spoke at our high school. As science editor of the school paper, I rose from my orchestra chair to plead for more student-written articles. I went all out for my cause. Dr. Phelps emphasized the importance of love to scientists.

I was going to be a "serious author," yet fiction held my interest—David Copperfield, Shakespeare's plays, even lighter fiction-fare. I was writing my first million words—which every writer is supposed to get off his chest—hardly his mind!—before he is ready to begin publication.

My thought kept turning to religious ideas:

> Christ said, "I am the resurrection and the life." What a resurrection from the ordinary, useless life was the life of Jesus! There is no Christian church. There never was but one Christian: that was Jesus.

"Now we see in a glass darkly, but then shall we see face to face." When will we be willing to let that time come? Do you suppose that Jesus would have made Galileo recant? Even if Jesus could not be convinced (by Galileo) that the world moves?

February 1910 was marred by the untimely death of fellow Edisonian, Harl Bartlett, at seventeen. For long I had toyed with the thought that when I fainted, I died, and entered upon a different life, though continuous with the former one. When I fainted again, I fancied myself restored to my former life.

A visit to Harl as he lay ill—we knew he was leaving us—deepened my anguish. The funeral—flowers and comforting words not masking the face of death—was unreal. Death: cold, speechless, gray-faced, uncompromising. I wrote:

The leaves of autumn all must fall
Or at the wind's touch, or plucked
By an untimely hand.
Walk softly in the forest temple
Where the wind of winter plays upon their heart-strings
As upon a violin.
In sunset glory though the autumn leaf must fall,
Yet why, O why, must these, the first buds of the spring
Fall, while their full beauty still concealed in promise lay?
The law of nature still will have it so,
The God of nature still will let it be:
Thy will be done!

No comforting words there; more like inscriptions on pagan Greek and Roman tombs. I too was a pagan.

Mary Fisher left at mid-year to teach in St. Louis. So ended visits to her study. The exhilaration of conversation continued in letters, till an illegible scrawl on a postcard shortly before her death left only the wraith of her personality.

Mid-March another death clutched with chill fingers at my life. My Physics teacher's sister, whom I never saw, died. Love for him prompted me to ask, "What if I had a sister, and she died?" Receiving the news at school, I came home sad, could not bear to get off the streetcar at commercial 31st Street, rode on to the boulevard, where I had the comfort of trees. Tears blinding my eyes, I set down these words:

The light of summer is gone from the hills,
Sister, my sister—
She who was ever—I see thee again—
Sister, my sister—
Just as she was—
Sister my sister.

I knew that Mr. Page loved his sister dearly; but it was my dream-sister whom I mourned. Smile if you will, but if you love youth, you will not laugh.

In Palgrave's Golden Treasury, I found Hood's "One more unfortunate, weary of breath." Cruelly, I parodied it, "Bangity, bangity, bangity, bang." Now I would never

repeat that offense. Now I know that, as fine china is easily shattered, so poetry is crushed by a careless tongue.

April opened with an oratorical contest. Honorable mention was not my only reward, for Walter Berkowitz wrote an account of the contest in the school paper with praise for my thought—which was what I was concerned about.

My oration was on "The Scientific Spirit."

> The scientific spirit comprehends the search for the truth by the light of the intellect. This light must be pure and white and steady, or the world we look upon will appear discolored and distorted…Leaving the prejudices of earth behind us, let us press on, beyond the clouds of doubt and unrest, upon the rugged mountains, among the primeval snows, where none but the persevering may penetrate;…and there let us consecrate ourselves to the spirit of seeking after truth—the Scientific Spirit.

Later I commented—in German—"Wherefore the victory? So long a time, yet nothing done." I was not fulfilling the promise of boyhood soon enough

Still later, came mature evaluation:

> First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Growth is slow, but our Savior knows when the fields are white to the harvest.

Magdalen Olberg wrote from Berlin, recalling good times in our Minneapolis home:

> Berlin is just miles and miles of five story brick and cement apartment houses—awful sameness, but for its size the cleanliness is positively remarkable. Then every few blocks there are delightful little squares with shrubbery and foliage and flowers…I find it great pleasure after hours of concentration on my "fid" to dabble in kitchen science.

The homesick girl longed for a home of her own. Magdalen expressed pleasure at my change of violin teachers.

My first string quartet—the Kneisels—April 29. Four voices, easier to untangle than the polyphony of an orchestra; a delicate beauty produced by the family to which my instrument belonged.

An April quatrain, written first in German, then English:

The day is short, and the light of night
Is only a memory;
The shadow of day the night is;
Only a memory.

In a debate in German class I had the advantage of the popular negative of the question, "Resolved: that interscholastic athletics should be abolished." My friend Walter Berkowitz had the more difficult affirmative. My award was a book; my choice of two: a picture book of Berlin without text, or one about the Lower Elbe, with both pictures and text. I chose the one with more words—and have never read it through!

My German was rather off-beat, spiced with Latin quotations. The judge was classical scholar Percy Burnet. I contributed a parody of "The Lorelei" and a "Sketch" to the school's German magazine.

In the spring election of senior class officers, someone nominated me for president. I allowed my name to stand. Someone nominated me for every office down the line. I left the room with each group of candidates. Finally, I was chosen Giftorian. I lacked qualifications for most class offices. My classmates were right; Giftorian was my place.

I had a traditional desire to become president of the United States. It was never serious; what I really wanted was to be poet laureate. Seeing President Taft at close range, when my grandfather and I attended church with him one Sunday, gave brief life to the idea.

In May the Edisonians gave a scientific exhibition, with a wireless station—new in 1910—in the school corridor. Two boys spent the winter winding the induction coil. My project, the touch of humor; a "scientific tour" of Kansas City by stereopticon. Using seven slides four times each, repeating the lecture for three hours to a constantly changing audience, I exhausted my voice—but my stereopticon operator came out smiling.

As Commencement drew near, academic pressure on seniors relaxed. We of the Nautilus staff—the school paper—lounged in the cage, an enclosure in the hall where, except for those who read proof of the Annual, we could "shoot the breeze" to heart's content, proud of our prominence.

A letter of encouragement, coupled with concern for my health, came from Mary Fisher. She said:

> I wish you could take a year's rest or travel before you went to college. I believe you would be stronger all your life for it. If you could be thrown with some clever people whose conversation would supply the necessity of reading for a while, it would be a glorious thing for you.

As it turned out, both travel and rest were to be mine for a year. Mary Fisher toured Europe in the summer. A string of postcards enabled me to follow her journey. I turned toward Mexico.

June 1, downtown for a picture of the orchestra, I bought Gustave Le Bon's two books on the evolution of matter and energy, recommended by Mary Fisher. A revolution in my scientific thinking; a new world; matter is concentrated energy; what and where is energy?

June 3, Prize Day in the morning. I sat on the platform with athletes to receive a Spanish prize. Afternoon, Class Day; my part, Giftorian. After soberly presenting the class gift to the school, I launched into a hilarious series of awards to the juniors. At the end I became serious again, presenting our music master elaborate praise.

Mr. Riggs responded modestly, in words that went deep into my heart, until in January they surfaced in a poem expressing the impression they made on me.

Bertrand Enrico Riggs, destined for music from his birth, as his middle name indicates; and his wife, Vermonters both, who never lost accent or manner; taught me music, manners and Christian charity.

Saturday June 4, an essay in French based on my experience with the stars on the St. Croix—L'Etoile du Nord—the North Star. A boy who had gone to school in Europe won the prize.

A zealous Christian Scientist classmate tried to persuade me to receive treatment

for my eyes. Knowing that my Omaha principal continued to give me absent treatments, with no result, and having read Mark Twain's book, I declined. Joe was kind; but since Christianity did not appeal to me, why should this vagrant variant? Yet I appreciated Joe's interest; I wanted nothing so much as two good eyes. Perhaps like Faust I would have sold my soul to the devil in order to get them. But the devil has no eye-bank—and I did not believe in his existence.

My high school principal, Mr. Phillips, was a Christian Scientist, but he never spoke to me on the subject. Occasionally my mother, grandfather and I attended the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, an easy walk from our home. I was favorably impressed by the large print of the hymnals, unfavorably by the gray gloves, black cutaways, striped trousers, white boutonnières of the ushers; amused by yards of ribbon unwound on the platform as two readers moved through alternate passages from the Bible and from their textbook.

Sunday June 5, our Baccalaureate service at the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church. The church calendar did not mention our class except to note that the school glee club sang Sullivan's *The Last* (sic) *Chord.* The Girls' Trio singing of Rockwell's setting of "Hark, hark, my soul" was the memorable part of the hour. I might not believe in Jesus, but the radiance of His angels clung.

Should the few Roman Catholic students in our class attend this service in a Protestant church? The church, by nearly ignoring us, did not help. My experience in this church increased my distaste for orthodox Christianity. I wanted to be welcomed, not tolerated.

In the evening, the pastor's announced sermon topic was "Browning's Saul." I did not go back; I took my Browning at home.

Everyone with intellectual pretensions was pretending to study Browning. My mother's Atheneum Club had a series on him. My mother dutifully read him aloud to me. One lyric captivated me: "Such a starved bank of moss." I have since learned to appreciate his evangelical Christianity. As with him as with Whitman, only a single lyric stirs me: "O Captain, my Captain." Browning never replaced Longfellow in my love—nor Emerson.

One day at the home of two Catholic classmates, the propriety of their attending Baccalaureate was mentioned. How Christlike was their attitude! They came; the sister sang in the trio. I wished I knew them better.

A day to remember: Monday evening, June 6, 1910; orchestra rehearsal for Commencement. I rode on the streetcar through a silvery purple sunset, thinking of "The Lorelei." It was not yet dark.

Someone asked Mr. Riggs a question that touched upon his faith. He gave but a hint in his reply. Another question, and he told us that the world would end within five years, when the Lord Jesus Christ would return. It was the first time I had ever heard of such an event. I did not believe it, yet because Mr. Riggs said it, I could not dismiss the thought. I would remember—June 6, 1915—wait and see! Once, in chiding us for slovenly playing, he said, "Some of you, if you get to heaven, and have a harp handed you, will wish you had paid more attention to your music here."

Wednesday June 8, Commencement. A fearful storm; I could not protect my violin in its case in going to and from the streetcar. I wiped off the instrument carefully; I did not mind getting wet myself; nothing must happen to my violin. I played in the

orchestra, then gave my oration—the one I used for the Oratorical Contest: "The Scientific Spirit." The sun came out gloriously during the exercises.

Friday June 10, the Senior Dance. I played in the orchestra for the class play; a professional orchestra played for the dance. I went home early; I did not dance; took no girl; was not on the committee. My mother would have had it otherwise, but I kept aloof from dances and dates.

June 15, a party for the orchestra at my house; my mother's invitation. A happy time. We were tastefully fed.

Next evening we entertained the Edisonians. The boys surprised us by presenting my mother a cut glass dish; they gave me an umbrella.

June 20-25, entrance examinations for Harvard College in Kansas City. Walter Berkowitz was successful, went to Cambridge in the fall. I failed in Algebra, though I passed in College Algebra in the fall; failed in Physics, in spite of my $10 prize the year before. The emphasis in my school was on laboratory experiment; the Harvard exam was all mathematical problems. Mathematics was my undoing.

Nor were my grades in other subjects high, except A in both elementary and advanced Latin. A favorite passage from the Aeneid, an easy sight selection from Catullus, both of which I rendered in English blank verse, helped.

I passed the exam in English with a C, which exempted me from freshman English, had C in Elementary and B in Advanced German, C in French, and in history, D in Plane Geometry.

I was admitted to Harvard College conditioned in Algebra and Physics. The partial failure made me eager to go to Harvard and prove myself.

My parents, our family physician and Mary Fisher advised a year out of school. I was not averse; I could devote myself to music, continue in the school orchestra, and be tutored by Manual teacher Mr. Dodd, a Harvard man familiar with the requirements, for exams next year.

The college catalog gave me another idea: I could prepare to take examinations in college French and Spanish on reaching Cambridge. If successful, the credits would equal a half-year's work. By taking two summer courses, I could graduate with the class of 1914 along with Walter Berkowitz, as if I had entered in 1910.

The choice of college was left to me. I considered Minnesota—my native state; the Twin Cities with their Indian Mounds, Minnehaha Falls, lakes, old friends and relatives. My mother and grandfather would go with me, establish our home there. My father often and long away on business, could see as much of us there as anywhere. How much home life they were willing to forego for the sake of my education.

I considered Kansas University, forty miles west. We would keep our Kansas City home; I would return weekends, maintain ties with the city. Leland Stanford was an option. To go west, grow with a rapidly developing country—a powerful attraction.

Chicago University interested me, with its quarter system enabling one to get a degree in three years. Perhaps my family would stay in Kansas City, only a night's not too expensive journey from Chicago.

I investigated Yale—to be fair. All these choices had one fatal defect. They required either military training, or a gymnasium class. I could not meet physical

requirements for military training, which I thought I would like. So I would be stuck with compulsory Gym, which I detested. I had catalogs from many other schools: Princeton, Columbia, Wisconsin, St. Lawrence, several more.

We had to look up Harvard in Chambers' Encyclopedia to learn where to send for information. The Harvard catalog offered rich fare, Sanskrit, Egyptian, Assyrian, Old Irish; great names on the faculty. New England's literary past beckoned. American composer MacDowell still lived there. My Upham and Russell ancestors were New Englanders.

I would be going home! When I talked with Mr. Dodd, I concluded that Harvard was the place for me to go! Frank Cushman, machine shop teacher and double bass in our orchestra, New England born and bred, was a descendant of a Mayflower passenger. The drummer in our orchestra was named Miles Standish!

June 24, my mother and I left for a two weeks' visit in the Twin Cities. The red letter day was the one I spent in the Minneapolis Public Library viewing copies of classical sculpture. I wrote:

> As I entered, I noticed a Nike adjusting her sandal, a work of no particular interest to me, and opposite, the equestrian relief of Dexileos in battle. Thus the old Greeks live before us as does no other race…It is easy to enter the spirit of those ancient times, when surrounded by their images.
>
> Up a short flight of broad steps, between massive columns, stands the great Augustus Caesar, with the peace angel clinging to his toga, the arm uplifted in command, and the hasta and toga held in the most emperor-like fashion. Its position and surroundings give it a peculiar air of authority.
>
> There was a modern group of Hiawatha carrying Minnehaha over the creek above Minnehaha Falls…exactly as I imagined the scene…Only the two Indians should be bronze, not white stone.
>
> A Persian slain at Marathon; I paused to sketch his foot. I sketched an Assyrian head…Here was the Laöcoön, very crowded. What close quarters!

Home from Minnesota before mid-July. My notebook has memoranda suggesting experiments in Physics, snatches of Latin quotations, a Latin translation of "Mary had a little lamb."

My experience of Innocence Abroad was about to begin. Innocence was not aware that revolution would break out in October. My Mexico was Prescott's, my interest pre-Columbian.

Young Innocence Abroad

Mexico 1910

My parents and I boarded the 7 p.m. train from El Paso, Texas, for Mexico City, on July 27. My first foreign country. Eager to practice my Spanish—an opportunity came at once.

As we crossed the dry bed of the Rio Grande del Norte, a Mexican customs officer came through the train inspecting baggage. In my open grip he spotted a pair of shoes.

"*Zapatos* (shoes)," I explained unnecessarily.

"*¿Nuevos?* (new)" he inquired politely. I did not catch the word until he repeated it. I began a voluble explanation, but my vocabulary was not equal to making clear that the shoes were half-soled, not worn since. He understood, and passed on. New shoes are subject to a heavy duty..

Ciudad Juarez under a silver and opal sunset above desert mountains. On toward the heart of Mexico.

The beggars' cry, "*un centavo* (one cent)" embellished with *"por caridad de Dios, hermano* (for love of God, brother)." The beggar knew that he was our brother; do we?

Next afternoon Terreon, on the Tropic of Cancer. A garden of banana and orange trees.

It was worth waking at two in the morning for a view of Zacatecas under moonlight; a cloudless desert sky, an occasional sound coming from distant houses.

Silao, breakfast station; we wandered through a park, full of Indians. Unending drab walls concealed homes of the people. In half an hour Irapuato, where we bought a woven basket of fresas (strawberries) which my mother washed, and we ate, braving the dangers of diseases.

Querétaro, where Emperor Maximilian was shot; abandoned by European friends when the close of the American Civil War made Yankee intervention probable.

The dinner station, San Juan del Rio, in fertile country…a peon with a donkey buried under a mountain of straw…

Walls the Aztecs and the Conquistadores built; pre-Columbian irrigation systems still in use. Then all was dark, and at eight o'clock July 29 we entered Buena Vista station, Mexico City.

A cargador (porter) hired by the hotel runner, seized all our baggage to trudge barefoot to the New Porters' hotel, while we rode in a cab. The Porters' is opposite the church of San Juan Letran, whose bells waked us each morning.

The first evening we walked to the Zécalo, the National Palace on the Plaza Mayor, the Cathedral, lit by the moon above and by arc lights below. Returning through the dim courts of the Hotel Itarbido, palace of the emperor of that name during his brief reign, 1822-23; bare walls, eerily lighted; an echoing, dismal place.

And so to bed, minds filled with a mysterious past which lingers in a present no less alluring.

Next morning the Cathedral, on the site of the Aztec *Teocalli* (temple). On the square, one could picture the Conquest in 1519.

The record of the Spaniards in Mexico contrasts favorably with that of the English in our country. We decimated the Indians, drove them to distant reservations, on land we did not want. The Spaniards did not kill off the Indians, though they enslaved them. The Indians survived, to become the Mexico of today.

Mexico has already had an Indian president, Benita Juarez, a century ago. The United States has not yet had one. We imported Negro slaves, as more tractable than Indians; and with them a racial problem Mexico has never known.

In the Cathedral a procession of children with lilies and jasmines. The Flower Market, full of Indians and blossoms.

Afternoon, Tacuba, over the causeway by which Cortez retreated on the *Noche Triste(*sad night) when Aztecs drove him out of the city. The tree beneath which Cortez wept was there—protected by an iron railing.

We reached the Plaza Mayor in time to seek shelter under the Portales arcade during the shower. Soldiers, Indians, businessmen, shoppers, democratically huddled there.

In the evening we took the train for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, through the Indian state of Tiaxcala, turning south at Grizaba. In Córdoba a wait for a train from Vera Cruz. Awakened, I saw the lights of the city below, beneath the snow-capped volcano Mt. Orizaba, glowing silver in the moonlight.

Morning, we had views of snowy Mt. Orizaba above tropical jungle. An Indian hut of branches close to the track; the blue mountain scarcely distinguishable from the sky, its snow-capped summit a cloud floating above it.

At Tierra Blanca (white earth) everyone bought wide straw hats to keep off tropical sun, or the daily shower.

A leisurely ride through jungle to Sta. Lucrecia to spend the night in a hotel, sleeping under *pavillones* (mosquito nets), the mosquito symphony around us.

A slow morning ride to Palomares (dove-cotes); a hotel on a hill overlooking valley, railroad, Indian village. Airy rooms; wide, screen porches—no need of *pavillones*. We were given a bunch of bananas to hang on the porch. Apple bananas, small, delicious, tasting like both fruits.

We walked in fields of broad-leaved banana trees, the fruit growing upward like giant ears of corn. Riding horseback, a barefoot Indian before us, hacking the lush jungle growth with his *machete* (corn-knife); another following to keep the horses in motion.

Brilliantly hued birds flashed among the trees, uttering harsh cries; the only natural music of the tropics, whose beauty is lavished on color; none to spare for sound.

The Jungle; dark, impenetrable. Overhead, interlocking branches, dense foliage. A world of permanent semi-darkness, dripping; cozy underfoot. We came to an arroyo (stream), shadows floating on its tawny surface, an occasional sunbeam darting into it. Snakes? Yes. Wild animals? Perhaps—invisible.

Funerals in the Indian cemetery across the valley. A pink shroud covered with flowers, for an old lady. A gong sounded for hours—a rough piece of railroad iron. Sky-rockets and a fiesta; a Syrian woman who kept the village store, commented, "They don't cry; just make fun."

The laundress brought jasmine flowers. A powerful scent—a little goes a long way.

By train to Chivela. The stationmaster had his section-boss take us to the ranch on a hand-car, worked by barefoot Indians. The ranch house stood in a grove of coconut palms. A rambling, one-story building dating from colonial times; walls two feet thick; tile roof supported by exposed beams; massive doors; enormous bedrooms, giant beds, menacing—and protective—mosquito nets.

The ranch cook was a squat, cheerful Tehuanya woman. Her tortillas were delicious, and her cocoa, for which she ground the beans in a handmill.

We climbed the hill on which Engineer Eads, builder of the bridge at St. Louis which bears his name, erected a monument to mark the Continental Divide on the route which he surveyed in 1853 for either a canal or a railroad across the Isthmus. Rails won! Elevation 800 feet. The Pacific Ocean seen to the south. We were told that a thin blue line to the north was the Gulf of Mexico. Maybe!

A walk through tall grass; ascent up a rocky hillside—worth it, even to imagine one sees two oceans at once! A breeze refreshed. Green seas of jungle below; the ranch house, a ribbon of steel rails, Indian huts, the river Atoyac hastening to the Pacific. A tropical shower overtook us, but our linen clothes soon dried in sunshine.

Leaving Chivela early, the Atoyac river reflecting one single star, shivered into scintillating brilliance. "Orange morn, purple mountains in the dawn; wind-divided mist"—a poet's painting. I recalled Shelley's lines:

The point of one white star is quivering still
Within the orange light of widening morn,
Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it.

The river hurried on ahead of our slow train. My thoughts outdistanced the view. The Fairy of Atoyac rode beside me:

From the southland far I come,
Southland star
Guiding me;
From the tropic forest deep,
From Tehunaya's mountains steep,
Cascaded river flowing free
To the sea.

…Sunrise! A golden star
Within the orange morn;
Mountains grim, forlorn;
Magic the lake afar:
A lake
Such as painters dream
And paint not.

On my horse how I love to ride
To the sea from the great divide
Whence Atoyac flows to the west,
And eastward flow the rest.
From peak to peak we fly,
My wingèd steed and I,
Through the vale of the rushing river,
O'er the forest trees that quiver,
Down to the sea.

…Tehuantepec, how art thou fallen,
O city of ancient kings!
I roamed thy streets in the golden age,
The age of the Toltec reign.

Tehuantepec, how hast thou fallen!
Once thy temples were filled with priests,
And flowers were upon thy altars,
And in the homes was peace.

Deserted now, and broken,
The courts of the ancient kings—
Flow on, O gentle Atoyac,
Tenderly lave the crumbling walls,
And a song of the golden age sing.

On my horse how I love to ride
To the sea from the great divide,
Through the vale of the rushing river,
O'er the forest trees that quiver,
Down to the sea.

From the southland far I come,
Southland star
Guiding me;
From the tropic forest deep,
From Tehuanya's mountains steep,
From Atoyac flowing free
To the sea.

Early afternoon in *Salina Cruz* (salty cross), Pacific port of the Isthmus, we walked out the breakwater for a view of the Pacific, and the town in its desert setting. No jungle west of the coastal range. Evening, a concert by a military band. Back in Mexico City, Friday morning, August 11.

A ride up Avenida Juarez to our hotel was not enough; we began sightseeing at once. Forenoon to Churubusco by tram; fields of magüey and corn, mountains always in sight. Ruined churches, holes made by American shells in the war of 1847; images of Spanish patrons with bored expressions; gardens enlivened by the chanticleer and turkey gobbler. We sought a parada obligatoria (required stop) where we could be sure of boarding a tram to return to the city.

Sunday August 14, high mass in the Cathedral. Smartly clad men spread Sunday newspapers on the floor, knelt on colored pictures of Spanish-speaking Katzenjammer Kids.

The Alameda. A military band of 62 pieces—I counted them—discoursed Verdi and Wagner impartially…Nurses with children in laces; officers with enough gold braid to stop bullets; Indians in blankets and sombreros.

Guests of an American friend at the Country Club in Churubusco—like all country clubs. This was not the Mexico we came to see. Yankee civilization encroaching on pre-Columbian and Spanish colonial culture. Sunday evening our American friend took us to the Cine Club, a sophisticated place where movies were shown. The atmosphere truly Spanish—we saw the adventures of Don Quixote. The Sunday procession of carriages returning from Chapultepec—an occasion to see and to be seen.

Guadalupe, shrine where hangs the miraculous tilma framed in gold with a jeweled crown above. Behind the altar, intricately carved chairs, vacant and dusty, for the twelve apostles; a lonely place, nobody interested in them. Outside, climb stone steps for a view of the Valley of Mexico; the faithful climbed on their knees.

Tramways were convenient and cheap. With a map and Terry's guidebook, I planned our excursions. We read the unpronounceable signs—Atzacapotzalco, Xocbimilco. A little Spanish went far.

One day we kept our seats when the tram reached the end of the line. The conductor could not understand why we did not get off. A corrida was about to begin—a bull fight. Americans always wanted to see a bull fight. Surely we did not understand. He accepted our return fare with regret. Perhaps he would have liked to abandon his tram for the corrida! To believe Prosper Meriméo, we would become aficionados (fans) if we saw just one bull fight!

Another day, telling the conductor that we wanted to go to the end of the line, I used the wrong word for end—fin (purpose) instead of cabo (head). Worse, I used the wrong gender, which threw him still more off the track. Finally I gave him both barrels of my vocabulary, "Queremos ver todo, mucho, grande. Somos unos turistas." (We want to see everything, much, big. We are tourists). He grinned, punched our tickets, and took us to the cabo of the line.

Taoubaya, of princely homes; the floating gardens—which no longer float—in Lake Kochimilco. They floated in Aztec times; even as recently as the days when Empress Carlota, wife of Maximilian, enjoyed them.

Chapultepec. The president being in residence, we could not enter the palace, but were free to walk about the park, rest under ahuehuetl trees which once shaded ill-fated Montezuma. Trees see so much. Anáhuac, Indian name of the Valley of Mexico, lay before us, as once before Montezuma:

Anáhuac,
The land o'er which I rule. Here will you find
Chapultepec, where all our ancient kings
Have dwelt. The city old, the ruined temples,
Bridges, aqueducts; such monuments
As Europe boasts not of. Great pyramids,
Old when Egypt was young; cities of stone
Where dwelt the savage Indian clothed in gold,
When Europe lived in huts.
We'll show you all the wonders of our land
Beneath the splendors of the southern sky.

Snow-capped peaks, like silver fires
Lit by the dazzling night;
Like the ghosts of dead empires,
A vision of delight.
Guadalupe's silver domes
Gleaming among the trees;
Chapultepec, once my stronghold;
The lake, the grove, the hall;
There 'neath an ahuehuetl old
I wept my country's fall.

To the Teatro Principal, the only place where I heard the lisped c's and z's of Castilian Spanish.

A one-day trip to San Juan Teotichucán's ancient pyramids; a gentleman, whom I asked how to find the pyramids, was mystified until he realized that I accented "pirémides" wrongly. I shall never forget the Spanish pronunciation, "pi-ré-mi-des."

Teotichuacán, city of the gods, was being excavated. The pyramid of the Sun, over 200 feet high, almost cleared of debris, impressive at one end of a half-mile avenue; at the other end, the 150 feet pyramid of the Moon, not yet excavated; beyond, the Road of the Dead—tombs with walls painted in brilliant colors. Age? Certainly not so old as Egypt. To me it did not matter: they were there when time began.

To clamber about the pyramids, among painted tombs of dead princes; to imagine priests in procession, offering sacrifices—sometimes flowers, sometimes human beings. No captive girl or boy was having his heart cut out and burned upon the altar today.

We returned to the village, found a cantina (saloon) presided over by an Indian woman. "Queremos algo que comer," I ventured. (We want something to eat.) "No hay," she answered. (There is nothing.) I tried "pan" (bread). She brought hard, dry rolls. We bought some.

She had plenty of things to drink; cerveza (beer), pulque, the national drink made from the juice of the magüey or century plant. "Agua" (water)—"No hay."

Munching the rolls we strolled into the country. At a hacienda (ranch) we asked for a drink of water. The Indian moze did not understand, called his master. A

courteous gentleman appeared, puzzled out my schoolbook Spanish, invited us in, conversed with us as much as my vocabulary permitted. His polite inquiries of my mother I translated for her.

He hesitated to give us mere water, would have preferred to serve whisky. But he had water brought. He would have fed us also, but we protested that we had secured food, though water was not available in the village.

So with expressions of thanks which we hoped equalled his graciousness, we walked to the railroad station. Before we reached shelter, the daily shower overtook us. The road, lower than fields on either side, filled with water. Ah, now we had more water than we wished!

The shower ended before we reached the railroad, but the road remained full of water. Our clothing dried in the sunny, mile-and-a-half high air.

One more adventure. A man with a liquor bottle protruding from his pocket approached me and asked, "You speak English?" Some imp prompted me to reply, "A leetle." He let loose a torrent of English words, each of which I understood, but no two of which made sense. I asked him to speak Spanish. He became lucid, even to my poor Spanish. Not wishing to become involved with a man in such spirits, we sought a diversion. It came—the afternoon pulque train, bringing the freshly fermented stuff to Mexico City. We escaped from our inebriated companion to the other side of the platform, to watch the speeding pulque train rattle by.

At last our own train came, and we returned from the land of adventure to the relatively safe city.

Late in August, my mother and I returned to Kansas City. Before leaving, the elevator boy, who found me an English dictionary, presented me with an original pencil sketch of foxes running under a full moon.

With a well-filled mental book of memories, young Innocence Abroad returned, his imagination busy with impressions from a summer south of the border. Mexico, where yesterdays mingle with today; where the future seemed far off. But the future came swiftly; less than two months later, Mexico was plunged into revolution.

Freedom Year,

1910-1911

My sole burden for a year—to prepare for Harvard exams in Algebra and Physics; all else sheer joy; reading French and Spanish to pass college exams; violin, piano and elocution lessons; the school orchestra; reading, writing—and walking.

True, illness kept me confined for many weeks; my mother's hospital stay the following summer imposed housekeeping tasks. Even so, my spirit was free.

Piano lessons. Moses Boguslawski, pupil of Busoni, was the right teacher for me. He grasped my situation at once: no effective instruction in piano except three weeks with Miss Richards in St. Paul; no obvious musical talent, but a passionate love for music; almost eighteen, and I had to memorize everything I played. He cut technics to the minimum, gave me self-memorizing scales and arpeggios, introduced me to Isidor Philipp's *"School of Technic."*

He gave me technically simple selections from classical piano literature: Chopin Preludes, the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, a Bach Gavotte and Prelude, Schumann's "Warum," a Mendelssohn Song Without Words, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." Widely read in German and French literature, he was more concerned with the breadth and depth of my musical education than with technical achievement.

I learned balance between the intellectual and emotional aspects of music, the value of the restraints of form. I came to see that form is not a stiff trellis over which the rosebush of expression may wander whimsically. Form in art is rather the skeleton and ligaments of a living thing, the freedom of whose muscles and nerves is made possible by definiteness of form.

Postcards from Mary Fisher, back from Europe, teaching. One, a picture of the Headless Victory in the Louvre—what must the head have been, to match such a superb body? We must be grateful that we have the wings.

Another picture, Tischbein's Goethe in Italy, reclining among Roman tombs on the Appian Way—a Goethe with whom I could identify in his love for Italy.

The orchestra kept me in touch with Mr. Riggs, who gave me informal instruction in musical composition. I bought Goetschius' *Lessons in Melody Writing,* walked home by the Paseo, sat in the Pergola to begin reading. To write music; put on paper sounds which coursed through my mind, filling me with excitement, then stilling into peace.

Thursday, September 29, just four years earlier, in 1906, I had first held a violin in my hands. It seemed long ago, yet near. The year 1906 was a wonderful year because there opened to me two new worlds—language studies and music. Now I had four years with the violin, the last nine months with a real instrument. Four years of emotion, imagination and thought, through music of my own making…

Now I was becoming acquainted with the literature of piano music. I might hope to write music; to make permanent those fleeting impressions crowding upon me in blissful confusion.

Four years of other languages: Latin, French, German, Spanish. Four years of beginning to be at home in other cultures, of making book-friends in many lands.

A glorious threshold, with a whole year of freedom ahead in which to explore. Freedom, except that illness dogged my footsteps.

On the recommendation of our family physician, Dr. Leonard, I joined the Y.M.C.A., to use its gymnasium. Physical examination showed that my body was weak in everything except lungs. My participation in class and individual exercises was desultory. The showers and swimming pool, a new experience, were fun.

I bought the October American Magazine at a drug store, sat on a park bench to read Kipling's "If." I copied the poem in my notebook, read it till it memorized itself. Courage to meet whatever hardships life might bring!

Poor health limited activities; I gave up piano lessons for a month. Removal of a bony growth in my nose was unsuccessful, led to lifelong trouble.

Eighteenth birthday brought the gift of Longfellow's complete poems. I wrote in it Vergil's line, "Perhaps it will give joy sometime to remember those things." Longfellow's words including "all solemn voices of the night"—I underlined night. Physical weakness brought somber thoughts in the dimness of night. My mother read to me Longfellow's poetry, his brother's biography, several volumes of journals and letters.

My father bought me a typewriter. I began to compose essays, though I continued to write poetry longhand.

I bought a Latin New Testament—walked up the Paseo, sampling the opening verses of John's Gospel, underlining the first five, writing "Fons fontium" on the flyleaf.

I bought a Spanish New Testament, Roman Catholic version, containing copious notes to combat Protestantism. I was following Francis Bacon's advice, to read the New Testament in languages one wishes to learn. I already had a German Bible, and a French New Testament whose clarity and beauty thrilled me. My interest was literary; but one cannot read the Bible without being influenced by it.

Two musical treats; programs in Mr. Riggs' music appreciation class. He told the story of Rubinstein's Kamenei Ostrov No. 22; the romance gripped me. Then he played MacDowell, distinctly American, the equal of Europeans.

An October poem, first titled "My Religion;" later, "Sursum Corda," by which I meant, "lift up your hearts; take courage."

I will show to others what I am,
No more of pride, no less of worth, that they
May know that I walk upright through the world.
Before me lies the symphony of life
Unwritten. Only the lines are there, the laws
Of life, the concrete wisdom of the past.
On these I'll build. But I can add to them
The leger lines; and writing down the sign
Octava bassa, plunge the melody
Deep down into the heart of things; or else
Write down the other sign, and make it rise
Above the common chords of daily thought
And dull discords of care. I'll use the tools
I find at hand; for if I can but put
New meaning into what was known before,
It shall suffice…
But what shall be the key
Of this my symphony's allegro movement?
…It shall be the key of Greatness,
Goodness, Gentleness and Genius, the great key
Whose dominant is noble, high resolve—
Determination. With the key set down
The rest is easy; all about me weaves
Its music into mine, as when I stood
Upon the shore of a great lake at sunrise,
A radiant mist upon the water:
All around the pines were whispering

Their wisdom to me. So through life I'll go,
Learning of all things, till the last great chord
Inverted on the fifth shall sound, in Death:—
And then may those bright middle octaves rise
In triumph over all—Goodness, Gentleness:—
…It is my thought and deed, and not myself,
That I would have immortal through the years.
I will show to others what I am,
No more of pride, no less of worth, that they
May know that I walk upright through the world.

To live between self-exaltation and self-abasement, in dignity, to exemplify Kipling's "If" was my aim.

The use of musical symbolism would make me unintelligible to many; yet most modern poetry is obscure. Would not musicians understand me?

Life was beautiful; life was mysterious; there were great and noble things to be done. Dark shadows too were in store, already rimmed my horizon. Yet hope beckoned. I could not believe in failure.

November: Mr. Riggs played for his music class the funeral march from Chopin's B flat minor Sonata. The music haunted me, until I wrote:

> Perhaps the finest music ever written for the piano; the funeral march the greatest of its kind. The story: a young soldier returning from war—a young Hamlet—enters his village to hear the funeral dirge, meet the procession bearing the body of his Ophelia. If any music could suggest black, it is the first chords of this march.,
>
> The beautiful hymn at the grave follows, and again the march. The last movement pictures the sighing of the wind over the grave.
>
> The sonata is Chopin's lament over the last partition of Poland. The cold winds of imperialism swept over the deserted land, carrying away the last dry leaves of a country's hopes. So many fruitless, foolish wars, needless oppression, unhealthy ambitions—how often the cry has arisen:
>
> *O world of action, hear the cry*
> *Of hopes and visions beating high,*
> *Heroes who are falling fast,*
> *The echoes of a sacred past!*
>
> And always people have been content with—
>
> O men of action, hear the cry
> Of hopes and visions surging high,—
> A prophet torch upon the way,
> Forerunner of the Coming Day!
>
> For—
>
> They will be heard, those dreams of light,
> A world's blind groping after right;
> Whoever speaks the prophet word,
> Above the thunder shall be heard.

I was carried away by Madame Schumann-Heink's singing of Schubert's Erlkønig. When she sang, "In his arms the child was…dead!" I shivered. "Tot…dead!" I was that child, whom human love, a father's arms, could not save.

An experience which became a prominent motif: I took a walk out Southwest Boulevard into Kansas; decided instead of returning by the same route, to cut due east toward Missouri. Mid-afternoon sun shone.

The streets did not run through as I expected. I became confused when fog settled, the sun disappeared. There was no one around of whom to ask questions.

Fog thickened, enveloped me. I could scarcely see. On and on I walked.

At last I heard a streetcar. I walked toward the sound. Climbing a slope, I found the car tracks, followed them to an intersection. Where was I? What car line? Which direction should I take? Darkness now complete.

A light down the track, drawing nearer; the hum of the motor, grinding of iron wheels on rails. I waved frantically, not sure I was at a proper stop, in this uninhabited spot. Would the motorman see me?

Lights from the headlight flooded over me, the car stopped. I got on, paid my fare, accepted the transfer—I would not ask the conductor where he was going—the transfer would tell me all I needed to know.

I was on a Roanoke car, going north; how far out I did not know. But I knew the route; I knew what to do—ride to Twelfth Street, transfer across town to my own Brooklyn Avenue line.

When we reached Twelfth Street the fog lifted. I saw a knot of people waiting for a car. At last I inquired if a Twelfth Street car was approaching—I could not read the sign. Reassured, I settled down on the straw-covered seat, watched for Brooklyn Avenue. Familiar ground; home at last. I could only say that I had walked farther than I intended; nothing of my adventure and fright.

The experience came to symbolize confusion about my choice: law—or music and literature? Soon the experience took on a benign air; I forgot the frustration, failure, fright. The fog became silver instead of dark gray. My guardian spirit brought me safely through—always would. Instead of shutting me out from humanity, my fog shut me in with a wonderful world of my own..

A card from Mary Fisher; pressed violets, "bought in Paris, thinking of you," she wrote.

Our school orchestra concert, including the Pilgrims' song and the song to the evening star from Tannhaüser. I wrote:

The Painter's Brush

When morning writes the first great book
Of the glowing epic of light,
Or evening closes the volume
With the promise of radiant night,

When a star-beam upon the water
Writes a page of the faerie book,
Or the face of a girl, enraptured,
The story of love, in a look,

Then I long for the painter's colors,
And the power of the painter's brush,
And the fingers to write, in magic,
The story of life, with a touch.

Mrs. Henschel's gift of Marcus Aurelius' Thoughts; his Stoic philosophy satisfied; his hostility to Christianity had my sympathy—I was ignorant of true Christianity. I underscored, wrote marginal notes. It never became the Bible that Emerson's Self-Reliance was to me, unless as a sort of Old Testament to it. One sentence took root: "Look round thee at the courses of the stars, as if thou wert going along with them."

I had Edmund Spenser's complete poems—which took me forty years to finish reading. Dipping into them delighted; the poets' poet indeed, master of the music of the English language.

The new year 1911 began with Gilbert and Sullivan's The Mikado—fun and political philosophy.

January 8, tonsillitis. Dr. Leonard shook his head, said in my presence, "Follicular—the most serious form of the disease. I have had several cases this winter. All have died."

He knew that such an announcement would waken my stubborn determination to survive. A vigorous man, no friend of overcoats, Dr. Leonard never grew old. "Family physician" had its fullest meaning in him. A tower of strength in time of trouble. It took nearly two months, but he pulled me through. In late February I had a tonsillectomy in the surgeon's office. The ride home in a jolting cab was a nightmare.

My parents gave up their pleasant room with windows on three sides to me. In their king-size bed I had room to be restless. When I could use them, there was room for my violin and some music beside me. Sitting up to play my violin restored morale, badly shaken by continued weakness.

Interrupted music lessons and orchestra practice were resumed gradually. I heard Mischa Elman again; the same wonderful tone, breath from another world: Schubert's Serenade, Dvorak's Humoresque—heart throbs and humor.

These lines, a reaction to, rather than a reflection of, a talk by Mr. Riggs to his students:

Sunrise

A fire on the hearth of the heavens,
Fire of life in my heart!
Beneficent power in the heavens;
What of the power in my heart?

I saw the fingers of morning
Roll back the curtains of night,
And the gates of heaven were opened
For the life-giving angels of light.

Come, read on the arch of the heavens,
On the brow of the young Today,
Read the message of hope there written,
Of hope that shall never decay.

"To be strong in thy power of nature,
In knowledge of thyself;
To be pure as the clouds and the sunbeams
To serve the earth as they."

This is the creed of the morning,
That shall make the lame spirit rise;

That breathes life into dead ambition,
And opens the blind soul's eyes.

'Tis a fire on the hearth of the heavens,
Fire of life in my heart!
Beneficent power in the heavens:
What of the power in my heart?

Back at music lessons and in the orchestra early in March, literary activity went into high gear; I could march mentally, though not physically. Becoming acquainted with *Etude* music magazines, widening horizon. Lew Wallace's play, *Ben Hur;* fuel for imagination, for long thoughts about Christianity in its original setting.

Wednesday evening, March 15, on my way to play in the school orchestra, a memorable sunset, a life-motif. A sky of deepest blue tinged with the last dull flames of day, and purest silver at the horizon. Lifted out of myself, I heard music of the spheres, felt free, exalted, lapped in infinite peace and ineffable joy. A night to cherish forever; a moment of which I would gladly have said, with Faust, "O stay, thou art so fair!"

The opera *La Bohéme,* by a New Orleans company, meant for me one musical moment—tears, when two violins sang together.

April; returning physical vigor, profusion of poetry and music. April 8, the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra; afternoon, a contralto solo in Liszt's arrangement of *The Lorelei*—sunlight streamed through high windows, gave atmosphere for the simple legend. Evening, bass solo, "Danny Deever," impressive. In the afternoon I rode home by the Roanoke car line (of my fogbound experience)—sunlight on fanciful colors of new houses dispelled mystery. A touch of Sancho Panza in me offset the romantic Don Quixote; fancy checked by reality.

April 11, after a storm, I wrote:

Serenade

See the moon in beauty rises;
Walking o'er the stormy cloud,
Calms the wind with magic radiance,
Bids Jove hush his thunders loud.

So thy smile to me outshining,
In a troubled, stormy hour,
Makes the trial pass as clouds pass;
It was but an April shower.

Whose smile? Memory holds no clue.

Friday April 14 I heard artist John Singer Sargent, who "gave me a great deal of inspiration." My contacts with painters were few and fragmentary. There was an art collection at the Public Library, notably a copy of Rembrandt's "Night Watch," shadowy, teasing imagination to invent a story. Yet I was more interested in the collection of Indian relics.

Mr. Riggs wanted me to learn to sing, helped me all he could. He could not give me a singing voice, though I believe he would have given me his own beautiful tenor, if he could.

All Wednesday evening, April 19, I played over and over Chopin's Seventh Prelude, trying to perfect every tone. At nine, in bed, I wrote:

Above the twilight sea
Pale gleams the tranquil moon;
The sun has set for me,
And I must follow soon.

Above my waning life
Pure gleams a radiance bright,
And so shall end the strife—
My soul has found the light!

Trying to capture Chopin's mood, I expressed my own; still depressed by weakening illness. Next morning, the buoyancy of youth returned. In bed, I wrote:

Gold

A tiny thread in the sunshine
Takes on a golden hue,
And little deeds, in the sunshine of love,
Will make pure gold of you.

Wednesday, April 25, the orchestra had its picture taken. There would be a party at Mr. Riggs' home on June 6. A long time ahead' but I was determined not to be late with my invitation, so, with heart thumping, I asked "her" to accompany me to the party. She said "yes" so happily that it took my breath away. I could only smile in answer.

"She" was a beautiful violinist, pianist and singer, a "home girl" of quietly impressive, lovely character, a "big girl" whom I admired. Secretly longing for her friendship, I was shamefully shy.

April 27 I bought Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, began to play the Andante. The melody, in haunting simplicity, carried me away into a realm of fancy and deep thought, provided a theme for a poem I began to Saturday. Between, on Friday, the Flonzaley string quartet, my favorite form of music.

Saturday morning April 29, in Penn Valley Park. Shy covered with clouds, a perfect day. I began to write.

. . .And This is Art. . .

Now I'm in the enchanted land,
The land of dreams and poetry:
Soft clouds that hide the dazzling light,
Air sweet with opening buds and bird-notes;
The artist earth aglow with spring!

I boarded a streetcar and rode around to Spring Valley Park. Again I wrote:

Here I'll take up my abode,
A prince and subject in the hallowed land
Where Vergil walked with Dante through the wood,
And where Beethoven writes his symphonies.
To him belongs this land who has a mind
To see the shining north star of the truth
Pouring its rays of beauty on the river of the soul,
And who has a heart to follow on.
His is the artist soul whose skill can draw
Us nearer truth and perfectness
By putting there upon his canvas truth
We could not see, or would not understand.
His own best symphony the artist's self:
See how he carves his life

Into the image of his soul,
A true and perfect thing!
And this is aft,—
A perfect life; like music of the mind's creation;
To take the little that we have,
And make of it the forms the ages cherish. . .
For then we're in the enchanted land,
The land of dreams and poetry;
Soft clouds that soften and diffuse the light,
Air sweet with opening buds and bird-notes,
The artist earth aglow with spring!

I dedicated those lines to Mr. Riggs; read them at the party June 6. A tribute to my teacher, expressing my aims as an artist. Symphony, painting, sculpture, poem; all were alike to me, each the embodiment of idea thought.

Sunday May 7, my father and I went to a memorial organ concert in honor of the great Guilmant. The streetcar was crowded till we reached the baseball park, where it emptied—except for us. Once we went to a game together; not this time. My father might have preferred the game, but he went where I wanted to go. The concert had a small audience.

May 19 I heard Sarah Bernhardt in Rostand's *L'Aiglon.* The supporting case were so many stammering ninepins; I understood nearly every word the unforgettable Sarah spoke. Then there was Wagner, by Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony.

Our school orchestra and glee clubs gave the operetta *Melusian,* mythical water nymphs, romantic nobleman; light, airy, with Mr. Riggs' delicate handling of voices and orchestra.

Sunday morning, May 28, I skipped church; at 11 a.m. I was in Penn Valley sketching memories of Melusina. Sidetracked by the soft beauty of a cloudy day, I worshipped my pagan deities outdoors.

May 29, a day like April 29, I made changes in the poem then written, out in the parks. How seldom life repeats itself; how lovely when it does!

Moods pass: I began a poem with the title "Progress." After ten minutes I copied out Alfred deMusset's sonnet, "I have lost my strength and my life," changing his last line, "to have wept," to the more cheerful "to have lived." At my lowest depths, life was more than tears to me.

June 6, the long awaited orchestra party. Grateful that going for "her" did not involve having to read streetcar signs—I would be deeply embarrassed to ask "her" to read them for me, lest she feel insecure with me as escort; or worse, pity me.

Only maturity understands with what casual comradeship such a girl would have helped me, and made me feel comfortable—more comfortable than I then was in my sensitiveness over inadequacy and incompetence to care for a young lade as I should. Nineteenth century—almost medieval—notions of chivalry dominated my outlook.

We chatter happily of this and that" school, our music. The journey was far too short. At the party I read two poems. The orchestra played some of the pieces we liked best. Mr. Riggs talked to us in his inimitable style; we remembered the man rather than his words. Mrs. Riggs fed us amply and delectably. I managed to bring "her" tray without accident—a big boost to my morale.

We bid goodbye; we would play together but once more, at Commencement. Taking "her" home, I asked if I might call some time. Her answer, a quiet "yes." I did not call all summer, or

even telephone. Engulfing shyness, a suffocating cloud whenever I thought of making the attempt.

Commencement; the end of an era, as the last strains of our orchestra died away. I began cramming for Harvard exams; eight intense days of Mr. Dodd's tutoring, rewarded with "A" in Physics, "B" in Algebra. It remained only to take a laboratory exam in Physics when I reached Cambridge.

Sunday evening, June 18, an attempt to write poetry which would not take form. Next morning after registering for the Harvard exams, I walked to Penn Valley Park. On a hillside, under dense shade, the railroads and the Kaw River for scenic inspiration, I wrote:

Moonbeam

A little beam of pale moonlight
Stole into my room the other night;
And what do you think the moonbeam said,
That tiny, tremulous, silver thread,
My one little, bright little beam, pure white?

It said, "I am O so happy tonight,
I'm just as happy a I can be,
And I want to make everyone happy like me,
So I just shine on with my radiant light."

June 20 my mother became seriously ill, soon went to a hospital for an operation. She did not come home until July 19. She wrote in her diary, "Splendid housekeeper." With this comforting thought, she rested blissfully in her hospital bed.

The housekeeper did not last. A friend commented that we kept two servants, one coming, one going. My father and I decided that we would rather do the work ourselves.

I do not remember ever sweeping the house, but we did eat. Grandfather maintained that I made the best coffee he ever drank. The secret: I boiled it until it was very strong.

One evening a kind lady strolled into our kitchen to see how we were getting on. My father had a steak in a deep frying pan filled with water—to make sure it did not burn. I explained that we were *broiling* the steak. Our neighbor laughed heartily. "You mean *boiling."* We joined her merriment when we realized what a difference an "r' could make. The steak tasted good.

After my mother returned, we had a servant until my mother was strong enough to do her own work, as she preferred to do. Soon she enjoyed vigorous health, for the first time since my birth.

Early Thursday morning, June 27, a rare, meaningful dream. I wrote:

Midsummer Night's Dream

I entered the darkened hall near the stage, just as the applause at the entrance of the conductor died away. Dazed by the brilliant lights of the street, I saw only the dim outlines of the great orchestra, where an occasional ray from a shaded light brought into relief the silhouette of a bead, or a violin bow poised on the string, or the gleam of a horn, and nearer me, the great piano, whose raised top caught the beam of one of the calcium lights which were trained on the chorus, far away there on the dim stage—and very, very far off, seeming fantastic and unreal.

Softly the strings have commenced. With a few full chords they rise to a climax, when the piccolos, flutes, clarinets, horns and all and brighter instruments of the orchestra enter. The prelude is in the style of a hunting song, and now with short fanfare the chorus enters:—

Life is young,
And we are young,
And all the world is song.

Like sunrise on the Columbia, the silver river of song flows between mountains capped with snow, dazzling in the sunrise, between walls of moss-clad rock, evergreen forests above, and sparkling cascades of rainbow gems leaping from point to point, fresh and cool a the Attic glen where Theseus found the sword and sandals—a paradise, the enchanted land of classic beauty. So on the winged sandals of that song was I carried away and away, for time and space were nothing. And it put in my hands the sword of power, the inspiration and the exaltation of art.

As the chorus proceeded, the orchestration becomes more and more intricate, rich, but never heavy, and the combination of piano with the more gorgeous instruments of the orchestra enhances the joyous freedom of the vibrant chorus.

The growing complexity of contrapuntal contrasts resolves itself finally into a triumphant enunciation of the theme—the power and inspiration of life and art—through a maze of bravura passages drawing the listener onward and upward with the resistless power of imagination; great seas of chords, that sweep all things irrelevant and trivial away in their impetuous progress, blending orchestra, piano and chorus in one all-conquering wave.

We feel vaguely that they have stopped, and that they are preparing to commence again. In the first soothing notes of the cello, all memory of the close of the first movement is lost. It was unreal as a dream—and what have we left?

O'er all the hilltops
Is peace. (quoted in German)

It is the solo of the contralto—the strings are playing a soft accompaniment, the cello carrying an obligato of wonderful beauty and tenderness, half in contrast with the quiet dignity of the solo.

O'er all the hilltops
Is peace.

It is the chorus answering, as the forest trees on the black Harz mountains themselves might answer. And so follow the beautiful words of Goethe's simple poem:

. . .In all the hilltops
Hearest thou
Scarcely a breath;
The birds are asleep in the wood:
Wait but a little,
Thou too shalt rest.

What sense of peace, yet of pulsing uncertainty, as the last notes of the chorus, cello and accompaniment lapse into silence,—a moment when truly

Music pours on mortals
It;s beautiful disdain. (Emerson)

And the third, the last movement! I cannot describe it! There was such power, such calm nobility and far-seeing sympathy—I could only stand there and listen, rapt in the wonder of it all, as sometimes at sunset, when beneath the kingly purple of the evening shines a line of silver, fringed with hues too delicate for painter's brush. . .But this music—this is not a picture made by sun and sky, an unintelligent phenomenon—this is played and sung by men and women; this is the thought of man, his own creation, yet it moves us so!

These are the conquerors of earth who build the palace of the intellect. They have walked with Dante through the realms of bliss, and given to earth the vision splendid. Did Caesar found an empire? So did Michelangelo, Beethoven, Goethe. Did Hannibal maintain an army in a hostile land, and did not also Chopin and Tolstoi? The man who writes ten words which touch the harts of men for twenty centuries has built as firmly as the architects of Rome's magnificent Pantheon. Subdue the earth, found empires, yet are your souls your masters. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

"Men pass, monuments fall in ruins; what remains, what survives, is human thought." (Ed. Laboulaye)

. . .I do not know when the music stopped, but the tremendous applause waked me to consciousness, and ringing in my ears were the closing words of the movement—"unto triumphant fulfillment." Triumphant fulfillment? On those last great chords my imagination dwelt. They brought to me inspiration and power.

It was cold outside, for an east wind was blowing. . .And men were begging in the streets, and women and children too, hungry and ragged, with the faces of beasts. "Triumphant fulfillment," inspiration, imagination, intellect, art, the joy and the power and the beauty of life!

A mockery? "To him that heath shall it be added unto, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he heath." Sunlight on the mountains; in the deep valley, gloom. Petrarch climbed the mountain. The millions who were before him did not think of it; other millions who came after did not care.

Art is the flower of life, and its fruit is fulfillment. The lily may grow in the mire, but he mire looks not up to the lily. "The goal of our life—the religion of reason—is not of death, but of life. It is of ceaseless fulfillment of the life and happiness of man on the earth. The goal of our life must be of ideal purity." (Tolstoi; quoted in German). This is the lesson of art, the paramount mission of music.

For a while I could play on violin and piano, music which sounded to me like that heard in my dream. Lacking the necessary harmonic knowledge, I could not write it down, hence soon lost it all. It became the song of my life.

My mother in the hospital, my father away on business, my grandfather asleep, I saw alone in our living room Friday June 30, at my study table, beneath a green-shaded lamp—piano and

violin beside me, familiar books and pictures around me—what magical summer nights those were! To play, read, meditate—then write!

The first line of "Memories" came. . .then nothing. . .till a caprice seized me and I wrote in different vein of an experience a year or more ago:

A Thought

A bright leaf fell from an autumn tree,
Right into my hand one day.
It quivered and glowed with the magic glow
Of the summer sun's vanished ray.

I took it home and put it away
Between the leaves of a book.
And the image bright of that rainbow light
Into my mind I took.

Today I found the leaf again,
Pressed smooth, and as bright as before:
When I took from my mind its rainbow thought,
The form of a song it wore.

"Memories" filled my thoughts until August 3, when I completed it:

Memories

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll"— (O.W. Holmes)

Yet in the inmost temple, where the joys of youth
Are stored, which ever through thy after-life shall send
Their healing streams adown the mountain valleys steep,
And parched brown meadow, whereso'er thy life may stray;—
Upon that sacred altar of thy life's proud sunrise
Where bright clouds of brighter dreams thy milder star
Outshine,—there, at the shrine of thy ambition, read
The book of memories which, opened, sheds o'er all
A fragrant incense, undiminished through the years.

…Pictures of parts of things, and words unspoken;
Thoughts half-formed, and strains of music without key or cadence:—
(A word, a name, can bring them back, the things that have been)…
…We live again in the past; this today once more is tomorrow.

Soft is the warm south breeze, heavy laden the air is with fragrance;
Still in the flaming west glows the day departed in glory;
Silver it gleams at the horizon, lighting the city below us;
Purple in splendor it gleams, in the vaulted cathedral above us,
Save where angels of gold, their broad cloud-wings tipped with silver—

Faces, like stars, shine on thee from forgotten skies!

How holy the falling of night, inclining to peaceful emotion:
Then nature all reverent stands, in silent and wondering devotion.
Take with thee the lesson sublime, which the past and the sunset can teach thee—
The calm, thoughtful life, undisturbed by coarseness, vulgarity, baseness;
The love for all that is pure, for all that is beautiful, holy,
…Enough hast thou read: turn away from the shrine of dreams and ideals;
Close the book of the past, and sleep,—for tomorrow shall call thee and prove thee!

From the momentary vision in the Midsummer Night's Dream of misery outside the concert hall, I escaped in "Memories" to the shelter of my warm nest of privilege. Misery was not yet to me a call to service. I was no Prince Siddhartha.

Mary Fisher wrote me:

> I believe that every really educated man can say of his education that the most valuable part of it he got by himself. Teachers are nothing more than guides for the most part. Only when they are really something more than teachers are they of any value at all. Of all my teachers, I had only one who was an inspiration to me, and kept me always up to the best level of myself. The others have no part in my memory or my gratitude. They taught me nothing. They were only hearers of tasks set.
>
> "It will be good for you, however, to measure yourself with boys from all parts of the world, as you will do at Harvard. There too you will meet men who are something more than schoolmasters—men who have distinguished themselves in original research or in literature.

Mary Fisher was right that I had to get most of my education independently of the college. A large part of my intellectual activities were extra-curricular.

But I could not share her feelings about teachers. I had many inspiring ones. There were elementary teachers who did extraordinary things for me. Many high school teachers put me heavily in their debt for guidance and example.

Reading Molière and Corneille; I reacted unfavorably to Corneille's "Polyeucte." I said:

> Skillfully written, but such an absurd story for a plot. Possibly in Corneille's time such things were endurable, but in modern times such fanaticism is so far from our thought that it is utterly incomprehensible. If that is "religion," the less we have of it the better! We have enough false ideals on this earth without having any in an imaginary "post-mortem" world. I like Wordsworth's poem, "I'd rather be a pagan."
>
> "I can face the unknowable without giving fine names to that which is beyond my comprehension." —Mary Fisher, in The Journal of a Recluse.

Did "Polyeucte" fairly represent Christianity facing Roman imperial persecution?

Edward Baxter Perry's books of stories and analyses of piano works stimulated romantic conceptions of music. Mr. Perry, blind pianist and music critic, helped unite my musical and literary worlds.

At my last lesson Mr. Boguslawski introduced me to music for future use: Bach, Chopin's "Mazurkas, " MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches."

Mr. LaMotte, my Spanish teacher, was coaching me in French and Spanish for advanced credit at Harvard. He introduced me to chess; which I never pursued diligently. More important, he put in my hands the old French romance, Aucassins et Nicolète. The freshness of this first love story of modern times captivated me. I attempted to write music for the song "Little star, I see you;" projected a musical setting for the book. The alternate prose and poetical sections intrigued me; I wanted to write something like it. Dante's The New Life reinforced this desire. With George Sand's The Devil's Fool this trilogy of restrained love stories influenced character and life.

An incident far from normal made a profound impression. The new Union Station was being built. I had to see what was going on. Walking out on the site one afternoon, I came to warning red flags. With indifference, I vaulted the barriers, passed more barriers and red flags, until I stood on the edge of a yawning abyss. No one around. Steam shovels such as dug the Panama Canal churned the ground below.

Suddenly an inner voice warned me to go back. I walked, then ran. When I crossed the last barrier, I turned to look, heard a roar, saw the place where I had been standing go up in a cloud of dust and rock fragments. I became convinced that I had a guardian spirit. A Socratic daemon, not an angel!

Thursday afternoon August 3, I sat at my table in the living room, the sun shaded by a porch awning, writing the last lines of "Memories."

"To a Wild Rose"—after MacDowell's music—I wrote both in English and French:

O gentle roadside flower,
Ever in sun and shower,
Breath of a summer hour,
Beautiful, pure.

O music tender, fragrant,
Borne on the breezes vagrant,
Soul of the wild rose!

My "book of the month" was a masque called Legend, into which I put nearly all my poetry that seemed to me significant. I read my Legend to Mr. Riggs. He said little. He must have recognized its immaturity. He would not discourage me. After all, it was he who inspired me to write it; especially with his Glee Club's performance of "Melusina."

One August evening I called on my high school principal, Mr. E. D. Phillips, and read him my poem "Memories." He corrected my pronunciation of "horizon," which I accented on the first syllable. The correct pronunciation did not fit the meter; but I had to live with it, even though it spoiled the rhythm. I had much to learn—correct English, for one thing.

Wednesday August 25, ended my life in Kansas City. A painful uprooting, not alleviated by the prospect of novel experiences at college in New England. Our house was sold; we would no longer have a home in beloved Kansas City. Life—all that mattered of it to me—was a trunkful of mental and emotional memories. I was old enough to cling to what had so enriched my life, young enough to fear that leaving it behind meant irreparable loss.

Yet I must go. My mother would go with me, to read for me, to watch over me. Grandfather was content to go; my father was so busy in Mexico that he could be little more than a visitor, wherever we lived.

A letter from Mary Fisher began the transition:

> So you are going to be alone in Cambridge. I wish you weren't—with that driving, hungry mind of yours, never letting you rest an instant, you'll be in danger of forgetting that you have a body to look after. Do, I beg of you, remember that there are limitations to one's powers of endurance, and hold yourself well within their bounds. I shall never forget the fright and grief I had at seeing you lying white as snow after fainting, on the couch at school. Don't do that again, my boy, for the sake of those to whom you mean something, and I am one of those, so there!
>
> How I should like to have a chat with you, but you will chat with me on paper sometimes. But I shall not expect you to give much time to letter writing when you are in college. You will have so much to do.
>
> I should feel just the same to you after years of silence as if we had seen each other every day. That is, I think, the greatest test of friendship. Love to your dear mother.
>
> Yours faithfully, Mary Fisher.

At the time Mary Fisher wrote this letter, she did not know that my mother would be in Cambridge with me. At first it was doubtful whether my mother would recover sufficiently from her operation to undertake the move.

Thus ends my era of Kansas City.

Translation

Like a plant, I was uprooted with family and furniture from our Kansas City home. We left Wednesday night, August 23, 1911. For the first time I ventured east of Chicago. I had seen the Pacific at Seattle and at Salina Cruz, Mexico; now I was to see the Atlantic.

Friday morning August 25, I awoke in a strange land—New England. A tunnel introduced us to the Berkshires, lying in low mountains above narrow valleys. Ferns and mosses, birches, maples, pines and spruce trees. Everything seemed more compact than on the prairies. Voices were sharper, speech clipped, laconic. My cheerful "Good morning" to a man shaving in the Pullman washroom brought no reply; he stared at me as if I were a zoölogical specimen. Speaking to strangers, common in the midwest, was not universal in New England.

Though I did not like this reserve, it was easy for to learn to conform to it.

The day was overcast. We were advised to get off at Huntington Avenue, instead of going on to Boston's South Station. Not knowing that the Essex Hotel was a block away, we took a cab. The driver took us around several blocks, to justify the fare asked.

In the afternoon my father and I rode a diminutive streetcar across the Charles River to Cambridge. The tunnel to Harvard Square was under construction; a temporary plank was a morass of mud. Weird mutterings and rumblings came from underneath. The sun was not shining, nor was it raining, but the weather resembled rain more than sunshine, as we trudged under wet elms, over gravel paths in the "Yard" to University Hall, a century-old "modern" contrast to older brick buildings.

We were greeted by a courteous Negro named Terry, who "conferred" Harvard diplomas, handing them out in University Hall basement after commencement exercises. He knew more about the running of the University than many. He directed us to the dean's office.

Dripping elms, clinging ivy, gray skies and a wet less endurable than rain; depression deepened when we entered the stuffy boardinghouse to which the dean's office recommended us. Oh to be back in Kansas City! The proprietress kept a select place, filled with Proper Bostonians—too proper for me. We made one acquaintance, Mr. Stevens of the Christian Science Monitor. The rest were characters in a Henry James novel. We were transported into the not-so-gay nineties.

Fresh air was an abomination to this household; an odor compounded of cooking and the breathing of many generations stifled me. Indoors, I was a prisoner. My parents said nothing; my grandfather took the experience with his customary cheerful disposition. We could open windows in our room which was a comfort. Through an opened window came a child's voice, "My toy is out of repair." A midwestern boy would have said, "It's busted."

I retreated into music and poetry. On a score of the Pilgrims' Chorus from Wagner's "Tannhaüser" I wrote comments in German. An incurable, undiscriminating Wagnerian romantic—I too was a pilgrim!

We hunted an apartment in haste; the Santa Fe railroad promised that our household goods would arrive in seven days. The Cambridge station master smiled indulgently; we would be lucky (being a New Englander he probably said "fortunate") if our shipment came in two or three weeks—more likely a month. When the sealed, red-balled car arrived in seven days, the station master was duly impressed.

We looked at a delightful apartment in a brick building. Seven rooms, fifty dollars a month, the empty rooms hallowed by the fact that a Mr. Barbour, whose stories in St. Nicholas

magazine I admired, was the last occupant. I could fall heir to his literary mantle! The outlook from a corner room was attractive.

But my parents found another first floor apartment in a three-decker at 47 Wendell Street, a few blocks north of the college, at thirty-six dollars a month. This we leased. There was a living room with fireplace in which we could burn wood and coal; a novelty to me, who had seen only gas fireplaces. A dining room, kitchen, bedrooms for my parents and grandfather; last of all the maid's room, whose detached privacy suited me. Neighboring houses were close; but the moon shone on my bed at certain times each month. Then I could not sleep, but I could write poetry! Lying in my black walnut spool bed, it was a place to dream in.

Everything was subordinated to my success in college; I studied in the living room, crowded with my Mexican table, typewriter desk, bookcases, piano—and chairs. Grandfather usually sat at the bay window. Our fine rugs from the Kansas City home were out of place in a three-decker, but we did not mind. It was home, made so by well-worn furniture and well-loved books. September 7 my father returned to his business; our household settled into the new life.

College would not open until September 28. I had three weeks in which to become acquainted with my surroundings. Sunday morning at nine I boarded a streetcar, with the vague notion of going to church in Boston. I never arrived! My car went into labyrinthine Dudley Street station of the Elevated system. If I went through the turnstiles, I would have to spend another nickel to get back in. I avoided turnstiles, wandered through passageways from platform to platform, from train to train, getting off where I pleased, investigating more passageways.

Some of the signs were low and in large enough type for me to read; others too high for me. The succession of rides, on the surface, on the Elevated, underground, became fascinating. I decided to see how long I could keep going to new places for five cents. The surprise ending came four hours later, when I recognized Harvard Square and alighted at Wendell Street where I got on! All this education for five cents! Who said Harvard was expensive?

A laboratory exam in Physics, in a dingy building, equipment inferior to my high school. Clumsy and ill at ease, somehow I satisfied my examiner. The experience gave me a distaste for attempting laboratory courses at Harvard. I escaped all but a summer course in Chemistry.

Our family sampled the Universalist Church in Cambridge; then discovered that the Rev. Joseph K. Mason, who had occupied the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis during the pastor's absence, now served the Waltham Universalist Church. It was a long streetcar ride, changing at Watertown. But when we walked from Waltham Square along a tree-shaded street, past pleasant homes of what was then a village rather than a city, to the church, we felt at home.

Joseph Mason was a kindly man with understanding of youth. I became attached to him, and he had a beneficial influence on my life, keeping me morally steady, and respectful of religion, though in the sentimental manner of the liberalism of the period.

Once he told me of meeting a Presbyterian minister on a sea voyage, with whom he discussed the doctrine of eternal punishment. The Presbyterian objected to Dr. Mason's exposition of universal salvation, "But that isn't Scriptural!" Dr. Mason found this amusing.

Another memory: we walked together, my pastor and I, through autumn woods on an October afternoon, maple leaves carpeting the ground with gold and scarlet. Overhead the crowns of the trees glowed in the sunshine. Dr. Mason's shoe became untied. I stooped to tie it for him—I was more flexible than he—and showed him a trick of putting an extra loop into the bow-knot, to prevent it from loosening, yet leaving the knot easy to untie. I hope he was able to untie the shoe that night! He let me enjoy teaching an old man something new.

The trips to Waltham were one of the few interests my mother, grandfather and I had in common. Making friends in the congregation led to social visits. The religion there was human, full of caring for one another's burdens, sharing mutual joys. One hymn I learned there became a talisman; two lines cling, which in dark days kept me from despair, set me singing:

> Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
> Builds on a Rock that cannot move.

I never became so complete an atheist that I could erase those lines from memory. The heart clings to what the head denies.

My studies at Harvard, provided varied intellectual fare. Two foreign languages, German and Italian; a music course in Harmony; Government; a half course in Logic followed by a semester in Psychology. The normal load was four courses. I carried five courses five times a week in high school: surely I could carry five, three times a week, in college. There were so many things I wanted to know immediately! My schedule embraced only a fraction of my interests. I could do no less.

There was a practical reason too. My parents were under heavy expenses for my education. By taking extra courses I could receive my bachelor's degree in three years instead of four.

Italian was to fulfill a dream. As a boy of eleven I lay on the floor reading the heavy volumes of Cary's translation of Dante, with Doré's illustrations. I must read the original. Through Marinoni's *Italian Reader* I fell in love with the musical Italian language.

I wanted to take courses in Latin and Greek literature, but the influence of Mary Fisher had drawn me away from the classics to modern European literatures.

I would have done better to begin Greek instead of taking a reading course in German; I would have missed the emotional disturbance of Goethe's Werther. Later I could have read Plato in Greek instead of in translation.

The Government course, a half-year on England, then Bryce's American Commonwealth, a few weeks on continental Europe, with various professors lecturing. President Lowell paced back and forth, hands in his pockets, speaking rapidly, reminding me of Theodore Roosevelt.

The music course teacher was Professor Spalding, co-author of our text on Modern Harmony—a conservative nineteenth century modernity. Professor Spalding was my faculty advisor, since one of the interests indicated on my entrance application was music. There being few who expressed such an interest, I was assigned to him. I never asked nor received advice from him regarding my choice of studies or anything else. Each semester I presented a list which he o.k.'d with some such remark as, "Well, what are you taking this time?"

I needed advice; it was to be had for the asking; perhaps Professor Spalding saw quickly that I was no musician, that my interests mainly lay elsewhere. So I was satisfied with a "B" in Harmony. I listened to many a concert, played at pieces not too difficult utterly to discourage me, bought scores I would never be able to play.

Classmate Edward Moses, who could play anything on sight, would visit our apartment, sit down at the piano and play scores I could not. I chafed at certain limitations in musical composition; brought every example of consecutive fourths or fifths that I found in the works of great composers to Professor Spalding. He would shake his head and intimate that Beethoven and Brahms could do things that I had best avoid.

Josiah Royce taught logic; a dry course, a necessary evil. One had to study logic in order to learn to think. Professor Royce did not awaken my enthusiasm until the year I studied

metaphysics under his recreation of the Socratic method—so much praised, so little practiced. A great, a magnificent teacher!

I wrote:

From the Past

O future age, we did not live in vain!
We did the nearer duties, yet we saw
Majestic rising in our dreams, the star
Of a new civilization's firmament.

Say not, O future age, we did not know
The glory of the centuries to come!
Say not, your ancestors could not foresee
The wonders of a science yet to be,
The song of a new art thrilling the world.

We saw, and in that vision of our night,
The revelation of the coming day,
We took new courage, and we did our part;
Humbly and nobly the foundations laid,
On which we know that you will nobly build.

My father wrote me from Kansas City:

> I am enclosing a bond for your school. Seems foolish, but perhaps some need it and so others suffer on their account.
>
> …I am glad you are taking long walks and hope you will not forget exercise all the time, so you will keep strong for your work. Much better to put in time getting exercise than wasting it foolishly in running about town nights as so many young men do. No, son, if a person always looks out to keep strong and learns to say no when asked to do things he knows are wrong, then he will get along nicely in this life.
>
> I read your letter…to the office force, and they all enjoyed it immensely. Hope you succeed in getting your piece in the Star. Take good care of mama and you will get along nicely. Glad you got a good chum so near home. With love I am, your Pa.

The bond of which he spoke was one required of all students, to indemnify the college for damage to college property or other liability.

My father gave advice which he felt was needed now that I was exposed to new companionships and temptations. Running around town nights did not interest me. My temptations were other—no less serious.

The chum was Henry, who sought me out. I did not like his cynicism, yet I took on his way of talking, for I too saw sham readily. He was fond of long walks, and could see to read signs. Once he had imparted such information to me, it was mine to keep. We grew apart. I was not ready to exert positive influence on him.

My father's letter began a deep and strong companionship, accentuated on his visits home, when we went places together and talked. It was no longer the little boy relationship; it was a man-to-man give and take. The giving was mainly his.

College, a new era, lay before me.

The Freshman

October, my birth month, has always been special. Its bright weather, cool nights, warm days, give me a new lease on life. Add the scarlet and gold of a New England autumn! Every afternoon after study, I walked, often to Brattle Street, to Longfellow Park. Along the river to the supposed site of Leif Erikson's 1000 A.D. home in Vineland; sometimes to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, to meditate near the grave of Longfellow.

Or around Fresh Pond; a favorite knoll to muse beneath three oak trees. Or to the reservoir above Tufts College, a visit to poor, dead Jumbo, P.T. Barnum's elephant, in the college museum.

For Saturdays and holidays there were the Blue Hills, Lexington and Concord, or just Boston. My courses did not absorb all my energies; the total environment was my classroom, all nature and history my teachers.

I passed the examinations giving me credit for a year's college work in French and Spanish, assuring me that I could earn my degree in three years. A tribute to the quality of my high school teachers.

October brought three beginnings. One, my first Boston Symphony concert, in Cambridge. Students lined up for seats in the balcony over the stage, at 25¢. Looking down on the players, I was near enough to watch the concertmaster's bowing. Ah, to play like him—or to conduct! The program: Tchaikovsky, Sixth Symphony; Rudolf Ganz playing the A major Liszt concerto; ending with Liszt's Tasso. In the intermission, there was the Cambridge audience to watch; expanse of men's stiff white shirt bosoms; women's gowns scantier than I was used to seeing. I was more Puritan than Boston.

The moment the conductor raised his baton I had ears and eyes for the orchestra alone. Some seventy men playing just for me! And all this for a quarter! Not only did I hear and see; I ate, drank and savored the music—I *was* the music, in the hall and long after. I left, clutching my program, to walk in the October night until excitement died down enough so that I could go to bed. Then the Boston Symphony played it again in my dreams! Music kept me from yielding to temptations of college life that might otherwise have appealed to me; I breathed pure music rather than air!

The second October beginning: hearing my first lecture in French; Professor Diehls, on France in the Orient in the Middle Ages. Finding that I could follow him was a delight; copying his pronunciation and accent sheer bliss. I loved the French language, reveled in its clarity and beauty.

The third beginning: I bought a 25¢ copy of Goethe's The Sorrows of Young Werther for German class. We were reading it until Christmas; I disliked Werther, thought him a fool to become involved with a married woman, yet his sentimental romanticism influenced me more than I admitted. He made me want to read Ossian; why I did not is a mystery, except that I always wanted to do more things than there was time for. When Werther shot himself, I was disgusted; my sympathies were with Albert; secondarily with Lotte; none to spare for Werther. The emotional virus remained. Thirty-eight years later I laid down the book after rereading, with no further comment than these words, in German: "Reread—finished, January 27, 1949—E.R." The spell had long since been broken, the sorrows of young Werther moved me no longer. Another eighteen years, and rereading brought no comment at all. But the fact that I reread it speaks eloquently of the effect it once had, and of curiosity as to why it moved me so.

If only the year could be all Spring and Autumn, no devastating summer, no deadening winter!

November is linked with October by a letter from Mary Fisher:

> …Your letter interested me more than any you have ever sent me, just because it was about you. That is what correspondence between friends means. It says, "Let me follow you in what you have been thinking and doing as if I really had been with you." And you must always write me such letters if you wish to interest me.
>
> I don't care a rap of my knuckles for descriptions of places. I have been all over the ground where you are—I know every inch of it that interests the lover of literature, have descriptions I made on the spot, of Sleepy Hollow, Mt. Auburn, Little Italy, etc., but I have no description of how it fares with Emmet Russell, thinker and student.
>
> …Pen pictures of your professors would delight me. A college education was denied me. I had to get the equivalent of it from my own efforts. That is why I believe more in self-education than anything else.
>
> …Your Herbert Page, your Physics teacher in Kansas City, is dead. He had a tumor on the brain, result paralysis and death. I was very fond of him—quiet, modest, a great deal of generous worth in the man.

Did her combination of praise for revealing my thoughts, with distaste for mere descriptions, indicate that I had indulged in such descriptions? It is likely, for descriptions delighted me; I enjoyed getting them from differing points of view. Nor did I think highly of my own thoughts—in comparison with hers.

Mr. Page's death was a shock. I loved him and felt myself in debt to him for insights into physical theory.

A fresh wonderland of music opened to me with Mr. Arthur Whiting's concerts in which he explained, and with other artists exemplified, little known aspects of musical history. The first concert was of music for harpsichord, violin, flute and viola da gamba, from 17th and 18th century composers.

November 12 I began a Journal. Emerson, Longfellow, all writers, kept journals. One feels bound to write in a diary every day, whether one has anything to say or not. The penalty for not doing so is a twinge of conscience. Repeated failures beget guilt.

A Journal—though the name means the same—does not exert the same compulsion; neglect brings no inward pain; long abstention only mild reproof of oneself. One writes in his Journal when one feels like it, when one has something to say. After comments on music, I wrote:

> November 12, 1911. I have been out through the superb New England autumn…What does it all mean—this world of beauty and majesty, the harmony and uplifting influence of it all? But what is it that we, who are leaves in the path of today, should have this thing, a mind, this power to understand, to be thrilled by the beauty of nature? Understand!—what is it to understand? A little while to move in a life we cannot understand—while the sovereign universe goes on over and through and all about us…That we call life.

What life means to me—all that it holds of nobility and inspiration and satisfaction and aspiration and fulfillment—that we try to say with art. I do not know what time is, but I can paint sunrise and sunset so that others can see in them what I see—and that is all I ask. I could not define life for you, but I can tell you what it brings to me, so that life can mean more than it did before.—That is art.

…The sunrise again! It shines down upon me with a world of gold, filling all with its radiance. Like a burst of pure music—a great chord growing and rising, fixing the tonality of day, sweeping this wondrous thing Light into our presence.

What power has distance over nearness? Is not the wonder and beauty of our sun the greater…for its being near us, than the beauty of the cold stars, which are suns to those near them?

Why should we long for what is beyond our reach? There is the philosophical view. To the intellect there is a broader vision than to the senses. The mind makes time and space nothing. The age of Herodotus or Plato or Juvenal is as real to us as today, if I will it so. Or tomorrow, and the ages after that are also real. So too I can stand on the peaks of the Rockies or in the forests of Amazon at will. What are time and space then? They are realities in one world, and nominally and really nonexistent in another. Enough of such philosophy for the moment.

November 15. The warm sunlight comes and goes about me, as a great black mass of water vapor up there moves back and forth over the sun. And all that, then, happened some minutes ago. We say that on our planet light and heat and electricity take no time in transit, yet out there in space we can measure that which we cannot detect here. Perhaps if we knew other standards, our eternities would be instants too. What a life that would be, to see in each moment the history of a universe, and to outlive millions of systems which would seem so many grains of sand in the path of the greater forces! But would we see the import of the momentary happenings any more than we do now? Would we not pass over the rise and fall of universes with less concern than we do now the lives of insects?

Or if we could see the little things magnified a million times, every day; if each second stretched itself to an eternity, then we, living for but a few years—though it be a thousand eternities—would we see more of the plan of the whole, seeing the history of the little units of which it grows?

Such reflections might make us a little more thoughtful of the real things of life. We have no time? What then would we do with more time, with more than twenty-four hours in a day, but to spend it as we do the little space we have?

To learn from what we have; to work with what we have; to succeed with it; and to be content with it—that is the triumph of a philosopher, a scholar and an artist.

November 22 my father wrote me: "…Yes, the sentiment of the U.S. is fast changing to more radical beliefs, and there are a lot of good reasons why this happens. In many cases there is need of reform…"

Sunday, November 26, walking by the Charles River and on Brattle Street, I wrote:

Epigrams

1. The thoughts that flame to light the world,
   You cannot buy, but you can think them.
2. The words that roar like Sinai's voice,
   Come not from golden mouths.

I write down sundry things without regard for continuity, as they occur to me. What was written the last time, I may not agree with today, but it helps me to see clearly what I am thinking, just to write it.

Reading what I wrote long ago, I wonder at the prophetic vision with which some of it was written. I wrote more than I knew; the truth that I spoke I did not understand. It seems sometimes that some other was writing through me. It was a great conviction, a mission that illumined my words.

A long time ago I was looking at an old copy of the Manual Training High School Nautilus, the 1908 Annual. In the picture of my Edisonians I noticed a little face with a striking expression, and said to myself, "Who is that little fellow with a face like an angel, there in the corner?" Upon examination, imagine my surprise, to discover the face was my own! It was at the time I was thinking the thoughts of an angel, if ever, for my mind had just awakened, and I was passing through ages of evolution in an hour of thought. I can look back on my past life as not my own, but as another's—indeed, I see behind me a series of selves, each a stage in my growth.

First I see the child of six or seven rolling about in the tall grass, or under the scented bushes, among nasturtiums and poppies and sweet peas, in the lazy afternoon; where cool water trickled through striped grass among yellow iris lilies.

Then came long afternoons in the Omaha Public Library, with Kingsley's Heroes of the Greek Myths. I associated everything in them with something in my own experience…

November 27 sunrise…I sat down at the piano and played, as I do once in a while, when clearer understanding of the music comes to me. This spirit is a curious thing; when I have been thinking for a long time, my mind flows on and carries me with it whether I will or no.

…The mind works unconsciously. When I have been thinking of the past for a long time, I can play on my violin for hours the pieces I once knew, but thought I had forgotten…Page after page my unused fingers draw from the strings. The scenes amid which I played them before rise before me, and my thoughts are of a thousand things.

So last night I began the half-forgotten slow movement of Beethoven's G major piano and orchestra concerto. (When shall I ever read those magic pages of the Rondo?) Full, soft and clear, the notes dropped from my fingers, as I have never before played it.

How could any man imagine that first theme! It is—I cannot say what it is or is not. It is too holy for a choir of angels, too sublime for the famed music of the spheres—where on earth has such sweetness been heard? I always associate Andante with Vergil's lines,

"Now moist night falls from heaven and declining stars persuade to sleep."

They are as musical lines as I have ever read, and with the same flowing character as this movement. Now the high C sings above the accompaniment, and descends to that ringing passage in altered chords! Note the skill with which Beethoven maintains the chord in the trill, both above and below the trill note. I cannot write of the chords that follow the cadenza—they are music. that is all—no words can paint what only the music gives us.

To get the most out of my playing, I find necessary not merely finger technique, but intellectual preparation as well.

November 29 evening. Today…sunset… burning clouds, a dark storm near the sun—and beyond, in the east, the moon covering the sides of the clouds with silver. I went out to the river—my usual walk—where I could have a sky below me as well as above. To stand there on the stone steps, looking down through the vertrauliche (intimate) park to the river, and up to the clouds—it is like standing before a great orchestra while it is playing some proud and joyous music. I feel like taking up the conductor's baton, and leading the music of sun and clouds myself. And I can have the sensation of leading this all, by letting it lead me!

A letter from my father:

Just reread your letter and was studying the way you picture things…Yes, pictures portray real things, although sometimes things which should not be portrayed at all. Sometimes I think it would be better if we did not see the many hardships pictured to us so strongly. Still, seeing things quickens people's sympathy and acts as a stimulus to action. Very few people are charitable at all times; still fewer unless they are in the limelight of public opinion, and so many of those only give aid or lend moral support not because they think it is right, but because it tickles their vanity to have others think they are generous in their giving or actions.

Emmet, true men are very, very scarce in this world, when measured by the standard of what they think to be right, and it takes all the training and the vital force within to keep a man always doing what he knows to be right. A man who could always act what he knew to be right would be almost a stranger in a strange land.

December 2, the first University Tea, given by Faculty wives in Phillips Brooks House; affairs both formal and informal, designed to acquaint students with the faculty, and to educate young men in the social graces. I went once.

Sunday evening December 3, Sir Wilfred Grenfell made me want to join him in his work in Labrador the next summer; but I did not dare.

The house named in honor of Phillips Brooks was the center of religious activities in the university. His influence permeated the life of the University, to me an ennobling influence. I joined the Phillips Brooks House Association. Occasional use of its facilities was well worth a dollar.

A Christmas meeting of the Freshman Bible Class that I attended regularly. Professor Albert Parker Fitch, head of Andover Theological Seminary, had us at his house. He taught the Bible; not theories; yet he was not dogmatic, but understanding of young men's problems. He thought the Bible was a book we ought to know.

In his home was a picture of Christ being tempted in the wilderness. It was painted by a Russian artist—my favorite of all artistic conceptions of how Jesus may have looked; at once human, majestic and inescapable.

Journal, December 19, Tuesday evening. I have neglected my little book of late—as I expected! Last week Monday the 11th—it was warm as a spring day, Tuesday also. Sunday the 3rd I went to the Blue Hills, into the edge of the Reservation, where rocks are scattered about like stones of the burying ground of the past.

Those warm days! I walked out Monday afternoon behind Andover and across to the Cambridge Library and High School. Everything reminded me of Kansas City. That very morning I reviewed my poem Memories, which gave me new energy. As I was walking along, I heard someone playing a piece of ragtime which I remembered hearing one of our Kansas City neighbors play.

Saturday and Sunday, December 16-17, I was cataloguing my past acts—

How clearly it connects—my experiences and my work! Also how I go from day to day, forgetting the connection! In some ways that is best, for it is good to wake up with yesterday in the past, tomorrow never entering the mind, and only today to live as if it were all the ages!

December 19. I have certain definite ideals. My success, my power and contentment, depend on keeping to these and not seeking vainly outside of them in the hope of something better.

Yesterday to the Blue Hills again. The sun shone in a misty sky. There, on a great table-like rock among the oaks and the granite and moss, I wrote—how little can I express all that came to me—

I Believe

O faith of mine, uphold me,
Keep me true and keep me pure;
Be the sunrise still my prayer,
Still my strength which shall endure.

And when the day sinks downward
To the flaming western sea,—
Calm of night descending,
Bring the peace of life to me!

Then I tried to put the dawning idea into words:

O life, keep all thy meaning,
Keep thy fragrance through the years;—
For I have seen the vision—

But what shall I say of it? Truly we have only—
Pictures of parts of things, and words unspoken;
Thoughts half-formed, and strains of music without key or cadence.

Credo

I believe in my own life,
In the worth of my inspiration;
My life is whole and sweet;
So shall I ever keep it.
Though I stand at the crossing of a hundred roads,
There is but one I can tread in.
I will turn my face toward the star,
Which alone shall light me and guide me.
Not to the south, as the rivers flow,
In the way that is easiest:
Hard is the road, and cold,
To the north over desolate mountains.
I believe in life and its work:
My labor is one among many.

For Christmas I received from Mrs. Henschel, Bernardin de St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia. Over the years she sent me several influential books, broadening my intellectual horizon and giving balance to my emotional life. Paul and Virginia, with its wholesome standards, balanced the influence of Werther. It fitted in with my boyhood dreams of a South Seas island, which I might inhabit alone with a select company. Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson convinced me that my scheme was practical; Paul and Virginia marked the sunset of my dream. The idea ceased to have power.

> Monday January 1, 1912. Yesterday, first snow of the season; today, the first snow-sunrise. The days do not connect themselves in my mind. The experiences of each are so far separate that I rarely think of them connectedly; even memories of the same day I can connect only by identity of date. So I come to each day fresh, and its experiences have for me the dash of novelty that comes from letting the past be for the moment forgotten in the problems of a new present.
>
> But out of the past comes the strength for today. That I have done so and so in the years gone by, makes me strong to do more in the same direction now. Now I see in a glass darkly, but then have I seen face to face. I will turn now from the glass of things virtual to the clear vision of real things and ideas.
>
> What should I want of great wealth? Why should I spend the best years of my life trying to get that which will not help me to live any more successfully? I could not think more thoughtfully in a fine house, or rolling around in a Locomobile than in more quiet surroundings. Twenty courses at dinner won't make me any happier

than three—and the rarest things to eat, to wear, to recline in, to look at, wouldn't please me half so much as a few simple things which people would not envy me, because everyone can have them. No, they can't!

It's simply a practical question with me, of what I would be better satisfied with; simplicity and influence, or exuberance and power. O, it is fine to be able to take pleasure in simple things, and to live with them always in contentment!

Making a calendar of past events, I asked: Would it be worthwhile to put some of this material of my life into artistic form?

A snow storm, after Brahms' G minor quartet—the Kneisels. I walked out into the new white world—soft flakes out of a pale sky, like gentle hands that soothe the wanderer's longing; and the quiet smile that lighteth all the world—then I saw as in a glass darkly, but now face to face! It is the presence of the divine itself. Lift up your hearts, O ye of little faith!

Our souls reach out toward the beauty about us; toward the completeness for which we long. Only the exquisite purity of beautiful music can express the meaning of such a night as that.

In January I heard both Mr. Justice Brandeis, with whose views I agreed, and Governor Woodrow Wilson, who failed to convince me.

The sketch of a story, obviously an emotional autobiography, filled many pages in my Journal.

At month-end my father wrote me a man-to-man letter about common interests, and fatherly advice.

Son, if a person sets his mark and goes to it in any line, he can win, and enjoy the climb, even though the road is rough; and your school experience will give you a foundation that the world will later round out; and watching and grasping opportunities as they pass, helps along nicely in this life.

February, seeking my father's advice about studies, I wrote:

This spring I will have to make out a program for the rest of my course. I suppose I had better take my major subject in Romance Languages, because I will have at the end of this year three courses in that department already, and I want to continue studying French and Spanish anyway. Then I am wondering whether I ought to take the introductory course in Economics. It is a lecture course given by Professor Taussig who has just issued a textbook for the course. That is one way the professors maintain the balance between expenses and income. Walter Berkowitz is enthusiastic about his courses in Economics; he has been taking one on Railroads. Do you think that Economics would be of practical value to me? As I will need only two more years to get a degree, and as many courses are given only in alternate years, and there are only a dozen hours for them to be given in, it is inevitable that I shall have trouble finding a set that will be individually the best, and collectively practicable. The arrangement of hours I stumbled upon, and grumbled about at the beginning of this year, is about as good as I could desire. It

compels me to walk back and forth twice a day, and my study time is broken up so that I do not grow tired studying.

My father replied: "Regarding your courses of study, I will write you Sunday. Lay your plans as wisely as you can and they will finally come out all right." The Sunday letter did not get sent: my father preferred to leave the choice entirely up to me. He knew that part of my education was learning to make decisions.

William James' text served for the introductory course in Psychology. The teacher, Hugo Münsterberg. Lecturing to four hundred sports-minded young men in the afternoon, he nevertheless held them. Once when his control slipped, and there was sound of shuffling feet, noisy tongues, he said in his German brogue, "Now, shildren!" Laughter, then silence. He never had to repeat the rebuke implied in the change from his customary, "Now, shentlemen!"

In the spring recess he traveled to Europe, taking a further week of term time. Two weeks; the fastest ships required five days for the crossing. When Professor Münsterberg returned, he walked into the lecture room amid applause, removed his gloves, and without preamble began his lecture: "Now as I vass saying before I vent to Europe…" We learned more than philosophy from him; we learned wisdom.

Journal, February 15, quoting Macauley's "Lines Written in August 1847:"

> Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
> Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
> Shall leave untouched the joys which I bestow,
> The sense of beauty, and the thirst for truth.

And what of the source of this power? Why do I seek for knowledge that must always be incomplete yet I call it satisfaction? But no, I must leave the easy path, and justify everything to my intellectual satisfaction. I see everywhere destruction, yet I believe in progress. That is faith, surely—but perhaps it is only the terms about which I differ. I will not call progress God. I cannot see that men get anything out of their faith in God that I do not get from my intellectual curiosity.

No, I am right, according to my own nature, and on my own high ideals will I work it out. What a fine thing is intellectual power! To think and not grow weary, to think and grow strong!

Emotional agitation betrays itself in ill-formed letters, words sprawling across the page, the pen trailing from the end of one line to the beginning of the next, and lack of punctuation.

Continued review of past experiences and writings saved me from a dangerous detachment with reality, kept my life one. I could not give up poetry and music. No materialistic philosophy would leave my soul entirely. The head might turn atheist; my heart was incurably religious. I had a cathedral; and in it was a Poets' Corner.

My father wrote me:

Son I will try to have quite a vacation this summer, so we can look over things East a little, but it is hard to tell now just what I can plan. You look after Ma and Grandpa while I am away, and soon as I can I will get down there. Hope the weather is so you can get out and exercise.

I wrote my father that "one professor has lost every set of examination books this year…Typical absent-minded professor."

My program for next year might look something like this:

1. Economics, general principles, Professor Taussig.
2. Appreciation of Music, Professor Spalding, my advisor.
3. Geology, general and historical, Professor Johnson.
4. Spanish Literature, Professor Ford.
5. French, whatever might be best.

For the following year:

1. Economics, perhaps Railroads and General Corporations.
2. Two half-courses from two English professors, probably Neilsen and Bliss Perry.
3. Spanish
4. French.
5. According to the rules of the college I will probably have to take one course in Philosophy, Mathematics or Social Sciences.

Of course I do not have to make out a program until spring, but I like to look around a little beforehand. I don't believe I would make any changes in the above, even if I were sure whether I wanted to go into Law School or not.

Just now I am practicing on my class. I try to have something sensible to say whenever occasion arises, and to convince without being obtrusive. It is surprising how far a few words spoken firmly will go, when no one seems to know what to say or do.

How radically this program of studies changed in a few months astonishes even me, who have no adequate documentation of how it came about.

Among lecturers heard were Congressman Victor Berger, Wisconsin Socialist, who did not impress me, and Mr. Justice Swayze of the New Jersey Supreme Court, who did. If I could attain such a position on the bench as he had, perhaps I would like to be a lawyer.

February 21, I wrote of Goethe:

Born in Frankfort-on-the-Main
In seventeen hundred forty-mine,
Goethe soon had mastered French,
And had learned to love a wench.
When his father knew the latter,
There uprose a grievous clatter.
Next they sent the boy to college,
Where he gained apace in knowledge
How to win a maiden's heart,
How his love to her impart.
Then he'd put it in a story,
Of his woes the inventory.

Goethe did not overawe me. Irregularity in sex was obnoxious to me; my upbringing was Puritan.

Friday February 23, a lecture by William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, who incarnated the spirit of the midwest. I still attended Dr. Fitch's Bible class; rejected his Christian teaching, but respected the man who gave it. Nor had I turned my back on the man and teacher Jesus.

The New Life: Dante's and Mine

The discovery of Dante's *The New Life* marked an epoch in my life. Wednesday, March 6, I bought Charles Eliot Norton's translation of *La Vita Nuova.* By Thursday evening I had read it through. My delight is expressed obliquely in lines that Perdita speaks in Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale:*

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

I copied these lines on the flyleaf, beside a portrait of Shakespeare. The lines were already dear to me, as poetry, and as interpreting a Chopin Nocturne in F sharp major.

In Dante's book was no transient passion. Here was ideal love—chaste, pure, unchanging, intellectual—a love which motivated the poet throughout life. This deeper meaning of Dante's book I expressed by quoting on another flyleaf Horace's ode, *Integer Vitae*; and a Spanish quatrain that I found in Romain Holland's *Jean Christophe*:

> I would be the sepulchre
> In which they are going to bury thee,
> To hold thee in my arms
> Through all eternity.

Like Dante, I longed to begin a great poem, but felt kinship with his hesitation: "And thinking on this, I seemed to myself to have undertaken a theme too lofty for me, so that I dared not to begin; and thus I tarried some days with desire to speak, and with fear of beginning."

Dante's resolve became mine: "And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knows. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live, that my life be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any women."

The difference: Dante disciplined himself and wrote his book. I, with a far less troubled life—shall I ever finish? In an old notebook I began my own *Vita Nuova*:

> I. In that part of my life before which little can be read is found a rubric that says, "Incipit vita novo" (here begins a new life).
> Under which rubric I find the words written which it is my intention to copy into this little book—and if not all of them, at least their meaning.
>
> II. In my seventeenth year the glorious instrument of the soul, which is called music by many who know not what to call her, first appeared before my eyes. She appeared in the form of a violin, which had already been in this world so long that in the course of the heavens five times the great (Halley's) comet moved within the sight of men; so that three hundred and seventy-five years had it been played upon. I saw it encased in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson. (So to end of II.)
>
> III. Dream embodied in "Spirit of Evening." Violin in it sings theme of "The Gift of Song." Later use *Midsummer Night's Dream*—with interpretation attached. Also use "And This is Art."

Sonnets, I. Sometimes I speak to my violin, and tell it all manner of things so that with its voice—"I sing with a voice of the past a song of tomorrow"—I express my own thoughts.

Sonnets, II. Sometimes it seems that my fingers are moved by some other power, and my violin talks thus to me.

Sonnets, III. (Setting is that of "Memories.") Only misfortune gives us power to rise to nobler things.

Sonnets, IV
Here I left a page blank, and then wrote in French:
The natural sphere of man is action. While he is doing something, he is happy; but when he attempts speculation, the expression of his interior states, ill understood by himself, he scarcely succeeds except in repeating what is. I do not know well whether it is the divinity of our world that carries us. In two words, I am young. I would like to do more than I will be able to.

At this point I abandoned the project of writing my own Vita Nuova, though the idea died slowly. Dante had the genius to write his while young; my new life must be lived before I could write it.

I accepted the earliest possible date on the label in my violin, 1534. All I know for certain is that it is as old as 1909!

Reflecting abandonment of this project, November 13, 1913, I wrote:

I threw away a life to be
But half what I had dreamed:
Ah, now I find again in thee
All that impossible had seemed.

I had not yet found my ineffable She in the flesh; my allegiance was still to the dream-girl. Like Dante, I used a "defense" to hide my meaning; my violin substituted for Her. Still dreaming of the project, in September, 1917, I wrote beneath the last words Alice Freeman Palmer's lines:

You are the heart of every gleam of glory,
Your presence fills the air;
About you gathered all the fair year's story,
I read you everywhere.

At this time I knew still less who "she" might be: heaven still bent low; Beatrice and Dante spoke to me; I would be true to my vision as Dante was to his. This book is—my New Life.

A Whiting concert, repeated in successive years, introduced me to Brahms' Love Songs. Later I bought the piano score, played at the entrancing things.

Thursday March 19, I called on Professor Palmer in Wadsworth House, where University preachers invited students to meet them. I called on several; it meant contact with famous men. Professor Palmer was different. One could not come into his presence without feeling the nobility of his character and his loving interest. Not what we talked about, but the man himself towers in memory.

Another treat; a lecture by classicist Paul Shorey, on "The Case of Euripides." Whatever he talked about he illumined with brilliant scholarship. He renewed my interest in Greek.

The last moment of a memorable month was seeing, on Saturday, March 30, Humperdinck's opera *Hänsel and Gretel.* I heard it three times, once with my mother, who, though she had forgotten her German, thoroughly enjoyed it. Enthusiasm led me to buy the vocal score, try to play parts of it. I was Hänsel; Gretel was my dreamed-of sister; we were children again.

In April I heard that Harvard institution, "Copey"—Professor Charles Townsend Copeland—read Kipling. Unlike other Harvard men, I did not react favorably; Copey was too much of a "proper Bostonian" for me. His sophisticated irony grated on my intellectual and emotional nerves. I wrote in my diary an irreverent remark in German, disguised in Greek letters.

One day as we stood in his room, my classmate Edward Moses asked me playfully, "Don't you believe that you are your brother's keeper?" I answered shortly, "No," without explanation. I was a self-centered pagan; even throughout my later Christian life, self has often marred my usefulness.

From the end of May to the middle of June, the plague of final exams. By June 20 I had recovered sufficiently to bind some high school essays; eager to maintain the continuity of life by reviewing what I had written, thinking over past experiences.

A six weeks course in Chemistry filled July, overflowed into August. After a daily lecture, I spent the rest of the day in the laboratory, studied at night. Later, in a psychology paper, I wrote my reaction:

> Laboratory work is an absolute waste of time for me. I must first learn from lectures or reading what to look for, and when I finish an experiment I am not convinced of anything except that I should prefer to accept the results of a competent observer.
>
> My observation of other students (this class of observations I feel competent to make) leads me to conclude that many of them who are apparently busy with some experiment are really doing everything else but that, in their heads, until they are waked up by an explosion of something which shouldn't have been treated with nitric acid.
>
> Learning by doing is a good method, but "laboratory method" is a name that covers a multitude of fallacies. Take the special case of Chemistry:
>
> 1. There is no set of 80 experiments that can prove conclusively the soundness of chemical theory. When a student is expected to be convinced by these experiments of the soundness of Avogarde's hypothesis, and the theory of solutions, he is expected to do the work of a lifetime. These things must be taken on faith. Moreover, chemistry does not begin at the beginning. The insertion of metaphysical, epistemological qualifications in the text is confusing…
>
> 2. The laboratory is not the only place for elementary experiment. Since the laws are the realities, the aptness of the apparatus is of no consequence. It's harder to teach and to learn sciences without delicate apparatus, but it is impossible to forget them when so learned. "Mental discipline," in science or classics, is not the primary end of study.

I took notes on the lectures in French, translating as Professor Gregory Baxter talked.

July 1, I pressed a wild rose from Walden Pond and a sprig of pine from Emerson's grave in Sleepy Hollow, in my copy of Emerson's *Self Reliance.* I walked to Concord from the end of the 5¢ carfare in Arlington Heights; I wanted to live at Walden, have for my daily walk the slopes of Sleepy Hollow. My mother and I took guided tours; to Lexington and Concord, led by a scion of the Emerson family; to Salem and the Whittier country, guided by Mr. Pickard,

biographer of Whittier. The old houses, the surroundings, made nineteenth century poetry come alive for me.

July was punctuated with postcards from Mary Fisher, traveling in France, Spain, Italy and Switzerland, feeding my desire to see the Old World for myself.

After concentrated chemistry, long walks, desultory reading, my violin and piano, relaxation; freedom and fancy the keynotes.

I wrote my best bit of music, a few bars—in deprecation I called it "quaint and horrible"—in my favorite key, B major; a brief dialog between bass and soprano. He asked a question; she answered "yes;" they joined in a duet, a joyous affirmation.

Premature Junior

My diary for 1912-13 reveals an upset life; incomplete and scratched out entries, more than in previous or subsequent years. Why? September 2, I wrote opposite some chaotic remarks of six months earlier in my Journal, in German: "Werther, you are written over everything. I despised you, yet your soul blew through me. Child, child, have you not yet become a man?" Dante's The New Life was my cure.

Growing concern for the course I should pursue in college, uncertainty about career upset me.

September 24, I wrote this parody of Longfellow's "Beware:"

When they call thee wise and great,
Trust them not, trust them not;
For the wisest are but fools
When become a flatterer's tools,—
Trust them not, trust them not;
They are but human.

I enrolled in a Spanish course, chiefly Don Quixote; relaxation into reality; the Don did me no harm; Sancho Panza did me good, keeping me sane; my sympathies were with Sancho.

George Herbert Palmer introduced me to Greek philosophy. He startled me by presenting Greek philosophy as part of God's preparation of the world to receive the Gospel of Christ. I rejected the idea, but not so violently as I would have if the idea had come from a less respected scholar. Attendance at a seminar on Ethics in his home, clinched my reverence for the man.

I entered and promptly dropped Cryptogamic Botany; too much microscope work. I bought the textbook and a compound microscope, to study at my own pace; non-flowering plants fascinated me, as flowering plants fed my sense of beauty. I never got but glimpses of that "other world" under the compound microscope.

Rudolf Eucken's lectures gave me one puzzling, influential quote: "Do we not, concerned with the conditions of life, forget life itself? Do I act, or does it act in me?" I had difficulty in following the philosopher-theologian's involved German; dutifully listened in the hope of increasing my grasp of the language.

I overheard two Cambridge ladies, who crammed culture even when it hurt, sitting behind me at Eucken's first lecture. One said, "I'm afraid I shall not get much out of these lectures, for I don't understand German." The other replied, "I'm afraid I shan't either, for I don't understand philosophy."

September 29, Sunday, I went to chapel—Rev. Professor Peabody—choir sang Integer Vitae, and attended President Lowell's reception in the evening. Francis Greenwood Peabody always had something to say worth carrying away; Horace's ode I loved, interpreted by young men's voices.

President Lowell's receptions, including distinguished guests, were a treat, offering stimulating conversation on a high plane. I went as often as I dared, often taking another student, perhaps a Chinese friend who was too shy to go alone, as an excuse for my own pleasure.

President Lowell could be informal on occasion. One day, having received a watch with luminous dial, then a novelty, he took us boys into the hall closet to display the luminosity. I owe as much to him as to my classroom teachers.

With the courses in music, Spanish and Greek Philosophy, I took one in Genetics and Eugenics, and one in Animal and Child Psychology, neither of which involved laboratory work. I changed my major from Romance Languages to Philosophy, for I discovered that philosophy courses were small, under the personal teaching of famous thinkers; and that I could count a variety of courses for distinction in this field, including the Genetics and a course in Roman Law the next year.

My courses in music would not be credited to philosophy, though I argued Plato's views, considering Plato an authority on what was and was not philosophy. Even Aristotle…no use!

The introductory course in Economics completed my program. Everything except Economics was thrilling!

For historical reasons psychology was bracketed with philosophy at Harvard. Both had to do with the mind! I could echo the Roman playwright's line: "I consider nothing human foreign to me." Animal psychology, metaphysics, eugenics, Roman law, epistemology, was diffuse "concentration" indeed!

The biology course in Genetics, by researchers in the field, shook my faith in Darwin. In high school I learned evolution as science; now I discovered it is faith. I thought, "Give me science, or I will suffer intellectual death." So began an upsetting year.

October—a month of fresh stirrings, an intellectual springtime. Cool days promote mental activity; autumn foliage awakens that "sense of beauty" which is allied with the "thirst for truth."

October 4 in a "Descriptive Definition of Psychology," for Professor Yerkes' course in Comparative Psychology, my brashest passage:

> If we knew every psychological element of the life of Beethoven, we should have an adequate expression of his musical compositions. Then if it were possible to reproduce all the social conditions, including hereditary factors, but not necessarily time and space in the absolute sense, we could produce Beethoven sonatas at will. This is the presupposition of psychology applied to an extreme case.

Science fiction or science madness? Psychology seemed to offer me intellectual freedom. The mind—science wedded to philosophy—could find answers to my questions; was it not the adequate religion?

Journal, October 2: a stanza of Horace's *Integer Vitae*, a line of Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is our God." Why? Philosophy did not eradicate a vestige of faith; a vermiform appendix of the soul. Emerson taught me not to be consistent! The cultural heritage of religious faith ran, like Coleridge's River Alph, underground, "through caverns measureless to man, down to a soundless sea." Deep, deep in the soul lay the consciousness—or was it subconsciousness?—of God.

The event of the month: October 7, an engraved notice, like a diploma, announced that the President and Fellows of Harvard College—an august body of seven men who ran the University—voted to promote me to the Junior Class, my academic attainments justifying this action. By taking extra courses I caught up with the Class of 1914.

So I was never a Sophomore. In high school, moving from Minneapolis to Kansas City meant that I was not classified until I had credits enough to be a Junior. It gave me a foolish pleasure to do likewise in college.

The same day I bought C. Lowes Dickinson's A *Greek View of Life*, which made me resolve to study Greek, know first hand the race whose spirit this book revealed.

October 28 Mary Fisher wrote:

So you are going to study law? You are like all the intellectual men with literary tastes: you will find it dry fodder, I fear. And you must continue to have a margin to your life that you can devote to Literature. You have an unusual mind, and when you have sufficiently browsed in various literatures to know what men have already said, you will, I feel sure, find that you have something to say yourself. You have a good style too; your wide reading has given you ideas and words, and life will add to both.

In the 1912 presidential election I was for Teddy Roosevelt and for congressmen who would support him. I wrote this ballad:

The Temper of the West

Have you heard a noise like thunder?
From the plains and cities too;
From the fir trees of Wisconsin
And the fields of old Missou'?

For the West is coming down
In the fall of nineteen-twelve,
And we're going to wipe the tariff
From the boards.

We've heard the Yankees holler,
And their talk is mighty slick;
But we're going to have revision,
And we're going to have it quick.

There's never been a tariff
On the sunshine and the rains;
No! There'll never be a duty
On the promise of the plains.

It's the way we do things there,
For the spirit's in the air,
And we'll have a game that's fair,
In the West.

We're the fellows who raise the corn;
We're the boys who grow the wheat;
We raise the tall alfalfa
For the Easterners to eat.
We know you have the factories,
And the fine traditions there;
You may the shoes and the cotton clothes
For us Westerners to wear.

But the East can't show the grandeurs
Of the western wonderland;
Of its million miles of prairie
And its mountain country grand.

O, the West has men like giants,
Men of insight, men of power,
Men who know the people's temper—
And they're masters of the hour.

Crude, but beneath the boyish brashness, an awareness of the rift between East and West in the United States. For seven years I would not admit that there was any sight in contemporary New England so fine as a westbound railroad train! New England's literary and historic past I loved; Dean Castle' "bigger, better and busier" Boston, with which he greeted us as freshmen, was alliterative anathema to me.

Homesick, I revolted against the Harvard accent, proper Bostonians, Anglophiles, and the provincialism that saw no civilization west of the Hudson River.

The stern seventeenth century root, and sturdy eighteenth century trunk of Puritan New England flowered and bore literary fruit in the nineteenth century, but, as I saw it, left husks in the twentieth century.

Mine was an odd mixture; the breezy Westerner of pioneer days, lingering at the turn of the century; a nostalgic nineteenth century New Englander; and an eighteenth century European music lover!

November 6 my father wrote me:

> Was glad to hear that you were again taking up the violin, as many times in life that will be a comfort to you in many ways.
>
> The vote for President has been cast, and as I expected, Wilson is elected. Yes, Son, the crops are extra good in the (Texas) Panhandle country this year, and the settlers are feeling fine, but are not all paying their notes. I hope you will get along nicely in your work, but be careful to take exercise, so when you are through you will be physically strong as well as mentally. An even-balanced body and mind is the grandest culmination of an education. I'll see you during the holidays to go over matters more fully. Take good care of mother, as she has been extra good to you as well as me.

Thursday evening, November 7, Major General Leonard Wood at the Harvard Union; a convincing public servant whose character called forth respect.

Friday November 8 at the Philosophical Club, psychologist G. Stanley Hall, whose two volumes on Adolescence evoked my enthusiasm. The same day I handed Professor Yerkes a report on animal psychology. His comment: "Brief and always to the point. You have excellent ability and thorough training. I am much pleased with your work and shall be glad to further it in any way. You are especially strong in logical method." I should have gone to him for guidance in finding a career. I should said, "Professor Yerkes, you have encouraged me. Would you help me find my way into the life for which I am best fitted?"

Journal, November 26, a poem in German, the translation in prose:

> To the Moon: Selene
>
> Thou art no more Selene; thy might is withdrawn. I long for thy bliss again, the days of thy splendor.
>
> Vanished are the days of thy fair springtime; never can they return; the longing, striving, pain.
>
> Thee, Selene, I see no more, as on the hills I wander, mindless wavering here and there, playing with the night wind.
>
> O years of youth; my life; thou art not yet withdrawn. In my heart thou still livest; there moon is still Selene!
>
> Although the ancient day withdraw, nevermore to show itself, yet light of the soul thou remainest to me, remembrance of bliss.
>
> Thou art no more Selene, thou pure, bright moon; thou, no Phoebus, sun, any more, stepping out of heavenly seas.
>
> Nature is mine, not thine, O God, Thou protector of my life, yet ah, how fair the time of youth, vanished, ah, vanished!

> No more the ideal world, no more the hero of a golden past; now upraises itself a new life, full of woe, bliss, sweet striving!

Sunday December 1, Fritz Kreisler for the first time. No such thrill as hearing Mischa Elman; Kreisler was a mature man and musician, Elman a mature musician, but a young man like myself.

Saturday December 14, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the composer, in a recital of her husband's works—a privilege to come close to the man whose music spoke to my heart because he was an American.

Former Harvard President Eliot; his special ability, to sum up the remarks of previous speakers, saying in few words more—and more clearly—what they said at length.

December 20 I handed Professor Yerkes a report on my psychological development—I might call it a first sketch for this book! It drew from Professor Yerkes this generous appraisal:

> This is the most interesting report of individual development that I have ever read, and I greatly appreciate the privilege of being allowed to enter into your life in this way. It has often struck me that an important way for those of us who are fitted to do it, to help our fellows, would be to write perfectly honest and detailed accounts of our lives. Some years ago the story writer — (he named him)—took a course in Comparative Psychology with me. His was quite as unusual a mind as yours, but less well disciplined and not at all controlled. I shall expect your power of expression with the abundance of your materials for presentation to yield us great works in the future.

I have not often consciously remembered his words, but in the back of my mind they have helped encourage me to persist in putting the materials into a book. I have often been reminded of the man of whom Emerson said that in youth he gathered materials to build a palace, while in middle life he erected only a woodshed. Will there be time and strength to build a palace, or will these materials remain a lumber pile only? In China I saw a plot of ground covered with carved stones of which a wealthy man meant to build a temple; he died before he could accomplish his ambition. Youth is not given to sitting down to count the cost.

January 1913 I began reading French books on Anthropology; Lévy-Bruhl, Gabriel Tarde; under the guidance of Professor Alfred Tozzer. I narrowly escaped taking courses in Anthropology; the subject fascinated me—and continues to exert a pull.

I tried to organize a Universalist Club, because other denominations had clubs among university students. Dr. Frederick Bisbee, editor of *The Universalist Leader*, who encouraged me by publishing some of my poems, and Dr. Joseph K. Mason of the Waltham Church helped, but the 29 students registered as Universalists did not respond; indeed, my own heart was not in it. Why get excited about Universalism? The very existence of a Father-God was evaporating into an amorphous force that held the universe precariously together.

Dr. Fitch's Freshman Bible Class still drew me; when he spoke, I was there.

A different source of inspiration was the library of musical scores, from which I borrowed for the joy of reading the notes and imagining how an orchestra would interpret them.

A visit to my home by Edward Moses, my pianist friend, and Talbot, led me to express appreciation for Talbot's interest in me. A fine fellow, impressive in appearance; from Milton, Massachusetts, a prep school graduate, on the Student Council in his freshman year—of a different social milieu, yet drawn to me as I was to him.

From a paper on Beethoven:

> The Renaissance…a kind of beautiful dawn which only the chosen few who get up at sunrise had a glimpse of; the Reformation came like an unwelcome alarm-clock to most of mankind. It was nearly the end of the eighteenth century before Europe took its last medieval yawn.

> With Beethoven the string quartet changed from a courtly conversation between four charming voices, to a trenchant conversation among four Beethovens.

There was a Kansas City Club, which I attended out of loyalty. I knew one member, my lifelong friend Walter Berkowitz, when I came to Harvard; added Edward Moses because of our common interest in music; finally Kenneth Snyder, whom I came to appreciate at our 50th class reunion.

Mary Fisher wrote: "I am glad you are thinking of going to Germany." Italy had a rival in my thoughts. A year of travel abroad—dreamed of if not planned.

February—lectures on "The Fitness of the Environment" by Professor Lawrence Henderson. His exciting thesis was that certain factors essential to life as we know it—water, carbon dioxide—exist, so far as we know, on no other planet. Is there a uniqueness in earth—and in man—to offset the insignificance that the discovery that earth is not the center of the solar system seemed to imply? A seed thought.

At his invitation, on April 2, I called on Dean Briggs at his Brattle Street home. Dean Briggs was a fatherly man who steadied me. With an impeccable Bostonian background of the finest culture, yet he was master of the common touch. His unostentatious humility set before me an example of all that is noble. My few contacts with him were deeply influential.

On April 3, a concert by the Fuller sisters, Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia, Englishwomen in early Victorian costumes; one played folk songs on the Irish harp, with searching emotion and restraint; a treat for eye, ear, mind and heart.

Monday April 6 began a parade of famous men, with Sir Rabindranaith Tagore, Indian poet-philosopher, who spoke on "The Problem of Self." Self was my problem; but I did not know it! F. R. Martin of the Associated Press qualifies as an important man. So also Rudolf Ganz, pianist; the Argentine minister, Mr. Noan; and Sir William Osler, surgeon, speaking on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Oxford Press.

Friday April 11, a notable diary entry: "Cut Philosophy 22. Cut Philosophy 28. Saturday April 12, cut Spanish 2." It was unheard of for me to take even permissible cuts. To cut classes on the two days preceding spring vacation was an unpardonable sin. What happened? Spring fever? Enticing concerts? April outdoors? I wish I knew!

Sunday evening April 13, Chang Fu-yün entertained me at dinner in Boston. Able to interpret the Chinese menu, he ordered delicacies no foreigner would be aware of. Waiters and cooks deferred to their countryman who brings foreign guests to savor Chinese culinary art.

May 1, for Music Appreciation:

> Brahms was an architect in the Doric style, with sometimes too large a margin of safety in his construction, so that the effect is too massive, too heavy.…Brahms' essential characteristic is that he wears well…Brahms gives us fine sturdy music which grows more interesting the more familiar it becomes to us, until we enter into the lofty cathedral to dwell as in a spiritual home, and his music becomes a part of us.

Evening, May 19 I wrote:

> O constellation of my friend,
> O firmament of boundless joy,
> The charmèd circle which defends
> The sunlit fancy of a boy.

Tuesday evening, May 27: an event—Alfred Noyes reading his poems: "The Highwayman," "Come Down to Kew in Lilac Time." Few poets read their own work so effectively; a memorable voice, authentic interpretation.

June 2 I bought a volume containing Emerson's addresses on Nature, the *American Scholar*, and the Harvard Divinity School. I enjoyed his shocking proper Bostonians. I was not averse to shocking people.

Shocking thoughts about Boston appear in a poem with which I awoke the morning of June 5. Quickly I put the thoughts on paper:

The Westerner's Complaint

O turn me out to pasture on some far off mountain slope
Where the name of quaint old Cambridge shall be never, never heard,
Where the name and fame of Cambridge is a dead, dust-covered word,
And the Yankees out of Boston are considered quite absurd:
O plant me in the Rockies; that's my farthest aim and hope.

O plant me in the Rockies, where there's room to grow and grow,
And to cover all creation with the fine imagination
Of a poet and a seer in the strength of his elation
And the sturdy inspiration of the stirring, warm ovation
From the cedars on the mountains where the patient white stars glow.

From the cedars on the mountains, where the poet's lore is taught,
Where Olympian fruit abundant feeds the fancy of a boy—
Not the super-saturated, hyper-civilized alloy
Of the Cynics of the cities, Cyrenaic seekers after joy:
O plant me in the Rockies, on the hills of silent thought.

O turn me out to pasture on some far off mountain slope
Where the earth is filled with sunshine, and the heart is full of hope.

June 12, I wrote across my earlier writings Whittier's youthful lines:

I would not lose that romantic wild,
That high and gifted feeling,
The power that made me fancy's child,
The clime of song revealing.

Would the future rob me of poetic expression? The same day I began a poem about *Progress*, ended quoting Alfred de Musset's sonnet, "I have lost my strength and my life"—in French—altering the last two lines to read,

The only good which remains for me in the world
is to have lived.

His "is to have wept" I could not stomach. Life was more than tears to me.

Bergson's little book on *Laughter,* and my former pastor Dr. Shutter's on *Wit and Humor of the Bible* satisfied my curiosity as to why we laugh. Let the sense of humor remain unconscious, unanalyzed. I never understood why laughter "doeth good like a *medicine*." Laughter is much easier to take!

With the Bergson I bought Schubert's complete piano works; four slim volumes of sheer delight, since I could play many pieces.

Commencement Week, then twelve days of freedom. No longer a Junior; not yet a Senior.

Tuesday July 1, Summer School began. I enrolled for a course in Present Philosophical Tendencies, with Professor Ralph Burton Perry.

July 14 I submitted a paper on "Naturalism." In a typewritten evaluation, Professor Perry praised what he could in my pedestrian performance, but pointed out the inaccuracies, saying:

> I like the strength and confidence of this paper. It goes straight for its subject matter, and offers large and telling "broadsides"…But this paper, as it stands, would more properly be called an essay than a critical-expository report on text and reading. I found it very interesting.

Exacting analysis was not my forte. The literary side of philosophers such as Plato and Santayana interested me; and the first framers of exciting ideas, like the pre-Socratics.

July 21 my paper on Idealism concluded:

> Idealism is generally reached by the road of faith. It is because men believe in the immediacies of their experience of God, and in the mediacy of all knowledge of external experience, that they posit the priority of consciousness. They seek to justify their faith in an active God and a freely acting man…and the most plausible justification of this faith is a vision of the world which makes, if not man, at any rate the central hopes he cherishes, the dominant factor…The notion of an Absolute is anthropocentric in whatever sense it may be explained…
>
> Besides appropriating the history of European philosophy, it (idealism) basks in the favor of the Christian Church. There is no inherent reason why a religion should lean on one philosophy more than on another; they are all alike indifferent to its motive, and incapable of affecting its success. There is merely the need of some kind of philosophy, the truer the better, to furnish the basis of religious faith. Idealism has taken the presumptive place. The Absolute is transmuted into God, and the priority of his omniscient will into the Logos…
>
> It is one thing to live according to the Beatitudes, and quite a different thing to believe that the knowledge-relation conditions being—"Cogito, ergo sum"—I think, therefore I am. In the first case, you need know nothing of philosophy; in the second, you are trying to find out why you should do the things conformable to the Beatitudes.
>
> …If people really believe in the idealistic Absolute, the ever-individual Will, they cannot thereafter know good from evil. Perhaps it is something of this notion that makes Milton construct for us his psychologically impossible Adam, who should be theoretically incapable of action, because he is perfectly ignorant of all certifiable cases of knowledge, in the fulness of his absolute knowledge.
>
> When I was a naïve idealist, four or five years ago, I recognized the impossibility of conceiving the existence, much less the reality, of evil, according to the principles of romanticist philosophy. Yet although I was satisfied to admit evil into the body of the good, as a necessary and harmonious part thereof, I could not so dispose of the conception of "resistance" as it is known in physical science. I did not then see the confusion that was involved in the universal term "resistance." I did not recognize that if considered in the light of the moral purposes of man, i.e., anthropomorphically, resistance is only another name for "evil," whereas if limited to the neutral significance it bears in physics, cleansed of every hint of anthropomorphism, or animism, resistance is not conceptually antagonistic to the idea of motion…
>
> Though Idealism asserts the powerlessness of death to affect the life of the over-individual Will, it does not substantiate the claims of religion; it does not say definitely to the human soul, representative though it be of the Absolute, "mors initium vitae" (death is the beginning of life). Admitting the reality of its claims—their validity—Idealism does not justify philosophically these hopes

> that lead men to work out its system. Its God is not even such a compromise of easy indulgence and complacent indifference as Milton paints for us; its God is a timeless Absolute which never takes the trouble to agree with us, but which we must accept willingly as though it fulfilled every wish. This is indeed disillusionment from the animistic dream of a god with whom bargains could be made; bargains like those between fur-traders and Indians…

Professor Perry took the trouble to comment in six pages. No Idealist himself, but a New Realist, as I fancied myself to be, he ably defended Idealism against my attacks. He took my brash statements seriously, and dealt with the points that I carelessly made, with thoughtful criticism. At the close he coupled words of appreciation with his major criticism:

> I like your playful attitude. It is refreshing. It is good for one taking up philosophy to cultivate the not too serious bearing. It saves breakdowns. It cultivates mastery too, for only the master can ridicule successfully.
>
> But I would register a warning…One should not ridicule till one has felt himself what was the actuating motive of the man he ridicules. Unless you can see from the inner side you have not yet reached the point of such criticism.

I would never have a breakdown studying Philosophy! I would never work hard enough at it to shatter my nerves. The question remained: would I work hard enough at anything to achieve excellence? A breakdown is not the worst misfortune.

July 4, I "baled" certain of my writings in a volume I called *Leaves of Alfalfa,* a dig at Whitman's *Leaves of Grass,* which I found unpalatable. I liked regular rhythms and rhyme in my poetry.

There was always a literary margin to my philosophizing. Noon, July 7, reading Bergson's *Creative Evolution,* I wrote:

> As subject for a story—the state of the world if man had been immortal as in Milton's system before the Fall. Historians quibbling over what they did in the early ages. Philosophy with Thales still alive—what would he think now? When would you have to cut off the Malthusian menace?—or would you?

> Morning, July 23. How could Milton accept a universe so paltry as the old anthropocentric order, passing by with so slight mentioning the thrilling conceptions of Copernicus, painting the world as a mechanical toy in the hands of a capricious Deity, when there were easily at hand the superb imaginations of a limitless cosmos?…

> July 24. The scientist is the brother of his grandchildren. It is their problem, not ours, that he is solving.

> July 25. As a first definition, let me try this;—my interests are centered around the problem of human culture. It is from this side that I am interested in psychology, not from the scientific side. I am interested in the history of culture in general: in philosophy as it illustrates the development of ideas; in literature as it illumines the path of human progress and links us with the past; in music and the other arts as remainders of the fore-world, as the perpetual renewal of the creative power of the human will. I am interested in the present problems of civilization, industry, growth of science, dilemma of religion, all the varied kaleidoscope of interests; but always externally, never for themselves alone, since my central interest is "anthropos panta metron" (man the measure of all things); the history of culture. Plato and Goethe, these have been my prophets.

> Journal, July 29: I played my own (music) "June." Here is no mere classic beauty—here is meaning I could almost put into words.

> The value of art is not in the work itself. Life makes art worthwhile. Only life furnishes the ideals, the values. In art we say in absolute and perfect terms what we only hint at in practical life; what we only dream in science; and vainly hope in religion—it would all be hints and dreams and vanity if art did not remind us always of the external truth and reality within us…
>
> I leafed through the Aeneid, and completely read Archias—O Roman splendor, classic beauty, Greek (Beethoven) joy of life, the proud youth of the ancient earth—thy spell of magic is a shimmering mantle over me…Open, far, far behind my thought!

I began August buying translations of Euripides. The Coburn Players performed *Iphigenia in Tauris* in Harvard Yard on August 3. Shelley's translation of the *Cyclops* delighted.

August 4, I presented my thesis for the course in Philosophy, on Bergson. I began:

> To define a neo-vitalist, quasi-romanticist, pragmatist, in short, the indefinable first philosopher of France, is a formidable task, yet one which Mr. Santayana fulfills in one paragraph: "The most representative and remarkable of living philosophers…persuasive without argument, and mystical without conventionality," appeals to "a public rather sick of the half-education it has received and eager for some inspiring novelty."

I closed with a quotation from Spenser's *Faerie Queene:*

> Ay, me, how many perils do enfold
> The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

In between, Bergson was satirized. No long criticism from Professor Perry this time; perhaps he judged me hopeless.

My father arrived August 11, Monday. After my exam we wandered around old bookstores in Boston, bought four volumes of Jewett's translations of Plato.

Tuesday, August 12 our family visited Plymouth. Our excursion steamer could not land at the historic rock, for it was too far from the ocean, covered with a stone canopy, surrounded by a fence. We walked through history, saw the Sparhawk, companion vessel to the Mayflower, marveled that sane men and women would trust themselves to such a frail craft, for a voyage across 3,000 miles of unknown, ocean. Everybody goes to Plymouth; we signed the register on the same page with Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador and his lady.

A visit from my father was an occasion to drop ordinary pursuits and enjoy his companionship. Thursday August 21, my father and I took the morning train to Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod. We wandered through the town, took the train back to Sagamore.

The Cape Cod Canal was under construction. What better way to see it than to tramp through it! We walked in the dry bed, shoes full of sand, to Bourne. The sun set. At twilight we walked into Bourne, in search of bed and board. A woman on a hotel porch called to another across the street, "Come over and have a drink with me." We decided this was no place for us, walked on out into the country, not too hopefully.

Soon we saw a neat cottage with a sign inviting tourists. A lady answered our knock, fed us supper, showed us to a quaint "Early American" room, complete with four-poster bed, marble-topped bureau, flowered chintz, china wash bowl and pitcher, doilies, mottoes, samplers, patchwork quilts. Only weariness from a long walk in deep sand induced us to let sleep overcome us as we sank into the downy featherbed. The price? So modest we could not suppress surprise.

We had no thought of going elsewhere for breakfast. Still, we were on our way early enough to reach the Gray Gables railroad station by eight o'clock. The station agent, sound asleep, lay stretched on his chair, feet on his desk. We woke him and inquired the way to President Cleveland's old home. "I can't tell ye the way down there," the Cape Codder replied, "But I can tell ye the way back." For good measure, he added, "They say that Mrs. Cleveland's married

again, but 'tain't so." This was some time after the president's widow became Mrs. Wells. Rumor traveled fast, news slowly, on the Cape in 1913.

We tried to reverse his directions for the way back, but it would not work. By much questioning we found the place.

My father's desire to visit the summer home on Buzzard's Bay, where Cleveland loved to fish, stemmed from his first act of independence in young manhood, in casting his first vote for Mr. Cleveland—much to his father's displeasure. He never regretted it. for he believed that if elected, James G. Blaine would have embroiled us in war with England over the Venezuelan debts. Grover Cleveland pursued a milder, no less successful course.

We rambled about the house, sat on the pier where Mr. Cleveland used to fish, admired the gray, gabled mansion.

Back where interurban trolleys ran, we boarded one going to New Bedford and Fall River. A network of trolleys overspread New England then. With a plentiful supply of nickels one could travel in the six states. The conductor barely finished collecting nickels for one section of the line when he started collecting for the next section. From Fall River we returned to Boston by train. It was late. We were not sure of finding another place to spend the night as charming as the one in Bourne. So we reached home late Friday, August 22. How much two days could hold!

Wednesday, August 27, my father and I set out by rail, via Springfield, Mass., for New York City. My father had a business appointment at the Waldorf-Astoria, where we were entertained at dinner. I remember the dishes, silver and napery rather than the food. The business conference over, we were free; but my father thought it best to stay at the Waldorf-Astoria for the night. We had a stuffy back room on an air-shaft for six dollars, slept in a heavy mahogany bed.

In the morning, to compensate for this extravagance, we walked to a chain restaurant near the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. We breakfasted for thirty cents—for the two of us!

It was now Thursday, August 28. We took the Long Island Railroad to Port Jefferson. My father owned a lot on Long Island, which came as a premium with a set of books on world history. He thought the books would benefit me. As a real estate man, a small flyer in New York property was an inexpensive speculation. In a real estate office we found our lot on a local map, 25' by 100' of Long Island brush. "A good piece out," the real estate broker thought.

His opinion was an understatement. We walked south across the island, cheerful at first, then more leisurely, realizing that a few inches on a map could mean many miles on foot. Noon past, it was scorching hot, no shade trees. We knew our lot was not Atlantic shore property, yet it seemed we must be nearly across the island. Long Island is wide—for pedestrians—as well as long. We gave up, returned to Port Jefferson without seeing our lot, but morally certain it differed not from miles of scrubby wilderness.

My father continued to pay a few cents taxes on the lot for a quarter century, plus a larger number of cents to the official who recorded the payments. After title passed to me, in a few years I abandoned the claim to this 2500 square feet of New York. Megalopolis will not overtake it in my time.

We reached Port Jefferson in time for the ferry to New Haven. Reaching Connecticut at precisely seven p.m., we walked to the Yale Campus, where my father read the Latin inscriptions and I translated—my Latin being thirty years more recent than his. There was a Shore Line Express for Boston at 7:25. By running, we made it. Father and son went through Yale in 25 minutes!

Majority

Monday September 8, my father and I went to Washington, D.C. Next day my father left for Kansas City. I stayed to see the sights…a trolley ride to Mt. Vernon—in the mansion hall hangs the huge key of the Bastille, which a grateful French nation sent to their American friend; a framed letter explains.

In the music room, Martha's harpsichord, open, and on it George's flute. I liked to imagine them playing. Nothing I knew about the father of our country makes him so real as this.

Beside Washington's tomb stood a dignified man, who solemnly assured us, "Yas, sah, I's a descendant ob de General." Spiritual descendant he surely was, in loyal patriotism.

The spacious lawn, the white-pillared mansion, the placid Potomac, impressed the worth of our national heritage as does no other place.

A day in the National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Congressional Library. Unfinished, its halls but half filled with art and archaeology, the Museum did not attract, nor did I linger among the machinery of the Smithsonian.

It was the Congressional Library, which charmed me. I spent evenings there, reveling in marble staircases and crystal chandeliers. I felt like an emperor in his palace. Was I not one of the sovereign people of a great nation? I read little; there was so much to see.

Other public buildings disappointed; stucco facing crumbling in ugly patches. In the Capitol I laughed at incongruous statuary in its hall where often the great were small and the little colossal. In the Senate Gallery I heard a debate on the Underwood tariff—the import duty on wool underwear, so necessary to protect the American sheep, the American manufacturer—every American except the ultimate consumer. I was a consumer, and a free trader!

Friday September 12, I came to Philadelphia, walked to the Mint, to Independence Hall where I imagined myself at the Constitutional Convention of 1787, viewed the Liberty Bell, which I had seen, crack and all, in Minneapolis in 1905.

Philadelphia's straight streets, old-fashioned houses, Childs' aristocratic restaurant, mirror-walled, shaded lights, marble-topped tables; so different from the usual Childs style. Outside the Broad Street Railroad Station my eye was arrested by Wanamaker's window displays. Round the block I walked, stopping before each picture, until my watch warned me that it was train time.

Mary Fisher wrote me a detailed, trenchant criticism of some remarks of mine on Bergson; asked for my complete thesis. It was a great privilege to have such a frank and friendly critic. I did not appreciate this phase of her interest in me then.

My studies for 1913-14 were to include Roman Law, followed by English Common Law, under Professor McElwain; Greek Philosophy under J. H. Woods. Beginnings interested me; therefore the pre-Socratics; all the more because we have only fragments of them, to tease one in attempts to see the whole.

I was to study Metaphysics under Josiah Royce, a truly Socratic teacher—in physical appearance, I imagined, as well as method of teaching. Ethics under Ralph Barton Perry; History of Religions with George Foote Moore; and in the spring, Epistemology, under Bertrand Russell, completed my Senior academic fare.

Mary Fisher read my thesis on Bergson, expressed only admiration for it. Perhaps the carefully prepared essay was better than my hasty personal letter.

My Journal:

> Yesterday the 29th, seven years since I first played a violin. (Then in German) Thou gracious Art, in how many gray hours leadest thou me on cheerful heights of beauty. There mirrors itself in a spiritual soul, like the sun in the dew on the mountains, the loved light of the truth itself. Beautiful is the truth alone: it alone pleases. Without it, fulfillment, never!

Majority; to be recognized as a man; new confidence, new will to assert myself, to stand on my own feet and speak my mind. Wednesday, October 8, my twenty-first birthday, I wrote:

Twenty-One: To the Earth

I'm twenty-one, and you are old:
Why you're so old that you've forgot
How many timeless ages wrought
To weave the dreams I now unfold.
I played upon thy doorstep, Earth,
A child of wonder, love and awe;
In sunrise dew and flowers I saw,
And happy eyes, thy kindly mirth.
I next into thy workshop went,
And joyous still, those secrets learned
Which men through patient search have earned;
A heritage increased, though spent.
As now I struggle toward my goal,
Thou joy in life, thou learning's friend,
O still be with me till life's end,
Thou earth-born angel of my soul!
You're old, and I am twenty-one;
I'm master of the powers of Earth;
Above the fates of death and birth
A yet undreamed-of race I run.

In the evening I confided to my Journal:

> It was dusk in a gray autumn afternoon. I looked from a high bluff into a broad chasm filled with a fog so dense that no object could be seen below me. In this great gulf lay the railroad yards of Kansas City. The short puffing of switch-engines, the grinding of wheels on the rails, the steady pull of long trains, all these noises reached me only as a vague murmur of confusion through the dense fog. Not a single brightly painted car, not a puff of smoke, penetrated the mist. The mighty contentions of a world's commerce were an harmonious rumbling like single-voiced thunder. No longer an intricate mass of scurrying trains; the mystic standing in the clearer air above the blanket of mist, saw the diverse purposes of men wrapped in the mantle of sheltering love, carried forward in the one great purpose of God. He sees in imagination the diversity of products, the men of many lands, but the overmastering picture of God holding the strife in the hollow of His hand, is the abiding impression. The world is one, and to be is to feel the oneness.
>
> A mosquito restored the Many to the world by burrowing into the mystic's neck.
>
> Exaltation has a value of its own, but it does not afford evidence for any scientific doctrine. I accept the exaltation as such, and its values for practical life are greater than the value of scientific reflection.

A birthday telegram from my father:

> Accept my congratulations upon having reached your legal manhood. May your future life be as pure in thought and action as your boyhood, and may you always cherish the noble teachings of your worthy mother, is the wish of your father.

October 15 I bought Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in translation; thrilled to the opening sentence: "All men by nature desire to know." I showed the sentence to my father when he came; he too was impressed.

October 24 Mary Fisher wrote:

> You have made a wise decision to spend your summer in Germany, and I think you can very easily do it on four hundred dollars, especially if you travel on one of the merchant ships, which are very good, and cost from one-half to one-third less than the regular passenger steamers. You don't sail quite so fast, but you get a good rest, if you aren't seasick, and you have a chance to get acquainted with yourself.

She recommended Vienna, where one could see life from court to gutter, but advised me to see several cities, and to stay away from professors; see life rather than study.

She was planning to spend her summer in Athens, see Constantinople and Egypt. She wished that our paths might cross; added,

> I have always wished to feel Greek soil under my feet, even if I couldn't get its language into my head, for want of time. I have spent my energies on the modern languages and I do not regret that. I think it is the wiser choice for anyone who loves literature as I do. I like to feel the pulse beat of my time.

I had tentative plans to spend the summer of 1914 in Germany and Austria. One culture at a time! Mary Fisher's attitude toward the relative merits of modern or classical languages led me to acquire the four major west European languages. World history in the making interfered with plans for travel.

For Professor Woods' course in Greek philosophy I prepared a paper on some of the pre-Socratics, in which I said:

> Parmenides was a poet, an imaginative man of genius who delighted in beautiful forms. Part of the charm and appealing truth of the Greek philosophers is due to the use in their philosophic discourses of the romantic apparatus of fresh, vigorous life. We see the experiences that led them to philosophize shining through their words in all the everyday sensuous trappings. Their intimate connection with the whole intellectual, artistic and civil life of the Greek people engenders application to our modern lives which gives the pre-Socratics a value aside from their philosophic interest, such as modern technical philosophers rarely attain.

At last, on November 1, I bought a lovely edition of Dante's Divine Comedy in Italian. *The New Life,* and my first year course in Italian, led on to the masterwork. Dante became to me as faithful a guide as was Vergil to Dante.

Class "smokers" were torture to me; if I went, I left early. To take a bath, hang out my clothes to air, was not enough. It was impossible to clear my throat of smoke. Meetings of the Club Español de Boston were a relief. Ladies were present; my Latin friends did not smoke in their presence; at that epoch ladies did not smoke. My conversational Spanish was limited, but my Latin friends were patient, spoke slowly and distinctly, and I could follow the lectures. These social affairs gave me more than language mastery.

Thursday November 13, my "metaphysical month" reached its climax in this poem:

> Two symphonies distraught I hear,
> Two musics sounding on the ear
> That craves but one.
> But which shall I now bid to stay,

And which, regretful, send away,
    Though scarce begun?
For fate has in the mind of man
Laid down the inexorable plan;
Two purposes within my breast
Shall clash, nor ever give thee rest;
    The world is many; thou art one.

The day was crowned with a Boston Symphony concert in the evening.

Friday, November 21:

The world will smile in the after years
At all we thought we knew,
Yet on the purpose shed its tears,
Because we meant it true.

Wednesday November 23, Professor Palmer lectured at the Lowell Institute on Wordsworth. I had with me the score of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. The combination was perfect—George Herbert Palmer the interpreter of romantic Wordsworth, and Beethoven's exposition in music of romanticism. My metaphysical month went out in literary glory, with musical accompaniment!

Christmas in Kansas City

I was to spend the Christmas holidays in Kansas City, where my father was detained by business. My mother and grandfather remained in Cambridge, making this sacrifice for my benefit. They knew my eagerness to return.

Always liking to take a different route, I was to travel to St. Louis to visit Mary Fisher. She wrote meticulous directions, and said,

> I shall be so eager to see you. You have grown physically and mentally. You will find me grayer, older, but still interested in things that move. I read everything with the same omnivorous appetite as of old. I have $30. worth of books coming from Switzerland, which I hope will arrive before you come. They are Italian, French, German.

Professor Royce praised my illustrations in a paper for Metaphysics on "Physical Reality." Here is one of them:

> I pick up a copper cent on the street. But wait, what did I pick up? Some of the things I can think of which are included in this find are: a certain amount of purchasing power, a small weight of a metal, copper alloy; an engraving of Lincoln and of some words and symbols; a little dirt, and a few billion microörganisms.
>
> This cent-complex was no trifle, if we consider all its relations to the universe. I am, however, a student of metaphysics, and my chief interest in this cent is to make it teach me the nature of physical reality. My first step of crude analysis is to wipe away the dirt and most of the microbes and oxide. Now I have "the real cent"—yes, but its chief reality, to speak in common sense ways, is in its purchasing power.
>
> I am looking for physical reality. I will have none of this artificial being that is added to the physical cent by the fact that it is a token for so much gold. Society cannot create physical reality, I may say. So I melt it down.
>
> Here I have something purely physical, purely material. This is absolute. It can be felt, seen by everyone. Only a madman would deny its reality. But suppose I now leave my metal in a moist place until it oxidizes. Now has it, or has it not, lost some of its reality? Well, it cannot be put to any of the uses of metal until it has been restored to its metallic condition by a chemical process involving heat and other substances. Yet this heap of oxide, my elementary physics textbook tells me, contains all the physical reality of the metal, plus, indeed, some oxygen. This piece of matter is now worth not much more than any other portion of the earth's crust, taken at random; yet it is said to be just as completely physically real as when it was a good red cent, capable of buying a morning newspaper.

Further, I wrote:

> Now if scientific laboratories should some fine day actually create a living organism, I should say, in view of present physical research, that the construction of life was not a sign of the mechanical nature of the world, but that science was carrying out the will, the purposes, of God.

Whence came this thought of God? God was to me then very vague; the governing principle, first cause, unmoved mover of all. Then:

> A man digging up a little water in the hollow of his hand, and saying, "Lo, here is the ocean. It is only more and more of this." Or, a man dipping into life, who picks up a few joys and a few sorrows in his hand, saying, "Lo, here is life and its meaning. It is only more and more of this." No, if we are to accept the dictum of Marcus Aurelius that a man who has lived forty years in the world has seen all of life, it must be in the sense that he who has seen the fulfillment of a meaning, whole in a conscious moment, has known in a small and transient way what God is eternally.

In a paper for Professor Woods on some of Plato's dialogues, I said:

> On the walls of caves in northern Spain, men of remote geological ages drew rude paintings for religious purposes, though in the darkness they would never be seen. And on the dark walls of the world as most men see it, Plato drew an image of his own majestic soul, thus forever protecting the reason of man, as with a religious charm, from ever being in future a stranger in the world.

Again:

> Socrates…seems to be wandering in a desolate waste of words most of the time, but it is because across the desert is the best and surest way home. For on the desert we have the unclouded start; and in dialectics, the clear light of reason.

Friday December 19, I was on the train for St. Louis, which I reached Sunday morning. The day was spent with Mary Fisher. A night train brought me to Kansas City Monday morning.

My father and I stayed at the Victoria Hotel downtown. I saw him whenever he could get away from business. Visits with friends filled my days; an Edisonian Alumni banquet; George Bowman; teachers; Christmas with the Henschels; my Harvard friend Edward Moses. It was good to be back among old friends who loved me.

Wednesday December 31 my father and I had dinner with the Carl Skaers. Their warmhearted Christian love drew my love and respect. Two young boys, a girl, Mrs. Skaer's mother, a minister's widow, and the bachelor musician Mr. Rumsauer, whose playing of hymns and sentimental German songs stirred me. 1913 ended in homely glory!

Home, familiar surroundings, friends, love—my hungry heart was healed.

I spent Thursday, New Year's Day, with Mary Fisher, coming on a night train after our dinner at Skaer's. In the evening I boarded a train for New York, arriving January 3. A gray day through West Virginia and Maryland.

Saturday morning I walked the length of Central Park to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where I spent the day seeing a few of its treasures; I lingered before an Etruscan war chariot. Roman antiquities thrilled me; still more the mysterious Etruscans. I preferred to see a few things thoroughly, rather than race through galleries in order to be able to say I had been there.

I lunched at the Museum cafeteria, spent the afternoon seeing more art treasures, took a streetcar to Grand Central Station. Boston, the next morning.

For Metaphysics I wrote a paper "On Being," from which I quote:

> Having thought out two theories of being, one of which gives reality and meaning to every rarest or most trivial experience, and the other of which frees me from all illusions by showing me reality devoid of meaning, which shall I prefer; to keep my illusion that life is worth while, or to emancipate my reason in a world that isn't worth thinking about?

> Shall I follow my own reason to the conclusion that the world is good, or my thirteen senses to the empirical finding of many evils? Is man essentially a rational or spiritual principle, or is he a transient organism?

My first text of metaphysics was the first five verses of the first chapter of the Fourth Gospel. That was in 1909. I gave it a scientific cast:

> "In the beginning there was natural law…and God was the law…In order of nature was life, and life was as light to men."

I did not deify this conception of the Logos. I preferred to call it by some name other than God. This came from believing that there was something wrong in a god being anthropomorphic.

A sentence inspired by Professor Palmer's last lecture in Greek philosophy:

> We believe through philosophy, finally in God because we have seen his saints in the flesh.

> My final conclusion—final for the moment—is skeptical. As a medieval thinker said of the proofs of immortality in Plato, when I have the book open before me it seems convincing; when I close the book, the arguments no longer have weight with me.…I cannot be a partisan. I hope to be a thinker. But there is a fine persuasiveness about any philosophy that has been sincerely worked out of the experiences of life, which has gone—
>
> Not to the south, as the rivers flow,
> In the way that is easiest:
> Hard is the road, and cold,
> To the north over desolate mountains.
>
> Not only to feel the hardness and the chill wind of a lonely way, but to have won, through the tribulations of a self-imposed task, through the sharp pains of a burden lightly lifted in the enthusiastic dawn, heavily borne till the evening,—to have learned the untaught lesson, and won the knowledge of moral harmony with the meaning of life. Eternity? Once in the Wotan of the Saxon kings a wise and noble lord spoke after this wise: "What is the life of man? We sat feasting in the great hall when a flock of sparrows on a gust of wind flew through the hall, coming out of the winter storm, and flying out the farther door into the storm again. Such is the life of man."…
>
> What can our words tell of the eternal order more than the chirrupping of sparrows? Here knowledge ends; here remain hope, faith, charity…Is not art applied metaphysics?…That a vision of the internal meaning of some fragment of existence should have given to the richness of our complex lives the splendid memorials of art, is enough to satisfy us of the nobility of the theoretical undertaking which both underlies and outruns art.
>
> Pictures of parts of things, and words unspoken:
> Thoughts half-formed, and strains of music
> without key or cadence.
>
> These are the tragedies, the unfinished purposes, the buds that never become fruit. All the world is darkness save a few human beings who think themselves in the light…

I quoted Marcus Aurelius, and closed with:

> Who would not be Antiochus Epiphanes if he were quite sure place and power would hold out?…In the hazard of reaching the homeland, lies the philosophy that "crowns life by quickening it into intelligence." Better with Orestes to be tossed in an open boat on the unfriendly sea, than to remain an honored prophetess of a barbarous and fearful rite in Tauris.

Thursday January 22 I bought a book that profoundly modified my life: George Herbert Palmer's *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.* Henceforth I would search for a girl like her, of my own generation. At first I wanted to find her in order to help me achieve in my career. Slowly I began to see that an Alice Freeman Palmer lived a life of her own, while sharing that of her husband. So I must respect my wife, when I found her, to live a life of her own, and not to be merely subservient to my life plans. Only by being herself can a woman be in the highest sense her husband's helpmeet.

In lesser degree, yet significantly, Dr. Cabot's book, *What Men Live By*—love, play, work and worship—influenced my thinking about the ordering of life.

One lone entry in my Journal diagrams my interests, analyzing them into specific groups, seeking what was the main interest of my life. There were five specific groups:

(1) French language and literature, Old French, Molière;
(2) Music, Italian language, German folk lore;
(3) Botany, Conservation, Trees, Wild Plants, Garden Plants;
(4) History, Rome, Law, Herodotus, Juvenal, pre-historic;
(5) Greek Philosophy, pre-Socratic, Democritus, Epicureans, M. Aurelius.

Lines connected these topics with my main interests: Poetry, Present Conditions, Spenser, Romanticism, Burns, Aucassins et Nicolète (and possibilities of this form). Many of these were minor interests; many not mentioned were more important to me even then, and increasingly so in later years. Literature, music, science, history, Greek philosophy were indeed all main lines of interest. They culminated in poetry. The present book is a tribute to continuing interest in the alternating prose and poetry of Aucassins et Nicolète.

My Journal continues—translating my French:

> Yesterday evening I thought what will become of my interests when I shall be dedicated to my profession, and before I may be a man of leisure—if that can, by good fortune come to pass.

Recognizing the imperfection of my analysis, and questioning how I could keep up with my many interests, I said,

> Remember always—it is no great matter to devote an evening a week to each study; it is more worthwhile to observe every opportunity to acquire or to employ a fact. Always observe; in botany, the trees; in music, the concerts.

February 2 Mary Fisher wrote me that her inability to secure passage on a steamer to Europe had led her to cancel her plans for a summer in Greece. She now thought of Jamaica as a lean substitute. Everybody wanted to go to Europe; history on the march would drive them homeward before summer ended.

Then Mary Fisher took apart one of my philosophical essays. She was the trenchant critic who helped me keep my feet on solid ground. She reinforced the moral standards of my parents, grandparents and other relatives and older friends. She abetted my youthful questionings, challenged me to good sense; kept me skeptical of religion, thus ensuring that when I opened my life to God, it would be a genuine welcome.

My diary records a shameful reference to "Booker T. Coon," who spoke to an apathetic audience in a small room at the Harvard Union. My race prejudice, acquired by residence in

Missouri, still operated. I listened, and could not resist the gentlemanly good nature with which he spoke, nor the solid good sense of his words. I recognize now that it was my privilege to hear at Harvard—Booker T. Washington.

Did our class of 1914 make partial amends by electing, in the spring, a Negro, Mr. Jackson, as Class Orator? He gave an excellent oration, beyond the contentional.

Among my friends was William Jerome Wilson, who was writing a Ph.D. thesis on Hermes Trismegistos. I was not interested in Hermes; after a polite question or two, and his patient replies, conversation on our walks together drifted to other subjects. He and his wife and two small boys lived near us. I owe his friendship to my mother's membership in the Harvard Dames. He was a Divinity student; I was taking a course in the school, History of Religions, under George Foote Moore.

I visited Chang-Fu-yün in his room in Divinity Hall. With less modern conveniences than in the newer dormitories, it was a dubious privilege to live there; even to occupy a room where Emerson once lived. It would have filled me with dreams to have done so; I doubt if it impressed Mr. Chang, who measured fame in millennia, not decades. If he could have occupied a room where once dwelt Confucius…

Other friends acquired through my mother were Norman Silberling, economist, and J. Danner Taylor, who studied law but was freed from financial worries to devote himself to literary pursuits. Also Edward Whitley, British born, graduate of a Missouri college, Congregational minister, who later invited me to weekends in successive manses presided over by his capable wife, enlivened by his precocious daughter Ruth.

I sampled a course in the new Graduate School of Business Administration, to see if this might be a more agreeable and equally effective substitute for Law School, in preparation to enter business with my father. This particular class seemed to me too elementary, since none of the students could answer the professor's question as to the difference between a bond and a share of stock. Conversation with my father had made me familiar with this long since. I decided that Law School would be less elementary.

The last University Tea of my academic generation; a lecture on "Color Vision in Bees;" a Philosophical Club meeting led by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, of whose class in Epistemology I was a member, made for a busy February 13 afternoon and evening. Bertrand Russell had an amusing way of disposing of a student suggestion by saying, in his clipped British accent, "Oh, but that won't do!"

I attended a missions study class on South America, not out of interest in missions, but out of interest in South America. Thence I hastened to the Spanish Club in Boston. The eight-minute tunnel train ride made it possible to be only politely late; eight o'clock, even "en punto," was an elastic term.

Thursday February 19 I addressed the ladies of the Waltham Universalist Church on the subject of my Christmas trip to Kansas City. I was supposed to speak about a religious conference that I did not attend, but I filled out with a glorification of my favorite city, the Heart of America. I was allotted a generous forty-five minutes; I took an hour and a half. Patient ladies! They did not run out on me!

I Climb My First Mountain

March began with a letter from Mary Fisher that reveals her influence over my life.

> March 1…A sunny, lamb-like morning. I have just finished your paper on Being and it has given me more pleasure than anything you have written. Its title was not promising, but I got a little encouragement from the penciled note of your instructor. Its professional lack of lucidity seemed hopeful to me. He praised it as a "thoughtful paper"—and then characteristically wipes out the praise by saying your strength lies in portraying a philosophical mood rather than reflective thought. A mood is a transitory matter of feeling. I saw at once that you must have let the poet in you loose somewhere, but I did not know until I read the paper how beautifully you had done so, and how your paper was not a mood at all, but a fragment of psychological autobiography. Now, nothing interests me more than biography, auto- or otherwise. I like to see how the wheels go round in other men's minds, and when the other men happen to be known to me, I like the prospect better still: for how little we all really know of each other below the surface.
>
> Your gropings—(we all grope; if we had clear light ahead of us we should know without searching)—after truth are in many points identical with mine…Having been deeply religious in my childhood, following the teachings of my Presbyterian mother, I moulted it all at fifteen when my father gave me Darwin's *Descent of Man.* I think I rather hardened into a positive scientist in the course of years, but the real nature of scientific hypotheses dawning on me of late years has made me a really free thinker. That is, I subscribe wholly to no theological, metaphysical or scientific creed yet formulated, but keep my mind open and hospitable to all ideas.
>
> I think with Guyau that too much analysis destroys instinct, and that the instincts, which hold us to life unquestionably, ought to be preserved from destruction. I think with Goethe that "the purpose of life is life itself." I believe that no perfectly happy, perfectly well man ever asked himself that useless question, "What is the meaning of life?"—hoping to find the answer outside of life itself. Life is good; so good that it seems to me the end or meaning of matter. When then should the mind not accept itself as such, instead of saying, "I want another end," or "I want more of this end!" I am constantly grateful for life, for consciousness, and when I shall cease to be—then it is time for me to die. I shall not want more of the same thing under different circumstances, knowing that happiness is within, not without me.
>
> But to return to your paper. There are some very beautiful sentences in it which appeal to the artist in me. I inherited from my father a tendency to express myself in images, a fact directly contrary to the logical habit of mind, and an image speaks to me more fully than a syllogism. So I love the "enthusiastic dawn"—a good phrase palpitating with youth. I like the "winds of doctrine breathing through the ashes." These are the things that disconcerted your professor. They didn't belong to his philosophy. They are the things that breathe life for me into Guyau's beautiful works, but which make the critics speak of him as a poet rather than a thinker, as if thought were worth anything until it had caught color and life from feeling.

In a paper on Plato I wrote:

> There are rare books which have, out of relation to their contents, exerted a spell over my fancy, so that, after exciting my interest, they have formed the basis for my reflection. Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, read first ten years ago, and

reread often; Tyndall's *On Sound;* some of Browning's shorter poems; Marcus Aurelius; Dante's *La Vita Nuova*; the *Republic* and many others in lesser degree, are such books, by which I date epochs—as Keats, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer."

The tenth chapter of *Rasselas* and Tyndall has become an aesthetic I desired to set forth; the style and genius of *Republic* awoke lively feelings of admiration and of interest in every phase of civilization depicted, as well as in the theoretical problems presented. It has gathered in my mind a solution of the problems of rational living for the individual, and a less harmonious conception of society.

I spoke of old China as an approach to the Platonic commonwealth, guided by intellectual men, selected through competitive examinations. But, I added, we cannot praise the system as a model. Plato's kingdom of philosophers would surely become a dogmatic society. It was science, in the modern sense, not philosophy in the ancient that made philosophy *redivivus.* It was turning the reflective gaze on an unexplored realm of man's activity that made philosophy the "crown of life, by quickening it into intelligence."

Of the Critias I said:

The isle of Atlantis, like the vision of Er, is one of the myths that have made half of history. Tenochtitlán…and its surroundings as far as Teotihuacán; above all Mitla and Cuzco—are the pictures Atlantis brings before us. The palaces and temples, the laws and the sacrifices, the use of gold, together with its comparative cheapness; the causeways, canals, gardens, military arrangements all seem more like the New World than the Old. But the mystery is more readily solved by a consideration of human nature than by an examination of material evidence.

…I can remember once constructing an island state, with different details, but of the same nature; with a code of laws. It was at the age when the mind scarcely distinguishes between the pictures of fancy and the remembered tales of history…Mythology is deep-rooted, and will not leave man to science too readily. She stays by him until her rainbow light has bound his universe of wandering impulses together, and he can see with tranquil soul the fierce white light that beats upon the throne of trust.

Hiram Bingham, lecturing on his excavations in Peru; General Leonard Wood in the Union; buying Martin's *Human Body*—my first sex education; safe and authoritative. I had been preserved from prurient curiosity thus far.

An eclipse of the moon excused staying up for its maximum at 11:15 p.m.

Saturday March 14 Mr. Wilson and I took the afternoon train for Jaffrey, New Hampshire, arriving at six. A lumbering horse-drawn stage brought us to the Ark—not Noah's—a proper Bostonian boardinghouse. The food was good, accommodations comfortable, the proprietor and his wife genial, like the landlord in "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," the other boarders not boring.

Sunday morning at 9:15 Mr. Wilson and I began the climb up Mount Monadnock from the 1200-foot level. We snowshoed as far as practicable, stacked our snowshoes beside the trail, and hiked to the summit at 3100 feet. The wind blew most of the snow off the last rocky ascent. On the summit at 12:02, it was clear enough to see not only towns and lakes near at hand, but the gold dome of the State House in Boston. Wind chilled us; we began the descent at 12:10. My first mountain climb made me eager to conquer others. To see so much of the world at one glance thrilled me. There must be purpose in all this pattern of loveliness spread before me. There must be meaning to this majestic mountain mass.

Monday morning March 16 we snowshoed on the Mountain House Trail. We took the afternoon train to Boston, arriving at 6 p.m. Those two days demonstrated the significance of "mountaintop experiences."

April 2, a bubbling-over letter from my first violin teacher, Magdalen Olberg, studying in Berlin:

March 7, 1914

Emmet, dear Boy!

Ten minutes ago your note made its appearance and the result is that I'm all smiles. With this glorious feeling of contentment I have the desire to embrace the entire world and am straightway commencing to do so in thought to yourself—you're not too grown up to enjoy it, are you? Your dear mother—I love her face for expressing her character, sweet and noble—can't you send a snapshot?—and dear grandpa Brown who used to help get the nice little suppers I enjoyed with you over there on the east side, and with whom I enjoyed such lovely chats on the First Avenue South car on Sunday mornings.

My last letter to you must have gone astray, and I certainly had no idea that you were living in Cambridge. I swear I can't speak English correctly any more—and to write is quite impossible. Four years of constant use of the German language makes one twist the English phrases in a sentence about into horribly funny places.

It's impossible that you are finishing college. I won't allow myself to believe that you are so grown up. How old I must be getting!—but I still pass for twenty-three and I do not feel myself called upon to enlighten folks on this small matter.

How fine it is to choose a life work where one finishes certain sections of one's work from time to time. I'm still just *commencing* in my violin studies. Three years were entirely lost technically. I hurt my left hand and then my right wrist and have only just taken up my work again this last September, but I heard many, many great violinists and so improved "musically," perhaps—yes, without doubt, why should modesty teach us to undervalue our opportunities and their benefit to us? For we are products of what we absorb after all.

I have been in Berlin all the time with the exception of a few months traveling in the Rhineland, Cöln, etc. I've decided to "stick it out here," a while longer, because violinistically I am just commencing to make headway under the assistant teacher for Carl Flesch. I played for Carl; he has only one pupil, my teacher. But I do so hope and pray he may accept me some day. He was in America this winter and certainly made a "big hit." Europeans all seemed to think that he would play over the heads of the Americans, but U.S.A. knows a heap more than is accredited to them.

Emmet, I must get to work now. I practice from 9 to 1 every day and teach during the afternoon. I'm earning my way, so it makes it a pretty hard pull, especially over here where one finds so much competition and few who study earnestly—all just intend "Hausmusik zu machen." I wish someone who had "money to burn" would have loaned me twenty to twenty-five dollars a month for a year. Keep this to yourself, Emmet, and just be kind of happy that you never got into my condition.

At first I was *so* anxious to just "dig" and work, and earn for living expenses as well as for my studies. I've found that it's too much to undertake. Teaching is so hard and then one never knows whether a pupil will continue, or stop on account of illness or too heavy school studies. And to get to be an artist costs at least seven hours work daily, Sunday not omitted.

I just pray that some American musical paper would take me as their Berlin critic. I have fine testimonials from several of the best known pianists as to my capability for criticizing all branches of concerts. Do you happen to know of a paper, daily or musical, that might be induced to accept Berlin articles? If so, please let me know.

I've rubbed my nose against stone for so long…My clothes are worn to a frazzle, I'm somewhat thinner; sehr viel dünner segar, and I want to really attain something after all this struggle. My lessons cost me as much as $15 a week. Now I pay $6, and have much better lessons. I do hope—I do hope—I may be able to stay two years. It would put me very far along, because I'm just now for the first time since my stay here on the right track. Keep your eyes open for the name of any papers, will you please?

Emmet, I need not wish you well, you earn all the best that the world can afford, because you work so well. Love to you all from Magdalen Olberg.

Joy at hearing from her, sorrow at her hardships, longing to help—matured my understanding.

Friday April 24 I walked from Cambridge to Concord by way of Lexington, walking home through Lincoln and Waltham. Dew sparkled on the grass. I stopped often to rest and enjoy—Sleepy Hollow, Walden Pond. Flowers were blooming, birds singing. My heart sang with them for joy of being alive.

The countryside was alive with spring, green and growing, everything touched gold by sunshine. A breeze made the day cool enough for comfort. I do not know whether I ate anything or not; food for the soul was my felt need. I came home to sleep soundly, and in the morning to write:

With what shall I compare?
The joys such mornings bring;
What find so lovely, fair,
As sunny days in spring?

When April spreads the grass
With new-made limpid green;
The showers that wrought it pass,
And leave a golden sheen:

When bird calls from the wood
In various key and voice
Would tell us if they could,
With all things else, rejoice:

O then come out with me
To simple country pleasures,
And you will surely see
Such rare and precious treasures:

Yet bring your childhood mirth,
The artist joy in being,
Else were it scarcely worth
The trouble ta'en in seeing:

For here is pure delight
In earth and gentle air;
Joy in each sound and sight,
In moments wholly fair.

So ended spring vacation; Monday April 27 back to work; a war meeting in the Union—history or prophecy? Or student spring fever? Currents of world affairs were hastening us to the brink of the Niagara of war.

Trials for the Boylston Prize Speaking. I chose Browning's "Prologue to Asolande." Dean Briggs wrote me:

> We chose you last night, but we chose you with misgivings, because we thought that Browning, even in his saddest mood, ought to be more robust. You don't want Browning to seem weak, even when he tells about the difference between youth and old age. Your work was intelligent enough to let us feel that there is hope of your doing it much better.
>
> This line needs no acknowledgement. It is merely meant as a hint. I suspect that Mr. Winter will feel the same way when he hears you.
>
> Believe me, sincerely yours,
>
> L.B.R. Briggs

It was characteristic of me to choose something inappropriate. I won no prize. To add to my discomfiture, I had to wear a dress suit—bought for the event. The long tails were hard to manage when I sat down. Cut off ridiculously in front, thinner than my ordinary suits. I was chilly. The suit, the fright, a drafty blast of air across the platform of Sanders Theatre, numbed me. I did badly.

The last day of April, the Senior County Fair in the baseball cage. To my surprise I won a rubber pig—'14 inked on its side—at "roulette." I was not aware that I had won, until a classmate handed me the pig. We snake-danced back to the Square. For once I was part of a crowd. I would have done anything the rest did that night. It was all innocent fun. Being a Senior was fun!

Yet there was always the real me in the background, ready to take his "Day in the Country," to listen to the Fifth Symphony, or to dash into verse!

May 5 George Foote Moore gave the Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality. He praised the doctrine of Metempsychosis as superior to the Christian doctrine of Immortality, then subtly disposed of Metempsychosis! Good riddance to both, I thought.

May 11 I bought Baedeker's *Guide to Northern France.* Summer plans expanded to a year abroad; fall in Germany, winter in Italy, spring in France, summer in Switzerland.

Friday May 22, an oral exam for the degree with distinction in Philosophy: the faculty were kind, asked few questions, were satisfied with my answers.

Tuesday morning May 26 I wrote this fragment:

> I work for one ideal cause alone,
> A gleaming radiance shining through the mist,
> The pure white light of truth that Plato saw
> Beyond the highest heaven shining clear
> Upon the beauteous, happy forms of good;
> The life of Thought which Aristotle found
> The sum of service and godliness;
> The love that moves the sun and all the other stars,
> Which Dante learned through Beatrice to know:
> Yet more than these; 'tis something shadowed forth
> In the Prometheus of our modern world,
> In him who taught an age the joy in life:
> One half of him was Goethe, he who said
> That man more godlike grows through manliness:
> The other, Beethoven…
> …But when, forgetful of that pure ideal,
> For lesser ends I seek, find pleasure so,
> And put my transient self before my cause…

Sunday May 31 my mother and I were entertained at dinner in Chelsea. The Martins, elderly, proud of living in a house formerly occupied by a mayor of Chelsea, were friendly New Englanders whose hospitality was a bright spot in our lives.

We became acquainted with the Martins through Mr. McKee, captain of a ferry between Boston and Chelsea. We would ride over on his last Sunday trip, and walk with him to his house, or the Martins next door. A kindly man, he drew my respect. He and his wife were reserved, yet friendly. They had a daughter Marion, near my age, whom I took to a concert or lecture, gladly making the long trip to get her and bring her home. She was worth it!

I competed unsuccessfully for the class hymn, and for a translation of an ode from Horace. The month was crowned by the completion of my thesis for distinction: "Law and Morals." I submitted it also for the Bowdoin prize in English, in which it won honorable mention. It was important toward securing the A.B. *magna cum laude*. It was my most mature and disciplined writing. I began:

> This essay deals mainly with the relations of law and morals, and of ethics and jurisprudence in the Roman world between the age of Cicero and the reign of Diocletian…Morality is, in early societies, a synonym for civilization…

I drew heavily on my course in Roman Law and Greek Philosophy. I said,

> Christianity was…a moral revolution, on behalf of the unfortunate classes. How far it actually influenced the law…apart from the growing humanity of moral sentiment among the pagan…population, is uncertain…A more certain but wholly artificial Christian influence is seen in the opening title of Justinian's Code, which deals with the Trinity, and in the second title, treating of the Holy Church…But Jurisprudence was too ripe a science to accept radical organic change, or serious amendment; and its morality was too high to need revision. The influence of peculiarly Christian morals was rather on the personal life, the accounting of man with himself, than on his legal morality.
>
> The church, instead of altering the system of morality enjoined by the law added further duties toward self and toward fellow men, and moreover added a further sanction of all standards of right living. The problem of the relation of law and morals in Roman jurisprudence was worked out under influences exclusively pagan…

I gave generous space to "Shakespeare and the popular attitude" toward law and morals, quoting several plays. I paid tribute to the contribution of jurisprudence to methods of philosophical studies, for instance the case method of instruction in ethics, pioneered by Harvard Law School. In conclusion, I quoted Edmund Spenser from the *Faerie Queene*. No keeping the poet in me silent!

This paper marked the high point in my regard for the Law, never again reached through Law School years. And above that high point hung the star of Spenser, the poet's poet, my perennial guide.

"And the string broke with the strain," I wrote earlier. Eyes, teeth, general health gave way. Emotional? I believe so. Afraid of life; I wanted to devote myself to pursuits which would not bring in the money I would need to live on. I did not want to continue dependent on my parents. If I did not go into law, I would disappoint them.

A literary career might be possible, if I devoted weary hours to college teaching. I did not want to teach; I had been in school too long. Mary Fisher's frustration after years in the schoolroom deterred me. What students would care for the things that thrilled me?

June 1, a morning appointment with my dentist; afternoon appointments with two other physicians warned me.

My grades were good enough to spare me from all examinations except History of Religions and Metaphysics. The night before the latter I read *Alice in Wonderland*. We bought an illustrated copy to give to a little girl. Fascinated by the illustrations, I turned to the text, read on

to the end. I had read it in childhood, returned to it more than once later. There is more metaphysics in it than in many a duller tome. I wanted to write a book of this type.

Between dentist and physicians the month was peppered with appointments. A cumbersome brace for my weak back; exercises to strengthen the muscles; the brace felt like a straitjacket; I felt crazy.

Mary Fisher received a cap-and-gown snapshot of me, wrote:

> Your good letter and Cheshire grin came duly, both of them enormously welcome. There is something uncanny about that gown, though. What inflates the sleeves like that? It stands out as stiff as if it were lined with crinoline, or full of gas…
>
> You say nothing about the trip abroad. Aren't you going? I hope so. It will be a good rest for you, a fringe to your university career…

I was in no condition for travel abroad. The afternoon of June 8 I began an autobiographical, self-pitying story, quickly realized my mistake; stopped, appended the criticism, "It peters out."

Mary Fisher visited us for a few days, eager to see for herself my condition. She spent the summer restfully in Portland, Maine—not Jamaica.

Doctor and dentist appointments continued till Commencement Week. That I was able to participate in these festivities convinces me that my problem was largely emotional. Cavities in my teeth were real enough.

Sunday June 14, Commencement Week began with the venerable Professor Peabody preaching in Appleton Chapel in the morning. Afternoon, we assembled in the Yard in front of Holworthy Hall to march to our Baccalaureate service in the Chapel. After that, President and Mrs. Lowell's reception for our class was my last opportunity as an undergraduate to enjoy their hospitality—as significant a part of my education as my courses.

Monday June 15, Phi Beta Kappa Day; Bliss Carmen the poet, ex-president William Howard Taft the orator. Though only three years at Harvard, I was elected on the basis of a degree magna cum laude. The degree was awarded at first without the magna. On further examination of my record, the faculty decided that I deserved the adjective. Professor Perry sent me a note, special delivery, with the good news, and apologies. A gesture of personal interest.

Tuesday June 16, morning prayers in Sanders Theatre at 11; Class Day merrymaking in the Yard afterward, when humorous gifts were presented. Someone tossed Junius Spencer Morgan a melon. Quick as a flash, he whipped out his knife, cut the melon, tossed part back, saying, "I'll cut it with you." A modest fellow, young Morgan was liked by all. One of my friends sat beside him in class all year without learning that he belonged to the banking family.

My two closest friends in the class remained Walter Berkowitz of Kansas City, and F. Y. Chang of Chefoo, China, now of San Francisco. In the afternoon, confetti-spattered exercises in the Stadium. Evening, the Spread, in the Yard, enlivened by music from the Glee Club and an orchestra. My table was near Phillips Brooks House. I was a nervous host, but my mother graciously did the honors of hospitality. My father could not arrive till the next day, but my grandfather was there, and my mother's first school teacher, Mrs. Mansfield from Ohio; and my special guest, Miss Alice Armstrong, Wellesley 1915. My quiet Quaker grandfather, at eighty-one, enjoyed the occasion.

How old the members of the Class of 1864 looked! Their fiftieth reunion. My grandfather's Civil War generation.

Wednesday June 17, a day of rest; my parents' twenty-third wedding anniversary. Simply to be together was celebration enough for them.

Commencement, Thursday June 18 at 10:30, left no impression on my tired mind. Most of us received our diplomas at the rear door of University Hall, from the brown hand of Terry.

Notable graduation gifts: Emerson's *Poems* from Mrs. Henschel; *A Step-Daughter of the Prairie* from V. Vallance Brown of Tarkio College; Spinoza's *Ethics* and La Rochofoucauld's *Maxims*, both in French, from Mary Fisher. I bought myself Tacitus' *Agricola and Germania*.

Emerson's poems—a peculiar treasure. So, in different vein, the book Professor Brown sent; written by a Tarkio alumna, Margaret Lynn; a book out of my loved midwestern prairies, a book to laugh and cry over, down-to-earth, about plain people and high ideals.

Professor Brown added:

> Wish I were where we could read some Latin together, or that I could introduce you to the greater Greek. The latter is so far ahead on the literary side, and I hope you may some time have a glimpse of the Mediterranean lands. You will count it a trip to the Blessed Isles.
>
> My scholastic dreams have been buried under seven hundred dollars worth of paving, piled on top of the last year at Harvard. So I shall try to live instead of dream.

Tribute to music; I bought, June 22, five volumes of Schumann's piano music.

Pursuit of physical health took precedence over other activities. I could not plan beyond that barrier.

Life in a New Dimension

Saturday June 27, my father and I, with the Rev. William Wilson, his wife and baby boy, took the noon train to Newport, New Hampshire. Winding through the woods and along Lake Sunapee, we alighted at Newport.

A horse-drawn stage took us to Goshen Corners. Across the intervale between green and blue hills to Mill Village beside rock-filled Sugar River, then a steep climb on a dirt road through dense woods. As the stage came abreast of a giant boulder cleft by frost, the eighty-year-old stage driver was singing "Rock of ages, cleft for me." A sermon in stone, on the security and serenity of God.

Why was I going to Goshen? Mr. Wilson was to be pastor of the Congregational Church for the summer. Knowing that a summer in the country was prescribed for my health, he suggested that I go with him. My parents thought well of the idea. I was at an apathetic stage where I wanted to get away from everything.

This quiet hill town under the shadow of Mount Sunapee soothed me. I was not intimidated by the boardinghouse, where informality ruled. A genial host and hostess made me feel at home.

My father stayed a few days to see me settled. We tramped the hills together. He surprised me by asking if I would like to have a Ford car to drive around the countryside. Driver's licenses were not then required, but I realized that it would not be safe for me, and regretfully declined. Even a bicycle would not be safe—and would have to be walked up hill half the time! A horse might be safe, but I chose to walk. I soon abandoned my back brace—and the calisthenics. I walked; sat by the roadside in the sun; I breathed pine-scented air—and lived!

My mother wrote me news from home, and I replied, writing of what I saw and experienced:

> I have just returned from a walk in a hemlock grove. Portion of grove closed herewith. The trees grow very tall, with horizontal branches…the lower ones dying as the shade gets thicker…The needles lie flat, unlike spruce, which bristle out in all directions. I'll send some tamarack and other new leaves later. Ferns grow here from size of sample to three or four feet high…the small leaves are from a sugar maple.
>
> They have here chickens, frys, fowls, hens, roosters, ducks, geese, gander, goslings, pig, cows, steers, oxen, horses, mare and a colt two days old. Also Cubby, a 12-year-old dog, who takes care of John (the Wilson's baby).

It was a new world, different from the country around my grandfather's Iowa farm. I responded with eager eyes to fresh surroundings.

One day, in neighboring Lempster, noon caught my father and me far from our boardinghouse. We were hungry; restaurants miles away. We came to a farmhouse, shaded by maples and evergreens. My father suggested that we ask if we could buy dinner there.

An old lady, white-haired, in housedress and apron, answered our knock, hesitantly answered my father's question:

"Why yes, I guess I could find you a bite to eat."

We sat in the parlor, in view of the adjoining dining room. The table was covered with a white cloth. Smells of baking came from the kitchen. The lady bustled in and out, bringing jellies, preserves, pickles, relishes, milk, a "print" of homemade butter. Soon hot rolls, potatoes, meat, vegetables appeared.

With a smile, she said, "I hope you will like it." We did. Pie followed the hearty meal. As we prepared to leave, my father asked, "How much?"

Timidly the lady asked, "Would a quarter be too much?"

My father handed her a half dollar.

"I—I don't have any change."

She meant a quarter for the two of us! My father assured her that twenty-five cents was not exorbitant for each of us, and we left her embarrassed at such munificent reward for her dinner. In 1914, a quarter was worth working for, besides providing food.

We met a man who admitted to being 87 years of age, who had never seen a railroad train. The whistle of a train seven miles away brought railroads into the conversation. He had never been seven miles from home. Such incidents underlined the distance between the world in which I grew up, and the straitened world of a small town.

Closing exercises of the district school were held late—there had been a long winter's vacation when roads were impassable. I cramped myself into a child's seat, to hear recitations, with singing atrociously off key. To conclude the exercises, Miss Sheldrick recited an original poem of epic proportions, in ballad meter, about the Civil War. Highly charged emotionally, it made history graphic.

I went swimming with the young minister. A wide place in a brook, secluded by alder and willow bushes, was so hidden from the road that we ventured to bathe *à la primitive*. We built a dam of stones and brush, forming a pool in which we could take three strokes. Later a storm washed away our dam.

I argued religion with Mr. Wilson, for I found that he believed no more than I. How could he preach what he did not believe? Finally he took refuge in his superior age: "Someday you will discover," he pontificated, "that a man reaches an age when he finds that he must have settled convictions." I let the matter rest. He was four years my senior.

I was asked to teach a Sunday School class of young men from fifteen to thirty years. What more could they ask for qualifications, than a Harvard diploma? I hope that my metaphysical language was so far above the heads of my pupils that it did them no harm.

Hearing me play the piano at the boardinghouse, the waitress, who was church organist, asked me to play when Sunday dinner preparations kept her from church.

The first Sunday, I sat down at the reed organ, and suddenly remembered the pedals. Pumping frantically, the bellows filled and sound poured forth. The stops!—which ones? I tried a geometrical pattern; the resulting sound was not unpleasing. I sweat it out that Sunday. During the week I got the church key, opened the window beside the organ to let me enjoy July sunshine, and practiced—straight through the hymnbook, to be prepared for anything. I analyzed the values of the stops, wrote out registrations of piano pieces, suitable for preludes, offertories and postludes.

The organist usually played for prayer meeting. Cubby, the dog, came with her, sat meekly at her feet. When I played for this service, Cubby came, walked around the church, toenails clicking in the echoing church, like a clock ticking, but more disturbing. To him, something was amiss.

Cubby took walks with Miss Emily Sweet, a lady who deserved her last name. She knew all God's creatures, intimately. She invited me to share her walks, and unostentatiously imparted her nature lore.

There were enchanting woods-roads where in September closed blue gentian graced the roadside. She showed me maidenhair fern, fringed gentian, the cardinal flower, several kinds of princess pine. She taught me the constellations—knowledge I have never been able to retain.

July 14, Mary Fisher wrote from Portland, Maine:

> You may say what you please about being unliterary, but that formidable array of books and studies contradicts you flatly, sir. You are just as literary as ever, only you have carried your literature in among the mosquitoes with you, and you think if you read in the woods instead of within four walls, you have left your books behind you.
>
> The truth is, like me, you have certain sterile hours that books fertilize for you. I came here too to get away from my library, but like the drunkard who can't pass a saloon without going in, I find myself gazing at the books in a stationer and bookseller's window, and finally was attracted within, and came out with a delicious little pocket copy of La Bruyère's *Characters*…

Mr. F. Y. Chang came to visit me in Goshen. We strolled in the woods and sat in the new-mown hayfields, eating Red Astrakhân apples. Chang asked me, "Russell, what is life?" I had no answer for him or for myself. He bothered me inquiring about Christianity; I brushed off the question.

One day Mr. Wilson handed me Moffett's newly published translation of the New Testament, saying he thought it might interest me. I sat down in the living room to read, somehow got past the hard names in the first chapter of Matthew, read on till supper time.

After supper I took the book to my room, and by the light of a kerosene lamp read on into the night, until I finished. I could not stop. This was not the Bible I knew, in stilted sixteenth century language. This language was modern, relevant to my life. The book itself was like other books, type running clear across the page, plain cloth binding.

I had read in my grandfather's family Bible; lying on the floor with the unwieldy volume open before me, always beginning Genesis, never getting out of it. In high school I took Sir Francis Bacon's advice that the best way to learn a foreign language was to read the New Testament in it. I bought a large print German Bible, then a Latin Testament, one in French, one in Spanish. Limpid French fascinated; august Latin filled my mind with sonorous phrases.

All this was shadowy, unreal, a bookish thing apart from life. Now I faced reality in English that spoke to my heart for the first time.

Chang had the *New York Times* follow him to Goshen. One day we read, "Viscount Grey sends ultimatum to Kaiser." Then, "Germany invades Belgium." War! My plans for a year in Europe went out the window.

August 1, President Lowell wrote me, pursuant to a request for a letter of introduction to the Amerika Institut in Berlin, "…I do not know what American students will be in Berlin this winter. If the war comes on, there will probably be none…"

Would the war develop into full-scale hostilities? The impossible happened. We who trusted in the Peace Palace at the Hague, in international arbitration, in the innate decency of western man, in culture as a substitute for military rivalry—we had grown too civilized to embark on a major war. How blind we were!

Besides, I was a midwestern isolationist who resented the New England eagerness to help the Allies. The glamor of Europe was gone forever. Only the fascination of the Greek isles remained.

Life in Goshen went on peacefully that August; a choir at prayer meeting; a church sale and entertainment, with a mock wedding. The young people decorated the church with ropes of goldenrod; the bride carried a heavy bouquet of them. So we fiddled while Belgium burned.

There was the Draper cottage, a century old rambling house, its wide porch overlooking the intervale, blue hills north and west, Mount Sunapee eastward. The Drapers shared my joy in the panorama of sunset, a pageant of rose, gold, turquoise, from their porch. Their winter home was Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where Mr. Draper was Superintendent of Schools. Often they had me bring my violin.

Mr. Draper introduced me to the educational value of mail order catalogs—impartially Sears and Montgomery Ward. From Sears, he bought an ocarina or "sweet potato" for me, a clay flute-like instrument; the only wind instrument I ever learned to play. He christened my violin "Elizabeth"—and Elizabeth she remains. For my violin I felt the affection of a love for his lass—with the added satisfaction that I could make her play any tune I knew. When she was willful, I could wrap her in a silk handkerchief and lay her in her case. Next time she would come out smiling.

Besides attending services at the Congregational Church, the Drapers would walk down to Mill Village for an afternoon service at the Baptist Church. Mrs. Draper and her sister were Baptists. They invited me, and I went with them.

Mr. Draper was Episcopalian. An agnostic at Brown University, he was so impressed by Phillips Brooks' preaching that he wrote him a long letter exposing his doubts and questions. Busy Bishop Brooks replied in a longhand letter of three crowded pages—I saw the letter—carefully answering the questions, concluding, "It is not a question of what you *must* believe in

order to be a Christian; it is a privilege to be a Christian; you *may* believe in Jesus Christ." Mr. Draper's simple piety impressed me.

I read the books I brought with me, devoured the boardinghouse library, including seven volumes of an encyclopedia of carpentering.

September brought a feeling of well-being and strength. My boardinghouse closed Labor Day. I did not want to return to the city for another month. The Nelsons were suggested. I walked over to their square century-old house on a hill looking off to Mount Sunapee.

The lady who opened the door reminded me of the one who fed my father and me the twenty-five cent dinner. Hesitant, she said that she would board me. The price?

"Would five dollars be right?" I was paying seven. I was learning New England caution; I assented.

The waitress-organist brought me and my baggage over by horse and buggy. I was installed in a southeast chamber with three windows. The walls were stenciled with green oak leaves and red hearts on a pink background, done for a bride and groom about 1810. The house had been the home of Captain Gunnison, whose name is splashed generously over the map of Colorado.

At the Nelsons' I read their son Ernest's textbooks in agriculture from the University of New Hampshire. I had vague dreams of becoming a farmer. I loved the open country.

It was my horror to learn that Hial Nelson and his sons were loyal Democrats! I grew up believing that the Democratic Party was the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Now I met obviously good men who were Democrats! My political self was shaken to its foundations. Political distinctions are not as devastating as I supposed.

The deepest experience that September was being present at family prayers with the Nelsons. Without apology, they invited me to join them. Father, mother and four grown sons gathered in the living room after breakfast. Mr. Nelson read from the family Bible. Each person took audible part in prayer, praying for me by name. I could not resent it, though I sat, instead of kneeling with them. A Harvard man could not be undignified, or pretend to a piety he did not feel. The only God I thought possible was a philosophical Absolute, an impersonal power.

The attrition of honest prayer, the sight of four strong men kneeling, conditioned me for further revelations of God in the lives of people. There was security in knowing that these people cared enough to pray for me.

The significance of the war in Europe began to penetrate my consciousness. I wrote a poem, which underwent alterations over twenty years. Here it is, complete:

I prefaced it with lines from Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

> Said Guyon,
> See the mind of beastly man,
> That has so far forgot the excellence
> Of his creation when he first began
> That now he chooseth with vile difference
> To be a beast, and lack intelligence.

The Conflict in Europe

Wake, wake once more,
Enceladus of song;
Etna's fires roar
As they were wont of yore,
For thou hast slept too long.

In blood and fire an age is born,
In blindness, hate and greed;
O man, from purer visions torn,—
O brute, of all thy manhood shorn!
Now is thy utmost need.

Let no uncertain dreams be sung,
Ye prophets, at this hour:
Let only boldest words be flung
From fiery and decisive tongue:
The truth alone has power.

Ye know ye were not born to hate
The lives to others dear:
O not for this call nations great—
The battle won, the conqueror's state—
Gray hairs, and ghastly fear!

This is the littleness of man,
Who claims his own, while justice dies:
O live the passion of God's plan,
For in Christ's strength ye know ye can:—
Enceladus, arise!

Wake, wake and sin,
Thou poet of the dawn;
The fairest dreams shall yet come true,
Oldest ideals blossom new,
When Christ Himself shall bring
Joy to world-old suffering;
The night is almost gone.

Drawing near the anniversary of my first violin lesson, I noticed tension of the left hand; I must relax when I played. I stayed on at the Nelson's through most of October, till between my parents, our relatives and I, plans for the winter were formulated.

Westward ho! by a circuitous southward route; coast steamer from Boston to Norfolk, Virginia. Last minute stowing cargo on board; a silent parting from the low Massachusetts shore, punctuated by the Customs House tower; elevated trains rumbling along Atlantic Avenue.

Out to sea, though scarcely outside territorial waters. The sunset a Celestial City, flaming towers, amber clouds above purple of dusk. Clear moon; then rain as we rounded the Cape by Provincetown; a noisy electrical display; flashes of light across whitening seas; more brilliant than on land. The last night of October.

Friday November 1 a day of fasting, lying down as quietly as one can on a tossing small vessel. Out by sunset, watching red clouds lift as the sun sank into the waves off the Jersey coast; the lights of the Boardwalk at Atlantic City gleaming six miles away. A good night's sleep, lulled by the vibration of the engines; less disturbing than the motion of a train.

Saturday November 2 up at sunrise, coming into Norfolk past the low coastlines of the Capes, foreign freighters entering the harbor.

Norfolk; dingy wharves, warehouses, vacant lots, black men leaning against sunny walls—white men not yet astir. They distinguished places reserved for white men, cattle, and colored people.

On the ferry to Pinner's Point, a colored preacher holding forth with a well-chosen vocabulary, combined logic with ample illustration and humor.

On the Southern Railway across Virginia, fields white with cotton, plots of shocked corn, trees with rare patches of red. Fences of crossed rails, wood-filled corners. Supper in the dining car made up for meals missed on the boat, and indifferent noon meal at a train stop. Menu, sumptuous supply of soup composed of vegetables; slices of iced tomatoes; half a fried chicken with cream gravy; a bottle of thick buttermilk; generous helping of Tokay grapes attached to a portion of vine two inches long by a half inch thick.

Sunday November 3, Atlanta, my first southern city, rich in tradition, alive with new commerce. Peachtree Street blossomed with Coca-Cola signs—its home city. I walked past churches whose open doors did not beckon me, past squalid rows of low houses for Negroes, alternate signs "white" and "colored," drunkenness apparent though Prohibition advertised. Close by, shady avenues of fine old and showy new homes with wide porches, rose hedges, birds rejoicing in the sunshine of a Georgia November. What a character red soil gives! Strange flowers, semi-tropical feeling, stimulated curiosity about the contrast with New England. The easy-going spirit of an old civilization tended to acquiescence. The South is pleasant to meet.

I went to the barbershop in the railroad station for a shave. Closed. Fortunately my beard was a mere light-colored fuzz. Next morning in Birmingham I asked the Negro barber about it. He explained patiently, "Why boss, that was Sunday. We keeps the Lord's Day, and goes to church." A new thought for me, though a Puritan Sabbath and church-going were the habit of my home.

I called on an attorney, a Harvard Law School graduate. Unlike the barber, he conducted business as usual on Sunday. He gave me the conventional Southern white viewpoint, which I accepted with few reservations.

Monday November 4, Birmingham. Coal and iron, steel and technology; new homes predominate, though on the old models; the North in the deep South. As the new grows older, it becomes much like the old, aspires to the elegance that was the ideal of the old South. Not the variety of business of Atlanta; Birmingham was a one-industry town. The newest homes recalled Monticello and Mount Vernon. My dinner of country ham with sauerkraut was not typically southern!

Memphis Tuesday morning in time to board the "slow train" across Arkansas, quiet country, small towns every eight or ten miles; the Ozarks at dusk. Pearly light mingled with a full moon rising over low mountains among the trees. Romance and legend rose with it.

At 9 p.m., Springfield, Missouri—"That's where the West begins!" Hearty Missourians greet the stranger, talk with him on the train, freely give information and service. This country is big and young; men respond to the larger freedom, greater need of initiative; there's a breath of Boone and Lincoln in the air.

Wednesday November 6, Kansas City in the morning, among familiar streets with unfamiliar buildings, witness of rapid growth. The new Union Station opened the day before; confusion, delay—the Terminal Company thoughtfully sent a gang of men to amuse us by seeing how few grains of sand they could pick up on a shovel as they worked on tracks opposite our incoming train.

The hospitable home of the Henschels sheltered me; review violin lessons from Mr. Boucher, visits to old friends. I found myself a hero at my high school, because of my Harvard diploma, spoke to several classes on the invitation of former teachers. They hoped I would inspire others to "Go and do likewise!"

A memorable dinner at the Green's, across the street from my old home. Because their son was at Harvard, they showered me with kindness. Mr. and Mrs. Green were from Rumania; the dinner was kosher, delicious enough to leave a memory for more than fifty years.

Sunday November 15 I left Kansas City, across the plains, through the Montana mountains, to Sandpoint, Idaho, which I reached at 6 p.m. the 17th. Here another new dimension of life began.

My Uncle Harry Schedler met me; one of three men of German descent who married sisters of my father. He was a man of many talents, artistic penmanship, ink sketches of birds. He rigged a system of pulleys for leverage in pulling stumps; devised a threshing machine for shelling peas and beans.

I was there when Uncle put the homemade threshing machine together, connected it to his engine, stationed me where the strawstack was to be formed. I was to pitch straw away from moving parts of the machine. The engine started; immediately I was assailed with a machine-gun fire of peas. The trouble was simple: the contraption was hooked up wrong end to. Properly assembled, it shot peas into the right receptacle, kept me busy pitching straw away—instead of dodging peas!

I leaned how to clean bricks with a chisel. Of old bricks and galvanized iron Uncle built a feeder to heat food in the trough and serve it hot to the pigs. The animals had enough sense not to touch it until it cooled. Pigs are smart. Such activities were valuable supplements to a Harvard education.

Aunt Gertrude was as Irish as Uncle Harry was German; a perfect combination for a harmonious home. My cousins were four: Mildred, now 12; Merle, 8; Fred, almost 7; and Helen, 5. Helen was a little lame from spinal meningitis, which also left Aunt Gertrude subject to severe headaches. She suffered, but never complained. Nor did Helen.

Their house was small; four rooms and an alcove, but with hospitality they took me in. I had never lived with other children; all the adjusting was theirs. They were so loving to me, that I lost my heart to them all. This was paradise beyond anything I ever dreamed. The old longing for brothers and sisters came back. I would gladly have given my life for any of them.

The time came when I offered to give the $800 I saved for a year in Europe, to send Helen and her mother to Boston to see if Children's Hospital could do anything for Helen's lameness. The plan did not work out. I was disappointed that I could not make this sacrifice for her; a small sacrifice, since I could not go to Europe during the war anyway.

Fred's seventh birthday came Friday, November 20. I gave him a silver dollar. In the family speculation over how he should spend it, someone suggested that he start a savings account. The idea appealed to Fred, so we walked down town to the bank Saturday morning.

When I saw Fred's silver dollar disappear over the counter into the cashier's till, and saw Fred receive only a passbook in return, chills ran up and down my back. Would a seven-year-old boy think he had his money's worth? Fred looked grown up, not at all disappointed. Years later I found that this began a regular habit of saving for Fred, which led to his ability to give his wife and children the best in care and education; and that he never regretted his first investment.

Mildred was tall with brown hair and eyes, who was doing well on the piano, and with painting. Merle was short and so frail that we wondered whether she could grow up. She took violin lessons from a Swedish teacher, Mr. Rudin, who came to supper once a week.

The first time Mr. Rudin came, my aunt had split pea soup, over which Mr. Rudin raved. The second time, it so chanced that the menu included pea soup. Mr. Rudin waxed eloquent over it. The third time—although Aunt Gertrude did not have a weekly "repeat" schedule, it was split pea soup again. Uncle and I thought we detected a shade of falling off in Mr. Rudin's enthusiasm. Perhaps his vocabulary was running short of adjectives. He was a good violin teacher, Merle an apt pupil. She was so small that she had a three-quarter size instrument.

My faithful old teacher Mary Fisher wrote:

> I am so happy that you have gone to grass like good old Nebuchadnezzar, though not for the same reason—may you wax fat in the land and come back to us round, fat and oily as a Swiss cheese. You were running a bit to top. It does not do to get too intellectual. It is rather a pitiable state of isolation…to be highly educated at the expense of companionableness is rather a misfortune than a bit of good luck. So I am glad that you have climbed down from the tree of knowledge and are just rolling around in the grass at its feet.

Sometimes we took rides in the wagon—or with runners replacing wheels, the sleigh—warm in a hay-filled wagon box, cuddled close to one another. Uncle helped me select suitable ranch clothing; a wool shirt, "elephant" wool pants, wool socks and "pacs" for the feet, and a wool jumper.

Deer season, uncle and I went hunting. We drove the pair of cayuses out past the lumber yards, through stump land to the logging road into the foothills. There we encountered difficulties. The road had been full of snow, which melted and left a river instead of a road. We waded up by a detour through the woods, avoiding stumps, till the water was nearly to the top of the wagon box, and the cayuses had to raise their heads to keep their noses out of water.

We left our horses while we carried the grub to Bill Stavenson's ranch house across a meadow. Leaving our food we went back to town with the horses and wagon. Next morning we

rode the Canadian Pacific to Pack Spur, through the Kootenai country. Ernest Seton-Thompson country; I felt at home, remembering the "Kootenay Ram." From the Spur we walked over cutover land to the logging railroad and so to the ranch. There is a story—

"Hey" Bill had forty acres of bench meadow to provide hay for his cattle. When the Humbird Lumber Company asked for a right of way to log up above his place, Bill thought, "Hey, hey, all this logging across my land will bring a lot of horses, hey, hey—I'll get a lot of manure on my meadow."

With the right of way readily granted, the lumber company built a railroad. Watching the engines screech up and down, "Hey, hey," said Bill, "This engine manure don't do my land no good."

Uncle shouldered his uncomfortable pack of canned goods, and I the carrots and potatoes. We climbed steadily a thousand feet in nine miles. At first it was logged land, but soon we came into tall timber where no axe had ever been. The whole northwest between the mountains was burned over about four hundred years ago; these forests are young. Vista of perfect columns, not a branch till fifty feet or more. Nature is an architect with her columns and arches. On the mountainside all trees lean slightly toward the mass of the mountain.

We stayed at a homesteader's shack; logs stuffed with moss, cedar floors, roof of cedar shakes. A tarpaper ceiling was being installed by degrees.

The bunk, attached to the wall, had cord "springs," a mattress and sougans. One uncanny peculiarity: the house was neatly balanced on a 45° slope, down which it began to slide. One had to grip something to stay in bed. Dishes stayed on the table by friction. The cookstove was always a problem.

We lived high—uncle baked bread twice. Dry yeast, the color of dynamite, was so called. Mulligan stew, Idaho baked potatoes, "logging" berries, cranberry stew rounded out the menu.

We got no deer, but saw so many tracks we could not follow them. Deer were neighborly enough to come within 75 rods of our cabin. As cook, I roused the men at 3:30 a.m.—the best time for deer—also to sleep! I went out and washed in the snow, looked up at silent aisles of white pine, ablaze with moonlight from the zenith. Far down, a coyote howled.

No fairer sight than those slender trees topped with a mass of dark and light, and the sheen of the moon; silent as no place I ever felt—air laden with the fragrance of pine and hemlock and spruce.

We saw the cabin where my uncle and family lived while they proved up on their homestead—better built, more comfortable than others, for he knew how, and cared for these things. Beds and kitchen furniture still there, and the little room apart where the children used to play.

After eating our grub and wasting the ammunition, we came down light. From Hey Bill's ranch we rode the pilot of the logging engine—an iron bar meant to protect the engine if it hit anything. It was a front-end observation car. Unevenly spaced ties and badly matched rails sped under us on a fast ride down Pack River to Kootenai, whence we hiked the Northern Pacific tracks home.

I left for Seattle December 17. Aunt Gertrude packed a lunch for me, when she put up the children's school lunches. Merle said, "Mama, don't give me that nice meat. Save it for Emmet's lunch." Aunt Gertrude told me, and I nearly choked on every bite of the sandwiches as I ate them for supper and breakfast.

Out of Sandpoint at 4 p.m.; in the Cascade Mountains next morning; down to Seattle out of the snow, into the fog and rain of Puget Sound. Homesick? As never before!

In Seattle I went to my Uncle Peter Woeck's office in the Arcade Building. He was the most outspokenly German of my German uncles. Born in the Rhineland, he came to America at the age of twelve, already imbued with German ideals of fine workmanship and with a talent for things mechanical. Now a contractor, specializing in the renovation of old buildings, his current job was adding a story to the Arcade Building. He took me to the Rathskeller, considering me an excuse for indulging in good German cooking. Uncle Peter was a hearty man who liked people—which meant that people liked him.

Aunt May was dignified, yet warm, with red hair, blue Irish eyes—and immense ability, fully appreciated by her husband, whom she aided in business, especially accounting.

I stayed at their apartment on Queen Anne's Hill until we went to their country home on Vashon Island for the holidays. This rambling house was a "split level," because of the hillside on which it stood. Uncle Peter dammed a small stream, installed an electric generator for light and power, doing all the work himself.

My uncle owned a launch, the Loveday, on which we had rides up and down the Sound. Aunt May, sitting in the stern, red hair streaming in the wind, looked like the Norse goddess Freya.

Christmas on Vashon, singing German carols, walking in the madrone woods, sitting by a rainbow-hued driftwood fire…

The ferry crossing to Seattle, watching shipping from the Seven Seas, reminded me of Boston Harbor.

Soon after Christmas I went by boat up the Sound to Silverdale, where my Uncle George met me. My third German uncle, he married my father's sister Harriet. She was chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed, gentle, self-sacrificing, exerting charm over all.

My two cousins, Louise, 12, and George, 10, looked up to me as boys will to a young man. They became dear to me. By his father's German standards, Louis was old enough to do a man's work after school hours, so that I saw less of him.

George and I roamed the madrone woods on weekends. Once we went salmon-spearing. It was not the right season, but we found a salmon that George speared easily—it was dead! I dissuaded him from bringing the malodorous fish home. George was disappointed.

One day George and I went to the city. Everything was wonderful to the ten-year-old boy, who had rarely been to Seattle. Lunch at a restaurant was really something to him! I bought George a dollar Ingersoll watch; he consulted it every other minute—we must make sure not to miss the boat back home.

George had some spending money. He bought a newspaper, man fashion, as we boarded a streetcar to return to the docks. Generously, he handed the paper to me. One look at the bold, black banner headline: GIRLS SELL BODIES TO BUY BREAD. I hastily folded the headline inside and thrust the paper into my pocket. George did not ask it back.

A ten-year-old boy ought not to have to know such things. In Seattle, a city of bright lights and dark shadows, country girls, lured by false hopes, became desperately hungry, turned to the only thing the callous city wanted of them.

Constant wet weather brought out rheumatic pains. Many days were too inclement for me to go out of doors. When I did, I came in soaked, chilled, unhappy.

I was supposed to go on to my father's only living brother George Russell in Oregon, and thence to Uncle Charles Rice in California, and my Aunt Grace. California sunshine should have been a potent lure.

But I was homesick for the dear family in Sandpoint, who twined themselves about my heart in a way never experienced before. I wrote a Valentine for them:

When skies are blue
With a line of red,
From morning or evening sun,
When a loving deed's done,
Or a kind word said,
I think of you.

Then I wrote to them. Aunt Gertrude answered:

Saturday, January 23, 1915.

Dear Emmet,

Your letter came yesterday, and I want to say for you to "pack your grip" as soon as you receive this…Harry says there is a big storm coming, so you must

get here before that arrives. The children are fine now. I have been feeling badly this week, but feel much better today, so will be fine by the time you come. You needn't wait to write, but just come and leave your grips at the depot, then Harry can go down with the team and get them.

With love to you from all of us,

Your Aunt Gertrude

I came. What else could I do, with such an invitation? One dark morning at four, having sent my baggage to the boat landing the day before, I walked from Uncle George's to the dock. The night was filled with stars, above a light ground fog. I thought of Germain, little Pierre and Marie spending the night in the woods, as George Sand beautifully tells it in *La Mare au Diable.*

My boat reached Seattle in time for an early train, so that I arrived in Sandpoint late at night, gladly exchanging the wet coast climate for dry cold air of the Inland Empire. As darkness came on, I could imagine the scenery from Spokane to Sandpoint, so vivid in memory.

My uncle and aunt did not expect me on the night train; they were out when I arrived. I remembered the barn, crept into the mow and lay down on the hay. Cattle below made it warm; the horses stamping shook the building. I was too happy to sleep yet, and soon heard the family returning. I was home—the longed-for-home of childhood dreams, now an incredible reality!

I wrote my mother,

> I am very happy here…but I don't know whether I ought to stay, as Aunt Gertie has a headache so much, and they have not much room to spare. They make me welcome, but it seems as though I must be a burden to them…

March 3 I began writing something that I finished April 23 in Montana:

Auterkes on Art

My exaltations come from sources other than the daily news of passing excitements. My inspirations have origins deeper than momentary attractions. I have outgrown despair. Life is beautiful. Life is good. I have come to feel something of that independence of spirit that I learned from the maxims of Aurelius, "Look round thee at the courses of the stars as it thou wert going along with them."

Go forth to say in your several artistic languages that America is a land of art; that art is the speech of souls with wings. Let men say that you are artists, not that you are pupils of professors. Let the beauty of each moment fill you with a divine rapture, so complete, so intimate, so friendly and overflowing that it will express your life in symbols all men can understand. When the habit of giving to others the beauty in every aspect of life has become fixed, the whole panorama of your ideals will gleam forth before you, through a mist indeed, but even the mist will shine. Then you will truly stand in the morning of life.

All about you, you see the sunset of an alien world, the world of the passing generation. If you follow its fading light to the west, you will live always in a dying world. You will be living among failures in the ruined palaces of dreams that never came true. The great of the past are not there. Turn to the east, and the night. Beethoven, Michelangelo, Dante shine for you, as the guiding stars of the Great Bear for the mariner.

> …O give us music that shall chain
> The hearts of men forever,
> Forever to the sacred fane
> Of virtue, whose fair, constant reign…

My first violin teacher wrote from Berlin:

> Your letter looked good to me and proves that you are developing in the right direction, not because of the college you have finished, but because of your way of thinking in general and your attitude toward life.
>
> Emmet, I'm married! What do you say to it? …We hadn't intended to marry, just be good friends for years and years, and all of a sudden when the war broke out and he had to go away (as a military physician) we found we couldn't part. He had been receiving military training, telephoned by long distance that he was coming one Sunday; at noon telephoned saying he would be here at 5:30, wanted to be married at six, because he had to leave at nine the same evening!
>
> Everything went smoothly, he came, we were married, paid a visit to his uncle Excellenz Richter, a Secretary of State here, got a telegram ordering him off at nine the next morning, a second, the next evening at eight. We bought all the necessary things for him on Monday and said "Auf wiedersehn" Monday night at nine. That's the whole story, Emmet. He's gone, I'm lonely and praying and hoping to welcome him back from his unusually perilous position of exposure.
>
> All these dear kind-hearted Germans that have been called to duty have given their innocent lives. What blunders of politicians belonging to just which nation can have brought it all about so suddenly? I heard one man say that if all the diplomats had to quarrel before the cannon they'd always come to an agreement. Which one of England's diplomatic corps is singeing his hide at the front? Dear Emmet, write soon to yours of old, Magdalen Felden.

After the war the Feldens came to America. Magdalen died at the early age of forty-eight. I could not be wholly pro-Ally.

One winter day I set out, with a lunch Aunt Gertrude packed, to climb a peak of the Cabinet Range. I climbed steadily during the forenoon, in heavy snow, my boots leaving broad tracks.

I ate lunch early, both to appease hunger, and to lighten my load. Food seems to weigh less inside than outside the body. It began to snow, thick flakes. I could no longer see the lake. My tracks were rapidly filling. So I turned downwards, and when I found an opening, disregarded my tracks and went straight downhill to the road. So I did not reach the summit of even a foothill. Uncle told me it was the season for bears to come out of hibernation—hungry. I met none. March 15 I went swimming in a sheltered cove of Lake Pend Oreille, snow on the opposite shore.

My uncle began pulling stumps to add a field to his ranch. He would dig a hole at the base of a stump, insert a stick of dynamite, attach a cap and generous length of fuse. When ready, he had me give the warning cry, "Fire!" from my station beside the road. Then he lit the fuse and ran to join me. We watched the stump move upward with the blast, thud to earth a few feet away. Then uncle brought the horses and hauled the dislodged stumps away, one at a time. Every such day was Fourth of July for me.

Plowing too. Uncle Harry asked if I would like to try a furrow. It looked easy—the horses did all the work. Reins around my neck, I grasped the plow handles. Uncle spoke to the horses; they started on the run. I had all I could do to hold the plow handles, bearing down on them enough to keep the share in the soil part of the time. The horses stopped at the fence!

Near the first of April I spent two days in Spokane, where I added to my stock of books a small volume on *The Dawn of History,* Heine's *Harzreise,* and Goethe's *Faust.*

Easter morning I discovered that Merle lacked a Bible to carry to church. Mildred being older, had one. Going to church was not usual, though the family was deeply religious, living true Christian lives. I sampled one of the numerous churches; immediately they shoved me into the choir—not the way to attract young men!

I could not see any of the children disappointed. So I walked down town, found that the local drug store carried a stock of Bibles, bought one with pictures, in leather, with gold edges. Merle was overwhelmed. Her cheeks grew as pink as the frilly dress she wore, when she unwrapped the Bible.

On the trip to Spokane I spent a day out at Post Falls, Idaho, to inspect 46 acres of to-be-irrigated land that my father took in on a business deal, and had never seen. I snapped pictures of land and surroundings, of signs that a promoter erected on our land: "Sixth Ave." and "Lincoln St." I walked on to Huetter on the electrified Milwaukee Railroad, and returned to Spokane.

Uncle Harry, knowing that I wanted to spend the summer out of doors, suggested that I tent out on the 46 acres, plant oats, which he thought would grow without irrigation. He would help me get outfitted, drive down with my equipment, bring plow and harrow, prepare the soil, help me seed it by hand.

I need not stay on the project; I could stay in Sandpoint, going down occasionally to watch progress, until harvest, when I could get one of the neighbors with equipment to harvest it, on shares or for a price, haul the oats to market. Or uncle would come down and haul the oats back for his own use.

The venture appealed to me, but my father did not favor it. Very likely I would have had nothing from it but health and experience. What next? Should I go on to Oregon and California? There seemed to be some hitch. It was decided that I should go east to a cousin of my mother's in Montana. Preparing to depart, I sent a package of samples of the flora of Idaho to my mother. Fauna too—a piece of cayuse hide! Post Falls soil.

The day of my departure was at hand; it looked like the Day of Doom. I was going inexorably eastward toward Cambridge and Law School.

The children kissed me tearfully goodbye and went to bed. Toward midnight Uncle Harry and Aunt Gertrude prepared to take me to the train. I stole in and kissed each sleeping dear one. What peace is in a child's slumber!—in a home loving and secure. Many a night I listened to their whispered prayers, always naming me with some special petition. Tears often filled my eyes as I heard them. Tonight my throat hurt and my heart ached.

At the railroad station—a gloomy place at any hour, dreary at midnight—we heard the train coming, shattering night with its roar and whistle. There is something inexorable about an approaching train, when it is to carry you away from home and love and happiness. Uncle Harry gripped my hand, with a hearty invitation to come back soon. Aunt Gertrude threw her arms around me, kissed me warmly, tears glistening under the dim light in the station. She understood how much the months spent in their home meant to me.

Life was given a new dimension, a new direction. I resolved that I would give my life to making this world a fit place for such children.

I slept little; woke at dawn in the Montana mountains.

Going Up To God

Mountains calmed me as we moved toward Missoula, Montana. While waiting for the "mixed train" up the Bitter Root Valley to Hamilton, I strolled around town, took pictures. Sandpoint was behind me; I must make the best of what lay ahead.

The train stopped often. At Hamilton the Japanese hotel porter picked up my bags and conducted me to the hotel, a pleasant place where I was fed and lodged.

My Cousin Carrie, who taught school in Hamilton, met me in the morning. I took a more rudimentary train up the valley to Charles, where Carrie's mother, my Cousin Mary, met me with her 32-year-old horse, somewhat younger buggy. The superannuated draft animal had the largest feet I ever saw on any creature but an elephant. He put them down deliberately, one by one. Cousin Mary could go to sleep driving, the reins lying idly in her lap. Old Kit went on, keeping the buggy out of the irrigation ditches.

Childhood memories of Cousin Mary's farm home near Minneapolis haunted me. She had been beguiled into buying, sight unseen, a ranch on bench land in the foothills of the Bitter Root Range. The ranch disappointed; buildings falling apart, never enough water for irrigation, marketing a problem. Carrie became a substantial breadwinner. Cousin Mary was left alone except for a family dependent, a woman of greater physical than mental powers. Kitty did farm work like a man. Carrie came home weekends, did a woman's and a man's work combined.

Cousin Mary belonged to the Society of Friends, for she was of my grandfather Brown's family. In contrast to my father's Irish sisters, she was undemonstrative. But she was loyal, and she received me as peculiarly dear because of blood relationship. Without saying anything to me about my relation to Christ, she spoke often of Him. Quietly, her life spoke eloquently of peace in the midst of hardship. There were Christian books in the home; its atmosphere was His. I could not mistake the Power that sustained her.

A month in her home prepared me for the ascent up to God. I wandered over the bench meadows, amazed at the variety of wild flowers; alone beneath a cloudless sky with myself—and with the Unknown God. At the end of the month I seemed to have made no progress; it was a physical and mental plateau; my forces were gathering, and I caught my breath for a rapid climb.

There was little about the ranch which Cousin Mary and Kitty could not do faster and better than I—except churning! They worked all one forenoon over the barrel churn. The butter would not come. Finally I persuaded them to let me try. It was plain that Kitty did not expect me to succeed. Was it a new hand, a new rhythm? Butter came in seconds. I could have that job for the rest of my stay. My luck held for the month—it would not be honest to call it skill.

Mary Fisher wrote me: "You never say anything about the war. All the English blood in my veins is boiling with indignation over the renaissance of barbarism…"

How could I write her about the war? My ancestry was mostly English, but that Irish quarter asserted itself. I grew up among German friends; I had three German uncles; I admired German scholarship and efficiency. Magdalen Olberg was there, now married to a German lieutenant. I saw two sides, where Mary Fisher saw but one.

American involvement was to work a change, but not yet. Every great power of Western Europe had its century of dominance; Spain in the sixteenth, France in the seventeenth; England in the eighteenth and nineteenth; Italy seemed destined for empire in the twentieth. Why not let Germany have its chance, let its Drang nech Osten squelch the menace of Russia, of Asia? Let Western Europe enter into partnership under the obvious gifts for leadership of Germany.

May 11 I left Montana for Denver, over the mountains, across the plains, down the twisting and turning of Wind River Canyon, which kept me busy taking pictures from the railroad car window.

From Denver I wrote my mother:

7:30 p.m. Waiting for the 9:45 Burlington to Omaha…As scenery in Denver's beautiful broad streets consists principally of saloons and trash cans, I soon tired of seeing the sights. Hundreds of men idle on the streets.

Yesterday I landed in Denver 9:30 a.m.…found a Rio Grande train to Colorado Springs at 10 a.m., spent 15 minutes convincing the agent I was entitled to free transportation to the Springs and return, on my through ticket Missoula to Omaha; then five minutes rechecking baggage, and got on the train. This is the same route by which we went in 1909. The mountains are still there.

Got to the Springs at 12:40 p.m.…went up to the Antlers Hotel, got a good room for $1.50…At 1:15 I started out for a drive…I had a horse and driver all to myself for $3.50, including 50¢ for the driver's eloquence. I got $3 worth of jaw, so the drive only cost 50¢.

The driver,…a good yarn-spinner, had tales of the Wild West, from railroad construction in South Dakota to being U.S. deputy marshall in New Mexico…

We climbed Williams Canyon beside a creek, past caves, large squirrels, burros not much larger, to the Cave of the Winds at 7500 ft. level. It is well worth the $1 admission and guide fee. The stalactites and stalagmites (if you ever discover some simple way to distinguish a "stick-up" from a "hang-down," let me know) yield varied and fantastic formations. The paths are easy; electric lights make the cave no more difficult to navigate than our cellar. There are great galleries closed by vistas of hangdowns and stickups, decked with flower designs in alabaster, walled with all the hues of the rainbow in subdued shades—a wonderfully beautiful picture.

I was with a small party, the other members a pleasant young man and two rather good looking young women, apparently his sisters. His attentions to them were only such as you would expect from a brother…

Evidently widely traveled, they possessed the cultivation to carry their wandered miles without ostentation…Their conversations was in dignified keeping with the place; no tourist shop-talk. The young man was exuberant and impetuous, wanting to take pictures of everything, even in the dark. It is indeed dark when the lights are turned off, 300 feet below the surface of the earth, though a mile and a half above sea level.

There is the Bridal Chamber, where many marriages have been performed, a beautiful grotto with shining hangdowns and flower crystals. The formations…grow with the action of the water. Some are still wet, being in process of formation—that is, alive, as the life of crystals goes. They grow about one inch in 100 years, so you can figure out when a 30-inch hangdown started.

Coming out of this hole, we went on around the mountain roads to the Garden of the Gods. The formations here are grotesque and curious, not beautiful, although the distant view of the whole from the south has a rugged beauty.

This morning (May 13) I took the streetcar to the Pike's Peak Railway Station at Manitou. The cog railway was selling tickets only to Windy Point, 12,000 feet above sea level, $4.50 round trip. I sketched the cogs. Up beautiful canyon, past a pretty waterfall named Minnehaha, between trees growing more stunted, all leaning toward the mountainside, pulled horizontally as well as vertically by gravity. Patches of snow, wider views over a wilderness of peaks and wooded canyons…We went about 500 feet beyond Windy Point for the first time this season…Down at 12:40 p.m., I went back to the Springs, walked around a bit, went to the Public Library and read a comedy by Dumas. Back to Denver at 3:55, arriving 6:45…

The Burlington train carried me away from my mountains, across flat eastern Colorado, the sand hills of western Nebraska, cottonwood fringed creeks, Lombardy poplar windbreaks, little towns with grain elevators and water tanks, to Omaha.

I engaged a dollar room at the Castle Hotel and sallied forth to see my old haunts. Walking south on 19th Street, I heard a cheery voice call, "Hello, Emmet!" An old schoolmate, Bruce, on his motorcycle. He gave me a ride on the seat behind him, I clinging to him. It was pleasant to be remembered. I did not tell him where I was going, but got off at Lake Street on the excuse of seeing the old school and the store where we used to live.

Curiosity was soon satisfied; I turned the corner to the house where Zoe Olga Estey lived. Zoe's father, whom I had never met, came to the door. Zoe was home, dressing to go out for the evening. While I waited, an elder sister entertained me. Sister, a schoolteacher, spent the preceding summer at Harvard Summer School. We did not meet, but we had something to talk about.

Then Zoe came down, lovely in party clothes—yet she was not the Zoe I had idealized. Very dark, aloof, she greeted me coolly, and I responded with equal coolness. All the old charm was gone. The cherished dream fell apart in irreparable fragments.

Besides, sister had already told me that a young man whom I shall call Mr. Waldvogel was expected momentarily, to escort them to a May festival at the University of Omaha. Mr. Waldvogel was definitely coming for Zoe; older sister would be a third party. I was welcome to her. My arrival was opportune. Deeply disappointed in Zoe, I was a listless escort for her sister. We had a pleasant enough evening, and Mr. Waldvogel obligingly drove his Ford around by my hotel afterward.

Thus the door closed forever on a chapter in my life, on sheer romance made of a pretty face, a smile, an intriguing name, association with the story of Lorna Doone.

That Friday night I read in the Gideon Bible in my hotel room, as I began to do in other cities in my travels. The heavy suitcase of books I carried with me no longer gave satisfaction. I turned to the Bible as better than a telephone directory.

Saturday morning I read again in the Gideon Bible, then walked to the Public Library to revel once more in the Children's Room. This was the same; many books that charmed my boyhood; Greek mythology, the Henty books, Ernest Thompson-Seton. But the tables were now too low, the chairs too small. Had they ever been right for me? Or had they, in Alice in Wonderland fashion, grown smaller in eleven years? The Children's Room was not a disappointment; but now it was for other boys and girls. A new life lay before me.

The one cherished memory of Omaha now was the Children's Room in the Public Library—and I was no longer a child. Years later I wrote the Children's Librarian—of course a new one—and received an appreciative reply.

So I walked past the places where I once lived, the old schools, took pictures, then went to call on my chum Ed. I found him sitting on his front porch, tilted back, feet on the porch railing, a cigarette drooping from his mouth.

Ed greeted me lazily, answered my questions about his work and what he had been doing briefly, received with apathy facts I offered about my own life, but asked no questions. I saw that we belonged to two different worlds. I left disappointed. I wished I could find Bruce, but I did not even remember his last name.

Back to my hotel room and the Gideon Bible; a good night's rest, and Sunday morning a discovery in that Bible: II Corinthians 4.

This was not the first discovery. There was the day I read Psalm 14—"The fool hath said in his heart, ''There is no God.'" Another day I reached Psalm 53, again read, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" Twice was too much for me. It was not so bad to be called a sinner—a respectable one, of course—but to be called a fool was intolerable for a man with a Harvard education. Simply because he does not believe in God! Absurd. Yet—what if the psalmist was right?

So this morning I read in II Corinthians 4 until I came to verse 17: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I stopped. The words held me. I walked to the Burlington Railroad Station, checked my baggage, and sat down to wait for train time. My thoughts busy, nine o'clock—train time—came and went. I did not hear my train called.

Suddenly aware of the time, I rushed to the gate. "Where is the nine o'clock Burlington for Villisca?"

"Just ready to pull out—over there." The gateman called to a brakeman, "Put this young man on his train."

This time I did not resent the proffered help, as I was pulled up the steps of the last car as it began to move. The kindness was repeated at Villisca and at Red Oak, where I must change trains, on the way to Tarkio. As I sat in a dingy plush coach seat, about nine-thirty Central Standard Time, that Sunday morning, May 16, 1915, I understood the words I had read.

My affliction, which appeared to me great, was now revealed as light, and only for the moment. Abundant human kindness was available to meet my need. As I was dependent on others for physical guidance, which I must accept as an expression of human compassion, so I was under obligation to make return to others for the help which I needed from them.

What could I do? I had a well-educated mind. Others might lead my body; I must guide their thoughts. How? God would reveal this to me.

Yes, God! Moreover, God in Jesus Christ. My opposition melted before a simple act of kindness—and before the Word of God. For in that luminous moment, God—the same God who at the creation "commanded light to shine out of darkness, shined in my heart, to give me the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

I knew that at that moment I met Christ. I knew that henceforth I belonged to Him, that I would follow Him all my life; that whatever He showed me that He believed and taught, I would believe and do. An unconventional conversion in theological terms, it has stood the test of time. This was reality: I knew that I passed from the death of hopelessness into life in Christ.

My simple failure to make a train unaided was a symbol of the futility of my life as it had been. My suitcase of books by the wisest of men, contrasted with the one Book in which God spoke to me. All the joys of books, of music, of friends, of meditation and writing poetry; what were they? An unreal world. Everything I wanted called for a Center, a purpose—a Redeemer. Now I had found Him!

The blessed life of a home in which love dwelt—and included me—this too had vanished as a dream on awakening. I would recover from the disappointment of Omaha; but would not deeper disappointments follow, engulfing life in ruin?

No! For now I knew the One who could put me on the train of life, help me at its changes, be my traveling companion forever. The inner, spiritual blindness was gone like a mist from the eyes of my spirit. The world my intellect built up through study of the wisdom of men vanished: a world without God, without hope, without purpose, a world in which one could only try to please himself as best he might; a world in which what one wanted to do to make a life was walled off by what one had to do to make a living—a worthless world!

But God! My thoughts went back to the August evening in 1906 when, not a hundred miles away in Kansas, God tried first to get hold of my life, through the hymn, "He leadeth me." The same Christ led me through those nine years, until I turned and met Him. I have lived in the glow of this May morning ever since:

Heaven above is brighter blue,
Earth beneath is richer green,…
Since I know as now I know,
I am Christ's and He is mine.

When the train stopped at prairie towns, the birds sang more sweetly than I ever heard them before. Tears in my eyes were a wellspring of joy, washing my soul clean. I had a smile for my fellow-travelers; a cheery "Thank you" for the trainmen who helped me from train to train. I was not alone; I joined the human race.

A new life more wonderful than Dante's was mine. So, late Sunday afternoon, I came to Tarkio and to my friend J. Vallance Brown, who, with his auburn-haired wife and sons Arthur and Isaac, welcomed me to their home. "Kirk" in the evening—Professor Brown was head of

the Session; singing psalms instead of hymns; a strange but welcome experience, for now I belonged.

Ten days of walks and talks in which my dormant interest in things Hellenic was awakened by this scholarly man's love for all things Greek, most of all for "the Book in the Greek." In wartime I could not visit the Mediterranean lands; but I resolved to study Greek.

I loved the life of the small college; wished that I might be a part of it, to have the guidance of such men as friends. Time enough to go to the impersonal university for graduate study.

At a college singing contest I heard 17 settings of the twenty-third Psalm sung by the contestants. Such devotion to the Word of God moved me.

Too shy to share my new experience on the train—perhaps this premature new birth could not be exposed even to sympathetic eyes; it must be incubated within my heart for a time.

I worshipped with the Browns on Sunday in a memorial service for the Grand Army of the Republic. The Union men, in blue uniforms, gray beards, looked like my grandfather. He would be pleased to hear about this. In Missouri too!

I wrote of May 16, "Incipit vita nova. II Cor. 4:17." And in Italian, "The new life of charity and piety."

The divide was crossed. The tiny stream which flowed toward the sunrising, clear and musical, with the joy of a fresh beginning, a new song bubbling over the stones on life's pathway. Many a bank of sand, and rocky boulder, would shape its downward course in the valley where work waited to be done. The new life would never forget the heights whence it came. Ten days in Tarkio gave the plant which the heavenly Father planted time to root itself in congenial soil, before being exposed to the winds of the world.

Summer Symphony

I came to Kansas City through water over the car stops in the Tarkio Valley. My father, away on business, commissioned me to buy Chicago exchange to send his parents. Grandpa Russell was seriously ill. Father planned to go to him soon, but upon learning that his father was better, postponed the trip. I was to join him at their home in Oconto, Wisconsin.

Visits to friends, review piano and violin lessons, filled my days. Mr. Riggs gave me the address of a girl from our orchestra for whom I cherished a warm regard for her character and musical ability. She lived in a distant city, through which I would pass on my way east. I wrote her and received a cordial invitation to call. She added news that made me realize that the visit would disappoint; she was soon to be married.

The Omaha fancy came to nothing; the Kansas City boyhood homage remained an honest memory, no more. One more dream was left; the closest, rooted in childhood, and the newest, stimulated by a recent photograph.

I arrived in the city where my dream lived and attended college, Sunday morning, June 6, 1915; the day of Mr. Riggs' prophecy of the end of the world! Five years to a day. I walked to the home of my dream. My personal world came to a crisis when I stood in the doorway and faced the girl whose photograph wakened intense admiration, fed by memory of visits over the years. She was lovelier than any photograph, a face vivacious, intelligent, spiritual, framed by golden curls, glowing in the sunlight. Her hand trembled as she took mine in greeting, took the roses Î brought.

We went to her college baccalaureate service in the evening. She did not march with her class, but sat beside me out of deference for my coming so far to see her graduate. All I remember of that service was a golden head beside me, one tendril of a curl on her neck. It is well that I had not read Alexander Pope's poem about what happened to a stray lock of hair!

I was head over heels in love. Was I in love with her? Or with myself? Or with love itself? Patience; time will tell. I could make out a reasonable case for the genuineness of feeling toward her; friendship of our parents; contacts through the years keeping alive friendship between us; she was younger, shorter than I; we both had college experience. I could have been attracted to her for her gifts of mind and skill, had she been less beautiful. I was sure that I had found the ineffable She.

Let me call her Marcia, a neutral name to me. I saw her every day. We went to park concerts together. There was little else going on in summer for which we—at least I—cared. I meant to consider her desires, but followed my own. The books, the music I brought her, were those I liked. I had scarce a thought for her preferences, her tastes, her thoughts about the life she wanted to live.

I took Marcia to visit cousins of mine, and was encouraged by their approval of her. I knew they would, yet waited breathlessly for some expression of their feelings. It was given with more enthusiasm than these quiet people usually permitted themselves.

One trivial incident enhanced my admiration for Marcia. We were walking across the lawn, thick with clover. I asked Marcia, "Did you ever find a four leaf clover?" "Yes," she said, and stooped to pick one. "Can you find another?" I asked mischievously. "Yes," she smiled, and plucked one which she handed me. Sharp eyes that found rare four-leaved clover effortlessly were a miracle to me.

I moved from a hotel to a room nearer Marcia. One day an expected remittance from my father failed to come. I was so low in funds that I resorted to the expedient of spending a nickel for a telephone call to friends, sure that in the course of conversation they would invite me to dinner. With one good meal a day, I could manage on crumbs. The check came at last; I ate once more, and regained my self-respect.

I was leaving soon. I must tell Marcia my heart. I had to know whether she felt toward me as I did toward her. How could it be otherwise? And yet, she was far beyond me. How could she have more than a compassionate friendship for me?

So I took her rose buds, and I told her, trembling and pale.

If, when looking well can't move her,
How will looking ill prevail?

I told her in broken phrases, intense and eager, all my heart. She said she had not guessed—she thought my "gallant speeches" were just that. We were old friends, that was all.

My world crashed about me. For her I could do anything. For her I could study and practice law, go into business, anything to make a home for her, give her the things she ought to have. The prospect of law school began to look attractive; a means to enable me to take care of Marcia. She would justify everything, simply by being there when I came home, to make everything all right.

With Marcia gone from my life—her refusal was genuine and unalterable—there was not even an empty shell left. Delayed action brought Mr. Riggs' prophecy of the end of the world to startling fulfillment in my life, a few weeks after that fateful June 6.

I walked long that night, down by the Mississippi River, across a familiar bridge. The dark river, glints of street lights in it, invited. If I only dared! But to be found so, to disgrace my family; to give Marcia such pain—I walked rapidly away from temptation, until, exhausted, I came back to my room, crept into bed, and waited for the morning, wide awake.

I had told my mother of my love, and my mother jumped to the conclusion that Marcia could not possibly refuse me. My mother wanted me to bring Marcia home with me; when we were settled in Cambridge, my mother and grandfather would go back to Kansas City, or perhaps to Minneapolis, to live. My father would see me through Law School, married.

By the time I received my mother's letter, it was too late. Marcia had spoken. The offer repelled me; I did not want to marry until I could support my wife by my own efforts. Independence was in my blood. But it did not matter now…

I saw Marcia a few more times. She was subdued now, the vivacity gone. She left town for a week. I stayed on, without hope, equally without power to give up. This was worse than death; if Marcia had died, she would have become my Beatrice, to inspire whatever life I lived, to say of her what was never said of any woman. But Marcia lived; she would never be mine; I had no right to hold her, even in my thoughts.

I went to see her mother who consoled me. "Wait, perhaps in a few years…" She gave me a picture to carry in my pocket. Then she said to me,

"Emmet, you belong in the ministry."

Astonished, I replied lamely, "Oh no, I could not be fit for the ministry until I would be seventy."

Was she prophetic? She and Marcia belonged to an evangelical church. But Marcia and I never discussed religion. We did not go to church together. Surely if I truly loved Marcia, I would have spoken of my new experience of Jesus Christ. Why so shy about a thing so near my heart? No, I did not tell Marcia quite all my heart.

When Marcia returned, I saw her again. She was more like her former self. I did not realize the suffering I had caused her. I thought only of my own. When I said goodbye, I lingered so long that when I reached the railroad station I had to run in order to swing up the steps of the last car of the train that was already moving silently out of the station.

I wrote to Marcia, frequently at first. She replied in friendly letters. Feeling her lack of response, I wrote less, and she waited to answer, until our correspondence ended when I made known my decision to enter the ministry—the "most wonderful work in the world," she congratulated.

Yet I felt her aloofness; even had she known at the beginning that I would enter the ministry, and that I was an evangelical Christian, still, in the mystery of human relationships, she did not love me.

Slowly I came to see that I had not been in love with Marcia, but with love itself, and with myself, desiring her as a possession to minister supremely to my self-love. It was well for Marcia that she did not yield to my pleading. I was not ready for marriage.

The morning after I left Marcia, the Wisconsin landscape brought healing. Confused by my failure to win Marcia, I kept her as an ideal of womanhood—like Alice Freeman Palmer. If I could not have Marcia, I wanted no less; I could be content with no one who did not measure up to her standard. Slowly I realized that I must become worthy to be the husband of the noblest of women, when I should find her.

In Oconto there was unquestioning love, for here lived my lively grandmother Russell, and my genial grandfather, with their recently widowed daughter, Jennie. I attended early communion at the Episcopal Church with grandmother, who patiently found the proper places in the Prayer Book for me, which I as promptly lost. She with her Irish Evangelical background was bothered by Anglo-Catholic innovations that a new rector introduced into the service.

Grandfather Russell, even more reserved than my Quaker Grandfather Brown, was always busy, in the garden, fitting wood against a future winter, making repairs around the house.

Aunt Jennie, widowed at forty, was more quiet than usual. She smiled rather than laughed; now tears came easily. A happy marriage, a youthful romance. Jack, a Methodist, drew her to his church, and she liked it better than the Episcopal forms in which she was reared. Moonlight nights, walking home from church…Aunt Jennie opened her heart to me…poured out the sweetness of young love…No moon like the prairie moon, misty, golden…the image of love.

I brought out Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and we read it together, marked our favorite lines, mingled our tears, as I shared with her—had I not too lost a loved one? I showed Aunt Jennie Marcia's picture, told her of my love and of Marcia's refusal—dared I hope? Wisely Aunt Jennie did not encourage me. Someone to understand was all I needed.

Later, when I found the right one, Aunt Jennie's joy was deep. She knew all along that it would be another.

Still my father could not join me. Grandfather was doing well, the need for father was not urgent. So Aunt Jennie and I journeyed north to visit my Aunt Lillian and Uncle Frank Brown at Trenary in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Their son Roy joined us at Escanaba. Roy, younger than I, a competent young man, a Christian who adhered to his mother's and grandmother's Episcopal Church, attracted me. I wished we might be together more.

The other children were Hazel, ten years younger than I, Henry, still younger, and Lillian, Clifford and Blanche, all small. My uncle owned a hardware store, was involved in lumbering. Roy was learning Finnish, to be able to communicate with Finnish customers, numerous in the Upper Peninsula.

We went fishing on a rapid trout stream. Hazel liked to have her hook baited for her. I had a horror of touching wiggly worms—but I baited her hook without complaint. She caught a fingerling five inches long. I threw it back. Who was I, a future lawyer, to be an accomplice to violation of law? Hazel was put out, but forgave me.

The next spring we began to write to one another. I learned the warmth of her Christian faith, and could share mine with her as with no one else. Henry became a durable correspondent later on.

Late in August, I returned to Cambridge by way of the Soo, the Laurentian Hills and Montreal. Cambridge was oppressive with the ominous approach of Law School. Panic seized me; I could not breathe in the humid atmosphere. So off to New Hampshire hills I went. The Bowlby's received me, though they had no other boarders this late in the season.

Services at the Goshen Baptist Church Sunday afternoons, and Tuesday evening Christian Endeavor prayer meetings, conducted by the young people, fed me, taught me that the Christian life is for young people.

Now I began to write poetry again; out in the woods, or by a quiet roadside. September 14, these lines to Helen, one of my Sandpoint cousins:

O let an angel smile for you,
And speak the gentle word,
And whisper softly after him,
The prayer you have heard.

For childish eyes are shining
On the soul we cannot know,
And childish lips are asking
Wisdom the full years bestow.

And if the babe should trust you
With something more than trust,
Let all the world fall from you,
Shake off its weary dust.

O give your best to the little ones;
Enter their fairyland:
Draw near to God in heaven
Led by a childish hand.

The next day I put my heart into these lines, interpreting my own suffering in the light of what God had done for me:

The Potter's Wheel
Jeremiah 18:1-6

The hand of the world is careless
With the Potter's vessels of clay,
It mars them often and scars them,
And heedlessly throws them away

But the Potter with infinite patience
Molds them again to His plan:
Turns on the wheel of sorrow
The perfect measure of man.

September 25, back in Cambridge, I wrote reminiscently:

O ye small New England brooks,
With your stones and mossy nooks,
How I like your dainty looks
Better than my college books!

In a last effort to escape Law School I made out a plan for a year's work for an M.A. in philosophy, on the history of religious thought:

1. History of Religions and Outline Development of the Higher Religions, George Foote Moore;
2. The Philosophy of India, James Haughton Woods;
3. Theism, Edward C. Moore;
4. Either a seminar in Theology or the History of Christian Thought since Kant.

It was no use; where would such a course lead me? I did not know my way, or where to turn for the advice I needed. I did not know God well enough yet to ask Him intelligent questions. There was no escape; I registered for Law School. My *Wanderjahr* was over; a dark and uncertain way waited to engulf me.

A Shattering Year
1915-16

I tried to tell my mother the wonderful experience of meeting Jesus Christ. She stood in our kitchen, frying potatoes for supper on the gas plate. Afternoon sunlight gilded the wall. I had barely reached the edge of my subject, when she said something—I do not remember what—which showed her bitterness toward any but the vaguest religious expression. I froze. I could say no more. She had nursed her grudge against God for permitting the ruin of my eyes too long. It was the one bitterness in an otherwise sympathetic nature. She would not share me with God, with Jesus Christ.

I was too new a friend of God to know how to help. Silence was my only recourse. How could I make clear to her that it was physical blindness itself that opened my eyes of the spirit to God? That because I was nearly blind, now I saw? Indeed, men were "as trees walking" to me yet; clearer vision must wait the healing of time and experience.

I now attended morning prayers at the college chapel regularly. It was my strong anchor on the choppy sea of law. Men like President Lowell, Professors Bliss Perry, Hocking and Carver conducted services the first week of the academic year. They spoke encouragingly to my confusion and despair.

After a silence of more than a year, I resumed writing in my Journal:

> September 27. I have a work to do that is beyond all professions and callings. I must always be true to the light within, which is a revelation of the divine nature. My purpose speaks to me in every accident of life.
>
> Let me not lose sight of the whole in absorption with a part. Just now I am not inspired, but when least expected, the Voice will speak.
>
> September 30. My 9th violin anniversary morning. Nine years—and what? The greatest single influence for spirituality thus far in my life…(In Italian) "thou art she who with shamefaced voice"—Dante.
>
> The law is an inhuman profession—or *ahuman,* if Greek privative and Latin adjective may be coupled…
>
> Only the impractical can be human. Man is a dream with a faith and a purpose. He is out of place in the world as soon as he forgets that. Not, how did evil get into the world, or good into the nature of man, but how did the two ever contrive to mingle in the human soul? It is human to err, but not to sin. No, life is much simpler…Man sees only beauty and service in Nature, only love in God and in his own human circle. Outside—what matters? Let the storm rage round the cabin till it is swept away…

My diary entries for 1915-16 are much neater than for 1913-14. (I kept no diary in my year of wandering, 1914-15.) My health was better, my mind less disturbed, in spite of law school. The thoughts I expressed were often removed from evangelical Christianity; but I was on the Way. Christ was real to me, regnant in my life. Storm raged around and within me; underneath were the Everlasting Arms, the Eternal God my Refuge.

Law dragged its serpentine course along, but for me, November was lectures and concerts—including Albert Spalding, violinist, and Edward Baxter Perry, blind pianist, author of books of descriptions of piano music, deeply influential in my emotional life. He was a friend of my high school music master, Mr. Riggs.

Journal, Sunday November 21:

> The untraveled road, the peak whence no man has looked down, the springs that shall refresh the world-weary soul, the vision splendid—these cry out to me. Not the determined and the known, not the prayer deadly with human breath and

care—the new prayer of the open sky and the far sunrise. The unknown trail of tomorrow that glows in the sunset.

Give me power to go forth to the task that is before me, without a mortgage of weakness upon me. Give me strength, and leave wealth and position for those who have nothing else to live for. All I ask is a body worthy of the hope that is within me.

Oh be not idle, my pen—let not the heavy fate that hangs upon thy body grind down the faith and the vision.

November 29…We must criticize severely the current notion of progress…No great progress in society has ever come about without a change in its members…

Homer's audience attends: advance the harp and sing the youth of the world in the language and rhythm of today. The hexameter is precious; but only as the vessel that held the precious Greek ideal. Equally precious will be the new vessel that shall be worthy of the same human ideals today.

My ship sets out to sea,
Be the weather what it may—
And if I bring her back again
From the isles of far away,

Oh, if I bring her safely home,
Her cargo shall be rich and rare,
For the homely heart of the world loves best—

Here I broke off.

Law left no traces on the literary snow of my December; lectures and concerts dotted the month like trees in a landscape; and the purchase of books. Joseph Pennell's *Pictures in the Land of Temples,* lithographs from Italy and Sicily to Asia, sent mind and heart to the Greek lands, with longing and a poignant, piercing joy; longing for the Mediterranean world.

On the last day of the year, Ferrero's *Fra I Due Mondi* (Between Two Worlds) gave food for thought about South America, Europe, the United States of America.

My father came for Christmas, remained with us into January.

December 23. Four years ago, the Blue Hills, a day like spring. Now, warm as April, the same morning mist. Will it only last until I get out to the wooded hills of Neponset?

November 24. The glory remained upon the hills and in the woods. Ground pine, mossy rocks, strange shrubs among the fallen leaves, a violet mist upon the hills. Wintry clouds above, and this morning, full moon in the sky at dawn.

Morning, December 26. The poems of Alice Freeman Palmer, called "A Marriage Cycle," are a new presence in the world of art and of spirituality and ideals. There never was anything like them quite so finely expressed before. Many pure souls must have felt—why so much inarticulate beauty? They thrilled me as did the *Vita Nuova*—but here is something finer, nobler, than Dante's dream. Here is humanity at last expressed, and thereby is the ideal more divine.

The wall of flame, and the love that moved the sun and the other stars (Dante)—these have often found supremely beautiful utterance—but of the human; what beyond "the emerald eyes," and "the gentle greeting?" (Dante) They left out the great mystery of human life and love; man the measure of all things over against "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Where have we ever seen so intimately, perfectly blended, the suffering, the angelic fairness, the daemonic mystery of love, the unknown, speechless wonder of life?

This is the finest flower of New England, more perfect in form and feeling than Emerson, more complete than Whittier, more real than Lowell or Longfellow.

Here is the most intimate touch with life, and the most exquisite aloofness from the world.

Moral purity is here the summit of pure beauty; art for life's sake, and life for the unchanging love that leads us into the Eternal Goodness.

Morning, December 27:

The prince of the kingdom of heart's desire,
Came over the sunset sea,
In quest of the young queen of love's fair hand,
O'er the sunset waves sailed he.

See the splendor of flaming cloud
And his golden ship that gleams,
On a pale green sea she saileth proud,
A ship of golden dreams.

Still morning, December 27:

I am younger than I was then,
For then I was full of care,
But now my heart sings light with joy,
Light as a bird in air.

January 2, morning: Snow and sleet, a fairy picture of crystal branches against a gray sky, on a white foreground…

I do not feel that a new year has opened yet for me. May it come gradually, spreading its influence of hope over all I do. I want to hold all of the past that is mine—that belongs to the me that is to be—but I want to use it, to express it. O let the world within be clothed in grass and flowers, or be it snow and stark branches—let it sing with the new song they are waiting to hear.

January 6 I bought Grove's *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies,* which opened a new world of thought concerning music and history and the theory of art.

In February, lectures and concerts swallowed up law school for me. I lived in the margins of my life. Tuesday February 8, Professor Paul Shorey of Chicago began a series on "Platonism in European Literature" which punctuated the month with exclamation points, stirred my longing to learn Greek.

Criminal Law obsessed me; the most nauseating part of the law, bringing me in touch with phases of life of which I was ignorant. Often I thought I could endure no more, that I must quit. What else could I do? I went on, miserably, except for those wide margins of my life.

Journal, February 10:

What Is Life?

The question floats upon a mind at ease
Like yonder summer cloud that idly trails
Its shadow o'er the golden harvest field.

Morning, February 21:

I am a minstrel by a dusty road
Where cool rock maples spread their arms abroad,
They are my harp, my flute a purling brook.

Afternoon:

They play forever the old harmonies
That Nature knew before she dreamed of man;
I cannot sing that song; my voice is dumb
In company of these most ancient bards.

Thursday February 24 I heard Professor Caullery of the Sorbonne lecture on "The Present State of the Problem of Evolution." I was later to translate a book of his—not this one! That he considered evolution a problem rather than an established fact; that he thought its present state ought to be considered, rather than its historic foundations, was a shock to me.

March 1. Sunrise—all that I have thought or done into the crucible every day anew. (In Italian) "The wall of fire"—Dante—of youth, 1911-14; the brief period of poise and certainty, summer 1915; now into the flame once more. Before it was for proof, now for victory, for accomplishment. Now the poet of dreams.

Saturday evening, April 29, anniversary of memorable days in 1910 and 1911, I walked to Waltham and wrote my "Children's Hour," for which hearing Hansel and Gretel again prepared me:

The evening glory melts
Into long, low shadows cast;
Familiar shapes grow dim;
The world is strange and vast.

The lark, on shining wings,.
From heaven come home to rest,
Fainter and lovelier sings
To her little brood in the nest.

Turn aside from the road,
Where the home-lamp shines forth,
Lighted by loving hands,
A star as true as the north.

Softly open the door,
And sit in the wide arm-chair,
For one of my angel four
Already waits for me there.

Helen climbs on my lap,
And the story is scarce begun,
When Fred comes rushing in,
And wants to join in the fun.

Then little fairy Merle,
Shyly, with lingering feet,
And one more brown-eyed girl,
Mildred—my circle's complete.

They play about my chair,
They clamber over my head,
Thinking always of something new,
Till it's almost time for bed.

One tired little maid,
Fast asleep on my arm,
In her crimson dress arrayed,
A burden light and warm.

The evening glory shines
For eyes as pure as theirs;
Out of vast and starlit skies
God hears their whispered prayers.

Like the lark on shining wings
Your thoughts have ranged the blue;
Ah, purer and sweeter sings
The love, in the hearts of you!

I would never be reconciled to the practice of law. Yet I lacked the courage to drop it. Where could I turn? Was there any more congenial occupation by which I could earn a living?

Friday June 2 F. Chang and I walked in the Arnold Arboretum, delighting in Tibetan Lilacs. A gulf between Oriental and Occidental mind? Not for us, in the presence of the massed beauty of flowers.

> June 2. Desert! Words without thoughts, blazing heat, blinding light. Night without stars, piercing cold—elements—unformed chaos. Behind every joy there is a shadow, bleak and menacing. I must confide this secret to my Journal, though to no human being. Even there, in mystery, in symbols.

The first—and the worst—year of Law School was over.

A Redeeming Summer

My father was with us when on June 27, 1916, we went to Skowhegan, Maine, in search of family history. Arriving late, we went to the hotel overnight. In the morning my father hunted up his Uncle Sullivan Russell. Father reported an invitation to come and stay for a month. We went.

We visited the farm on a hilltop between Athens and Solon where my Grandfather Russell and Uncle Sullivan grew up, and where their father Asa Russell farmed and worked at blacksmithing. The shop was falling down; anvil and forge gone; only charred remains of a fire; a place to stir thoughts of an earlier and simpler way; more keenly aware because my own ancestors lived there.

We returned to Portland, took the train through the White Mountains to Bethlehem, New Hampshire, thence by auto to St. Johnsbury, Vermont. We came to Stowe and Morrisville, where Grandmother Brown grew up. We called on Colonel and Mrs. Brown, who lived in a delightful old house; antimacassars on the upholstered furniture; marble-topped table—Vermont marble, surely—hair flowers and family portraits in wide gold frames. They knew my grandmother when she was a girl.

On to Montpelier, where we spent the night at Mr. Sparrow's hotel. I was pleased to find a Gideon Bible. My parents returned to Cambridge. July 5 I traveled to Fairlee, Vermont, crossed the Connecticut River to Orford, New Hampshire, where my grandmother Brown attended Orford Academy in 1855. Sitting on a hillside looking across the river I began a poem referring to a story told me in Skowhegan:

Oh, like the shadow of a cloud
Upon the sunny hillside cast,
Thy sorrow rests upon thy spirit bowed,
Till life be past.

Oh, firmer far than granite hill,
Thy spirit, founded on unchanging love;
God's sun shall shine upon thee still,
From heaven above.

When all the suffering and pain
Are gone like clouds upon the wind,
Or by His mercy fallen in rain,
Leave sunlit fields behind.

Oh, like the hollow of His hand,
Broad hillsides, and the sunny vale between:
You cannot help but understand
The mystery unseen.

The mystery of love and care,
That, when the suffering is o'er,
Shows through our tears a world more fair,
Unknown before.

July 6 I went on to Hanover, New Hampshire, visited Dartmouth College, then continued to Newport, New Hampshire; next day by stage to Goshen, where the Bowlby's, who no longer took boarders, welcomed me to their new bungalow, built since fire destroyed their old home.

July 11 my father came by with business associates in a Locomobile, to take me to one of their summer homes on Grand Isle in Lake Champlain.

The luxurious house—a roof of tiles imported from Mexico—impressed me. My feet sank in piled carpet; a butler behind my chair made me nervous; so did the array of silver—at which end do you begin? We ate well; our host dined on a bowl of milk with crackers. I agreed with my father that it is better to be poor and in good health, than to be rich and miserable. Seeing my father's delight in a tall, graceful elm, I stopped far back enough to get its full height in a picture. My father and I rode down to Albany, where we parted, he for Kansas City, I for Goshen.

Here began a quiet, literary summer. I had my Journal with me, completed an index of it, and wrote, July 17:

> It is easy to write words without ideas. Prose slips off the pen almost without effort. But when I try to put it into poetry, then I feel more responsibility for my words. Every syllable gets its share of reflective care. Even so, much that ought not to be written slips by. Poetry is like fishing; I can only set my line of thought and wait for a verse to nibble. They bite most freely in early morning or late in the evening.
>
> How yellow the tall ferns are, with sunlight shining through them, against dark spruces! I hear the brook far down below me, and the whirr of wings above.

July 20 I began this poem:

New Hampshire calls me from the jostling street,
The unknown throngs who pass but never meet;
She calls me with a voice more fair and strong
Than sturdy Beethoven's symphonic song.
I turn from you, O desert of the crowd,
Walled in by canyons built of steel and stone;
I turn from treasuries where art hangs mute,
Waiting the voice of the interpreter,
That they who look on her may also see;
From libraries where wit has found a grave,
From colleges where learning toils a slave
Of those who use her for but selfish ends.
I hold within my heart the best of you,
The best the kingdom of the world can show,
The treasured story of heroic days,
The sacred memory of your saints of yore,
The mystery of nature, and the powers
That men but yesterday have won from her.
Because I hold within that treasured best,
I seek a temple where the best should dwell.
Ah, what avails the palace of the mind,
Upon the sands of loose opinion builded!
I need your granite hills; the strength they yielded
To all the granite race New England reared.
New Hampshire calls me: I will heed her voice,
And thinking of her, evermore rejoice.

July 23, three poems:

Goal

I seek to interpret life
To all who toil in the night,
Who suffer without the joy
That shall come with the morning light.

This one thing I do
Of the infinite good to be done:
Toward that unattainable goal
My constant course I run.

I fail in my task every hour,
I could not go on without Thee;
In my need Thou bringest me power;
Thy grace is sufficient for me.

The second:

Take a bit of summer with you,
Keep it in your heart alway,
Let your thoughts be brown-eyed daisies
On some chill and wintry day.

And the brook shall laugh beside you
When you're trying to be sad,
For with summer sun inside you,
You can't be anything but glad.

The third:

Ballad of a Straw

A straw came floating down a stream
(It was a noisy brook)
Out of the channel driven at last,
Found shelter in a mossy nook.
Too light it was to keep within
The stronger current flowing;
The tiniest waves could bear it off
Wherever they were going.
And buffeted by many a rock
It swept into the eddy,
Where round and round they tossed it oft.
Until the waves were ready
To cast it forth into the stream
As if it might be free once more.
But no, the little waves again
Bear it inward toward the shore.
At last against a rock it clings,
(The stone that oft had bruised it),
A little sheltered from the wind
And waves that had ill used it.
Yet never will they let it rest,

But outward urge it ever,
Out toward the stream which it has lost,
Forever and Forever.
Until the autumn floods come down,
Bearing the rocks before them,
The brook become a foaming flood,
Chill autumn winds moan o'er them.

July 29 I wrote an analysis of the verse-forms of Wordsworth's *Some Intimations of Immortality.* I was serious about poetry.

My "studio" was a secluded spot on a brook. Here I bathed in a shallow pool, read and wrote sitting on a rock beside the stream, through summer hours; a time of release, of renewal, lightly touched by the certainty that this time would pass swiftly, and that Law School awaited me in September. I would be a poet while I could. So July melted into the mellow August of a redeeming summer.

August 1:

On the Shore

The circle narrows on the shore
Of those whom I have known;
The tide sets out to sea, but I
Am not alone.
No foreign land, no alien shore,
The tide of life shall bear me to:
God's hand shall lead me till I find
Those whom I knew.

I wrote my initials in the foam of a pool beside the current of my stream. They stayed there many minutes. Only what is outside the current of the world's affairs can last. All that is within its stream the world uses over and over, and each new identity impressed upon it is soon lost.

"One whose name was writ in water."

August 8 the Latin of I Corinthians 14:8, "If the trumpet give an uncertain voice, who will prepare for battle?" I felt that I was losing out by not taking a definite stand for Christ, when what I really wanted was to serve Him. I did not know how that desire could be fulfilled in practical terms.

August 10, afternoon, I began this poem:

A thorn in the flesh?
Not that they see,
Not that for which they pity me;
Mine deeper lies.
A star-beam, where I sought a star;
A voice I cannot follow, from afar;
Not aching eyes.

August 18 I wrote a sonnet, expressing the feeling that the condition of my eyes held me back from what I most wanted to achieve in life; or rather that the attitude of others toward this hindered me. If they would only treat me as a normal human being! But my real trouble was inability to follow the life I most desire.

Sonnetto

Why do they taunt me with the lack of that
Which God alone can give, and God withhold?
With scornful jest and glances overbold
Why am I singled out and pointed at
As one less fortunate than they that scoff,
Fit subject for but pity and for mirth,
Devoid of a diviner human worth
Than to learn clever tricks and show them off?
It is my own fault if they use me so,
For I have shown them but remorseless pride
In place of kindly human brotherhood.
Nay more, no Christian ever did I know
Who by a scornful pity Christ denied:
His followers find in all men good.

Morning, August 21, I began the long poem "In New England," on which I worked intermittently until finished August 29. Meanwhile, August 25-28, I wrote:

Aspiration

Take Thou my hand in Thine,
And guide me as I write:
Oh let no thought of mine
Obscure the light
Which from Thy Word doth flow,
To show the darkling way,
And may I only know
That all I say
Helps bring Thy kingdom in
The sooner by an hour:
No praise I seek to win:
The glory Thine, dear Lord,
As Thine the power.

August 25-26, I wrote:

Days of Childhood

Days of childhood, days of childhood,
Days of bliss unmixed with care,
In the meadow, in the wildwood,
In a realm of purer air.
Rainbow magic, rainbow magic,
Brighter dews, and bluer sky;
Worldly dreams, but never tragic,
As on grassy banks I lie.
Meadow grasses, meadow grasses,
Tall and fair to childhood's eye;
Indian south wind softly passes,
Tells me legends, low and shy.
Streamlet flowing, streamlet flowing,
Gentle-voiced, beside my bed,

'Neath sweet peas, on trellis growing,
Many hued, above my head.
Yellow iris, yellow iris,
Messenger of love from God;
Here nasturtium's orange fire is,
And the crimson poppies nod.
Wildwood posies, wildwood posies,
Violet and moccasin;
From the woodland pool, flag lilies;
Daisy fields to wander in.
Roadside roses, June's wild roses,
August's feathered milkweed pod;
Summit of a knoll discloses
Blaze of stately goldenrod.
Thought and fancies, thoughts and fancies,
Sunshine always through the rain;
Thoughts as sweet as soft-eyed pansies,
Never shall come back again.

In those lines my St. Paul home lived again. The lines following were inspired by my time with the Nelson family in Goshen.

In New England

The August afternoon has spent its heat,
The long course of the sun drew near the hills,
And yellow clouds already filled the wheat.
Upward between broad fields of tumbled hay,
Shut in by walls of rugged rock I passed,
And ancient gnarlèd pear and apple trees,
Until I reached the summit of the hill
Whence I looked off to noble Sunapee,
Veiled in the golden haze of eventide.
Ah, long and eagerly I gazed. O Earth,
In beauteous summer drest; New Hampshire hills
Checkered with sunlight and shadow even as life
'Twixt joy and sorrow swiftly changing flows!
Familiar sounds of reapers far across,
A whirr of wheels, and now and then a voice,
A glint of scythe beside a stubborn stone,
A barnyard cackle, or a wayward cock
Perched on some eminence befitting rank.
From rocky knoll, among sparse birch and spruce,
The distant bell I hear, and lowing herd.
O peace, profounder than cathedral aisles,
What if the life be hard, the comforts few?
The recompense is grace from day to day,
Open as all this broad blue sky above,
Firm and faithful as the granite hills.
Oh turn from the distant scene, the farther bliss,
Lest gazing on the misty hills I miss
Some nearer beauty, the more precious gold
Of truth which I can grasp and firmly hold.
Surely the sun showers brighter gold upon

These orchard branches, and the close-cropped lawn,
The garden of varied phlox and poppy flowers,
Tall yellow lilies streaked with red,
And woven in a veil of maple shade.
The sunset glory floats about the house,
The porch of tall white columns wreathed in vines,
Red square of walls, small sun-reflecting panes,
The homestead of a hundred years gone by.
Laughter and wide-eyed welcome, shy, demure,
Laughter like broken light 'midst fluttering leaves,
Laughter like sunlight wave in pebbly brook,—
The joy of four fair years in Doris' face,
The image of God's love in Doris' eyes.
The promise of His care is earlier placed
Within the heart, than joys of childhood chaste,
And through the eyes the sacred sign appears,
Which dims or darkens with the passing years,
Until we know, in cold or kindly eyes,
The star has set, or but begun to rise.
Half-reluctant, and as if displeased,
With toss of head, that set brown curls at play,
With sunbeams eager for the golden sport,
Her bare feet run to meet me. Little flower,
Your dress of forest green all sprinkled o'er
With tiny leaves; around your neck and wrists
Bright frills of yellow softly cling: your face
The gentle pansy in its rainbow cup!
I've 'most forgot how fairies play, but you
Shall teach me how, as if the game were new,
And children never had grown up before.
Why, look, in hot pursuit of Biddy's flock,
With new-learnt steps and insecure, the babe,
Who has a smile but nothing else to say,
Comes toddling forth, and climbs upon my knee
Beside my fairy in the woodland grow,
And then such gurgles of delight, such cries,
And imitations of her sister's speech;
The dawn just breaking o'er the sea of life.
Turn, turn your eyes, and raise them to the sun,
Wrapped in broad bands of red and orange cloud,
The children's fairyland come down to earth,
Wherein fantastic eyes point out to you
Rich palaces, cities with golden streets.
We know they are no better than our own,
And yet we long for them in idle hours,
As if the fairy granting every wish
Would make a wiser world than that we know.
I feed my mind with beauty from the blaze
Of all the clouds that day has conjured up.
This is the land wherein my fathers dwelt
In simpler days than ours. A granite race,
Rock-founded on the love of God,
When Christian virtue was a sterner thing,
And Christian peace was o'er New England spread.

But still the kingdom of Christ's mercy waits
To gather every heart within its gates;
And so within the quiet of the home
We may behold the glory of His throne.
I pass within. The table's spread,
And after greeting, words of grace are said,
For every meal is Christ's last supper when
We know not whether we shall meet again.
Firm and quiet as the voice that spoke,
Out of the depths of life, out of the trust
Experience alone can place in God.
Why is it that we will not loose the hold
Upon the helm of life, until the wreck
Of all we hoped for, or the angry sea,
Mere noise of waters, drives us back to Thee,
Than whom no pilot safe can guide?
Around the board four grown up sons returned
From distant city, or the nearby town,
Recounting all the news that they have learned,
The strange and haunting pageant of the world,
Are glad to lay their daily burdens down
Amidst the peace for which elsewhere they yearned.
Here is no voice of discord to break in,
No world insistent on the threshhold stands;
We talk of wars and rumors of wars,
And in our hearts is peace.
Busied ever with her household cares,
A moment seated with us at the board,
Careful of every need except her own,
The thoughtful mother of the family,
Her face alight with sympathy for all,
A hand that always finds some good to do,
A voice like music from the fount of hope,
Her gentle presence in each heart as real
As in the home her influence is felt.
New England speaks one message to the world,
One word of light, one lamp of wisdom shows;
And that one word she speaks to us is "home."
New England gave new meaning to that word.
She put a happy family in the midst,
With wise old books, and eagerness to learn;
With stern necessity about them spread,
Like drifted snows that challenge every arm
To break the road of opportunity.
Nearer than all, nearer than heart to heart,
Or hand to hand, or babe to mother clings,
The Christ-child entered in, and grew once more,
Companion of each growing boy and girl,
In every generation of New England men.
God knows the faults of men, and He alone
Shall judge the good and evil of their hearts:
Take we the good; leave what we would condemn,
Till clearer vision shows the hidden good.
Star of late August skies, far Jupiter,

Once more without the house I gaze on thee,
Soft disk high up above the southern hills,
Beyond the shapely maple's topmost point;
Thy light shall ever in my spirit dwell,
A benediction on the happy day,
For thou art ever with me; eye of God,
Upon the lonely plains, or desert brakes,
Or down the rugged steeps of mountain pass:
With thee New Hampshire hills before me rise,
And all that they enfold comes back to me.

August 1916, spent by my woodland brook, in long walks, or at the home this poem described; inwardly turbulent, I wrestled inconclusively with my problem: how to live the life I longed for, devoted to art, music, poetry, and supremely to Christ.

September 9. Theseus—am I long in coming to God's service? Not till I can lift the rock of my own unbelief, and gird on the sword of faith, can I enter the combat. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Proverbs 4:23

Orford Visited

Upon a gentle slope without the town,
By lane of elm and maple looking down
Over the fields of Orford to that stream
Which from Canadian forests to the sea
Waters New England's varied industry,
Sits the Academy; red walls as staunch as when
Younger they were by three score years and ten.
And if the poet, wandering through the past
Should catch an echo of that distant year,
And paint a picture of the days gone by,
There would be little change to make, for here
New England keeps her ancient purity.

Morning, September 10:

I sit on my throne by the side of the road,
A prince in a fairy realm,
Daisies, my pages, around me nod;
My counsellors maple and elm.

My throne, it was founded from ancient days,
Hewn from the granite hill:
Sturdy my counsellors at my birth,
Though green their branches still.

I take my toll of all that pass,
A thought for my treasury;
A thought I shall spend for the Kingdom's sake,
With generous usury.

For the thought I spend comes back to me,
Freighted with more than I sent,
And the voice I lent in the Kingdom's cause,
Speaks better than I meant.

My road ran downhill to a brook, and up again. I sat on a grassy hillside, on a rock, beside a line of maples; before me the valley, above, blue sky. It was Sunday.

That evening, Christian Endeavor in the Baptist Church in Mill Village, conducted by the young people. In the afternoon service the responsive reading was the same as a year ago—the 27th Psalm. The fourth verse had fastened itself in memory: just what I wanted—the beauty of the Lord; and to inquire—to ask ever so many questions—in His temple.

At the close of the evening service, Walter Nelson spoke to me. "Emmet, I have often wondered if you are a Christian?"

That question ended my hesitation. I had been a believer in Christ for more than a year, yet even so close a friend as Walter did not know it. It was time I took my stand openly. I answered, "Yes, I am; and I want to give my life to His service."

As I walked from the church up the road in moonlight, the call came in the Latin words from Matthew 25: "Venite, benedicti Patris mei." Come, ye blessed of My Father. I knew that my life belonged to Christ. I must serve Him in the ministry.

That night I made this entry in my notebook: "Venite, benedicti Patris Mei. I learned for the first time, I am a Christian."

> September 15. Emmet, your power is to write. Remember the design you set before yourself of telling what the Kingdom of God will be when all men have turned and entered into it. Not eating and drinking, but justice, peace and joy in the Spirit of God. Shape your life so that you may do this, which is your proper work, and you will be content with whatever life brings. Venite, benedicti Patris Mei.

Afternoon, September 20:

> *I see in others my past selves,*
> *And now in some I see*
> *The selves that I am going to be,*
> *Like to the woodsman's helves,*
> *Who, if one break, or suit him ill,*
> *Fits to the keen-edged blade,*
> *Calls it the same axe still.*
>
> *There is one helve that shall outlast*
> *All that the world has known,*
> *Though fitted to one hand alone*
> *Shall hold it surely fast.*
>
> *Joined to the helve of Christ, and held*
> *In God's unerring hand,*
> *Thy blows shall fall where He has planned,*
> *Till the last great wrong is felled.*

> Morning, September 21. What keeps people apart, from Jesus' command that we love one another as He loves us? We do not follow that other command, "Judge not." We judge others on insufficient evidence. We think we know all about them—we are sure they are wrong—but if we really get inside their lives, we find that there is more good than evil there…
>
> September 29. Ten years with my violin, the first five identified with Kansas City, the last five with Cambridge. This covers all of my intellectual development. I owe to my violin the finest and purest…the quiet beauty of woodland streams is interwoven with it.

War Clouds
1916-17

October, the best month in the New England year; "bright blue weather;" "then if ever come perfect days" at least equally with June. Such was October 1916. On the Columbus Day holiday I visited Lexington and Concord—and Walden Pond. Thoreau had the courage to live his own life even as I longed to live mine. I lacked courage to follow his example, feeling I did not have the necessary skills, and could not acquire them. Besides, I asked more of life than Thoreau wanted—not only a few books, but music, travel—and a wife and children, a home—and now all these in the service of Christ.

So I visited the Lexington and Concord battlefields, proud of my American inheritance; the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow, revering the memory of literary heroes, the houses where they once lived; above all, Walden, where naught remained of Thoreau save his cairn. The rest was nature—trees, flowers, birds, lake, with an occasional train hooting through the wilderness to remind me that Walden was not all of the world.

Saturday October 14, my mother and I took the rail excursion to Williamstown to view autumn foliage in the Berkshires. A pleasant walk through town, toward Mt. Tom; the campus of Williams College. Gold and scarlet showered from laden trees. Homeward, passing Walden Pond by moonlight; inspirer of dreams by day, by night.

> Sunday morning October 15: An ancient Greek philosopher speaks of the primitive condition of mankind as arms, legs, heads, bodies, hurled into the void, until the gods took pity on the disjointed state of man, and put him together. Now we can understand that: the battlefields of Europe a literal example; or the conflict of human passions, prejudices and special interests in our society and in our lives.
>
> It seems as though arms, legs, heads and bodies indeed work against each other, by passion and short-sighted desire—the motive behind contentions and cannon shot—hurled into the world. There is one Power that puts them together; arms, heads and legs work as one in Christ. He is the Power that puts life together, and directs it toward that for which it is fitted. One body, many members. The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. We are the temple of God, and with the motive of the Christian life within you, every muscle will respond in the race of life.

Saturday October 20, a visit to Rev. Edward Whitley in Bristol, Rhode Island…The Norseman's Tower—I would like to believe the Vikings built it! Sunday, hearing Mr. Whitley preach in his Congregational Church; returning to Cambridge in the afternoon.

A month of beauty, music and friendship, taking Law School in stride, though my heart was not in it.

I heard Billy Sunday in his Boston campaign.

> On conversion by intimidation, not persuasion. You can scare a man into parting with his property by poking a gun in his face, but you can't frighten a man into religious convictions by poking hell in his face.
>
> Most men are religious not because of hell but because the experiences of life make religion the necessary power behind life. A hot religion is apt to be vaporous. Our human melting point is pretty low. We must melt the glue, but let's have something solid to stick together with it…

Saturday November 16 a new experience: an illustrated lecture by Elmendorf, "Color Pictures of Children and Growing Flowers." Color photography was new enough to be exciting; the pictures of children would have satisfied, but flowers—what beauty of form and color! By speeding up pictures taken at intervals over many weeks, Elmendorf showed us flowers

growing, from bud to blossom. I was captivated; so was my mother, who shared the pleasure with me.

Monday was memorable to me for a concert by my piano teacher Moses Boguslawski in Boston, including music I loved and attempted to play, from Liszt's "Years of Pilgrimage: Switzerland," and a Chopin Ballade.

> November 27: We who believe in a liberal theology must remember that while we guard our spiritual freedom against the tyranny of forms and beliefs inconsistent with the truth, we must also recognize that it is not freedom first and theology afterward, but theology the foundation on which our freedom is erected.
>
> We believe in a God consistent with the principles on which we are coming to see the universe is founded. We believe in a God who works through the laws of the physical elements toward a world stable enough for life; through life till it has brought forth mind in it; toward that mind which has developed a moral consciousness, until finally man, an immortal spirit, born of God and His creation of the infinite past, proves himself what God willed from the beginning, a spirit able to help in the creation of His Kingdom.

December 1, a lecture on "The Future of Germany," by Professor Kuno Francke. America was not yet at war; I could lend a sympathetic ear to a rational plea by a civilized German.

In a letter of December 20, Mary Fisher wrote:

> I was thinking of you particularly the other day when I read of the sudden death of Professor Münsterberg. I was very sorry to hear it, and am sorry that his last two years should have been clouded by the European tragedy. Well, he is at rest now.

Journal, Saturday December 28, after Billy Sunday:

> He doesn't believe in the brotherhood of man. I do. Jesus treated men as brothers—His brothers—and brothers one to another—when He talked to them. He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—is this the speech of a sacrificial Lamb about to be slaughtered by alien enemies? He didn't say, "Send the gospel to them and let them be converted." He said, "Forgive them." He meant it.
>
> Was the Lord's Prayer only for professed Christians? Is it not of virtue in the mouth of one who is afar off and looking toward the light? His prayer too shall be answered. It begins, Our Father which art in heaven. The Kingdom is figurative, after the fashion of those times. Fatherhood is not time limited. God gave them a king in His wrath: how about fathers? His wrath shall pass away, but His mercy endureth forever.
>
> People are always doing me little kindnesses; people upon whom I have no other claim than that of common humanity. They are of all colors, races and shades of belief. Some of them of something more substantial than shades of belief. The Good Samaritan doesn't go very deep in most of us, but we all have a touch of it in the blood. We are the sons of God; His little children, Peter tells us. By and by we shall grow up and put on the whole armor of God. Even now we recognize the primitive duty—"I am my brother's keeper." The brotherhood of man is the cornerstone of my faith. The stone rejected by Billy Sunday.
>
> About the blood of the Lamb. Jesus lived to save men. How trivial a sacrifice His death beside those years of suffering and serving! Great as that last terrible penalty was; much as it taught us; dear as the memory of it is to us;—His life means more to us. Suppose Jesus had gone up from John's baptism to Jerusalem

and died there; how much we would have lost—how hollow Christianity would be without the life of Jesus!

There is no salvation other than to be like Jesus. The new law, the commandment of Jesus, is the salvation He brought us. In life, or beyond the grave, we must become like Him before we shall enter the Kingdom, His Father's house. This is salvation by character, by a whole life, which is more than a simple act of faith, more than any amount of good works. Salvation by living in Christ is the only way to get rid of sin. Jesus did not "pay it all." You and I must pay our share, and all of us together help our brothers to pay their share.

Herein we too share in the progress of mankind onward and upward forever, here and hereafter. Also the spiritual authority and leadership of that full-grown Son of God, Jesus Christ. Also the certainty of just retribution for sin—not expiation through Jesus—just plain retribution, giving back, by each and every one. Here also is the trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation of the character of God and of the interest, duty and final destination of mankind.

Don't trust Adam and Moses more than you trust Jesus. Jesus is our ideal, our standard, our Savior, through first, faith that his life can save us; then, living it every day a little nearer. The final harmony of all souls with God? I only ask, who will stay out when he believes that the arms of love are open for him?

I heard Billy Sunday with my father, I said, "He's logical—if you start with his premises." My father's reply conveyed to me the startling impression that my father *did* start with Billy Sunday's premises, and that he found no fault with the conclusion. He said that if Mr. Sunday's converts lasted only twenty minutes, it would be worthwhile.

I reacted violently against the message as well the manner of its presentation; retreated into the teachings of the Universalist and Unitarian creeds from which I quoted—but mixed with evangelical love for the person and character of Jesus. I had really met Jesus; I did not yet see that He Himself believed and taught what I rejected.

The impact of Billy Sunday's homely—I then called them crude—phrases was too much for me. I could not run away from Christ, but I ran blindly away from orthodox theology.

A gentler exponent of evangelical doctrine might have reached me. But this was the way it happened to me; first a surge of love from and for Jesus Christ, bursting into experience that Sunday morning, May 16, 1915, nurtured by private study of the Bible, by scraps of evangelical truth heard here and there, then by friends like the Nelson's and the Draper's, held me. Then this blast of evangelical fury drove me back to my liberal heritage.

It was painful, but educative. Billy Sunday reached multitudes who would never listen to me. Fewer ears are attuned to a gentler approach, but I was one of these. I knew the sincerity of their seeking, the depth of their need. Somebody ought to care for gentle souls who have never known sordid, outbreaking sin, but whose need of a Savior is equally great. To be the kind of Christian who could reach them, I had much to learn.

On the surface, 1916 undermined what 1915 wrought; but underneath there was a seeking that would not be denied access to God in the person of His Son.

Friday morning, January 5, 1917, an *Encyclopedia Britannica* article on St. Paul's Cathedral, London, telling an incident of its building, set off this poem:

Bring me a stone to mark the spot
O'er which the central dome shall rise,
Lest its place should be forgot,
Our plans set all contrariwise.

Thus spake Sir Christopher to one
Who brought it him. And when
He looked, he read upon the stone,
"Resurgam"—I shall rise again.

Thursday, January 18, I went again to Bristol, Rhode Island, to visit the Whitley's. We visited the farm on which Senator Colt played at cattle breeding. We felt that the cows were better housed than many of the American people; more attention to hygiene.

Sunday afternoon I visited the Draper's in Pawtucket, to be encouraged by the warmth and security of their home. On the train near Mansfield, Massachusetts, I wrote: "When we were little children, we dreamed that the world was good and fair. Now our dream is to make it a little more so than it was before."

February 8, I wrote a triolet, an intricate French verse form:

You echo through my mind again,
Dim strains of music long unsung,
Condensed from misty silence, like the rain,
You echo through my mind again,
And wide the portals of the spirit flung,
Dim strains of music long unsung,
You echo through my mind again.

February 26, Sarah Bernhardt in another "farewell appearance;" I had heard her earlier in Kansas City. An old woman, she still dominated; her voice gripped me.

The evening of February 27 I wrote this poem about Sargent's murals of the prophets in the Boston Public Library:

Sargent, the bold idea leaps across
From symbol unto symbol on the wall,
From pagan foreworld, beauty with horror twined,
Through prophets of a thousand desert years,
Through law that kept alive the flame of right,
To Resurrection from a faithless life,
Within the Kingdom of the will of God.
And not within the forms the truth will stay:
Truth is unbound, that maketh all men free:
The dawn is gray with mist; we cannot see
The Word Incarnate of the brightening day.

Peace flooded my spirit whenever I entered the Boston Public Library, climbed the Puvis de Chavannes stairway. Now the Christian meaning of the Sargent murals drew me to the top floor.

Sunday March 4 I vented my feelings against the current trend in poetry thus:

To a free verse
O pleasaunce,
O dalliaunce,
Souls of soft soap,
Thou blattest heedless,
Thou pratest needless,
Assinine dope.
Jupiter fulminans,
Silliness culminans,
Done in free verse!
I would to heaven
Your mischievous leaven
Were packed in a hearse.
Shades of the fathers,
Wherefore the bothers

They had with rhyme?
No longer meter
Goes teeter-teeter;
        You've submarined time.
You have not won it—
The typewriter's done it,
Shown you the light.
All prose is poetic,
All copy aesthetic,
        Ragged edge at the right.
Rhythm and number,
Obsolete lumber,
Off with them quick:
Let naught detain thee,
No forms restrain thee;
        The world soul is sick.
If in thy chopping bowl
Food for the dying soul
Were predigested,
Then we should bless thee,
Hail and confess thee
        True poet tested.
…Etna is breathing
Within there is seething;
Your world's but a crust.
Enceladus' slumbers
Shall waken in numbers,
        Affirming our trust
In passion and beauty,
The poet's whole duty,
Earth's fairest hope.
Meanwhile, pleasaunce,
Vain dalliaunce,
        Souls of soft soap!

I sent this poem to Mary Fisher, who, with a chuckle, sent her appreciation.

I was writing a great deal of the reinterpretation of Christian history, and reconstruction of theology, proudly laying ignorant hands on the new enthusiasm, which should have made me humble instead.

April 1917, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided in three parts. The first was split in the middle by the entry of the United States into war against Germany and Italy, on Friday April 6.

Monday evening, April 9, I went to the Cambridge Masonic Temple to apply for admission to an organization that was to have an important place in my life over the next few years.

My grandfather Brown was a Mason, a high priest of the Royal Arch Chapter. My mother was an ardent member of the Eastern Star. My father had recently joined the Masons for business reasons, gone up the Scottish Rite to the 33rd degree, and belonged to the Shrine. In Mexico it was helpful.

This family background encouraged me, following a family tradition, honoring my parents, and my beloved grandfather—we now shared secrets! I went up the York Rite, through the Commandery, not skipping the Council of Royal and Select Masters.

At the last minute I came near withdrawing my application. The secretary of Charity Lodge asked me if my father would be able to support me in case I could not make my own living. I was incensed, yet went ahead, though I felt that I should have withdrawn, unless they were willing to receive me for myself, without depending on my father. After all, I was nearly

through Harvard Law School: blind lawyers do make a living. Their attitude sobered me, until, six years later, out in China, I severed my connection with all Masonic bodies—leaving behind an investment of several hundred dollars in life memberships. *Charity* Lodge, indeed!

The war did not come home to me yet. The second part of my month began on Friday the 13th, when I took the noon train for New Hampshire, to spend the April recess at the Hial Nelson home in Goshen. There were walks around old haunts, visits to friends, meditation in the fields, services at the Baptist Church, visits to business establishments of the Nelson men, and a bit of writing.

Sunday, April 16:

> He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
> By His own hand He leadeth me:
> Out of the stillness of a starless night,
> Across the boundless darkness of the plains…

I could not finish; I did not yet see my way through. My intellect clung to liberalism; my whole being responded to the love of God as expressed in the Nelson family. They were real.

Patches of snow here and there; deep snow in the woods; April sunshine and growing things springing up everywhere. Sweet peace, in an eddy far from the river of blood which flowed in Europe.

Friday April 20, shut in by rain, I did not mind, for it meant going deeper into the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, and of the dear grandchildren, Doris, five, and Ruth, two; the compelling power of a Christian home. I could argue for liberalism, but I could not escape the living Christ.

Saturday April 21, back to Cambridge, and to the third part of my month. Appropriately, I journeyed in the mist. My mind was in a fog too, an intellectual and emotional fog from which I was not able to emerge. Back to earth, with the Masonic lodge, lectures, concerts, Law School.

Books? I bought *Don Quixote* with Doré's illustrations; Doré's *Bible Gallery.* Doré spoke to me; I read his pictures as well as looked at them. Then a booklet of *Hymns and Prayers for the Use of the Army and Navy.* The hymns, printed as poetry, without music, fed me with evangelical doctrine. The Scripture portions pointed me to significant readings. The prayers meant less to me; instinctively I knew that I must do my own praying. This little book remained a loved companion long after the war ended.

> April 30. The Republic and the Kingdom—our fathers founded the one on the inalienable rights of man; liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Paul says the other is founded on justice, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. As we are willing to sacrifice all we have in life to uphold the Republic for generations to come, how much more should we give our lives to establish the other! There may be religious leaders in a land ruled by despotism…but only in a free land of opportunity can there be spontaneous, joyous expression of religion among all the people…The life of Christ is the full expression of man's powers…
>
> …The life of Jesus is the crowning, unique life of the world. He dealt with the greatest concerns of man, his religion, his relation to the ultimate nature of the world and its supreme Ruler. He taught that this relation was not complex and obscure, but simple and pure…Jesus simplified all the relations of life, and purified the world as no other influence ever could…Why could He do this? Jesus was the Son of God, the only man who ever lived, who was truly that. In the nature of things He could be no other. There is nothing supernatural about Him…Jesus was the representative of the divine life wholly and perfectly. No other was ever that. To be like Him, to put on the whole armor of God, is our whole duty.
>
> After Prometheus lit the first fire, every man has found a way to do it. In the steps of the Master, then, in the infinitely difficult life of every day we can strive to follow Him…His was a life which living and dying He gave for us.

May 1. Now I come to the end of the volume—an arbitrary ending, for life flows on, without pages, without binding, though the record is fixed in word and deed. Ten years this spring since my renaissance; nearly two years since I understood the great fundamental fact of life for the first time, faintly yet vividly, hazily yet surely—"All things are mine and I am Christ's and Christ is God's."

Mottoes 1906: "He leadeth me."
College: "In the great hand of God I stand;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a rock that cannot move."
These led me to my Redeemer. Then:
May 1915: II Corinthians 4:17, conversion
Sept. 1916: "Venite, benedicti patris mei"
Come, blessed of my Father.

The old mottoes are dim, the old ideals pale; in the new life alone my past life finds meaning. I am glad for every thought or feeling which kept the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

May 3 I bought a new journal, of the substantially bound sort for taking notes in Law School. With it under my arm I walked to Longfellow Park, sat on a bench looking up at the marble relief of six of the poet's characters. Here I inscribed the date and place on the flyleaf, and Longfellow's lines:

Look then into thine heart and write,
Yea, into life's deep stream;
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn voices of the night,
Be these henceforth thy theme.

I turned the leaf and began:

Morning, May 3. I hear a meadowlark singing near me. The sky is filled with clouds that soften and diffuse the light, as on that April day when I wrote "And This is Art." The marble forms of Longfellow's heroes look down on me from a frame of cedar hedge. Another enchanted land of dreams and poetry for me—because I will to make it so, and the spirit of a new life within makes it possible.

Saturday May 5: Looking over my high school and college books is like going through the days again—all the joys, and a little of the weariness. Scattered through them, bits of myself—a word, a date, a mere mark, or a leaf, a program—things my life attended to once, forever more sacred than other untouched things. Life expressing itself in things—how persuasive is truth in nature!

Evening, May 10. This morning the triumphant, exuberant, spontaneous Psalms 92-97—this afternoon the *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.* Such great thoughts give me courage. For these ideals I would live. And I will.

To come back from the distractions of our common, vulgar, luxurious life, filled with things that only weaken the fine impulses of the heart—to come back to the simplicity and holiness of high thoughts and self-sacrificing lives—how it refreshes the wasted mind and will. The intricate cobweb of the world is swept away; the face of God shines as the morning to the eye of a child. Then the world comes back fresh with the dew of faith and the sunshine of love.

Saturday May 12 I took the daughter of our Chelsea friends to see the Harvard ROTC reviewed by Marshals Joffre and Viviani.

May 21: On the one side crowd upon me memories of golden days and gentle faces; on the other, the grim sacrifice of young men who go out to die within a month.

Morning, May 24. My sacrifice is to be of life, of long years, not of death, nor the hazard of death. We are so eager to make the sacrifice of war for the safety of political institutions and of the social system—how much more ready should we be to make the sacrifice of the Christian life for the sake of the Kingdom of God which alone can make lasting the peace we long for.

Memorial Day, more meaningful, with our nation at war.

A Time of Decision

June 19 I went with a Harvard group to a Y.M.C.A. student conference at Northfield, Mass. Chang Fu-yün was with me. The days offered spiritual motivation; a missions class under Charles Hurlburt of the Africa Inland Mission; Bible studies; lectures by Dean Brown of Yale, one of which disturbed me. He affirmed the physical resurrection of Jesus as a fact.

I expressed my doubts in an evening meeting of our group. No one replied; our leader, a pastor, said nothing.

I went out and walked by the brook that bordered the Northfield campus. I had to be alone. Could I be a Christian without believing doctrines my reason repudiated? Sitting on a stone beside the brook, I wept. I did love Jesus. I could believe anything He showed me that He believed and taught. This doctrine of the physical resurrection I could not accept until Jesus Himself showed me. God, are You there? Jesus, are You real?

The moon shone down, not unfriendly, upon the brook in the woods as it murmured over the stones. One star I saw. And God came down and lifted me again.

Back in my room I wrote: "I will never leave Thee nor forsake thee." Again God was leading me—letting me find out for myself. I thought I was returning to Universalism, rejecting evangelical Christianity. I needed once more to go to my Arabia—my Goshen—to find myself? No; that there God might find me.

Returning from Northfield, I began attending Unitarian churches around Boston. My reaction to Northfield was bitter.

> July 1. Northfield—the good—association with other men of all nations, under conditions more favorable for drawing out the best in each…But—little spiritual life; prayers that sink like lead to earth; no wingèd speech; prayers no Christian ever ought to pray, for unworthy objects, vanity, pride of institutions.
>
> Addresses full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. A hymnbook worse than Billy Sunday uses. They used mostly the cheap hymns in it—God in three persons—to the great three in one. Dean Brown's cheap arguments for the physical resurrection, following his brilliant analysis of the Bible—the only spiritual message of the conference.
>
> The theology was of the confused type that worships Jesus, prays to Him as a person of the Godhead.
>
> Precisely the point of Jesus' life work was that He showed to what heights of purity human life could rise. If He was divine, it is no credit to Him to have lived a pure life on earth, not even to have been willing to come to earth at all.
>
> Jesus was certainly human; was He anything else? By His unique life He demonstrated that a man can live wholly for God, doing His will in every act of life. Man was made in the image of God, and was intended to become like Him. Jesus Christ fulfilled that goal.
>
> Jesus is the perfect Son of God on this earth. But He commanded us: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." If another should attain that perfection, would he therefore become divine? Only in the sense of being like God, not in the sense of being God. No man can be God while he is man—but he can have the divine nature within him.
>
> See how the evangelical idea of the divinity of Jesus stunts spiritual growth. Man cannot attain the pure heights of Jesus' life. Redemption was finished 1900 years ago. Man has only to accept his slice of the salvation Jesus meant for him.
>
> Thus man is limited in at least three ways: first, he cannot become perfect in life; nothing remains to be done about salvation; no man has power to work out his own salvation.
>
> Whereas I believe that man can and sometimes does become perfect in life like Jesus. I have known such people—a few. Jesus did not cease to be human by being

perfect—witness the temptations, the times He wept, became angry, almost gave up in Gethsemane—but everything He did or felt he used for bringing in the Kingdom…

Second, we know very little about the plan of salvation. The fact that the universe is larger than the Ptolemaic cage points to the possibility that God is not going to save us earth by earth, but that all the planets shall work together for salvation. Evolution, which evangelicals say has no new spiritual contribution, ought to warn us that we should be modest. Perhaps man is not after all God's last word in the creation of life. Perhaps He has a better instrument coming.

Third, man must work out his own salvation. Jesus helps us to do it by showing us the way. He was the Way, because His life showed the truth about man's destiny. Salvation is by character, by all that a man can make of himself. He is redeemed in the measure of his achievement, as God measures achievement.

The first test of religion is truth. Truth is measured in all the ways man can devise, whether of reason or of experience.

There is one God, and conscience is His prophet.

Monday July 2 Summer School began. I could no longer keep away from Greek. Added to my interest in classical literature, art and life, was eagerness to know the New Testament—which profoundly moved me in English, in other modern languages, and in Latin—in the original also. So I enrolled for the Beginner's Course, given by Professor Clifford H. Moore. A small class; a few undergraduates who failed the course during the winter, a young Irish Roman Catholic priest, and one woman.

There was a woman in one of my undergraduate psychology courses. We did not even exchange salutations. The men regarded her as an intruder. Summer School was different; femininity dominated; there was social life, a dance, a reception.

I was beginning to get over my shyness. A woman interested in Greek might be something special. She lived within walking distance; she professed to like to walk; to take her to a concert or lecture involved no reading of streetcar signs. Her family was highly placed in the legal hierarchy. To pursue the acquaintance might further the legal career to which I looked forward.

She spoiled it all when she referred casually to her dentures, thus, in my estimation, automatically placing herself in the category of senior citizen. There was a wall between us; or was it a set of teeth?

Greek thrilled me. The half-familiar form of the letters, clear Porson type, the charm of Greek taste, the power of the Greek intellect enslaved me.

Had I possessed courage to begin over, I would have become a Greek scholar, even if it meant teaching. College teaching; a subject few but the ablest chose. Summers in the Mediterranean, among the Greek islands, study in Athens! To read Greek authors in the original, to write books about them, to share my enthusiasm with those who knew no Greek! Above all, to read the very words of Paul; perhaps even of Jesus!

Summer School passed all too soon.

July 5. Yesterday Marblehead, the Neck, around the Harbor. Rocks of brown, orange, red, yellow, purple, gray—surf whitening at their feet and up into the Churn, that cleft in the rocks where near high tide the waters surge up, and fall back through echoing, hollow passages.

July mist on the sea, pearl between gray ocean and blue above. O beautiful work of the love of God, which I have found! "Who trusts in God's unchanging love, builds on a rock that shall not move." I stand and look out to sea, the surge of life whitening at my feet. Life making smooth the way by the beach. I would have the outward view, out to sea, the mysteries of life, of the world, of God. I am but kelp on the crest of a wave. I can but live till the sea of life itself shall leave me on the pebbly beach, and the tide go out—to take me nevermore.

Look out to sea; look out toward the living, moving waters of life, from the Rock of God's love, from the shore of the homeland. How should I will other than God's will? His alone, Kingdom, glory and power. Ocean, mother of life—the body of kelp and crab come in on shore, the abounding life goes out upon the ebbing tide—spore and spawn are carried back to sea.

Life begins anew. "That which came from out the boundless deep, turns again home." Aye, under the sea as on the land, the Rock of love—the everlasting arms are spread. Look out to sea—the open way, the far sunset, the prayer of earth and sea and sky together at eventide.

I began dating women of our acquaintance. July 28, a woman from the Unitarian Church in Kansas City was to be met at South Station. A college graduate, she had grown into an intelligent and gracious woman. It was a pleasure no less than a duty to make her stay in Boston pleasant. Sunday we went to King's Chapel, thence to Nantasket Beach on tunnel and ferry by way of Revere Beach. We were young; the program did not seem strenuous. Monday, around the University; Tuesday, Longfellow Park and the Harvard Museums.

A heady month for me; beginning Greek, and one might say, beginning women! So many of them! Saturday, August 4, a party at my home, with oddly assorted guests; students, non-students, young and middle-ages—my mother had a genius for making ill-assorted people have a good time together.

Saturday noon, I was on the train for Goshen, for a brief stay with the Bowlby's. My Arabia at last!

Sunday I skipped church, walked eight miles over Lempster Mountain to Washington, New Hampshire, and back. I must stretch my legs and my mind and heart, clear out academic fog, see straight, think straight. Toward evening I called on the Nelson's. They drew me in spite of my revived interest in liberal religion.

Days by the brook in my studio; walks over familiar roads; a brilliant display of Northern Lights; a walk on a dark, rainy night.

Saturday August 18, a morning visit to the Nelson's before returning to Cambridge. My cousins Tryphena Russell and Irene Currier from Skowhegan. Maine, arrived just before I did.

Tryphena and I walked to Longfellow Park, and by the Charles River to the spot where Leif Erikson was supposed to have built his home in the year 1000. We came back through Harvard Yard in twilight.

Sunday, because Tryphena was a Baptist, we went to Tremont Temple. Neither message nor atmosphere repelled me. Afternoon, to the University Museums; Monday, Concord and Lexington—Tryphena delighted in the Alcott House, with reminders of the *Little Women.* Evening, she played hymns for me. Her unquestioning piety moved me deeply.

Tuesday a G.A.R.parade; we rode with my grandfather in a car provided for old soldiers and their families.

Wednesday we visited the Jason Russell house in Arlington, home of our ancestors. Thursday an excursion to Plymouth and Nantasket Beach. Friday, August 24, Irene and Tryphena went home. A young Christian cousin had given me courage.

Tuesday September 4. I was off to Goshen once more, to the Bowlby's. A sunset of dark clouds, moonlight like the night a year earlier when I heard God's call to the ministry—I felt its renewal, new life surging through me.

A visit to my old swimming hole, hours in my studio on the brook, calls on friends, walks over well-known roads.

I wrote:

Psalm 116

I love the Lord. He leadeth me.
I love the path wherein I go.
I love the Lord, because I know
He leadeth safely, though I cannot see.

I love the Lord, for He hath heard
My supplication and my prayer,
He comforts me by His pure Word,
And by His presence everywhere.

Shadows of death encompassed me,
I cried to Him, "Let me not die!"
The pains of hell gat hold on me,
I cried to Him, "Be Thou near by!"

Men wore like waves upon the tide.
I cried in haste, "Trust not in men!"
I thought that nothing would abide,
Till God came down and lifted me again.

The same day, September 7, I began a poem I called "My Symphony," using musical terms for its "movements" incorporating earlier poems:

Allegro non troppo, un poco maestoso. (Not too fast, rather majestically).

I

Prelude "Pend Oreille"

O beauty of the world, O boundless joy,
To stand upon the mountain-tops of life
And watch, beyond the shaggy, pine-girt slope,
Across the valley with its circling lake,
The purple distance melts into the blaze
Of sunset clouds and golden twilight haze!
My Beethoven can give me such a day,
When up the steeps of his great symphonies
I follow boulder-strewn moraines of thought
To heights from which a world of passion shows
But cloud-flecked land in broad lines of repose.
Again I find the mountains in the words
Of Plato, when with Socrates I pray,
"Oh, give me beauty in the inward soul,"
Or when with Er I climb the topmost rim
Of all that man can know or dare to hope,
Beyond the pillar of light that binds the worlds.
Or just alone upon this mountain peak,
Free from the hopeless chaos of the world,
Freed from the heedless littleness of man,
Seeking his own as though there were no plan
That bound him to the whole, and all to him.
A part no longer, but a world complete,
Earth answering sky in round horizon meet,
And at the center of the world of sight,
Alone I stand upon the windswept height.
You kingdoms of the world, how fair you seem,
Touched by the haze, like faces in a dream;
Only because, far off we cannot see
The strife that tears our shining veil apart,

The clash of men and beasts and elements,
The universal war of selfishness.
Is there no hope, save from the mountaintops
To gaze on all the discords rolled in one,
And painted o'er with air-borne loveliness?
Then such is Art, to make a perfect scene
From scraps and fragments of our broken lives,
And life has pine-clad mountain steeps to climb,
With views that stretch beyond the bounds of time.

II
Adagio molto e cantabile (Very slowly and with a singing tone)

The valley holds the beauty of the dusk
While painted sunset climbs the mountain slope;
Beneath, frogs croak beside a rainbow pool;
Above, the tower of light shines forth alone,
And all between is misty, darkling shade,
With stars that softly twinkle over all.

Andante (walking tempo). My poem, "The Children's Hour."

III
Allegro moderato. (Moderately fast).
There is a mountain in the soul of man,
Beneath whose shadow if he darkly lives,
The world's a murky valley walled with rocks,
The sunshine of whose peaks he never knows.
But if thereon he lets his spirit dwell,
Shining afar in rays of heavenly light,
In clear reflection forth to all mankind,
And pours himself, a living mountain stream,
Down from his native height, a sacrifice,
Ah then, his mount becomes a paradise!
God dwells upon the heights; men worshipped first
Upon the hills; the symbol slowly learned,
And gave to God the heights of heart and mind.
I found Him in a valley of the world,
Enthroned upon a mount of innocence,
That poured forth love as joyous brooklets leap
Through sun and shadow o'er a craggy steep.
"Except ye shall become as one of these,
Ye are not pure enough to enter heaven."
Childhood that stands forever on the hills,
From age to age the same, and beckons us
To climb our own pure hilltops of the soul:
A little child shall lead us to the Throne,
Where our great Shepherd claims us for His own.
Oh keep within thy heart, "He leadeth thee,
By His own hand He daily leadeth thee,
As all things pure lead upward all they touch,
Into the mountain of the Lord of hosts.
His is the central eye, the radius His,
That fixes the horizon and the sphere,

Marks what is far from holiness, what near.
He is the mighty Rock that cannot move;
Who trusts in Him, builds on eternal Love."
Chaos of luxury and misery,
Savage in motive as in passion base,
The world, till touched by that clear faith, "the creed
That springs spontaneous in the holy heart,
'There is a God.'" It is a faith in man
No less than God; a love toward both; and hope,
A light more certain than the wisest guess
Of learned men; hope wrought of common life;
Love, of spontaneous sacrifice; and faith
Molded by hands that reach down to the vale
Of death itself, and will not let us go.
The Thinker and the artist build one world;
Centered on beauty this, on wisdom that;
One self-same power endues them both with strength—
The spirit of man, in quest of the Kingdom of God.
The passion for the One, in humble hearts,
Becomes the love of God, spreading from One
To all, in universal charity.
I strive to climb that mountain of the soul;
Yea, even in the streets of Babylon,
My feet are still upon the mountain heights,
And every step I take is upward now.
O beauty of the world, O boundless joy,
To walk with God, upon the mountaintops of life!

On a Sunday evening walk, September 10, I made note of Psalm 116:14: "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation." When I found that verse also in Exodus 15, the Song of Moses, and in Isaiah 12, I was delighted; God said the same thing three times, by the mouths of Moses and Miriam, David and Isaiah. Now I too could say it from the heart.

Tuesday September 11 I climbed Mount Sunapee, with Mr. Royce, who knew the mountain, and a group of young people. Lake Solitude, nestling 2,500 feet above sea level, ringed by cliffs, beautiful beyond words! Afternoon and evening on "the mount of innocence" at the Nelson's, returning to Bowlby's by starlight.

Wednesday September 12, working on my Symphony, I called "A Day of Consecration." By a pool and tiny cataract I wrote:

> The liberal church is an American idea. Much as Unitarian and Universalist theologians may delight to trace their peculiar tenets back to the primitive church, or to find them held today by ancient organizations, yet, like the English sparrow, the liberal church first found a congenial home in America.
>
> It is the destiny of America to work out a new phase of human development—civilization through liberty. Liberty isn't the whole story—there's much else to our national character—but it is the keynote of our life.

Friday morning September 14, I sat on a rock in a field beside an old road, and thought about Milton; because he wrote blank verse such as I was trying to write in my Symphony.

Monday September 17, farewell supper at the Nelson's; Tuesday, after being early in my studio, I returned to Cambridge.

Saturday September 22 I bought an influential book, an old Classical Atlas, whose maps gave me happy hours in the ancient world. Law School again, September 24—Constitutional

Law, a subject of genuine interest to me, as International Law had been the year before. To balance the law, I bought Chopin's Ballades and Preludes—a world of beauty and joy.

October, a month when I wrote everything down in vivid detail—a month of crisis resolved. Mid-month, a new typewriter, an office model in large type, with characters for writing the languages of Western Europe; a blessing and a release.

Interest in Constitutional Law and American history led me to buy the three volumes of Yale Professor Farrand's *Records of the Constitution of the United States,* giving the proceedings of the convention that framed the Constitution. I had also a ten-volume set of United States diplomatic correspondence in connection with International Law the previous year. If I could be an ambassador…

In preparation for a November 20 performance of Beethoven's Ninth Choral Symphony, I bought an orchestral score.

> October 16. The beauty of the world—clouds and sunshine mingled, autumn foliage, clear air. How everything that man does spoils the beauty—man can only feel and scarcely think this beauty, if he would keep the harmony between himself and nature.
>
> All the ugliness and cynicism of man's botch of civilization rolled into a fiendish savagery which burst in the midst of the fair and beautiful, devouring purity to beget rage. It cannot last. When it is over, we have a reckoning. We played with fire. Our souls are seared with the same destroying flame. We must grow anew in spiritual powers killed by the fire of barbarism, by luxury, indifference to others, treachery to the highest of life…

Thursday October 18, at the Cambridge concert of the Boston Symphony, Miss Guimar Novaes played Beethoven's second piano concerto. She was young then; the Brazilian woman's playing charmed me; in recordings it continues to delight.

Sunday October 21 a long walk—Belmont, Waverly, Watertown, instead of church. Disturbed, I must be alone, walk off turbulent thoughts. The morning of October 28 I recorded an experience of the evening before:

> "Who sayest thou that I am?"—Thou art the Christ, the Son of God—Jesus—all that God means to me. Without Him, I would not know God. He manifested that person truth declares is God. I cannot deny Him. This is but intellectual recognition: I await the Spirit's fire.

It was intellectual—unstable at that. I wrote on October 30:

> Matthew 18 and 19. The whole impression that Jesus makes is one of manhood, not that of God.
>
> If traditional theology means to thinkers who claim to believe it, only that Jesus manifested God, why should we keep the doctrine of the trinity? The trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, are occasions of stumbling to every straightforward thinker. Christ as God manifest is no more than many men and women are in some degree.
>
> If we knew Jesus as intimately as we know others about us, would we find Him unique in quality, or only in the superlative concentration of His life? The Gospels paint that concentration, that perfect absorption in His mission. Were there struggles, before He attained maturity?
>
> Unless it is the truth honestly told, the age of traditional theology and the sacred associations about it, ought not to justify its continued acceptance. It is not enough to have convictions that are substantially true; we ought to express them unmistakably, honestly, directly, not in mystery.

Then the Spirit's fire fell. Wednesday October 31, an observance of the quadricentenary of the Lutheran Reformation at Andover Seminary left me unmoved. But in the evening at Tremont Temple, Dean Brown of Yale spoke. I admired Dean Brown, in spite of my reaction against his arguments at Northfield for the physical resurrection of Christ. He had a sermon on "The Lure of Goodness," which I heard at least three times. It was an exposition of the life of Christ and how He "went about doing good"—and found it an adventure.

Now his Luther quadricentenary address settled once for all my doubts as to the deity of Christ. I could not escape Jesus. He was my Truth, as well as my Way and my Life. I knew now that He meant what He said when He claimed equality with the Father.

This endeared Tremont Temple to me. In 1916 I had attended a Laymen's Convention there. In August I had worshipped there with my cousin Tryphena. Soon I would return, and to stay. I could no longer remain a Universalist or Unitarian, or be a "liberal" in any other denomination, or go to Roman Catholicism. I knew myself at last for an evangelical Christian—a believer in Jesus the Son of God.

> November 2. On Wednesday evening at Tremont Temple, the Reformation Quadricentenary, with the beautiful pageant, and a stirring address by Dean Brown of Yale…The individual soul is face to face with God, by whose grace man may justify himself by a faith so living that it becomes his life; and in possession of the mind of Christ, commanding his allegiance to the Kingdom of God.

Saturday November 3 I walked alone on Hemlock Hill in the Arnold Arboretum. The skies were of autumn leaf clouds. Here was my vale of thought, Dante's dark wood. Here I grew calm, saw clearly, and now at last rested completely in the love of God revealed in Jesus Christ, reconciling me to Himself.

Here I wrote:

> Autumn leaves carpeting the brown earth of Hemlock Hill with richer browns, yellows and reds. Dark green hemlocks; a few bright oak leaves clinging to their trees; vista of blue, here and there a leaf-colored cloud. And the brook running through it all; faery sound and dancing light.
>
> Coming out on the train I began to think how I no longer feel the loss of a happy period of youth, as I did at the end of college life…I do not seem to think about happiness now. I have been taken up into a larger life, wherein is a joy that sustains every trial and suffering. All things are mine, for I am Christ's, and Christ is God's.
>
> I see more beauty in this scene now than I ever did before. The sensitiveness of the artist cannot give the abundant joy in life that is in Jesus Christ. "To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple."

> November 4. By the Charles River at Longfellow Park—twilight. One star in the southeast shone into the water and shimmered there, as on that August day on the St. Croix in 1908.

November was marked by Professor Grandgent's lectures on Dante. But I was more interested in reading Dante himself than in other men's interpretations.

Saturday November 17 my piano teacher Moses Boguslawski gave a second Boston concert, a splendid performance, with a better audience than on his first appearance. I met him in his hotel room Sunday morning and had breakfast with him. Fresh musical, literary and artistic inspiration.

That Sunday Dean Brown began a week of ministry in the College chapel. I called on him in his room at Wadsworth House, to express gratitude for his Reformation address and for his sermon on "The Lure of Goodness."

Tuesday November 10, the Boston Symphony with a Harvard-Radcliffe Chorus, in Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Schiller's joy became to me joy in Christ, climaxed my recent spiritual experience.

> November 21. Last night the long-awaited Ninth Symphony, that great work of beauty, splendid philosophical document, panorama of spiritual things—image of the Kingdom.
>
> First, the life of man, inwardly divinely realistic; great ideals, hopes and thoughts presented as almost tangible…The real spiritual content of life summed up in its great moments in a poem of beauty.
>
> Then the second movement; the joy of man in nature. The first was man himself, man absorbed in himself, the play of life.
>
> The Scherzo is man abroad in the world, man set loose in the joyous mood of natural beauty. Irresistible and spontaneous, pure enjoyment—a bit grotesque and clumsy; the tense experience portrayed in the first movement left its signs behind it.
>
> Then the rare beauty of the third movement, the voices of celestial comfort, the trusting answer of a soul content…Man in communion with God.
>
> The fourth movement—all those ideas rolled into one, harmonized, made nobler, stronger, truer. Man's own voice enters to express his life, his feeling, his hope. The third fruit of the Kingdom, joy. Was ever that holy joy so eloquently presented to us! When men shall have become righteous, then shall such joy abound…

Sunday November 25 I attended Shepard Memorial Congregational Church in Cambridge to see my friend F. Chang baptized and join the church. I longed to stand beside him and do likewise. Knowing my mother's opposition to evangelical Christianity, I did not even tell Chang all my heart yet.

One afternoon I asked him why he did it. His answer: "I used to think that Christianity was a set of doctrines which you could either believe or not. I have found that Christianity is an affair of the heart; and I have given my heart to Jesus Christ."

It was Professor Kent of M.I.T. who led Chang to his decision. He held a Sunday evening Bible class for Chinese students in his home.

> Journal, that Sunday morning. There is but one article in my creed—I love the Lord Jesus Christ, my Savior and Friend. Let us put aside all our opinions in the face of this unity. Let us be sure of the Kingdom; brothers then, and what can divide us? What we think, what the wisest think, may be wrong, and one day Christ will set us right. If we be right, He will give us words to persuade. Who made man's mouth?
>
> What flows from my creed, that I love Christ? First, that I want to know Him, to learn all that I can about Him, to enter into His joys and sorrows and experiences, to share with Him my own, to trust Him with all that I am, to hear the very accents of His voice. So I live with the Word He has left behind Him. Why do I love Jesus? Read His words, live with them, and know Him as Friend. You will love Him too—you cannot stay without.
>
> …I am through with doubts and hesitations. I have known for more than a year, with all the certainty that belongs to any knowledge I possess, that I belong in the Christian ministry. My only question is, how best to prepare for it. No wealth, position, good deeds, enjoyment, or family aims fulfilled could alter the fact that my life would be wasted outside of the immediate service of Christ in the one calling that bears His name.
>
> My literary powers are vain without the coal from the altar on my lips. I do not belong to institutions of law, of art, or of church. I am a servant of Jesus Christ, of

> the Kingdom, that supreme institution, the only just one among men, not yet manifest. Let me educate my will to work in the mind of Christ…

Wednesday November 28 I went to Goshen, to spend Thanksgiving at the Bowlby's. An evening walk by moonlight, I saw friends, felt release from the tensions of Cambridge, of Law School, of the opposition I knew lurked ready to break forth if I let my mother know of my determined faith in Christ.

Thanksgiving morning I saw the sunrise, walked in deep snow, visited friends, reveled in tramping across the fields. Here was freedom to be myself without restraint. I ate three Thanksgiving dinners along the way—hungrily, with the abandon of youth. I was welcome everywhere.

Friday, dinner and supper at the Nelson's again; snow was falling when I returned to Bowlby's. Saturday December 1, more snow; I walked by my swimming hole, on old woods roads, visited friends—a network of snowy lines on branches of deciduous trees, masses of snow on evergreens.

Sunday to Newport by sleigh, and home by train. I wrote: *I am finis erat* (this is the end; a quotation from Vergil's Aeneid). The end of a time of decision for me. I was now established in faith in Christ, though more than one crisis lay ahead. I came down into a long valley of indecision.

The Valley of Indecision

December 1917, crowded with lectures, concerts, visits with friends; a stimulating month.

> December 8. Deuteronomy 4:1-10. Dean Brown at the Old South last night; things that make a nation a wise and understanding people…
>
> In the morning, Dr. Fitch on the terror of men crawling like ants over a world covered by forces utterly strange to our control—the explosion in Halifax Harbor—man's own nature akin to those unseeing material forces—yet able to reflect on them, akin to something purer, a moral law, that means there must be a spiritual world.

Sunday evening December 9, Williams Jennings Bryan spoke to Law School men, who listened in respectful silence for two hours.

> December 10. Last night, Mr. Bryan on "Evolution and Religion," mostly the latter—the larger Light—a masterly presentation. The resurrection of the body—I do not know what kind of a body I shall need then, but I believe the soul will grow one, even as the germ of life in the seed grows, out of light and air and soil, the new body…
>
> He knocked the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest by natural selection—as it deserves. We have been too ready to accept a new theory, too curious—what we know of man's genealogy does not warrant the easy nicety of the Darwinian mythical pedigree…
>
> When, as we now believe, the beast was lifted up to become man, it was God who reached down and breathed a human soul into him. Someday we shall get together facts enough to tell us what the process looked like from the outside—without so much "restoration" as adorns Professor Osborn's *Men of the Old Stone Age.*
>
> We know now what the process was from the inside—for we know what it is to recognize that man's kinship is rather with God and the spiritual world than with the beasts and material forces. Whoever has been lifted up by Christ has a faith that theories of descent cannot upset.

It was an event to hear Joseph Pennell, whose book *Pictures in the Land of Temples* was an exciting possession… Sunday evening, the Boston Symphony, with Melba and Fritz Kreisler in a special concert—special indeed!

> Christmas morning 1917. Only the two accounts—the dry, hard matter-of-fact recital in Matthew, and the tender, human story in Luke—of our Savior's birth—yet on that slender thread how much of the good in the world is hung! All that is good depends on things as fragile as love, yet nothing is so enduring as the pure love of good men and women. We still believe in God and duty and undying love.

Mr. Chang had Christmas dinner with us. I received Thoreau's *Walden* from my mother. My father was home. Saturday December 29 my father and I left on a business trip to Willimantic and Middletown, Connecticut, continuing to Meriden, New Haven; back through Providence and Pawtucket, on New Year's Day.

Wednesday evening January 16 I heard Edward Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo, lecture on "Art and Life." It brought my revered sage closer.

February 15 I wrote, referring to Scottish songs at Mr. Whiting's concert on February 12:

> Old things are passed away, and all is new;
> With passing and becoming all things flow;
> Races that once held sway o'er half the world,
> Battle with storms on some far rocky shore.
> Rough winds of Hebrides make sport with songs
> That once made musical the Tyrrhene gales.
> The race that carried Iran farthest east
> Is left the bearded wild men of Japan.

February 20:

> There is a mesh that, Lethe-like,
> Keeps evil back from mortal life.
> 'Tis not a draft the spirit quaffs,
> It is a net stretched taut across
> The silver-silted stream of life.
> Quartz shall not pass the gauzy veil of sleep;
> Liquid and limpid she will morning keep;
> The sand may carve a channel in the rocks,
> But vainly at the gate of morning knocks.

February 22. A subject for history—the Pacific islands and shores. This would be romantic, colorful, lending itself to literary treatment, yet of practical interest as an understanding of Pacific problems grows more important. Greater attention should be given the lesser peoples.

Japan will have her native historians; American shores are well covered; Australia and New Zealand are for native pens. But from Alaska to the Antarctic, Panama to Torres Straits, what a romance of history down the ages, from a misty past to a bright but unknown destiny!

But my first task is to acquaint myself with the pageant of English poetry and general literature…

February 27. There will never be industrial peace until labor has a share in establishing and directing the policy of industry. Management will always be in the hands of capital and enterprise, but policy should be the concern of all interests.

State ownership is no cure. That throws control into the hands of one element as much as does laissez-faire capitalism. Whatever the ownership, there must be coordinate control, no matter how different the practical working out may be.

Last night, Miss Wyman's concert of folk songs from the Kentucky mountains—a bit of the old spirit of a forgotten age left in an odd corner of our own time. Music the heritage of all the people…

Friday March 8, Dr. Mason, my Waltham pastor, a friend to whom I owed much, died.

Saturday night March 9, the Northern Lights shone through clouds, extending beyond the zenith in an unusual display.

> March 11. Again I feel the consecration to high and pure ideals surging in warm tides through me. Out of my boyish ardor, dream faces shine. My heart is once more glad with them. I strive to keep ever before me the altar fire of my constant hopes. From so many friends the courage is communicated to me. I must not fail them. They keep me in the path my inmost spirit longs to tread…My life cannot always be exalted to mountain heights as it is tonight; only let me see an image of their exalted peaks ever before my soul, and let me in spirit walk there with those who hold before me those pure purposes.

Friday March 24, by the Charles River, I found the first catkins of Spring. Morning, March 29, I wrote:

Pussywillows

Oh, the freedom breathes within me,
And the beauty breathes about me,
And the wind calls, "Come hither!"
    In the spring.
The sunlight's warm around me,
The fresh earth smells sweet beneath me,
Sings the meadowlark, "Come hither!"
    In the spring.
For the pussywillow's better
Than the wisdom of black letter;
Heart and mind bear budding promise
    In the spring.

Sunday April 7:

Maple Time in Goshen

    It's maple time in Goshen,
When the buds begin to swell,
When the wind's half made of sunshine,
Other half the fresh spring smell
From the budding and the bursting
Of the green from stalks of red,
Brown and yellow catkins nodding
To gray pussywillow's head.
    Oh, it's maple time in Goshen,
Though there's ice in every brook,
And within the woods of Goshen
Snow lies deep in many a nook;
For the meadowlark is singing
Out toward purple Sunapee,
Sober cheer his song is bringing

O'er the fields to me.
It's maple time, it's maple time,
It's maple time in Goshen,
And rather I than write this rhyme,
Would join my friends in Goshen.

Tuesday April 9, I registered for the draft at Cambridge City Hall; was examined and rejected on account of my eyes.

April 13 my mother and I took a spring vacation trip to Orleans on Cape Cod to visit a friend of my mother, Miss Ella Robbins. Her house, a real "Cape Cod," had eleven doors leading from the living room to other rooms, closets and stairways. We slept in quaint rooms upstairs with sloping roofs and gabled windows. In the parlor—opened for our benefit—a haircloth sofa, framed hair wreath, portraits of stiff ancient Cape Codders in gold frames, a copy of Baxter's *Saints' Rest* on the marble-topped table.

We picked up shells on the beach, climbed sand dunes. Our hostess, vivacious, interested in the finer things of life, exemplified the best of New England traditions—being alert to the present.

Back from the Cape, on Wednesday April 17 I made a journey to the Whitley's at Bristol, Rhode Island, visited Herrshoff's Shipyard, returned through Pawtucket for a call on the Draper's on Friday.

Mary Fisher wrote me:

> What a pleasure the sprig of mayflower gave me. I have not seen it for many, many years.
>
> Your little poem (Pussywillows) was a pleasant spring note also…There was never a time when the world needed a poet as much as it does now…That you are not reading for the present I can well understand. You have been so eager a reader that I dare say you feel as if it is time to think for yourself instead of listening to other men's thoughts.
>
> But of course one must read to make sure that what he thinks has not been thought and expressed numberless times before…

Sunday April 21 I visited a Baptist Church close to Harvard Yard. I was not favorably impressed; no one spoke to me, though I lingered in hope that someone would. The sparsely peopled room made me feel physically as well as spiritually chilly. I was disappointed, for I hoped to find a congenial place to worship close to the University.

May, chaotically routine; Law School, with wide margins. May 4 the last Symphony concert of the season; my favorite Schubert Unfinished Symphony, and Beethoven's Eroica. Sunday, cherry trees in bloom in the Arboretum.

Saturday May 11, an excursion with F. Chang to Salem, where he explained the relics of Chinese Gordon and General Ward of the T'ai P'ing Rebellion, preserved in the museum. The old Charter Street burying ground intrigued him, with his inherited regard for ancestors.

Pianist Jesús Sanromá gave a concert at the Spanish Club of Boston. With friends, I spent an evening at his rooms, in highly charged conversation on artistic themes. Puerto Rican Sanromá, a student, was at the beginning of his brilliant artistic career.

Lilac time at the Arboretum; a Marblehead visit prepared me for Law School exams; Law School drew fatefully to a close.

This meant return from exile in New England to my home in Kansas City, though with qualms. The future was uncertain and foreboding. I failed to get my law degree. A few crucial courses failed. I knew I could pass the Missouri Bar exams, practice without a degree. But to

extreme distaste for law would be added failure at school, the fear of future failures. Yet what else could I do?

Mary Fisher, released from schoolroom bondage, arrived in Boston June 16, visited us briefly. She hoped for happy retirement years in the American city she loved best.

Friday June 21 we left Cambridge. My grandfather was not well, nor my mother. She had faithfully read thousands of pages of law books to me. Her disappointment over my failure was greater than mine.

My father hired a car to take us and our baggage to the train. I wrote:

> The last glimpse of Cambridge; the Radio School with guns on their shoulders, marching out of the Palfrey Estate; the beautiful yard of the Museum with morning sunlight through the leaves; Quincy Street, the Sever Quadrangle, and George H. Palmer's house for a farewell.
>
> Then over the Charles by the same bridge by which we first entered Cambridge, the new Technology buildings below in the shining haze of the eastern sun; above, a misty reach of water touched here and there with light. Down Beacon Street, the lovely shades of the Public Garden, a glimpse of Commonwealth Avenue's parkway; under Elevated trestles to South Station.
>
> After quiet fields around Worcester, the Deerfield Valley and the Connecticut River, the lovely Berkshires, desolate back country down to the blue Hudson and Albany, then Schenectady.
>
> Evening. Sunset after heavy rain, between Utica and Rochester. Fiery clouds burned slowly, then died away in ashes and peaceful night
>
> Now late at night near Buffalo I am writing. That sunset flames up in my heart like a sacrifice of fragrant incense for my new life. May it be a sacrifice acceptable to my Savior, full of beauty like the clouds after rain that shone above the moist landscape tonight.
>
> June 22, morning. Out of Toledo into Indiana—gray and cool, growing warm and sunny. Wheat turning golden, corn a few inches high, oats green and flourishing—level land to the horizon, groves of trees here and there—how good the prairies look—how good to be back upon them once more!
>
> So we came to Chicago, jolted across the Loop to Dearborn Street for the Santa Fe to Kansas City.
>
> Out of Altamont, Missouri, on the observation platform of a California train—I heard a meadowlark—the western kind with the cheery song—quite near the track. How fair the broad fields of corn and wheat, broken by occasional trees, shine under a gray-blue sky, fresh in the cool of morning.
>
> Sunday evening we reached Kansas City. How many memories of my boyhood come back for the first time in years as I go about Kansas City—the houses I admired for some fanciful reason; wove stories about—the blue and red flagstone sidewalks, blue street signs set in boulevard walks, the pergola on the Paseo—every corner crowded with happy memories. Mr. Riggs' house; the orchestra party; Troost Park and my fairy play—I scarcely knew I was so attached to things. I fit in here. It is home already, though I can call no house my own.
>
> Tonight I read Revelation 17 to the end. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes—the splendid vision—my dream is to put in words that vision as it comes to me in the world today out of my own experience. What the Kingdom of God means to me, the glory of God and of His Son replacing sun and moon, the

stars His saints and angels—the Lamb upon the throne, the Bride—and God the Comforter shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Tuesday June 25, Martha, pre-school daughter of friends, came over often, and we played on the floor. Children who loved me kept alive in me the desire to make the world a fit place for them.

In the evening my father introduced me to the Knights Templars. We were already in our own home, at 3514 Garfield Avenue, a house my father acquired in a real estate trade.

June 28—I remembered in my journal—was the anniversary of the day Benjamin Franklin asked the Constitutional Convention of 1887 to have prayer offered; as recorded in Farrand's *Records.* There was objection to inviting in a clergyman from outside, lest people get the idea that the members were hopelessly at odds. The proposal was quietly dropped.

So June ended on this political note, mingled with religious concern; amid the joy of old haunts revisited; the friendship of a child; no decision about the future.

Mary Fisher's first experience in Boston was unhappy; in a hospital, then a hotel, gaining strength from being worn out teaching; our friend Miss Emily Sweet ministered to her.

Morning, July 10:

Wisdom is but a window
Eastward, open to God:
Not power, nor even a pathway
O'er which weary pilgrims have trod.

How slender the tie that binds us
To all that is fair and true:
No more than a ray of sunshine
Linking God's heaven—and you.

My father formed a partnership with my mother and me as the Russell Investment Company, with an office in the Victor Building. I did the typing, and looked up matters that I could handle; sometimes went on business trips with my father through Kansas, kept the office while he was gone.

For lunch I went to a dairy bar for a cheese sandwich and a glass of buttermilk—the coolest food I could think of.

In August I looked forward each day to finding the Bible verse in the *Kansas City Times,* verses often meaningful to me. I began writing them down.

July 31. "Behold I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." Exodus 23:20

O give me strength to follow Him always, knowing that I shall at last arrive in the place prepared for me; that I may serve Him along the way.

August 1. "And there was given me a reed like unto a rod, and the angel stood, saying 'Rise and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein.'"

I must get back to church work as soon as I am settled. I will not be so uneasy if I am doing something along the line I want to work in. Someday, somehow I shall have my chance to get into the ministry. God is measuring the temple and them that worship therein. If I make myself pure and good and strong, He will use me, for He knows how one thing I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, to behold the beauty of the Lord. and to inquire in His temple.

The smallest, weakest country parish, on a starvation wage, would be better than this horrible uneasiness. O teach me patience and give me strength, to use for the Kingdom, my Jesus—I will try hard to be good and put up with every hindrance until I can feel honestly free to do what I know I ought. Do not abuse the temple of God, which temple ye are.

Sunrise August 2. Who shall measure the altar that flames this morning, dark clouds interspersed with light, and the temple of God above? How far must I raise myself to be worthy to worship there?

August 4. I have written but little worthy of me—lines here and there, good in themselves, but very few poems. If I am to write a really worthy life, it will take all my strength to learn, to perfect, to make it complete.

A few fragile poems are not such a work as would satisfy me. But enough of them—that would bring enough happiness into the world to be worthwhile. Can I turn them out daily, by practice? Am I an artist? Or am I all dependent on winds and moods?

My good poems seem to me to come out of nowhere…It is a sacred ministry I take up, if I devote myself without reserve to poetry. It is an old voice, as old as the priesthood, and as capable of bringing men into the Kingdom of God.

The Poet

I am a star that falls
In a flash through the August night,
I burn 'ere I touch the earth,
But I startle men with my light.

You ask, are there more like me,
When I am spent with the flame?
Aye, God has star-stuff yet
That shall bear the poet name.

Evening. The enthusiasm for ideas begins to surge back in me. I long for intellectual companionship, people who know ideas and care for them. Reading over the pieces in my Journal—I long to talk over these ideas with someone who can appreciate them. Oh, where are such people? Solitary, with voices all about me. I must work out that book of youth—how a poet grows—there are people who care. I must reach them, share with others the joy I have in ideas.

I care more for ideas after all than for poems. The world lives by ideas, though it takes its leisure with music. I like my good prose as well as my lovely poems—there's more of it, too, and it's sturdier and fuller of thoughts. I want wings or an airplane…I want to talk to somebody who can talk back.

August 6 Mary Fisher wrote me from Boston City Hospital. Out of her hospital stay, while boarding a streetcar she was run down by a boy on a bicycle. Impatient over this setback, unable to rest in the confusion of a public hospital, yet she could write me things like this:

…Milton, for any but a classical and Biblical scholar, is not an ordinary mountain, but an inaccessible peak; but there is such a grand view from his

heights, and such pure, life-giving air, that he who can read Milton and enjoy him is truly to be envied. I couldn't read him profitably at your age, but he is meat and drink to me now.

She rented an apartment near the Museum of Fine Arts; an elderly cousin came to keep house for her, and she looked forward bravely to an uncertain future. Crutches could not crush Mary Fisher.

When I listed my poems on a year's calendar, what a slender offering! How few days marked with a poem! Now and then two or three in a day, in the same or different years. Who cares for poems…today?

I would rather say in plain prose what ought to be said, and be heard. I am disappointed—not wholly discouraged—little confidence in myself left.

How brave I was in September 1915, when I thought if I didn't like Law School, I could quit. The horrible mesh caught me and held me. Nobody cared—nobody who could say the word that would pull me out of it. I am grateful to all those who sustained me, believed in me, knew there was something in me worth saving—and I did live on for that thing. But it's hard. I didn't care about an easy life. I expected hardship—all the time—but not this—not to be able to say openly what I believe—not to dare to pray openly, to read my Bible, to take part in work that is called Christ's. This is too much; I've got to find a way out.

I know something about the Pilgrims—and freedom to worship God after my own conscience. It isn't an empty phrase to me any more. There is flesh and blood in it…

…I love the Lord, for He has heard my prayer. Since God is for me, what matter who can be against me? It is hard to keep cheerful, but when I raise my eyes to Christ who goes before me, I am glad to the depths of my life.

Sunrise August 14. It is fresh and cool after showers. The birds dip into little pools in the street, in the grass. A brilliant orange cloud a little above the treetops, flames against a broken gray sky, flooded with light and color, now breaking everywhere into light…

My little ones in Idaho are sleeping yet. It is a quarter of five out there. If I only were there in an hour to say, "Good morning, brother, good morning, little sisters." I will unite to myself everything strong and pure for their sakes. They care. Oh, the clouds are glowing with pure white light from a point near the sun, to a mist in the south.

And now the sun—into the treetops. O fresh and shining morning! Stay by me, little brother and sisters,…

How soon summer creeps into autumn! Gold in the treetops now is a reminder of October. Be of good cheer, be not dismayed, for God is with thee; He will hold thee fast. Look back to days of joy on the hilltops, so shall you keep them in your heart and be ever as if among them…

I described almost every sunrise, inspired by a little book, *Colorado Sunrises,* read at Cousin Mary's in Montana.

Just before sunrise, August 26. It is going to be a white sunrise today—an amphitheater of blue clouds fled away to the north in a wedge, like birds. Never one sunrise like another, never tired of the scene. I would have them come back if I could.

Milton—yesterday all of *Paradise Regained* for the second time—the stately master of speech and song moving among traditions and the truth of human nature. Jesus made into a Puritan, but beneath the cloak, no more than He must have felt of His mission…From one broad plain of action He sweeps in spirals to the next, till from the summit angels bear the Hero into the arms of earth again.

Perhaps few feel how genuine those temptations were. Perhaps Milton does not succeed in making us feel how truly they tried the Master. Milton, who knew Cromwell, and his own proud heart, knew the temptations of greatness…this is the passion of the poem; the temptations that beset a man conscious of a mission and a power, and how hardly they are overcome.

The clouds are alive—the sun is coming up.

Sunrise, August 27:

> Nature is fair, though men may all destroy;
> Perpetual wells the cheering spring of joy,
> In desert places, on the mountain rude,
> Or in the turmoil of the multitude.
> There is no place from God removed so far
> But smiling Nature lights it with a star,
> And in the heavy heart, of hope forlorn,
> God sends an angel, to foretell the morn.
> O radiant morn of light and love,
> Unfold thy beauty from above,
> The active joy that shall not cease
> To work for God, in God's great peace.

It is going to be a calm sunrise today, white and gold without clouds. I have kept up courage and cheer 24 hours. Lord Jesus, help me continue always steadfast in the Way. All will come out right…

Evening, August 27. It is hard to keep cheery and brave when I can't see my way out. If I am any good, I know I will get into the ministry somehow. If I'm not, I'll find my service elsewhere. Only it is hard to live on this thought. I long to be what I know I can be. I want to—but I must keep cheery and go on no matter what happens. I must! I must think of good and pure and high things and keep the heart with all diligence, for I know that out of it are the issues of life.

I must not think how lonely I am, how I long to do—oh, I must think of the little ones in Idaho who expect so much of me. They shall not be disappointed. I will be good and work cheerfully and well for them. If I could only give expression to the things I really care for, not have to repress them and pretend to be what I am not. I must be true yet cheery and considerate. Not what I think; that doesn't matter—I—strengthen me, Lord Jesus. Just a little real companionship, somebody who thinks as I do, that I dare to talk with…

I try to put on a cheerful face, I don't succeed a great deal of the time. I've got to get out, some way, sometime. But—I will be brave!

Just before sunrise, August 28. The sky was delicate pink and green dark blue-gray clouds came out of the north. Now they lift, and show fiery pink underneath, as they are breaking up. How beautiful the sky at evening time. Goethe's birthday.

Sunrise, August 29. It is all dark blue clouds on a field of blue-gold-white, a rare and cool sunrise. I am happy yet…everything will come out right someday, some way.

Seize now the joy that flows
A living current bright;
Not that enmeshed in woes,
Like darkness mixed with light;
A pure and steady flame,
Eternal spirit in a mortal frame.

Evening August 29. Still happy tonight. May I keep so. Some way God will open a way for me—soon. Meanwhile, cheer and courage—I will try.

I like to do a little carpentering to put in the time, and because Jesus worked in a carpenter shop. Tonight I wondered what sort of tools He used; what sort of things He made.

Then a bit of Schubert and Beethoven—the one, cheer, the other courage too.

I might as well be happy till my happiness comes,
I might as well be cheery till my cheerfulness arrives,
For if we wait for joy, and sit and suck our thumbs,
We'll likely be a-waiting the remainder of our lives.

However, I hope there'll be something beside intermediate happiness for me soon—some solid prospect of getting into my work. I mustn't rust out, or hang on; I must be everything that is in me.

That day I was reading Santayana's essay "Modernism and Christianity" in his book *Winds of Doctrine.* I marked the last paragraph and wrote beneath, "True. Christianity is neither modernism nor is it ancient merely—it is permanent, eternal, if it is anything. You cannot have modernism in Christianity any more than in life or love or labor."

Evening August 30. Where there's music in the heart there can be but pure and good. Music is the life and heart of all that's good and fair—the song that lifts and cheers, the song-stuff in the thought—it's the music in the mind makes the smile upon the lips, makes the gentleness of deeds, makes the love that lights the world, makes the tune that turns our troubles into joy.

There's a song you've never sung, twined your stiff heart-strings among, waiting for the fiddling breeze of life to wake its cheerful wheeze. Don't hum it to yourself, that song, but whistle as you stride along. Somebody else may catch your step, and get filled up with lots of pep. For everybody's song is cheery to someone who's a bit more weary. And anyway, the exercise will lift your thoughts up next

the skies. Then open wide your mouth and sing—Oh, any cheerful sort of thing. (Apologies to Walt Mason.)

Sunrise September 13. At dawn two brilliant stars, between them a lesser mild one, stood in a harp at the south of the first white morning light. Then slowly, sunrise has been coming in long, level lines of quiet color…Stars of hope!

September 11, I took an oral exam for Civil Service. I had already taken written exams for translator of French, Spanish, Italian and German. I passed all the language courses and most of the clerical tests with grades in the 90's, got by with typing. During the fall and winter I was offered three jobs in Washington.

If an offer had come while the war was on, I would have accepted. Since I could not get into the armed forces, I would serve in a civilian capacity. How different my life would have been! But no offer came till after the armistice, when I no longer felt it my patriotic duty to accept. I considered Y.M.C.A. service, was offered a position at a Missouri camp, but my father did not like the idea, so I dropped it. I was not eager.

Leaving Law and Joining the Temple

Monday September 30 I left Kansas City, in quiet twilight, across the city eastward, across the Missouri River to Marceline, where darkness overtook me, on the Santa Fe to Chicago.

I decided that I must get my law degree, must finish what I began, before I could do anything else. Otherwise my life would always be shadowed by the recollection of a great failure. My parents were happy to have me go. I was content. At last:

> Peace, perfect peace; the future all unknown:
> Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

My Law School courses would be limited to those few I needed in order to receive my degree. I did not strive for excellence. One course from the first year must be repeated: "Bull" Warren's formidable Property I. There would be ample margins around my life this year.

October 1 leaving Chicago on the Michigan Central, I awoke next morning in the gray, granite Berkshires, with their frequent tunnels, the maples in autumn glory. I revelled in the quiet Massachusetts countryside.

In Boston at noon, at once I went to Cambridge, registered, found a room in Conant Hall, fourth floor, next to the northeast corner, 48A. Rent, $48 for the year; as many dollars as the room number; no charge for the "A". Ample for my needs; a window looking eastward across an expanse of shaded lawn to the Museum; on the left, the Naval Radio School, whose cheerful bugle waked me at the early hour I wished for, that I might commune with my Lord in His Word at sunrise.

I bought the former occupant's furniture for $10; sold it for the same price when I left. At the "Coop" I bought two dark gray army blankets and was all set.

I would eat at Foxcroft, a cafeteria-type University dining hall. I did not have to take all my meals there; indeed, I acquired meal tickets for all the restaurants around Harvard Square. No one place was tolerable continuously; by going the rounds their deficiencies cancelled out. Each had specialties on certain days, some less delectable than others.

Breakfast at Foxcroft was on my way to class; I need not leave my room early. When in Boston I ate where chance or fancy dictated—always with an eye for prices. There was an obscure place behind the State House where I could buy an endurable Sunday dinner for 30¢—incredible today.

I bought tickets for the Saturday evening Symphony concerts in Boston, an expense I justified because of my bargain room rent. My seat in the second balcony, center, was an advantageous place from which both to see and hear the orchestra. To my left sat a young lady to whom I never ventured to speak all winter, but whose eager responsiveness to the music I delighted to watch. When occasionally she did not appear, or someone else used her ticket, I was lonely.

It would have been a joy to take with me someone who enjoyed music as I did, to share our pleasure in it during intermissions. Everybody got up then; I wandered the corridors alone, watching the people, longing for companionship—lack of it the only flaw in my enjoyment of the concerts.

The day I bought the ticket, I called on Mary Fisher in her apartment where, after her long hospital stay, she lived with her niece as housekeeper and companion. I helped her buy bookcases and put her thousands of books in them. She gave me many precious volumes.

> October 4. Chaucer and Chapel tonight. After dinner I spent a few minutes in the Widener Library reading the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.* What a sordid mixture of cheap, selfish, common life—touched with the fine, golden haze of poetry! The debauching of religious institutions, the paganism of society, even the

honest animalism of the lower classes, as in Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.*

Then to Chapel, held in the evening, this war year. I almost ran, so happy in the sudden thought that once more I could go, could express my real feelings. I had lost most of my strength, most of my Christian self. I was slipping back into the old animal. I cannot stand alone. I need continual prodding, daily encouragement…I need contact with strong men, to grow under the guidance of those who care for me, and who keep me pure.

October 9 in the autumn glory of the Arboretum, I wrote:

What is Life?

The question floats upon a mind at ease
And finds no answer in the fair blue sky,
In fragrant new-mown hayfields of July,
Or murmuring verdure of full crownèd trees.
But when October's frosty darts are flown,
And with a fleeting glory fill the air,
The trees aflame make answer everywhere,
God who hath given, doth receive His own.
Life is from God. The flaming spirit burns,
And spiring upward, unto Him returns.

Last night at Chapel a strong talk on self-pity. That has been my great danger. I think I am beyond it now. I really try to be. There are those who care and who have real sympathy for me and for the things I am interested in. Let my sympathy go out to others. For myself I ask not even a fair chance. I am determined to overcome all obstacles. I am strong. I will preach the Gospel of Christ no matter what hinders. "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

I have always held up to myself the loftiest ideals, and measured my attainments by the severest standards. This has often meant discouragement for me. I felt I did so little. I have been generous with others. They seemed to do so much. But the last three years have nearly wrecked that strong criticism of myself, nearly lost my confidence in myself.

Now I must look outward at the task to be done, and at others. I must no longer look in at myself. I am strong for my duties; that is enough. In myself I am of no importance; my work is everything.

October 11 I interviewed Mr. Sherwood Eddy. I shyly told him of my desire to serve God in China. He told me that because of the condition of my eyes, I would not represent the fullness of American manhood to the Chinese, and therefore I should not go.

I knew that he was wrong, yet his words discouraged me from thinking of China. Yet I knew that my Chinese friends at Harvard did not look on me as inferior.

Symphony concerts were postponed because of the influenza epidemic. In the relative isolation of Law School, most of us escaped the disease. It was depressing to see column after column of death notices in the newspapers, day after day.

October 17, midnight. I have just been reading over that beautiful story of Joseph—Genesis 37ff. How human it is—Joseph shaving himself and putting on clean clothes before going to interpret Pharaoh's dream; Joseph going into his chamber to weep, then washing his face before he comes out—all the pathos of a man who has grown great in the eyes of men, in a far country, but who has kept the image of the land of his youth with him.

October 23, a day in Concord. From Cambridge by train; autumn foliage mingled with evergreens; fields glittering with diamond light. Walden Pond.

I walked out through fields of shocked corn, frosty gardens and pastures. A cluster of tansy flowers; dewy diamonds glistening upon them. My mother used to put a tansy leaf in a baking pan beneath a cake, to flavor it. A sky of blue with plumes of white.

Now I sit on a white boulder of feldspar and quartz on a sunny slope overlooking a road bordered with pine and spruce, and beyond, a farm where they are beginning the day's work. Nothing but their distant voices, the creaking of wagons and the bleating of sheep, insects chirping, and a crow far off.

What must one be to be pastor of a folk like this—if there are folk enough of the New England pattern to be pastor of? This is the life I long for. I read William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude* (rediscovered by R. L. Stevenson) on a country life. I want to live in the country, among men who produce things for use, not ostentation; not among producers of delicacies for the epicure—in the open country, where the staples of life are grown.

But how can I make myself fit to be a leader among these self-reliant people? I who demand support for every good thought and action? All I can trust is what Moses heard in the bush—"Who made man's mouth?" And Christ has promised to all who seek Him, "Lo, I am with you alway."

The lamb in the pasture below bleats. A train goes by to Boston. I think of Thoreau as I hear it.

I am reminded of Orford as I sit here and think of the ministry. Are those days when there were Christian communities gone forever? Can a resolute man gather people together and make one of them now? Can he keep it together for a lifetime? I cannot believe that the Church is hopeless and that it is vain to go into the ministry.

I know in my heart that I have chosen well, in choosing the ministry. I have lost my last bit of pride, in learning that I would not be a desirable professor of theology in China, because I would not express the fullness of American Christian life…I am only a part of a human being. Yet I believe there is a place for that part in the Christian ministry.

Now having abandoned the plan which I took up through pride, I am ready to do anything that comes to me, even law, but I believe I belong in the ministry, that I can be more useful there. I would never make a good lawyer for ordinary people and their problems. In court work and personal dealings I could not see well enough to do what I ought for my clients.

It is in research and preparation of cases that I could succeed. I don't want to help privileged people enforce their rights—and then turn around to give free help to the people who are oppressed by the privileged few.

October 27. Henry Jones of Glasgow at Chapel today. A fine gentleman, delightful Scotch accent, a master of English and of ideas. He said he had no sermon—he would talk to us as he did to his boys at the University…I wish I could remember all his words. I would like him for a teacher. He knows how to point out the way to full living.

I am steadier and more serene than in a long time. It does me good to come under the influence of public worship. God measures the temple and those who worship therein.

October 28 I took Miss Sweet to the first of a series of Lowell Institute lectures in French. She understood it well; it was a pleasure to enjoy the lectures together. Captain Morize was the lecturer; the subject, French literature of the nineteenth century; straying into history, politics and economics.

Sunday November 3 I went to Tremont Temple in the morning, heard Dr. Cortland Myers preach on the Second Coming of Christ—a doctrine I was not yet prepared to believe. Impressed, I returned in the evening, when he preached again on the Return of Christ. My difficulties with the doctrine disappeared. I saw that Jesus Himself believed and taught it. That was enough for me.

In my new Journal that I called "Grace Notes," I placed Psalm 40:10 at the top of two facing pages, and wrote:

November 3. I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart: I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation. I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth from the great assembly.

I am going to be a Christian. If I cannot keep pure and simple in the big things all this week, every minute, I am going back next Sunday evening to Tremont Temple and hold up my hand when those who want the prayers of Christian people are asked for, and I am going after the service into the little room to get the help of Christian encouragement from them. If I cannot keep good by my own effort, I am going to seek help, because I am going to be a Christian…It is part of my promise to hunt them up if they do not seek me.

This I promised myself on the train coming out, solemnly; and I write it down as a witness. The devil built a network of strategic railroads in me before I acknowledged Christ as my Savior. I have got to reorganize my communications, tear up the old tracks, lay new ones that will serve the purposes of God.

Morning, November 4. Though the sun is now covered, it shone into my room this morning, flecked with shadows, a golden red light. So the face of God may be hidden, yet there are moments when He shines into our lives. We know that behind the clouds He is forever, and there shall come a cloudless day. Mark one for a restful night of pure thought and waking with single purpose. May I go on through the week. Thy grace is sufficient for me. This new purpose is of a new quality. It will stay strong within me.

I began taking vocal lessons at the New England Conservatory; not with a view to becoming a singer, but for the improvement of my speaking voice as a minister.

> Noon, November 6. I hereby extend my promise of Sunday from week to week always. I have given this careful consideration. I am determined to be a Christian. It is the only way to live, and take up a man's share of the responsibilities of life.

Friday, November 8, along the Charles River toward Watertown, I wrote:

> Ah, brown November, who can say
> That thou art drear and cheerless,
> When meadowlarks their wonted lay
> So sweetly sing, and fearless?
> The sun is warm as at the spring,
> An April sun is shining,
> I'm free from care of anything
> On river's bank reclining.
> What though the trees are bare of leaves,
> The buds are set already,
> And while the heart for summer grieves,
> Life's current moves full steady,
> Like to the Charles, that silent sweeps
> Through all the seasons' story,
> For lovely April only sleeps
> 'Neath brown November's modest glory.

> Sunday evening, November 10. No, I didn't go back (to church)…I am going next Sunday morning and evening, if the Latin Club does not meet then. I am going to talk to Dean Brown this week, and if he does not think it better to wait, I am going to join a church now; I think Tremont Temple Baptist Church. I have Baptist friends and relatives; I admire Adoniram Judson. It is a thoroughly Christian church; that is what I seek.
>
> Not teaching nor ideas nor the Kingdom of God; but Jesus, my Jesus, my Friend, my Savior, who led me by His hand when I knew nothing of what it meant—who called me when I would not listen, and now guides me and helps me as though I had always been His faithful friend. My Jesus, I give up all that I am to You.
>
> November 11. I am going to try to be good to everybody; considerate, thoughtful, kind—everything I ought to be. I'm going to be human to people I meet, try to interest myself in them. I'm going to read a great deal about Jesus and try to be like Him—to have a healthy, kindly, strong, helpful attitude toward everybody all the time.

After dinner November 11 at Miss Sweet's, we went to Captain Morize's lecture. Afterward we walked to Boston Common for the Armistice celebration. There was a huge bonfire. The

crowd was so dense we could not move. I feared that Miss Sweet would be crushed in the crowd, which towered above her.

It was a moving occasion. I did not realize what the Armistice meant till we shared its vast emotion with thousands of plain people. At last the crowd thinned out so that we could make our way to the Cambridge Tube and home.

Miss Sweet was not so exhausted by the experience that she could not go with a friend and me to Marblehead the next day, "an ideal day of beauty and joy."

Sunday morning, November 17, I went to Tremont Temple, had dinner with friends in Chelsea, and instead of returning to the Temple in the evening, I went to the Círculo Español at Harvard.

> Monday evening November 18. The most beautiful sky tonight, full moon, and soft clouds drifting in light. Fresh air, clean and pure from higher regions. I love such nights, when everything seems to be all right, and God close to us. I am so happy…
>
> Morning November 25. Another stirring day yesterday, but it did not keep me up after it was over. Morning, Dr. Fitch at Chapel…Afternoon, out to Waltham. Walked back by old New York Post Road, sitting on a stone fence, automobiles rolling by on the comfortable shiny pavement. Lovely fields and sky. The charm of an old town, stones set there two hundred years ago. Waverly at dusk, delicate shades and lights, lace of tree branches against a gray-blue sky. I was happy and strong then.
>
> Tremont Temple in the evening—a stirring Thanksgiving service…I am going to join that church. No invitation given that night; I allowed the omission to deter me from seeking someone to help me.

November 27 to Pawtucket to spend Thanksgiving with the Draper's. Happy are the memories of that visit with warm, true, intelligent Christian friends.

November 29 my cousin Roy Brown came, on leave from the army. We went to Concord; then the Symphony Concert in Boston.

Sunday December 1 we went to Marblehead instead of to church. I knew that Roy was a Christian, yet I thought only of showing him the sights. As we stood on a Marblehead street corner that bitterly cold day, waiting for a streetcar, I fainted.

Roy took me back to my room. I was shaken in mind and conscience. I felt that God had stricken me down for disobedience, yet I did not tell Roy. He left me lying on my bed, contrite and miserable, feeling that I had spoiled his visit by my disobedience; sensible of how much Roy meant to me.

Tuesday evening December 3, I attended the Young People's Hour at Tremont Temple. Next day I wrote:

> Yesterday morning the first snow of the season, save for a flurry when Roy and I were at Sleepy Hollow. And with that rebirth of purity in the world came another in my life when I went to the Young People's meeting at Tremont Temple last evening. I was not sure I dared to go. I felt pride holding me back. But I went, and I am glad. A young sailor—the moment he began to sing I knew he was an earnest

Christian. He told of the things he found in Mark that Christ wanted done and that he could do.

I didn't get up and testify to what the Bible has meant to me—I who owe my life to the Bible—my heart was thumping in my throat, but I did not get up and say a word…

Later the sailor, Charles Shipherd Brown, became my friend. We would go back to Cambridge together from services at the Temple, talk in my room till he had to return to quarters in the Naval Radio School. He looked splendid in his Navy uniform; broad-shouldered, vigorous and alert.

Friday evening December 6 at 7 I met the Prudential Committee of Tremont Temple Baptist Church, in a room on an upper floor. I was desperate enough now to face this group of elderly men and women, instead of merely raising my hand in a public meeting and going with others into an inquiry room. Here I stood alone.

Dr. Myers heard my request for membership. Then he asked me kindly, "Emmet, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes," I blurted out, my heart in my voice. "And will you follow Him all your life?" he continued. "Yes, I will," I answered eagerly. This was the longing of my whole being. Now I wanted help to do it—human help, Christian fellowship.

The Committee voted to accept me for membership after baptism. That was all. They did not—as I expected—ask me to take a course in Baptist doctrine. That I loved the Lord, purposed to follow Him, was enough for this great-hearted pastor and people.

I went back to my room, thrilled; wrote:

I this night agreed and was accepted to be baptized into the body of Christ at Tremont Temple, next Sunday evening.

Jesus, Thou hadst faith in me
Before I ever came to Thee:
Thy hand has led me to this hour
When I surrender all to Thee.

My college dormitory seemed incongruous with this experience. Even when I locked my door, there were disturbing noises. I stayed there as little as possible until after my baptism. I felt that this would seal my life in a special way.

Saturday I called on friends recently made, went with their Christian daughter when she baby-sat for neighbors, spent the evening in happy conversation about Christ and the Christian life. Back in my room, I avoided seeing anyone, went to sleep deep in God's peace.

Sunday December 8 Harry Emerson Fosdick spoke in the college Chapel. A short time before, I would have gone eagerly to hear him. Now I went with still greater eagerness to Tremont Temple. In the evening I was baptized. Ignorant of Baptist ways still, I had undressed when I joined the Masons. Now I gladly donned the baptismal garments provided me.

My inward eye saw heaven opened; my heart felt the descent of the Holy Spirit. After I was dressed, the deacons greeted me. I was pleased to receive the Masonic grip from most of them. I felt then that Christianity and Masonry belonged together.

One deacon asked me to sign a pledge card, gave me offering envelopes. Another deacon asked me to sign a Pocket Testament League card, promising to carry a New Testament with me

always. Soon after I bought a 25¢ Testament to carry until I could afford something better—and less destructive of my pockets. So these deacons started me in good habits of practical Christian living.

> *This is the greatest day of my life, for it was crowned with my confession of faith in Christ, and my baptism into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Jesus had faith in me, long before I had faith in Him. Jesus believes in me, Jesus is calling me, Jesus can save. I give my whole life to Him.*
>
> *These three days I have felt Jesus by my side. Tonight as I came out on the cars I missed Him. I looked to see where He had gone, and after a little I found Him. He is in my heart now. Jesus came into my heart. I shall never be lonely again…*

The secret disciple had become an open follower. There was no turning back now. My coming to Christ was an unconventional Pilgrim's Progress; almost a haphazard one. It bore the marks of God's overruling grace in dealing with an intractable human soul. I had met Jesus; He had called me to His ministry; I was now publicly enrolled as a member of His church. It remained to implement these decisions.

Implementing the Decision

I went to Goshen to spend the 1918 Christmas vacation with the Nelson's. Joy of perfect days in the peace and grace of God. I spent hours in the fields, was entertained at dinner by various friends, had prayer upon the road. In the fields I read the book of Acts. Along with this joy, I studied for the Massachusetts Bar exam, returned to Boston December 28 in mingled sunshine and clouds, a beautiful December afternoon.

Monday December 30 I took the bar exams, was successful, and was admitted to practice March 11, 1919.

Watch Night services at Phillips Brooks' old church, Trinity, in Copley Square, then to St. Paul's Cathedral. The great decision implemented, the great release came; I was launched on no mere eddy of the Christian life, but on the mainstreams of its onward current. A New Year opened for me.

My mother kept urging me to call on the family of a girl who cared for friends' children. At last I did. Thus began a wonderful experience. The mother was in the Hospital near death with cancer. There were four girls: Edith, engaged to an army engineer; twins, Ella and Rhoda, as different as sisters could be—Ella's fiancé came occasionally, on leave from the army, Rhoda's from the Navy. Miriam, in her last year of high school, red-haired, vivacious, was heart-free.

I sometimes took one of the twins, rarely Edith, never Miriam alone, to church, a concert. I felt safe with the older girls, obviously settled in their attachments. Rhoda died early, before marriage. Ella, tall and self-reliant, nevertheless had moods of depression, problems—and courage to meet them. Edith was disciplined, the burden-bearer of the family. Her calm rarely betrayed the suffering within. I visited them often. Sharing their burdens lightened mine. I felt helpless; I could not thaw their frozen water pipes, chop wood; none of the homely things they did so simply. I received more than I gave, yet they always welcomed me eagerly. It was home to me.

January 8 I sought advice from Mr. Handel, assistant pastor of my church, as to my future. His advice: go home after Law School; go into business with your father. Wait for God to bring them to Himself. What other advice could he give?

> On January 8, after a talk with Mr. Handel, while walking out Bowdoin Street to Cambridge, I got my answer to my prayers of four years. I must go back to my family and work with them faithfully—and wait till they come to Jesus Christ. Then we can all work together, and do more than I could alone. God has promised me that they will turn to Him, and He always performs what He promises.
>
> I reconsecrate myself to Jesus Christ my Savior. I want to stand in the shadow of the Cross. I want only to do His will.

January 11 I began translating Professor Caullery's book *The Universities and Scientific Life in the United States.* I was to receive $100 for my work. It was published by Harvard University Press in 1922. I received my copies in China.

Walking home from a visit in Waverly Wednesday evening January 15, I wrote:

Confession

Name me the spirit that haunts me,
I am so glad tonight,
Not one ill thought that taunts me,
My cares have all taken flight.
Moonlight and stars and glory,
And youth and friends and joy;
O, I know it's an old, old story,
The ardent heart of a boy.
I'm not seventeen any longer,
But the spirit's returned for tonight;
The years have made it grow stronger,
The hunger for beauty and light.
O guardian spirit of childhood,
Thou romance of wonder and love,
Now a gentian deep in the wildwood,
Now the flashing aurora above.
Whether hid where none may come near it,
Or flaming in eyes and voice,
Haunt me forever, youth spirit,
That I may evermore rejoice.

January 17 I wrote for the sisters a poem suggested by an experience of one of them, Rhoda, as she returned from visiting her mother in the hospital.

The Light in the Hospital Window

The crowded city is lonely,
As the tossing waves of the sea.
Of a thousand lights, one only,
One beacon shines for me.
The light that means my mother
Comes straight through the chill night air,
And keeps me safe as no other;
She holds me fast in her prayer.

I was invited to join the Tremont Temple Choir; rehearsals Wednesday evenings; Friday was prayer meeting; Tuesday, Young People's. Three of my Masonic bodies did not see me again. The Brotherhood had supper one Monday a month; Thursdays something at church often interfered with Royal Arch Chapter; church was supplanting Masonry in my life.

I could still go to the Spanish Club of Boston after the Young People's Hour, but the Círculo Latino at Harvard, on Sunday nights, saw me no more.

Morning, January 28, a lovely glade in the Arboretum, under white oaks—and crows! I wrote:
\

Jesus

Thou who from faith to faith hast led me on
From boyish loyalty to manhood's trust,
O Thou who with me all the way hast gone,
My life I give to Thee, because I must.
Thou art the granite Rock which strengthened me,
And whence I draw the courage of a man;
Since all I am I only owe to Thee,
I give Thee all I have, because I can.
Thou art the Light of Life, the Way of Truth,
The dawn within me of God's perfect day,
My life and love I give, because I may.
Since by Thy grace I may, by strength divine
I can, for mercy shown I must, be Thine.

Thursday evening, January 28, with Edith. Next day, her mother died. I visited the girls, wrote, "Such courage as I never saw before."

Romans 10:1-4 dominated my life now; was I willing to be "accursed from Christ" for my parents' sake? I saw that as Paul could not win his fellow Jews to Christ by such sacrifice, but must turn to the Gentiles, even so I could not win my parents to Christ by forsaking the call of God to the ministry.

Sunday February 2, the girls' mother's funeral. Edith, white, with a radiance about her. When the body was brought to their home, standing beside Edith, for a moment she faltered, leaned against me for support. Then hidden strength came to her from her Savior, and she stood erect, looking down on her mother's face with tenderness. There was a smile on that dead face, the smile of one who has entered into rest, and seen the glory of a better life. No need for words; our thoughts were one.

February 11 Gordon College students were at Young People's; my first contact with Gordon; blessed consecration of young lives.

> March 4. Tomorrow I'll go out a great while before day into a desert place to pray—see what You found there.
>
> March 5. I kept the pure heart and the flaming will until the morning. I shall go out into the desert place, although not a great while before day (7:30), yet it is something.
>
> March 9. Today dawned dismal in my heart like the outdoors, but ends with the blessing of renewed consecration to live for the heavenly vision on the Goshen road, moonlight, September 1916. Now, perfect peace, at taps.

Tuesday March 11, I was admitted to the Massachusetts bar. Court was opened with Justice Braley presiding; Mr. Bailey, chairman of the board of examiners, moved the admission of those present, whereupon we were called by name inside the bar and sworn to the state and federal attorney's oaths.

Then Justice Braley said, in substance, "It's all over," and made a little speech, reminding us that by becoming attorneys we did not cease to be citizens, but must share the responsibilities of these turbulent times, from which all would seek relief if they could, but there is no relief, and

we must help maintain those personal rights and property rights without which there can be no orderly government.

Then he said: "I sincerely hope that each of you has a plan and ideals for the conduct of life; for with these you are sure to succeed, though no one can foretell the measure of your success; and without them you are sure to fail."

Thereupon we were directed into the anteroom, and the certificates were handed out as we signed the oaths we had taken.

Now I could practice law—if I could find clients! I wrote my mother: "I was sworn in as an attorney and counselor of the Supreme Judicial Court. Pleasant affair. About one-third of those who took the exam passed it."

Afternoon, my exposure to the fumes of tobacco before and after the ceremony, led me to write a tirade against the stuff. That I must face such exposure constantly in the practice of law added emotional coloring to my desire to abandon law.

Wednesday morning, March 19, at the Arboretum, I wrote:

> Easter at the Cross
>
> I knelt at the foot of an oak
> On the first warm day of the year,
> And searched in the sheltering moss;
> I know I'll find violets here.
> I knelt at the foot of the Cross
> On the Resurrection morn;
> Ah, the fragrance that filled my heart,
> When the flower of faith was born!

March 21. O day of rest and gladness—I open wide the window—eastward, to God—and let in His warm spring air. Today, despair, hatred of law, longing, oh unspeakable temptation to destroy my life—away from God, Jesus forgotten, denied, all because I denied Him—did not tell my friends about going into the ministry.

I went out into the twilight and there were soft clouds touched by the dying day, flakes of silver above, layers of silver below, delicate blue all about, and in the midst, one bright star in the west—like that March night eight years ago.

> Faces like stars shine on thee from forgotten skies;
> Close the book of the past, for tomorrow shall call thee
> and prove thee!

My God, I believe Thy promise. Tomorrow, yes, literally tomorrow…You are going to call me and prove me. I'm ready. You took that sweet, blessed way to tell me—that silver, starry picture out of the sweetest part of my dreams…

March 22. This is the day God is to answer me, according to His promise…

The expected answer was deferred; I was being readied to receive it.

March 29 I filed the will of a retired Methodist minister in the Middlesex County Probate Court. His son and executor retained me as attorney. The family were Christian friends.

April 7 I heard Mr. Edmunds of Canton Christian College, China. I talked with him about going there to teach. I had not given up hope of serving in China. My parents would be satisfied to have me teaching in a college. It would be a compromise between the ministry and law.

That day I wrote:

I will be strong, for God would have me so,
I will be brave, with Jesus by my side,
I will smile, because I know
That I within the shadow of His love abide.
I will be strong, for others lean on me,
I will be brave, to quiet others' fears,
I will smile, that I may see
To wipe away from others' aching eyes the tears.
I will! It is not I who say it,
But Christ within, constraining me.
I know that just because I pray it,
And grip the hand of Jesus, I'll be what I ought to be.

April 9. If I go to Canton, it means I'll have to stand up for Jesus Christ all alone, in a boys' dormitory, not in a Christian home. Out in a big Oriental city, where most of the Europeans and Americans there are out for money—few Christians. I must stand alone, "steady and true as the stars that shine."

April 23 I went to the Automobile Cooperative for an interview for a position as an attorney. I had doubts about such employment, but felt I could learn something from investigating the proposition.

April 25 Yankee Division paraded. I watched our boys returned from France as they paraded, from the corner of Massachusetts and Commonwealth Avenues.

Sunday April 27 I assisted in a Gospel meeting of Tremont Temple men on Boston Common. Continuing to attend these meetings, sometimes I played the portable organ.

Friday morning May 15 I spent at Gordon Bible College. I had met President Wood at prayer meeting. He walked with me along Tremont Street, took me into a drug store and treated me to a "lime freeze!"—delightful on a Boston spring evening. He captivated me: here was the Christian teacher and Christlike example for whom I longed. He was to me a college in himself.

Gordon was small in those days. My first visit impressed me with the atmosphere of a Christian family. What if it had no accreditation, no reputation, its degrees no standing in the academic world? My Savior too was of no reputation.

June 1919. Last things, farewells, little realization of the sharpness of the impending break with my old life. The decision to work with my parents did not satisfy me. I came to feel that God was only waiting for me to be willing to do this; then He would open a door to the ministry. The door opened in a strange way. At Tremont Temple I met Mr. MacKenzie and his sister Alice. One Sunday afternoon I visited them in their apartment on Beacon Hill.

Alice was a beautiful pianist; both were good singers. They sang for me, "Alone"—"It was alone my Savior prayed"—and I was moved. Alice at the grand piano, her brother standing beside her; afternoon sunlight shone across the room. The family was one of refinement and Christian character.

Though they only knew me slightly, MacKenzie suggested that I apply to the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, which sent students to the prairie provinces for the summer, and gave me an application blank. I thought, "It will do no harm to apply. Surely they will not want a man with no Bible training, fresh out of Law School." I sent the form to Toronto, with letters of recommendation from my pastor and from President Lowell.

The Mission accepted me promptly. Then I asked my pastor, Mr. Handel, what I should do about it. "Accept. Buy yourself a Scofield Reference Bible and a Walker's Complete Concordance; use them; and I think you'll get by."

I bought the books, began serious Bible study, with a view to profiting my prospective hearers, and looked forward with joy to the summer. This was the Lord's doing; my part was merely to express my desire; the swiftness of answered prayer was marvelous in my eyes.

I had not told my parents of my January 8 decision to return to them; there would be no additional disappointment for them. I think they felt that the rough life of the frontier would knock sense into me. I did learn a lot; the rude life of a new country was to my taste, a pleasant contrast to the formal life of Boston. I finished translating the French book, and was ready.

June 17 I visited the four sisters; Edith went to the train with me; Rhoda was there; Ella phoned; Miriam baked a cake. I left Boston with warm memories of this family who would follow me with their prayers, and whose solicitous farewell heartened me. At 4:45 the train left for Toronto.

A new life began; I was on my own, independent of the support of my father.

Saskatchewanderings

> A sky lit with clear-cut stars grows luminous with a web of gold and silver, on which angels' wings float from the arch in the north to the zenith, over a vault of beauty. Will it not be like this when Jesus comes again?
>
> Or, some frosty October night, watch surge after surge of weaving light come up from the north, pass trembling, quivering, advancing, receding, over the zenith into the south, like waves of the sea, driven by the wind, and tossed.
>
> Almost nightly you may see in the north a bridge flaming from east to west. Is there a way from earth to heaven; from man to God? The finger of God writes a bridge of mediation across the north, even as the Cross shines in jeweled splendor in the southern sky.
>
> Stars grow pale; the moon is dull; we see an image of that time when we shall not need light of sun or moon or stars; when the Lamb is all our light, shining with the glory of the only-begotten of the Father.
>
> By day the commonplace, the indifferent, God all but forgotten. At night God has all the glory. No human light can pierce the darkness of a northern winter; the glory of God must light its hopelessness.

This was the country to which I came, Saskatchewan, north of 53°. From Toronto through the Ontario wilderness north of Lake Superior while my classmates were receiving their diplomas; Friday as the sun cast shadows across limitless Manitoba prairies, I sat on the steps of the platform of the last car of my train—homesick.

Homesick for Tremont Temple, where I knew they would remember to pray for me at that very hour. Saturday June 21 in Stenen, Saskatchewan, my destination for the summer, I supposed. Sunday my first sermon! I took full notes into the pulpit, found them unmanageable, resolved never to preach from notes again. If I could not remember my sermon long enough to preach it, how could I expect people to remember it long enough to practice it? It was a storefront church; my other two points were schoolhouses.

Monday I set out to make pastoral calls; Tuesday I made Mennonite friends; a warm Christian a home never failed to excite me. A horse to ride enabled me to cover my large field. One more Sunday at Stenen and outstations; July 2 a letter from the Presbyterian Mission; I was transferred to a more isolated district off the railroad. Thursday morning by train to Largo, whence I rode some twenty miles north into the bush country with the mailman. He left me at the Oxford Centre post office and trading post. I slept that night on a pile of hams, sides of bacon, sacks of grain and other lumpy groceries, in a loft above the store, with the trader's big boys, who had little if any better accommodations.

I celebrated my native country's Independence Day walking across the prairie, making calls, to the log house of an Orangeman with whom I was to board. They had Arno Gabelein's magazine *Our Hope* on the living room table. I was given a whitewashed room with a real bed, washstand, pitcher and basin. The outer door of the cabin was open; flies buzzed busily about, chickens wandered in and out, the pig came in sociably, dogs were taken for granted. I shooed the chickens out of my room when I went to bed—my room had a door.

I looked for a way of escape. Every place I called, I eyed to see if it would be a preferable abode, plus some reasonable excuse, such as a more central location, to justify moving.

At first I had services at three schoolhouses. I walked some thirty miles, stayed overnight with a hospitable family, walked back on Monday, making calls, ate dinner where invited. Pioneer hospitality was generous and ungrudging; I felt small and mean when an elderly couple gave me their one bed, slept on the floor, but there was no refusing; I was their minister. These people came from all over the world, London, other British cities, South Africa, Australia, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, bringing their breeding and pride to this raw land.

Saturday July 12 I was invited to address an Orangeman's picnic. Dean Brown's Quadricentenary Reformation address came in handy as outline. I felt at home; my grandmother was Protestant Irish. God answered my prayer for a new home; July 17 I came to the Gray's. My room was spotless. It was central to my field, for now I had three more schoolhouses in which to preach, half of the six on alternate Sundays. This childless couple gave me a real home.

I met Ed Eakins, who lived alone in a log cabin, unplastered walls, open rafters, a mouse-eaten heap of rags for a bed; a rickety table, two chairs without backs. His one treasure was a family Bible, wrapped in a clean cloth, kept on a beam overhead. He would lift it down reverently, carefully unwrap it, place the gold-edged volume on the table before me. One chapter was never enough; he listened spellbound, face aglow. With dimming sight, reading was painful for him. He was in the early chapters of Isaiah when I first visited him; we were far along in Jeremiah when I left in the fall. This pastoral call was a benediction and an encouragement. He had affluent sons in a distant city; they never came near him.

July 22 I was given an Indian pony, which looked a hundred years old; would not do more than walk for me. People suggested spurs; foolishly I tried them. The horse did not rebel, neither did it move faster. It had patience, would stand still anywhere. This helped on numerous occasions when the saddle, held together with rope and haywire, gave way, let me down gently. When I left the field, a Cree Indian, waiting to receive it, leaped on board bareback, dug his heels into the pony's flanks, galloped off across the prairie. The horse knew his master.

One chill autumn day I called at a home where the lady noticed that my mittens—needed for horseback riding—had holes in them. She mended them expertly. As I mounted my horse to leave, I thanked her again. She looked across the monotonous bush, poplar leaves yellowing, falling with every gust, reminding us that winter, long, cold and drear, was almost upon us. Shading her eyes with her hand, she saw beyond the bush horizon, across Canada, across the Atlantic, wistfully said, "Remember that a Bristol woman mended them for you." She would never see her Bristol home again; "A Bristol woman," that was all.

The mittens are long since gone; the last time I saw them they were on the hands of a ricksha puller in Tientsin, to whom I gave them, and who mended them with a piece of cloth.

Mid-October visits to say farewell to people who had become friends, long to be remembered, in one brief summer; then homeward bound. The train ran through a forest fire in eastern Saskatchewan. Flaming treetops hurtled through the air; fire raced along the ground. The cleared right-of-way protected our train. It was a fearful sight. Again I traversed the desolate country north of Lake Superior. Back in Boston, I went to Goshen at once. I was home! The Nelson's welcomed me. Leaving Goshen the last day of October, we saw five deer on the road. Then through the New Hampshire hills and woods to Boston again, and into another new life, at Gordon.

Gordon College and the Dream Girl

Life has three great decisions for youth. First, to choose or to refuse Jesus Christ as Lord of life. Second, to choose a career. These decisions I had made. I chose to follow Christ, and I chose His ministry for my career. The third decision remained; who will be your life partner in Christ and in your career? I had not found her yet. Her portrait had been growing in the camera of my mind for a decade. My dream woman was a composite of many women of high character whom I knew, always, even before my conversion, Christian women. Into this portrait went David Copperfield's Agnes, and Alice Freeman Palmer, both as her husband portrayed her, and as she revealed herself in her poems. The portrait became clear as to her inner being; her outward appearance remained undefined.

There was a warm welcome for me at Gordon, dinner with President Wood and the students. Letters from the president had kept me in touch through the summer, made me feel that I belonged. With $100 from translating the French book, and $150 saved from my summer earnings, I had the $250 needed for a year's expenses at Gordon—room, board, books, incidentals—there was no tuition. God knew that I lacked robust faith to trust Him to supply my needs from day to day; He supplied them in advance.

The last day of October 1919 the students of Gordon Bible College conducted an entrance examination for this new applicant for admission, who with trepidation took his place in the Dining Club, dormitory life, fellowship and classroom work. He pinched himself; he rubbed his eyes. It was no dream. He thought he had been caught up into paradise. Soon he was sure of it.

November 4, my first Student Volunteer meeting at Gordon. I was introduced to Amy Dyer, a tall, queenly woman. Was this my dream woman?

November 14 Tremont Temple licensed me to preach. In the statement I made, I reviewed my life and Christian experience, went on to give my beliefs:

> I believe that Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of God; God manifest in the flesh, who was born of a virgin, lived a sinless life, though tempted, suffered and died on the cross for our sins, was buried, and rose again from the head, gave us the Great Commission, and ascended unto the Father, where He now is in glory, praying for us and for the unsaved, and whence He shall come again to receive us to Himself, and to reign over the earth King of kings and Lord of lords.
>
> I believe in the Holy Ghost; in our need to be born again and baptized with the Holy Ghost.
>
> I believe in prayer; in answered prayer as the power that does everything worthwhile in the world.
>
> I believe in the whole Bible. It is the life of the eternal Christ; it is my life. It is food to me. Praise God, there are some parts of it that no one can ever take away from me, because the Holy Ghost has fastened them in my heart. I heard the voice of Jesus say it. All that He says to me, and nothing else, I want to say to others.

Dr. Myers commented that this statement was sufficient for an ordination council; more than necessary for mere licensing.

November 18 Amy Dyer told the Student Volunteers her experiences on a mission field in Manitoba during the summer. She had been about a hundred miles from me; we did not meet, were unaware of each other's existence. As she told of harnessing and driving a horse about her field, I saw how competent she was in things I could not do, as well as in things I could. This woman whose voice spoke of rich interior life, could not look at a half blind boy with more than

pity. I must repress my feelings; to disclose them to her, I would only be hurt. I could not bear a second rebuff, like that which brought my summer symphony of 1915 to an end with a crashing discord.

> December 1. Into my book which is to tell the story of my spiritual life and struggles, all through the part that is filled with infidelity, let there appear little kindnesses, hints, visions of Jesus Christ and of Christians, clearly connected so that Christ may be manifest on every page. Let the reader judge how well or ill this aspiration has been kept as the book took its present shape.

I took out a life insurance policy, considering it a Christian duty to begin to provide for the family I fully expected to have. I was to pay the premium in quarterly installments; I gave my note to the agent for the first installment. It was a wee venture of faith. When the note fell due, I had the money with which to pay it.

I began to stay in the college library evenings, because Amy was there. Sometimes we outstayed all others. I loved Wordsworth's simple classic:

> She dwelt among untrodden ways
> Beside the springs of Dove,
> A maid whom there were none to praise,
> And very few to love.

My Amy was no Lucy: there were many to praise, many to love her. But she came from a small town; she was a modest violet, a lonely star, and if she were not there, my life would be empty without her.

I spent Christmas in Kansas City. My parents paid my way; I had not seen them since June 1918. On the return journey, I could attend the International Student Volunteer Convention, forerunner of the great Urbana Conventions of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. December 19 I joined the crowds of homegoing students, reached Kansas City Sunday morning, December 21. A streetcar brought me to my home, where I spent the vacation with my parents; the visit would be short enough. December 30 I left for DesMoines and the Convention.

I found—or was found—by my fellow Gordon students; how good they looked to me! I prayed in the 1920 New Year with Arthur Matheson, my roommate for the convention; a deeply spiritual of man, he went to India for a lifetime of service. His influence, like that of other students, was as great as that of my teachers, except President Wood.

Among the Gordon party was another young man who was to influence me deeply—Charles Frederich—and the woman he later married. Charles, quiet, always impeccably groomed, kept his dormitory room as neat as any woman could; he cultivated a pot of geraniums. His courtesy, his disciplined character, revealed the Christlike maturity that he, the product of a Christian home, had already attained.

On the way back to Gordon, our party stopped in Chicago for a day, visited Moody Bible Institute, where we were entertained at dinner, shown the Institute and the city in outgoing hospitality. A night train to Niagara, a visit to the Falls, then back to Boston. What a warm welcome for me at Gordon! The most wonderful handshake I ever had. Yes, my dream woman. Just the encouragement I needed. Maybe the girl who could harness a horse was not out of reach.

A windfall; Professor J. H. Woods of Harvard lost part of the manuscript of my translation on his way to Europe. I retyped from my longhand manuscript, received a welcome $60 for it. Life was going to be more expensive for me now, and $60 would pay a lot of carfare, buy a lot of ice cream for two. The library was a nice place to sit; but one had to be quiet. I grew bolder; we began to go places. February 15 to Ruggles Street Church where Amy was a church visitor; to the Art Museum; to concerts.

The March recess I spent in Goshen at the Nelson's; attended my first Town Meeting. It was a snowbound week, when we stayed in the house and talked of Whittier.

I was seeing much of Amy now, taking her to places of interest she had not seen, like Concord. We both accepted appointments to the Canadian West for the summer. Hesitation was over. I knew now that she cared. Only waiting the right time and place.

May 15, Salem and Marblehead; a cave by the sea, waves washing over the gravel; friendly stars winking out as the sun set; we settled the third question; Amy was already a Christian from childhood, dedicated to the service of Christ, even if it meant foreign service; now we gave ourselves to one another.

Amy's graduation from Gordon, a visit to her home in Charleston, Maine; off to different fields in Saskatchewan. Her field did not provide transportation; next to mine was one eager for a missionary that would. Obliging Conveners of Presbytery arranged the transfer. I moved from one side of my field to the other, had only to walk a mile across fields, wade the Red River of the North to the bank where Amy waited for me. It was less romantic than when young Lochinvar "swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;" but it was our bit of chivalrous romance.

Back to Charleston, Maine, together, where Amy's mother had already become mine. Amy's people were my people, the same kind of people as my State of Maine Russell folks. Then I must return to Gordon.

Suddenly a telegram announced the death of my Grandfather Brown. Back to Kansas City—a sad visit, unnecessarily so. The funeral conducted by a Unitarian minister; no hint of Christ for the man who taught me to sing, "Come to the Savior, make no delay." Pressure from my mother to abandon the ministry, bring the girl I was to marry back to live with them. My father wanted this too, but he said nothing; he wanted me to live my own life. Once he wrote a friend, "I glory in his independence."

Back at Gordon, I knew now more poignantly than ever that I belonged here. Those prayer hours, which President Wood closed with singing "Just as I am, without one plea." I candidated in New Hampshire; Amy visited the church with me; they did not call me; we must put off our wedding. It was Thanksgiving; I introduced her to the Nelson's in nearby Goshen. Christmas in Charleston.

I was teaching history at Gordon, earning $44 a month, plus occasional pulpit supply fees. We decided to marry, picked the presidential inauguration date—easy to remember. This advantage was lost when the Constitution was amended to move the inauguration from March 4 to January 20, after which we had the date to ourselves. So after a Hebrew exam, the wedding party gathered at the home of President Wood in Arlington for the ceremony, at one o'clock March 4, 1921.

An invitation to teach in Tientsin, China; my graduation from the Divinity School, farewell visits to our families, and we boarded the Empress of Japan at Vancouver for our new life together. The rest is another story, which is told in another manuscript*, Young China's*

Awakening Dream, and a volume of poems that will carry my spiritual autobiography down to the present.

I close with this:

I know a home where firelight falls
In changing glory on the walls,
Beyond the friendly window pane
The world is gray with autumn rain.
I sit and read within the blaze
A chronicle of golden days
With Amy by my side.
I read a page that's fragrant yet
With May's first dewy violet,
Sweet roses grow about our door
(Aye, in my heart forevermore)
And every flower you love is there,
My joy to give them tender care
With Amy by my side.
I read of days beside the sea,
A rock that sheltered you and me
While lingering sunset glory light
Gave way to star-white depths of night
And nearer danced with sober joy
The silver waves to see your boy
With Amy by my side.
The firelight is a changing page
A wandering fancy to engage,
Yet oft I turn from memory's story
To Amy's face, where shines my glory,
And perfect peace and trust are there,
When kneeling at the place of prayer
With Amy by my side.

Photos from the Past

Emmet as a boy
(photographs were always posed)
.

Emmet's mother Iola Brown as a twelve-year old

Emmet as a graduate from Harvard Law School. 1919

1942 - photo for the newspaper to announce his Glen Ellyn pastorate

March 4 1921 wedding to Amy Dyer

Firstborn son Howard, born in China 1922—would only live six months. Emmet took the photo.

Amy holding newborn Eunice - 1929

The Russell family of four 1942

Father and son Philip, on Navy leave

Brother-sister relationship

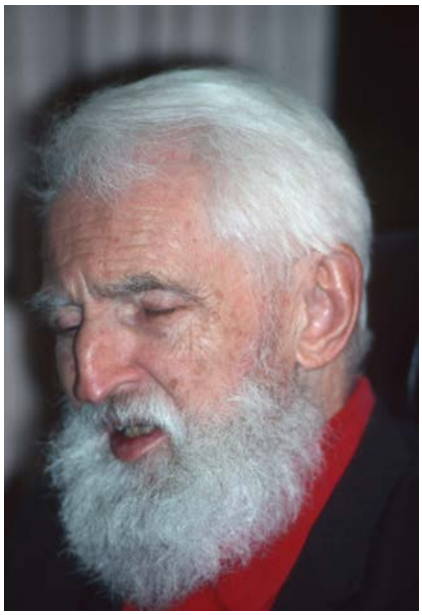
Emmet and Amy at my wedding
to Don Schatz 1969

Four generations: Emmet and Amy,
Grandmother Bessie Dyer, Phil and
granddaughter Jane Ann Russell

Philip with daughter Jane and some
and her eight grandchildren

Emmet's grandson Ted

Retirement in California
1972 till 1978 for Emmet
and 1985 for Amy.



Emmet in his final days