


Spring 1954

et cetera

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et
cetera

spring 1954

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

Etc...

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Shirley Wooton

Buddy

He is my joy and my despair. He is devilish and he is angelic. He is a typical specimen of his type and, at the same time, a unique individual. He is my brother Buddy. Though "the gang" may persist in calling him "Peaches," and though his teachers may hold to the more dignified "Charles," we of his family will never know him as anyone except "Buddy."

My common sense tells me that Buddy cannot be too different from other fourteen-year-old boys. They, too, must endure the humiliation of being shorter than the girls their age and they, too, I am told, have a decided antipathy to taking baths. Perhaps there is some connection between these two observations, for I realize that Buddy, although he is somewhat conscious of the feminine sex, still lacks enough interest to bother with making himself charming. "Why should I polish my shoes," he asks, "when I will get them muddy again just as soon as school is out?" He seems to think the effort would be wasted, and thus regards the six hours between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. as incidental.

Buddy's entire career is marked by this abhorrence of any work for which he can see no definite end. He is as interested in his paper route as he is uninterested in his school work. In his mind he sees the paper route as a means to the end of acquiring the sum necessary to the painting and repairing of his cherished "doodlebug" (a vehicle which classifies itself somewhere between a bicycle and a motorcycle); he sees math and history as a means to no end at all. The fact that Buddy exerts his efforts to the utmost to be the best paper boy he can is no consolation to his family at the critical time when he presents his grades. This indolence, when it comes to educating himself, has caused the interested parties no end of worry. For my own part, I have begun to take heart. After all, he must have a fair degree of intelligence or he could never have reached the ninth grade with a maximum of below-minimum effort.

Buddy's room reflects, I believe, his personality. His idea of order is to straighten it thoroughly at irregular periods, depending upon his inclinations, and then to allow himself the

luxury of messing it up again. Needless to say, he is a master at this art.

From time to time certain intricacies bring to light the devilish nature of our young friend. The latest of these was a contrivance which he arranged to insure privacy. Any person who intruded in spite of the bold "Keep Out" sign on the door met with mischance. For if Buddy's contraptions were in working order, the visitor was granted a free hairwash. This was accomplished by means of a glass of water which was hanging over the door and about which was tied a string extending around the door knob to the dresser in such a fashion that when the door opened the glass overturned. The first victim to meet with the obvious fate was Mother.

However, all of Buddy's tendencies do not lack the humane touch. I have never known him to fail anyone in an emergency. On one occasion I was baking a cake and found that we were out of eggs. Buddy lost no time in getting to the store, though when he returned I could not conceal my amazement. He had purchased the sum total of one egg. "Why not?" he wanted to know. "That's all you need."

And so life with Buddy goes on. We never know what the next day may bring, but the assurance of its novelty makes it well worth waiting for.

Patricia Carnohan

There Was Time

There was time — that day.
I awakened — for a while.
There is wonder in being.
This I understand.
This is my reason for being —
This wonder.

Minutes passed slowly — that day.
I disliked my awakeness — for a while.
There is no other on earth this day.
This I feel.
This is my reason for feeling —
This doubt.

Objects

Objects sit quietly in small places,
Small because nothing is large
Until the thought is added.
Objects, it is believed, are senseless.
If I were an object, and senseless,
I would sit quietly in small places
And know and feel nothing.
If I were a living being, with senses,
I would sit quietly in small places
And know nothing and feel much.

Ronald Butler

Man: Peninsula

Although it may be true
That no man is an island,
Many men could properly be termed
 Peninsula.
Surrounded on one side by other men
Who help furnish necessities,
Yet three sides remain.
On one side is prejudice and predilection,
Setting him off, apart from others.
On another side is ostracization
Because he will not be one of "the gang,"
So, he is again set apart.
The remaining side is high —
High as the Rock o'er the Strait of Gibraltar.
It was formed by misunderstanding,
Misunderstanding of actions, and motivations,
Misunderstanding of . . . Life.

And so man is a peninsula,
Surrounded on one side by man,
And on the three remaining sides
By solitude and loneliness.
And man is nothing
More than he is
 Alone

Reynold Stone

Thirty Year Man

"Hey Martin, are you going to spend all your time in Korea in that sack?"

Hogie Martin closed the pocket book edition of *A Farewell to Arms* he was reading and looked up at the tall, gaunt form of Andy Mitchell in the tent door. Being a chowhound hadn't affected Andy's weight too much.

"Hi, Andy, what's new?" he said.

Andy ambled into the tent and flopped down on the canvas cot at Hogie's feet.

"Your little AWOL friend is back, for one thing," he said.

Hogie sat up and laid the book down. He was a stockily built young man in his early twenties.

"You mean Bennett?" he said.

Andy took an orange from his pocket and began to peel it, throwing the pieces on the ground.

"Not only him," he said, "they brought all three of them back from the Tenth Corps stockade under guard. They caught 'em with a South Korean outfit on the front lines."

Hogie swung his feet over the side of the cot and began to lace up his boots.

"Where is Harry now?"

"He's in his tent," said Andy, munching the orange and leafing through a magazine.

Hogie slapped his cap on his close-cropped head and stepped out of the tent. It was just beginning to get dark outside and in the company street thin, soupy mud came up to his ankles—underneath that the ground was solid.

He wondered why he took an interest in the kid at all—anybody who would let two guys like Moreno and Bailey talk him into going over the hill in Korea was the worst kind of fool. Wonder he hadn't got killed. He'd taken a liking to Harry when he first met him in Pusan and he hated seeing him ruin himself by running around with guys who only meant trouble for him.

He sloshed over to another squad tent and stuck his head through the flap. Harry Bennett was sitting on his bunk

writing a letter in the curious, upside down manner of most left-handed people. A large Confederate flag was pinned against the canvas wall behind him.

"Don't forget to mention that court-martial you're up for," said Hogie.

Harry's head snapped up and the absorbed expression he had been wearing slowly changed to a grin. He looked as if he could get by without shaving for a month.

"Hi, Hoge. Come on in and give me down the river. Chew me out good, huh."

Hogie pulled a homemade chair over and sat down facing the little redhead.

"You'll be lucky if you don't pull some stockade time," he said soberly.

But Harry was looking at Hogie's feet.

"Good God! Corporal Martin, what happened to the shine on those boots?" He spread his fingers and covered his eyes in a gesture of horror.

Hogie frowned. "I'm serious, you damned fool. Can't you get it through your thick head that you can't do things like that and get away with them? The army couldn't let you stay up there—if they did, every moron like you in the rear area would try the same trick."

He stopped as he heard the sound of a large number of male voices, singing. The North Koreans in the PW compounds had begun their nightly concert of anti-communist songs.

Harry laid his writing materials down and jerked a thumb toward the sound.

"Hear that?" His jocular manner was changing. "Other guys captured those monkeys and they stick me here to guard 'em. I took infantry training—why don't they transfer me to the infantry? I volunteer for the front lines, go through channels, write letters—nothing does any good. What else is there to do but go AWOL?"

The color of his face was beginning to match that of his hair.

"Look, Hogie," he went on, "you're a draftee and I'm regular army. I'll probably stay in for thirty years. Now you've been up there and you were glad to get sent back down here. Okey, that's all right, you didn't ask for combat. I did. I volunteered for the Army, I volunteered for Korea, I volunteered for the front. Yet, I'm still here. Why's that? I shoulda joined the goddam Marines," he said disgustedly.

Hogie watched the kid rip the top off a pack of Camels. Would he ever understand those guys like Harry? It wasn't

only that they were young—some of the old regulars didn't feel at home until they had their faces pushed down in the mud of some foxhole.

Harry finished lighting his cigaret and dropped the match in a butt can.

"I think I'll take a little trip down to the rice paddy," he said casually, "Want to come along?"

The chair fell over with a thump as Hogie stood up.

"That does it. You're gonna break restriction while waiting for a court-martial. I can't think of anything worse to do."

"Hell, they'll never know I'm gone. We won't stay more than an hour."

Hogie looked out of the flap toward the main gate of the company area. It was too dark to see much.

"Who's on guard now?"

Harry put his stationery back in his footlocker.

"Third platoon. Old Dillon's on the gate. He won't say anything."

"Well, wait'll I go get my pass. No sense both of us being AWOL."

"Good old Hoge. You know, someday you might be human if you work real hard at it."

Hogie grinned at his buddy. Maybe Harry was right about how to get along in the army. He seemed to enjoy himself, anyway.

"I'll meet you at the gate," he said.

Sergeant Benedict was the CQ. He gave out passes as if he begrudged the men their free time. Every night, unless something like this came up, he stayed with his Korean "wife". There were rumors that he gave her all his pay.

As Hogie signed the passbook old Sergeant Calloway came into the orderly room. He was forty-five but looked sixty. Twenty-nine years in the Army's strange half-world showed on his face.

He clicked his false teeth like saucers.

"Don't tell me you're going down to see the girls, Hogie, I didn't think you indulged."

Hogie handed him the pencil.

"How do you know I'm going there, Pop?"

The older man shrugged. "Where else is there to go? What else is there to do?"

"You got me there, Pop."

"I hear the little rebel is back from his jaunt to the hills. Reminds me of some of the stunts I pulled back in the old days. How did he like his taste of combat?"

Hogie hoped the old boy didn't guess why he was getting the pass.

"I don't know, Sergeant," he said cautiously. "I haven't talked to him about it much."

"Well, I'll bet he had his fill of it for awhile," the old Army man crowed.

"Do you think those boys will get any stockade time Sarge?"

"I don't know. Bailey and Moreno might because of their bad records. If Bennett behaves himself he'll probably get off with a fine."

Hogie nodded. "Well, see you, Pop."

"Yep."

It was very dark now and Hogie stepped carefully through the scummy fluid that covered the area. There was a reason why he didn't "indulge". There was Catherine back home. If he ever caught anything he couldn't get rid of—

He could hold off for the few months he had left before rotating. Then he and Cathy could get married. He was lucky having a girl like her. A lot of the guys in the company had got "Dear John" letters and had formed a club. They always posted their letters on the bulletin board for anyone to read. None of his letters would ever go up there.

Now if he could talk some sense into Harry's head and get him to behave till the court-martial was over. He had to go along tonight and make sure the kid made it back in time for bed check. Harry would go anyway if he didn't.

Two men were talking at the gate. As Hogie approached he recognized Harry's voice. The damn fool was talking to the gate guard, who probably had orders not to let him out.

Hogie blinked his eyes as the gleam of Dillon's flashlight stabbed them.

"It's only Martin. Say, Dillon, is it all right if we go down the road just as far as the shoeshine stands? We won't be long."

Dillon laughed.

"I'd try to think of a better excuse than that, Harry. But if anybody asks me, I didn't see you. Just don't get caught and we'll all be safe."

Hogie knew the guard was taking a chance by allowing Harry to leave the area. What difference did it make though—Dillon was a budding thirty year man also.

In the road the mud was collected in the depressions and most of its surface was comparatively dry. The rice paddies lay shadowy and flat beside the road as they walked along.

All day Hogie had seen the Korean farmers standing sentinel over the cut rice waiting to be threshed so that the crows would not take away their crops. Korean crows would roost on them if you used scarecrows. The women must flap rags and the men yell loudly before they will fly away from the rice grains. Even then they will come back again and again.

"You should have gone with us, Hogie," Harry said.

"Me go, when I've only got three more months to pull over here? You're nuts."

"You wouldn't do anything like that if you had three years to go—you'd be too afraid for those measly stripes."

There was no use talking to a guy like Harry about the way he could save more money on corporal's pay. To Harry, money was made to be spent or gambled or just plain thrown away as soon as you got it.

He tried to shift the conversation.

"How did you get up there and then past the check points?"

Harry began to tell of hitched rides and quick lies as they walked over the bullet-scarred bridge and into the small, huddled town on the other side of the river. Hogie only listened with half an ear.

The sense of smell is most important for a full experience of oriental countries. The varied odors, all strong, came to them as they passed the crude huts. Hogie knew that olfactory memories of Korea would never leave him.

Harry seemed to be using imagination a little freely as he told his story, but Hogie didn't say anything. Their route lay along the high levee at the edge of the river's floodplain. A few hundred yards from town they turned onto one of the ridgelike paths across the rice paddies. The path led to an isolated bunch of houses on the high ground across the field. This part of the village had grown up when the Americans moved in, and contained the main industry of the town. Here lived the women.

The houses were farther apart than those in the town and five-foot-high fences of mud blocks surrounded most of them. But the scent was still present—an odor compounded of woodsmoke, boiled rice and vegetables, and human and animal excretions. Hogie tried not breathing through his nose but that did not keep out the scent.

Hogie had been here before but never for the purpose for which others came. Harry was an old customer. As they turned into one of the yards, several girls squealed and ran toward him. Their costumes were dresses in the American

style and not the long, high-waisted gowns worn by the married women. Their faces were plastered with thick make-up masks. The cheap perfumes they wore mixed with the odors already floating in the air.

The girls pulled Harry over to the narrow porch built along the front of the house, chattering happily in broken English.

Hogie wandered over and sat down on the porch apart from the welcoming party that was being given Harry. He took out his billfold and looked at the picture of Catherine by the yellow rays of the electric light bulb over his head. Three more months, three more. They would be married right away—he had made up his mind about that.

“You’ gull fren’?”

The voice was a young one. She had come out of the low sliding door to his left and was standing beside him. Hogie noticed with surprise that she was wearing the Korean, rather than western, style of dress. She wore pigtails, long down her back, and looked about fifteen as she stood there, clean and neat in her white clothes.

He looked at the picture again—at the face which was becoming associated in his memory with the photograph. Funny the way he couldn’t remember any other facial expression but this one. Th girl he loved more than anyone else in the world.

The girl was squatting now, in the fashion of her country, on the smooth, clean wood of the porch. She wore white cloth boots with turned-up toes.

“No girl friend,” he said. “Wife.”

She smiled and he noticed that her teeth were white and well formed. She took the picture and studied it.

“You’ wife numbah one,” she said.

“Thank you,” he said. “Koh mah sem nee dah.”

The girl clapped her hands.

“You speak numbah one.”

One of the girls with Harry suddenly left the group and ran out the gate. Hogie idly watched her go. This girl beside him seemed so dissimilar to the other girls that he wondered about her.

“You no short-time girl?”

The girl dropped her eyes.

“No.”

Well, this was something. He put his billfold back in his pocket.

“How long you stay here?”

She turned her head—in profile she was quite pretty.

“One day come by,” she said.

Why, she must be only a beginner. Probably no older than she looked, either. But she had picked up that G. I. talk somewhere.

“What’s your name?”

“Name? Pak Sook Jah,” she smiled.

“No, no. G. I. name.”

“G. I. name haveano.”

Most of the girls in the paddies had professional names like Peggy or Connie or Nancy or something like that. She could have picked up the talk in the marketplaces of the town, trading with Americans. Maybe he had something here nobody else knew about yet. But of course, he couldn’t do anything about it.

The girl who had gone out came back, carrying a sake bottle. For Harry, of course. In a situation like the one he was in he would have to get drunk.

Hogie got up and walked over to Harry. One of the girls grabbed his arm and smiled invitingly but he shook her off.

Harry twisted the cork out of the big bottle.

“Let’s have a little drink, Hogie,” he said. “Nothing like a drink to help you get in the mood.”

Hogie watched him take a long drink from the bottle.

“We’ve got a curfew now, Harry. We have to be in by nine o’clock.”

Harry dismissed curfew with a wave of his hand and handed the bottle to Hogie.

“That don’t worry me—I don’t have a pass anyway.”

Hogie tasted the Japanese wine. It had a heavy, sour flavor. He sat down on the porch.

“If I go back at nine, though, you won’t come back at all,” he said.

Harry pinched one of the girls. She giggled.

“I’ll come back,” he said.

Hogie took a long pull and handed back the bottle.

“The O.D. takes bed check every night so they’re sure to miss you. They’ll look for you and Bailey and Moreno especially.”

Harry pulled the girl over onto his lap.

“Them two guys are out too, I’ll bet.”

Hogie frowned.

“You let them talk you into that stunt you pulled. Why don’t you listen to me and not those two. All they’ll ever be good for is the Army.”

"And what's wrong with staying in the Army? Besides I don't need anybody to tell me what to do. I ain't that wet behind the ears."

Hogie took the bottle again. The level of the wine had gone down somewhat.

"Look Harry, do you want to end up like old Sergeant Calloway. When he retires next year he won't know what to do with himself. In the army there was always somebody to make his decisions for him—"

Harry jumped up and the girl slid out of his lap.

"You're damned right. That's just what I'm sick of," he said hotly. "Everybody with a stripe tries to give me advice. I'll go to the chaplain when I want that."

Hogie shrugged.

"You'll always find that in the Army. That's why I can't see you wanting to stay in."

"I can take orders but not goody-goody advice."

"Suit yourself."

They kept on drinking from the bottle. The young girl came over and squatted beside Hogie. The girl on Harry's lap giggled again—he had just whispered something in her ear.

The rest of the girls had gone inside one of the rooms. Hogie could hear them through the thin paper of the sliding door. They probably all slept together on the mats for warmth.

Presently Harry and his girl arose and went into another of the low rooms. Hogie looked at his watch. Eight-twenty. Maybe he could get Harry started back on time yet.

The sake was making him dizzy. He reached over and pulled the girl onto his lap. She said nothing.

At least she didn't eat garlic.

She was pretty well filled out for her age.

He kissed her.

Lying on a mat inside the house, Harry heard whispers, then the double thump of boots dropped on the ground. The door in the next room slid open and closed. He grinned in the dark.

Hogie stood outside in the yard. He had not bothered to lace up his boots, only tucked in the strings. He shivered. It seemed colder than it had before.

That lying little bitch.

It was that damned Bennett who'd got him to take a chance like this.

He called again. "Come on, Harry. Let's go."

There was no answer.

He went over and slid open the door. Harry propped

himself on his elbow and blinked at him.

"Wha' ya wan'?"

"Let's go. It's after nine o'clock."

"What the hell I care?" Harry said irritably.

Hogie sat down on the porch. Was he going to be stubborn again?

"There's a chance you can beat that court-martial if you behave yourself till it comes up."

"I don't give a damn. Lea' me 'lone."

Hogie stood up.

"Do you want to spend the whole thirty years in the stockade? Say?"

Harry pulled the quilt up to his chin.

"Good place as any."

"Then you're not coming?"

"No."

"Okay, then."

Hogie crossed the yard and went out the gate. Behind him he heard the door slide shut with a bang. He staggered on down the dark path.

Minor Losses

One candle has burned to a stub
But light comes from the sun;
The candle's bright posthumous flame
Lights now the place from whence it came
And never is gone.

The Southern woods don't miss the song
Of one lone bird
Who liked the North and stayed too long,
There to be heard.

And a shrub of roses does not despair
When a fickle girl who loves her hair
Picks one:

One rose has fallen from a lovely shrub
But *rosa* lives on.

Come to This Garden

Come to this garden when you think of me
And quiet evening settles through the air;
Sit here beneath this old magnolia tree
And you and I will know that I am there.

And we shall feel the wind drift off the lake
And hear the quail sing themselves to sleep
Together, and together we shall make
Bright promises I may not live to keep.

We'll not be sundered, for we both are bound
By the same round earth and love of beauty;
We'll be but interrupted by the sound
Of bugles blaring forth their call to duty.

And I shall smile, for I shall hear your small
Soft whisper ringing through the bugle's call.

Virginia Cohn

Leftover House

Shyly and tiredly it stood, leaning a little to one side. Patient as the aged are in their closed-in world of waiting. The wind soughing through its doorless and windowless frames was a sighing with the empty passage of time — time . . . Wind . . . weather . . . that had washed long ago all covering paint from its wood and impersonally suffused it with the green and gray of the forest. Undergrowth pressed it from every side, indeed to its very threshold where seedlings grew in the cracks. The forest silence *was* the green gloom within, where a single ray of the sun but darkly illumined the echoing reach of its rooms, a long silence broken by the eloquent voice of the sagging and peeling walls, wearily recounting their tale of life that here had passed away, of laughter and grief forever stilled, of long dead embers on the hearth and dust that danced in the sun ray. The old house mourned with its creaking timbers and sobbed with the sighing wind until twilight calm stilled its murmuring. The sun ray departing left it quiet in the deepening gloom.

Grace M. Hall

Annie, Get Your Tomahawk

The tales grow tall in West Virginia, but no area of the state has produced a story of more lush and verdant growth than that of Anne Bailey, "Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley." Who was this woman known as "Mad" Anne? What did she do that caused writers of the last century, whetting their Victorian imaginations, to seize upon her simple story and exaggerate it into fabulous proportions?

What must a woman do in order that a cave, a creek, a chapel, a ferryboat, a girl scout camp, and a mountain ridge should be named in her honor? That one road marker should stand on a lonely mountain highway and another on a busy city street, silently testifying to the fact that Anne Bailey passed this way?

What must a woman do to be claimed by three states as their own, to earn the varied and colorful titles of the Semiramis of America (Remember Semiramis? She was an ancient Syrian queen, famed for her military prowess.), the Paul Revere, the Davy Crockett, the Joan of Arc of the Wilderness, the Great White Squaw, the Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley? What did this gal with the tomahawk do anyway?

Briefly, the most generally accepted story of Anne Bailey's life is this. She was born near Liverpool, England in 1742. Her maiden name was Hennis. She came to America at the age of nineteen, lived near Staunton, Virginia, and married Richard Trotter, by whom she had one child, a son named William. Her husband was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, and Anne swore eternal vengeance on the Indians, donned masculine attire and became a scout, roving the wilderness from Point Pleasant to Lewisburg.

In 1790 or 1791, when Fort Lee, present site of Charleston, was under siege by the Indians, Anne rode to Lewisburg, one hundred miles distant, and returned with powder in time to save the garrison.

After the Indian wars settled down, she became a one-woman express company, carrying messages and much needed goods from Covington, Virginia, to the settlers on the frontier.

Her last days were spent in Gallia County, Ohio, where she died in 1825.

Mrs. Anne Royall, herself no lily maid, scooped her fellow newshawks and started the nineteenth century imagination rolling when she wrote in 1832: "At the time General Lewis's army lay at the Point, a station on the Kenhawa [sic] river, Ann would shoulder her rifle, hang her shot pouch over her shoulder, and lead a horse laden with ammunition to the army, two hundred miles distant. when not a man could be found to undertake the perilous task . . ." Other writers, with imaginations equally as vivid as Mrs. Royall's, have pictured Anne in 1774 as meekly rocking the cradle in her mountain home while Hubby Richard was off doing battle with the Indians.

In 1861, A Civil War Veteran named Charles Robb took up the tale so nobly launched by Mrs. Royall. Now Mr. Robb's imagination was as Scottish as his name, and dipping his pen deep in the lore of Sir Walter Scott, he described Ann's issuing from the fort into the deepening night:

*The foeman saw the op'ning gate
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated on a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.*

The Indians, angered at being outwitted by a woman, quickly pursued the fleeing, bounding Anne, but not before their chieftain, wearing kilts and rolling his R's, had urged them on in these immortal words:

*"To horse! to horse!" the chieftain cried,
They mount in haste and madly ride,
Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay.*

Mr. Robb followed Anne o'er mountain fen and rill, described how she was beset by a panther, how she escaped from a wolf, how she madly dashed through a circle of savages peacefully bedded down for the night, and finally how she escaped across the flooded Gauley river, to arrive safely back at beleaguered Fort Lee with the much-needed powder.

Robb's romantic couplets set the pace, and other nineteenth century writers, their pens dripping honey and nonsense, went to work with a will. Here was a woman worthy of their most flowery phrases. And Anne became Anne Hennis, and even Anne Sargent. Her birth date bounced back and forth from 1700 to 1750 like a ping pong ball, entirely at the whim of the writer. She came to America at the age of nineteen or thirty, of her own free will, or as an indentured servant, or kidnapped by brigands and carried off to America. One enterprising scribe bestowed upon Anne three brothers and two sisters and settled them all snugly at Jamestown, where they lived happily until Anne packed her knapsack and strode off into the wilderness. One proponent of the kidnapping theory brought her grieving parents on the long journey to America, where they located their long-lost daughter and entreated her to return with them to England. But Anne "demonstrated her love for America by choosing this, rather than England, for her home, so that the Sargents returned without her."

When Anne married whom is another question upon which the glowing accounts are at variance. She met Richard Trotter at Staunton, shortly after her arrival in America. No! She was already married to him and they came to America together as indentured servants. You're both wrong! Trotter was her second husband. She married John Bailey first.

But writers, almost to a man agree that Anne embarked on her strange career as wilderness scout and spy shortly after the death of her first husband, be he Richard, or be he John. This agreement is not too strange. Rose colored glasses and sugar-sweet pens could add little of pathos or tragedy to the picture of a young wife, crazed by grief, embarking on a career of vengeance in a savage-infested wilderness. So they let Anne ride forth alone to do battle against her enemies, the hated Red Men.

But what did this Joan of Arc, this Semiramis, Davy Crockett, Paul Revere, this Lady Galahad of the wilderness look like? Mrs. Royall is entitled to speak first: "When I saw this poor creature she was almost naked; she begged a dram, which I gave her, and also some other trifle."

An article published in 1856 in the *U. S. Magazine* pictured Anne not so much as a poor creature, but as a bizarre one. "The head was bound round with a flaming red bandana handkerchief, from beneath whose folds there fell, and fluttered in the breeze long grizzled locks of coarse matted hair which gave a wild and savage appearance."

Fie upon you, thou harsh and unromantic soul! Mr. Robb, our bard with the Scottish accent, found her pleasing to the masculine eye, extremely pleasing:

*But one who stood amidst the rest,
The bravest, fairest, and the best
Of all that graced the cabin hall,
First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
Her step was firm, her features fine,
Of Mortal mould the most divine;
But why describe her graces fair,
Her form, her mien, her stately air;
Nay, hold! my pen, I will not dare!
Twas heaven's image mirrored there.*

Mrs. Ruth Dayton, writing as late as 1947 agreed with Mr. Robb, although being a woman, she was somewhat less enthusiastic about Anne's charms: ". . . a fair complexion, hazel eyes, a rather undersized but perfect form, a sweet disposition . . ."

Now Mrs. Dayton and one Mr. Augustus Lyncey Mason should change centuries, for Mr. Mason was strangely realistic for 1883: "Amid storms of rain and sleet, beset by the rigors of winter, followed by wild beasts or pursued by Indians, her immense frame of iron strength knew no fatigue, her restless rancor no slumber."

What is your taste in heroines?

Anne married a second husband, John Bailey. This is one fact which is attended by some real evidence, the marriage record being preserved in the Greenbrier County courthouse. And our imaginative authors dwelt upon her love life. Mr. Mason wrote, "At some period in her career, this strange unsexed creature, with her disordered intellect, was actually wooed and won by a man named Bailey, but this marriage made no change in her life, except that, instead of being known as 'Mad Anne' she was thereafter 'Mad Ann Bailey'."

In *Our Western Border*, 1875. Mr. Charles McKnight, a rugged individual with a Kinsey-itish turn of mind, ventured the following theory concerning the mating: "Strange that such an odd, rugged intractable character should ever, even for a day, allow the soft passion of love to usurp the place of her fierce and cruel revenge! Stranger still, that any mortal man could be found who would be attracted by such a wild, stormy, riotous spirit. He must have 'wooed her as the lion woos his bride,' where the mutual caresses and encounters of love pass amid savage roars and growls and rude buffeting."

But Mr. William P. Buell in the *Magazine of Western History*, 1885, gave a tender and unique turn to the romance of Anne and John. Mr. Buell "established" Anne's birthdate at 1700, then serenely penned the following: "After sixteen years of widowhood the gentle influence of love pervaded her bosom, and in 1790 she married a man by the name of John Bailey."

Anne was quite a woman.

Now for the famous ride, the deed upon which rests Anne's chief claim to glory. Fort Lee, present site of Charleston, was besieged (supposedly) by Indians and the powder (again supposedly) ran low. No man within the fort was willing to undertake the perilous journey to Lewisburg, one hundred miles distant, to procure the desperately needed ammunition. While the stout-hearted males sat shivering in their moccasins, Anne's ringing voice, and there is complete harmony among our authors as to the ring in the voice, was heard, saying, "I WILL GO."

There is total disharmony, however, concerning the ride. One Mr. Hardesty, a prolific border historian of the early 1900's, said she covered the two hundred miles in two days and two nights. The time varied according to the inclination of the author, as did the distance—one hundred miles, one hundred forty miles, and one hundred fifty miles being the favorite figures. Presumably the longer distances were as the buffalo roamed, but our chroniclers offered no explanation.

Mrs. Livia Poffenbargerof, Point Pleasant, writing in 1907, had colorful words to say about the ride: "Onward, onward, day and night sped the heroine, Anne Bailey, past Hawk's Nest, up the silvery course of New River, rushing like destiny, through realms of solitude and shade."

Mrs. James R. Hopley, writing also in 1907, for the scholarly *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Publication*, waxed eloquent over the perils of the ride: "Her trail would be followed for hours by wolves waiting to attack her horse; when encamped, and night had set in, she would be compelled to make fires to keep at bay the creatures of the wild. . . .to protect herself, should she dare slumber, she must construct a bed by driving into the ground forked posts, adjust upon them rails and slates, cut boughs and lay herself thereon, to escape the deadly rattlesnake and copperhead . . . To rest her aching body she must sleep amidst the buzzing of innumerable troublesome insects, the howling of wolves and the screaming of panthers."

Mr. Mason, quoted previously, admittedly pushed a facile pen, but his knowledge of geography was deplorable. With a

graceful twirl of his imagination he tossed into one brief hundred miles a multiplicity of topographical features: "The way lay through dense forests, bottomless morasses, vast ranges of mountains, terrible precipices, and rushing streams." The heroic aspects of Mr. Mason's imagination persisted as he wrote concerning Anne's trip: "Followed by raving packs of wolves, at every step beset by hissing serpents—discovered and pursued by Indians—she recrossed the mountains by a different route, swam her beast across foaming mountain torrents, and . . . delivered her priceless load to beleaguered garrison."

The ride for powder was only the most famous of Anne's exploits. She roamed the wilderness for years, scouting Indians and carrying messages from Point Pleasant to Fort Savannah, Lewisburg. She was an excellent shot and was always a winner at the shooting matches on the border. She could "throw a tomahawk with all the accuracy and strength of an Indian warrior." And if she chose she could give her hated enemy, the Indian, such a tongue lashing that he would slink sadly away into the forest. She showed up late one night at a frontier fort, bloodstained, but proudly wearing two Indian scalps in her belt. With the scalping knife she intimidated whites as well as redskins, and, drawing her trusty knife at a husking bee, she rescued a poor mistreated wife from a beating by a drunken lout of a husband.

Anne wrestled and boxed with skill, was profane, and loved a "dram." She brought the first "copper worm" moonshine still into the Kanawha Valley. She taught school in Gallia County, Ohio after reaching the ripe age of ninety. She was deeply religious and taught a Sunday School class in Gallipolis, and men, in their old age, testified that as little boys they were terrified of her. At seventy-five years of age she was still hale and hearty and in 1817 walked seventy-five miles for a last visit to Charleston, the city she had so heroically saved.

Recent writers, bred in the harsh school of realism, are bent upon debunking Anne. They say she was crazy; that there never was a siege at Fort Lee. These uninspired ones have dug deep into musty old records to prove their point. They quote garrison rolls and communiques from garrison commanders, who never once mentioned Anne. Nasty commanders! Jealous colonels!

Despite iconoclasts who prate about truth, this writer refuses to abandon the memory of "Mad" Anne to their harsh mercies. Rather, she would leave with her readers a last picture drawn by the glowing pen of Mrs. Hopley: "Sir Galahad upon

his white charger adventuring forth in search of the Holy Grail does not lay stronger hold upon the imagination than does this lone woman upon her black horse riding in sunshine and darkness, in frozen bleakness or dewy spring dawns, through rugged canyons and densely wooded hills in the holy cause of freedom."

Besides—Mrs. Hopley *et al* are more fun!

Nick Hadzephyriakides

Lost Visits

Palm trees calmly
line the banks of Nile,
while the river at the distance
glistens in the moonlight
and on the side hill of granite rocks
one can hear still the solemn chants.

A boat now and then
glides up to the banks,
a stranger steps out and kneels
offering to Isis thanks,
while I stand there and smile
looking at the Nile.

He stands up and looks
at the enchanting night,
but his heart is empty yet
of the divine delight.
With filled soul but empty heart
the strangers into the night depart.

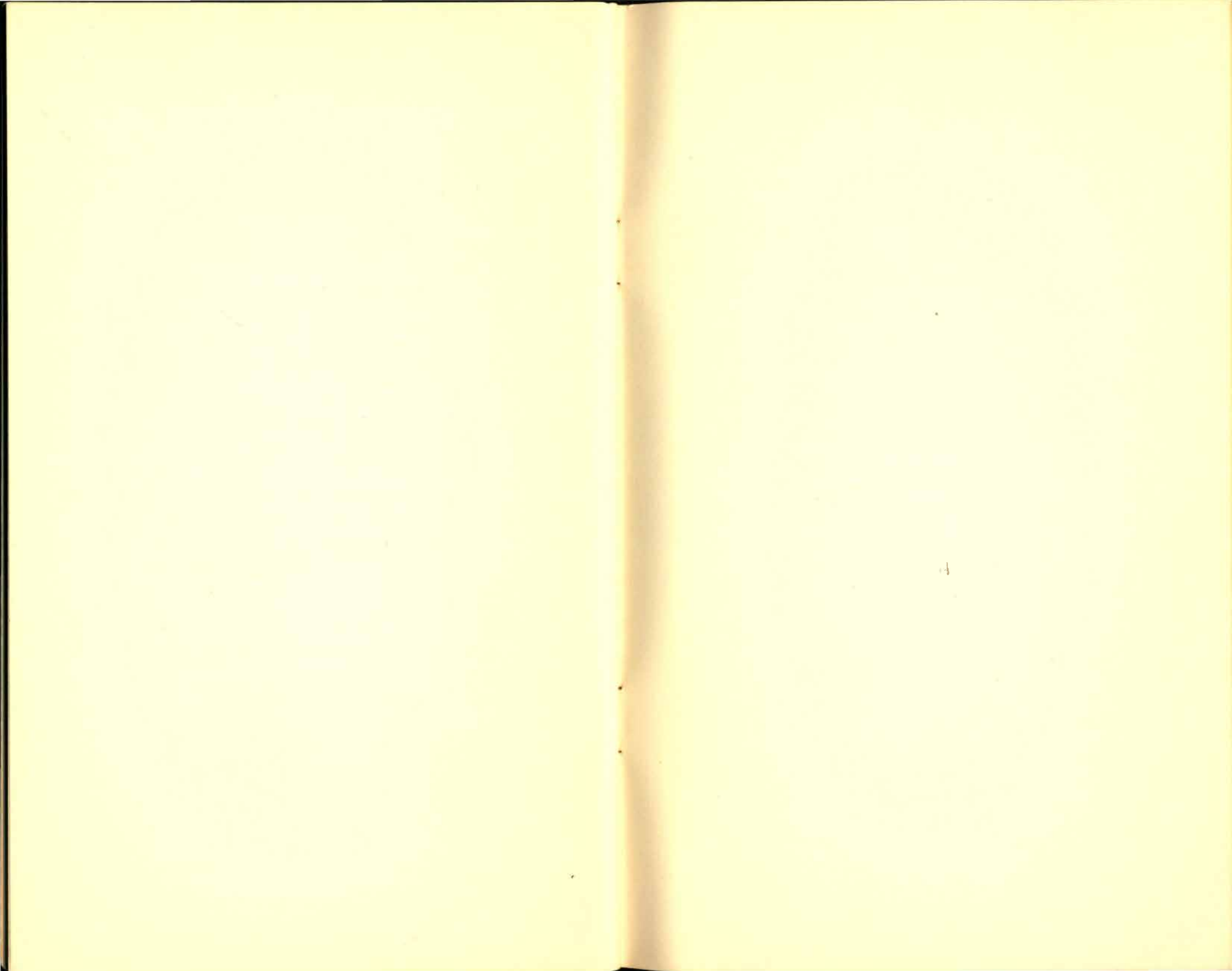
Nick Hadzephyriakides

Extravaganza

Cloudless is the sky
And calm is the sea,
The seagulls have departed,
Neptune has fallen asleep
And Phoebus let the gray
Spread once more
From Naples up to Capri.

In this night of continental splendor
A million lights appeared
And all turned at Vesuvius
With a hidden fear.

My eyes stood still
And a voice whispered near,
"All is tonight for you,
The music, the beauty, the splendor,
Live for a moment in joy —
There is no fear, no terror."



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