

FAULKNER ITEMS IN THE OXFORD *EAGLE*

(Part 5)

Compiled by Hiroshi TAKAHASHI

MASTER SAILBOAT, BEER REFERENDUM, JILL AS REPORTER, AND CHOOKY BY JOHN FAULKNER (1950)

Feb. 9, 1950. 'WOMAN'S BOOK CLUB MEMBERS HEAR/WM. FAULKNER'S WORKS REVIEWED,' p. 4.

One guest, Mrs. Mary H. Dale of Hartford, Conn., enjoyed the regular meeting of the Woman's Book Club with the regular members when Mrs. W. L. Kennon entertained the club in her room on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 7, at 3 o'clock.

In the absence of the president, Miss Evelyn Way, the vice-president, Mrs. L. C. Andrews presided over the meeting and read a letter from the Mary Buie Museum announcing the establishing of the Art League at the Museum.

Mrs. Lee Johnson, program chairman, introduced the guestspeaker, Dr. Harry Campbell, Prof. of English at the University, who used as his subject, "The Works of William Faulkner" reading the chapter entitled, "The Myth of Cosmic Pessimism" from his forthcoming book.

Spring flowers were used in profusion in the reception rooms where Mrs. Kennon assisted by Mrs. D. H. Bishop, Mrs. A. W. Milden, and Mrs. L. C. Andrews served ice box cake with nuts, tea or coffee to the guest and members, Mrs. Marvin Black, Mrs. Calvin S. Brown, Mrs. A. C. Cobb, Mrs. V. A. Coulter, Mrs. Whitman Davis, Mrs. Frank M. Hull, Mrs. Lee H. Johnson, Mrs. G. A. McLean, Mrs. J. C. McMurray, Miss Elma Meek, Mrs. David Robinson, Mrs. Cecil Ross, Mrs. O. A. Shaw, Miss Kate Skipwith, and Mrs. Phil Sone (sic).

June 15, 1950. 'Is There A Worry In The World? [*picture of William Faulkner in a sailboat on Sardis Lake*],' p. 1.

Sure, there's the boll weevil and the atom bomb. But they can be forgotten on North Mississippi's great Sardis lake. Like famed author William Faulkner is doing here. He is a master sail-boat as well, and handles this beautiful small craft, built by Dr. Arthur Guyton, with easy skill. The first time he took it out of the cove, with the wind, Wade Cole told others around

the camp, "Just wait, we'll have to go out and get him." Motorboater Cole still hasn't figured out how the sailing craft beats its way back to anchor "against the wind." However, Sailor Faulkner had to absorb so many cracks about the ducking he took the other day when one of those sudden storms turned him over. —Photo by Phil Mullen.

'Miss Oldham Says Ward/Two Neglected By City//Real Estate Developer Believes/Alderman Should Give/Consideration To "Our Ward",' p. 1.

Miss Dorothy Oldham,¹ real estate developer, made a rather dramatic and very forceful appearance before the board of mayor and aldermen Tuesday night as she requested again some new street work in Ward Two.

Reading from prepared figures, Miss Oldham said, she had checked the records in the city hall as to building permit during the past few years and found that during 1947-48-49; new construction in Ward Two had amounted to about as much as in the other three wards put together. And that the assessed value of the ward is its rightful one-fourth of the total city valuation.

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¹ *Estelle Faulkner's sister, 45.*

'MOONBEAMS,' p. 5.

William Faulkner extended a book and commented, "What do you think of a guy who can't read his own writing?"

It was his "Wild Palms," printed in Japanese. You start at the back of the book and read forward; that is the Japs do, Bill and I didn't.

Asked how many languages now told his stories, he said, "All of them except the Siamese—I guess they have a language."

July 13, 1950. 'Beer Election Set/On September 5th;/Campaign Expected//Petitions Filed By Citizens Com-/mittee; Ample Time Ahead For/Citizens To Ponder Issue,' p. 1.

Tuesday, September 5th, has been set for the election as to whether Oxford will have legal beer again.

Aug. 3, 1950. 'Old Chandler Home Sold to Hamiltons,' p. 1.

[*A short history of the Chandler Home sold to Mr. and Mrs. Vance J. Hamilton*]

Aug. 17, 1950. 'Doxie Williford and Judy Trott Are/"King and Queen", Summer Playground//By Jill Faulkner,' p. 7.

The Summer Playground program has drawn to a close after eight weeks of games, contests, and other activities. During these weeks, the youngsters have made new friends, learned new games and crafts, and perhaps acquired

a little more practice in getting along with each other.

The climax of the eight weeks of fun was the demonstration program last Saturday night at the Community House where an appreciative crowd of 150 witnessed the crowning of the king and queen of the playground. In the election held the preceeding (sic) week Judy Trott and Doxie K. Williford were given the honor with Roberta Maples and Bobby Black close runner ups.

The program, directed by Mrs. Hildegarde K. Lundy, consisted of the following activities: group singing, games of all kinds, tumbling, singing games and square dancing, art, croquet, softball, story telling and nature study.

A total of 1,719 attended the playground during the eight weeks with an average weekly attendance of 215 and an average daily attendance of 43. Over 128 youngsters, including out-of-town visitors as well as those from Oxford, registered and attended the playground activities.

The interest of the entire city in making the first playground a success was shown in the volunteers who helped at various times during the summer. These include: [*15 names listed, Jill Faulkner herself included*]. Mrs. Edwin Perry supervised the 4-6 age group in the afternoon.

Doxie K. Williford, who you will remember won the domino ladder tournament, further distinguished himself by winning the checker ladder tournament. The Playground League pennant was won by the Cardinals lead (sic) by captain Lynn Boyer with nine out of thirteen games to their credit. The final and decisive 7 inning game last Friday afternoon ended in a tie score of 13-13. Both teams wished to leave it in the tie, and although the New York Giants had threatened to win, the Cardinals redeemed themselves in the seventh inning and captured the pennant.

'TO THE VOTERS OF OXFORD:,' p. 17.

Your vote on Tuesday, September 5, may decide whether or not BEER will be sold in Oxford.

We believe that the sale of beer in this city would be detrimental to the best interests of this community for the following reasons:

1. We had it from 1934 to 1944. It was so obnoxious that it was voted out.
2. Beer is an alcoholic beverage. A bottle of 4 percent beer contains twice as much alcohol as a "jigger" of whiskey.
3. Money will be spent for beer that should be used to purchase food, clothing and other essential consumer goods.
4. Since the recent act of the Legislature authorizing towns of 2,500 and above population to vote on beer, Starkville and Water Valley have voted. Both have voted against the sale of beer. There must be some good reason.

It is our opinion that the majority of the people are against the sale of

beer in Oxford, but you must GO TO THE POLLS ON TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, in order to express your opinion.

Yours for a better Oxford,

H. E. FINGER, JR.¹

JOHN K. JOHNSON²

FRANK MOODY PURSER³

1. *Minister of the University-Methodist Church.*

2. *Minister of the First Presbyterian Church.*

3. *Minister of the First Baptist Church.*

Aug. 24, 1950. 'Courage...[editorial],' p. 5.

We all too well know of individuals and firms in Mississippi who are issued Federal liquor dealer licenses despite the fact that Mississippi is a dry state. This condition also applies to the operation of slot machines. Local authorities fail to carry out law enforcement against these violations because of the public's apathy.

Down in Copiah County, the Grand Jury decided to do something about the condition. They made a searching inquiry throughout the county and of the public records of the state Tax Collector's Office and the Internal Revenue Department at Jackson. As a result, the Jury found that thirty-nine permits had been issued consisting of twenty-six retail liquor dealer's licenses and beer permits, three wholesale liquor dealer's licenses and ten slot machines.

The jury summed up their investigation as follows:

"We have had reports of the operation of a number of other slot machines, but were unable to find where a permit had been issued by the Internal Revenue Department, and are unable to obtain sufficient evidence to present in the form of an indictment. However, we are convinced that the above list in no way covers the entire slot machine operation in Copiah County. As we have stated above, this information is available to any public spirited citizen or officer interested in curbing the crime of possession and sale of intoxicating liquors and the possession, operation and exhibition of slot machines, and it is evident to this Grand Jury that the officers of this County have wholly disregarded these violations, or have turned their backs on the illegal operation of the various places known to exist in the County and known by a large group of citizens first hand.

"It has been apparent to this Grand Jury that the citizens are reluctant to take a hand in the curbing of these operations, and enforcing of the existing laws, feeling that it is primarily the duty of the law enforcement officers duly elected in this county to prevent a condition such as exists at this time. We are of the opinion that to correct the situation it is going

to be necessary for the citizens to interest themselves in a manner that vitally affects each and every woman, man and child in Covich County, and that the officers of this County must either about face and do their duty or we will face an even more critical condition than presently exists."

We feel that the Jury's indictment of the public is sound. This condition exists in the majority of our counties today and will continue so until the public has the courage to take the necessary action.

'King of the Fox Hunters Is Good Feature/Subject Often Used; Hear His Tales [with picture],' p. 8.

The trouble with writing a feature story about Mr. Ike Roberts is that you can't print the true stories which he tells, the folk tales which he has gathered in 76 years of living and fox-hunting in Lafayette county.

The only recommendation the reporter can give is for the reader to drop by the Colonial Hotel front some afternoon and drop into one of the easy chairs in the shade and keep his ears open.

He even tells his political ambitions with real humor. He says that when he was a youngster he came to town with his father one day in the fall to pay the taxes with the cotton money. He noticed how many other farmers were doing the same paying and how much money the sheriff was taking in. Right then he decided he wanted to be sheriff someday for it appeared a good paying job.

He served as high sheriff 1928-32, in an unexpired term.

Mr. Ike is as purely Lafayette county humanity as can be found, all rolled up in a huge body with a round face and a continuous chuckle, always relishing the man-talk of the river-bottom, the fox hunt or the deer camp.

While he's not the oldest man who fox hunts in the county, he believes he is the oldest fox hunter in Lafayette. He remembers his first hunt: he was playing in the yard in his "shirt" when "poppa and uncle" mounted their horses for a hunt. He fussed enough that uncle pulled him up behind and he rode there until just before sun-up. Oldtimers can estimate his age by the fact that he was wearing nothing but "a shirt."

There's no use wasting time to write anything further here you'll just have to go by and listen to him.

Aug. 31, 1950. 'Oxford To Vote On Legal Beer, /And Control, On Next Tuesday// Quiet Campaign, Drive To Be Made/To Bring Out Representative Vote,' p. 1.

An election upon the proposition of whether Oxford shall have the legalized sale of beer again will be held next Tuesday, September 5th, just a little more than six years since Lafayette voted 1120 to 696 to ban the sale.

In that election, the voters of Oxford voted in favor of retaining legal beer, by a small margin, but the large "against" vote came in the county precincts (sic).

This time, only the citizens of Oxford will participate as the election is called under a law passed by the 1950 session of the Mississippi Legislature allowing cities of more than 2500 to vote on the question.

In 1944, the election was held with most of the young men away from home in the military service. No absentee ballots were sent them.

...

'THE LEGAL BEER ISSUE.' p. 7.

The beer election of Tuesday was called to give us an opportunity to decide for ourselves whether or not Oxford should permit the legal sale of beer.

We had this opportunity in 1944 and a majority of the voters of Oxford voted for legal sales, but our wishes were vetoed by the county vote. This time only Oxford will decide.

In 1944 our young men were in the armed services and did not have a chance to vote.

A number of the minority who voted against beer in 1944 did so NOT because they were opposed to beer sales but because they wanted to get rid of a few bad spots which the city at that time did not have the power to close up.

But we have a strong control ordinance now for adoption by the city which will prevent the objectionable features of beer sales in 1944; our many veterans are home to vote, and many student leaders of the University have gone on record for legal beer sales for sobriety reasons.

The "MISSISSIPPIAN", Ole Miss student newspaper, on April 25, 1950, had this to say:

"It is our contention that if beer is legalized, some of the wild weekend drunks some students find necessary to indulge in will be eliminated. Not as many students will buy a fifth of bootleg liquor—which would be consumed, as in the past, in large gulps.

"Legalization of beer is the sensible measure Oxford citizens should endorse, if they hope to cut down on illicit drinking. People who don't approve of beer-drinking won't have to indulge; on the other hand, folks who want beer will have it at hand."

The question is not whether you drink beer or not, but whether those who oppose legal beer sales should force their views by law on their neighbors who differ with them.

We believe our people are capable of deciding for themselves whether we

will or will not drink beer, and democracy demands that we be given the freedom of personal choice in this matter, especially when a majority of our people have shown that they desire the legal sale of beer.

For these and other good reasons we urge you to vote for the legal sale of beer on September 5.

No Poll Tax Receipts Necessary.

OXFORD CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR LEGAL CONTROL

James R. Park	J. E. Avent	Charles A. Calvert
Sam Friedman	Abe Linker	W. C. Cox
Phillip E. Mullen	E. W. McElvaney	

'We Endorse...', p. 12.

The following are some of those who endorse the statements to which reference is made.

WE, the undersigned, heartily endorse and sponsor statements published in the OXFORD EAGLE on August 17 and August 24 and signed by H. E. Finger, Jr., John K. Johnson, and Frank Moody Purser. We urge the voters of Oxford to go to the polls on September 5 and vote against the legalization of the sale of beer in Oxford.

(Signed)

[186 names signed]

Sept. 7, 1950. 'Beer Defeated/As Churches/Wage Campaign//Voters Decisively Turn Back/Proposal For Legal Sale of Beer; Banned Five Years More,' p. 1.

The churches won an election in Oxford Tuesday and the proposal to reinstate the legal sale of beer was defeated 480 to 313.

All the influence and ancient power of the pulpit word was poured out against the alcoholic beverage of not more than four percent by weight. All the respectability appeal and practical organization of the Sunday School class was turned to the mechanics of getting the "right vote out" and it couldn't even be called "politics" for the church workers were so certain they were bringing about "what was right."

Opponents of legal beer were led by Dr. Frank Moody Purser of the First Baptist Church, the Rev. H. E. Finger, Jr., of the Oxford-University Methodist Church and Dr. J. K. Johnson, of the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Gayle C. Beanland, Jr., young Presbyterian minister, was a poll watcher all day, checking the list of those who voted.

Thus the legal sale of beer in Oxford is banned for another five years—no election on the subject can be held in that time.

Proponents of legal beer, were led by a small executive committee composed

of James R. Park, Abe Linker, W. C. Cox, Sam Friedman, Charles A. Calvert J. E. Avent, W. E. McElvaney and Phillip E. Mullen. Attorney for the group was Thomas R. Ethridge.

That committee circulated the petitions which called the election and endorsed the advertising which presented the "side (Continued on Page Four) (Continued From Page One) for legal sale and control."

Proponents were particularly interested in the statement of Maurice Dantin, Ole Miss student body president, who said he reflected the opinion of the majority of the Rebels in desiring the legal sale of beer in Oxford. That sentiment arose during the last session of the University and was widely publicized. But the majority of Oxford citizens were not influenced.

Even the "world's greatest living novelist" interested himself in the election. William Faulkner turned his prose in answer to that of the preacher's committee and had his message "struck" on circular letters which he mailed and delivered over town over the weekend. For once, the great writer paid for—rather than got paid—for seeing his stuff in print.

"Render unto Ceaser (sic) what is Ceaser's (sic) and unto the Lord what is the Lord's," said Mr. Faulkner but the populace would not hear and turned their thumbs down.

Sept. 14, 1950. 'Beer Stays Away...[*editorial*],' p. 3.

For several weeks prior to the beer election we were confident that the issue would not be passed in Oxford. Our prediction was based upon the apparent lack of interest shown in the election by the organized beer industry.

Both west (sic) and drys are to be commended upon their fight. The drys were well organized and accomplished a grand job in seeing that their friends journeyed to the polls to cast their votes. Dry campaign managers were fair and practical in their handling of the campaign. No undue stress was placed upon their supporters but a real sincere effort was made to assure that the public was properly informed of the facts at issue.

To the wets, we offer our most sincere commendations for keeping the campaign clean. We fully realize that funds could have been made available for conducting a typical "wet" campaign but that the managers refrained from indulging in the usual political tactics so characteristic of wet issues.

As the beer issue was originally purposed as a recommended need for helping Ole Miss maintain or increase her enrollment, we hope that some one will explain to the student supporters as to why Oxford rejected beer. Student leaders could have been a deciding factor if they had returned to Oxford and assisted the wet campaign managers. In staying away they probably added to the

dignity of the election which caused them to lose their beer.

'Faulkner Says We Got Him All Wrong; He/Doesn't Favor Growth, Jingling Cash Box,' p. 13.

Oxford, Miss.

Sept. 8, 1950

The Editors,
Oxford Eagle,
City.

Dear Sirs:

I notice that your paper has listed me among the proponents of legal beer. I resent that. I am every inch as much an enemy of liberty and enlightenment and progress as any voting or drinking dry either in Oxford.

Our town is already overcrowded. If we had legal beer and liquor here where you could buy it for only half of what we pay bootleggers, not to mention the playgrounds—tennis courts and swimming pools—and the high school gymnasiums and the public libraries which we could have with the proceeds and profits from one four-year term of county-owned and operated beer and liquor stores, we would have such an influx of people, businesses and industries with thirty and forty thousand dollar payrolls, that we old inhabitants could hardly move on the streets; our merchants couldn't sleep in the afternoon for the clashing and jangling (sic) of cash registers, and we older citizens couldn't even get into the stores to read a free magazine or borrow the telephone.

No; let us stick to the old ways. Our teen-age children have cars or their friends do; they can always drive up to Tennessee or to Quitman County for beer or whiskey, and us graybeards who don't like travel can telephone for it, as we always have done. Of course, it costs twice as much when it is delivered to your door, and you usually drink too much of it, than if you had to get up and go to town to get it, but better than to break up the long and happy marriage between dry voters and illicit sellers, for which our fair state supplies one of the last sanctuaries and strongholds.

In fact, my effort in the recent election was only secondarily concerned with beer. I was making a protest. I object to anyone making a public statement which any fourth grade child with a pencil and paper, can disprove. I object more to a priest so insulting the intelligence of his hearers as to assume that he can make any statement, regardless of its falsity, and because of respect for his cloth, not one of them will try or dare to check up on it. But most of all,—and those ministers of sects which are not autonomous, who

have synods or boards of bishops or other bodies of authority and control over them, might give a thought to this—I object to ministers of God violating the canons and ethics of their sacred and holy avocation by using, either openly or underhand, the weight and power of their office to try to influence a civil election.

William Faulkner

[*Picture of William Faulkner with following caption*], p. 13.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

... Oxford's famed writer who hit his biggest commercial success recently as his Collected Short Stores (sic) were chosen as the alternate Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. This photo, made during the filming of "Intruder in the Dust," has just the right expression for his accompanying letter. Having received high critical acclaim for years, but not much popularity on the best-seller lists, Mr. Faulkner remarked at the Book-of-the-Month accolade, worth many dollars, "Must be slipping—at least I'm changing my clientele." Said he'd wait upon getting the check to see if he felt any different.

Oct. 26. 1950. 'John Faulkner's New Book Will Be Released On November 6th// They Have Lived and Written ... /A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOOK NAMED "CHOOKY"/by Phil Mullen [*picture of Mr. and Mrs. John Faulkner with sons, Jimmy and Murry C.*], 'p. 6.

....

The Author

The book publisher's advertising man who wrote the "blurb" on the dust packet (sic) for "Chooky" probably will get a letter of appreciation from John Faulkner. Winding up the notes about the author is the statement, "William Faulkner is his brother."

Most other biographical material has labored at the fact that John is "the brother of William Faulkner."

There were four of these brothers, members of one of Mississippi's most distinguished families, sons of M. C. Falkner, one time business manager of the University and great-grandsons of Colonel William Cuffee (sic) Falkner, author of "So Red the Rose" (sic). That family which is established in literature as the "Sartoris" clan.

William is the oldest; Murray (sic) C. (Jack), the second son, a G-man; John the third and Dean the youngest.

All four took up flying after the first war; Dean was killed in a crash more than a decade ago.

John made flying his career for several years, did civil engineer work, farmed for a few years, served as a lieutenant in the Navy during the war.

In 1941 he wrote "Men Working," about Lafayette county people on the "W. P. and A.," and then "Dollar Cotton," about the early days in the nigger-rich Delta. Both were highly praised by the critics.

He married Miss Lucille Ramey and they live today in the beautiful old Ramey home on University avenue. Their sons are Jimmy, the Marine flier who is in the contracting business with brother-in-law John Ramey in Oxford, and M. C., also a Navy veteran, who is now in school at State College.

Once upon a time, "Chooky" was standing a Boy Scout test for a Merit Badge on citizenship. Branham Hume asked him the question, "If you were escorting a stranger around Oxford, what points of interest would you show him."

"Chooky" answered, "Well, I'd take him to the home of William Faulkner ..."

"That's good," commented Branham.

"Then ... I'd show the home of John Faulkner ...," hesitantly added "Chooky".

"That's fine," said his scoutmaster, and all Oxford will agree after reading the new book, which will be on sale on November 6th, by the name of "Chooky".

NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE (1950-1951)

Nov. 16, 1950. 'NOBEL AWARD FOR LITERATURE COMES TO OXONIAN [*with picture*],' p. 1.

Last Friday, November 10th, it was announced from Stockholm, Sweden that the 1949 Nobel Prize for literature had been awarded to William Faulkner, of Oxford, Mississippi, U. S. A.

The award was not made last year because of an undecisive vote among the members of the Swedish Academy of Letters. The 1950 award was given to Bertrand Russell, of England, with the announcements at the same time.

Generally considered to be the top international honor, the award made to Mr. Faulkner is one of five such recognitions extended each year by the Nobel Foundation which was set up in 1896 by the will of Alfred Nobel, the Swedish

inventor of dynamite.

Other Nobel Awards are made in the fields of Physics, Chemistry and Physiology or Medicine, for the most important discovery or improvements of the year.

In literature, the award is made to the person "who shall have produced... the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency."

The fifth award, known as "The Peace Prize," goes to the person "who shall have most or best promoted the Fraternity of Nations and the Abolition or Diminution of Standing Armies and the Formation and Increase of Peace Congresses. (sic)

The huge Nobel fortune was invested, as the will required, and its income divided equally among the five awards each year.

This year Mr. Faulkner will receive around \$ 30,000.

May Go To Sweden

Mr. Faulkner said Tuesday that he had not decided whether (Continued On Page Five) (Continued From Page One) or not he will go to Sweden on December 10th to attend the ceremonies when the King of Sweden presents the awards. He said, "I am not going to do anything which will violate the canons of the Nobel Foundation or anything that does not show respect for the Swedish people."

If he goes he will fly.

His dislike of attending "functions" is well known in Oxford. But he is seldom, if ever, rude to anyone.

Fourth American

Mr. Faulkner is the fourth American to win the Nobel Award for literature. The others were Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck.

"I Know William Faulkner"/by PHIL STONE,' pp. 1, 3.

Our families had been friends for a generation and I knew who he was all right but, as a boy, he was almost four abysmal years younger than I was. So I didn't know, or care, much about him until the summer of 1914, the year I came back from Yale College.

He was painting some then, and was faintly interested in writing verse. I gave him books to read—Swinburne, Keats and a number of the then moderns, such as Conrad Aiken and the Imagists in verse and Sherwood Anderson and others in prose.

Thus began the discouraging years, eleven of them, when he wrote reams of stuff and when I had my secretary type it and we sent it off to publishers

and magazines only to have it promptly returned with printed rejection slips. These were also the years in Oxford and at the University he was "Count No-Count"; the years when I was often laughed at and sometimes sneered at when I predicted that because of his literary ability someday people would come to Oxford just because William Faulkner lived here—not as a prophecy but as something that was entirely obvious to me.

In 1925 came *THE MARBLE FAUN* which we paid to have published. I still have a few copies for which some of our prominent Oxonians, who now proudly claim his acquaintance, would not then pay a dollar and a half.

In desperation came the idea (Continued On Page Three) (Continued From Page One) (mine) of the trip to Europe in the hope that he might get some recognition in England as had happened to Robert Frost and T. S. Eliot and thus lead Americans to believe that he was a writer of merit. This was in 1925 when Sherwood Anderson in New Orleans practically bullied publisher Horace Liveright into publishing *SOLDIERS' PAY* and giving Bill the usual three book contract. But *SOLDIERS' PAY* sold only twenty five hundred copies and the next, *MOSQUITOES*, sold only about twelve hundred and Liveright got afraid of his contract. Then came *SARTORIS* which was written to sell and which we thought would sell and it didn't. Next came *THE SOUND AND THE FURY*, that marvelous tour de force, (which also did not sell much) and *AS I LAY DYING*, a beautiful job, which did attract attention from the professionals but which also didn't sell much either. There were a few short stories sold but still the income from the writing was not sufficient for a living and there were still periods of painting houses and firing boilers.

There was also great discouragement although I concealed mine and still stubbornly believed that the promised land was not so far ahead for the writing he did was obviously better than half the stuff that was being published. One day walking toward his father's house he said he didn't know why he kept on writing because he was sure he would not only never make any money out of it but would never receive any literary recognition either. Nobody in Oxford cared either—nobody but his mother and myself and Mack Reed, who bought his books and tried to sell them, at personal financial loss.

Then came *SANCTUARY*, a book that I then did not think very good (I have changed my mind since) and which I was sure would not sell. I thought the day of the shocker was over! It sold like hot cakes and made him famous. Then the magazines wrote for stories and we sent them the old ones that they had rejected and put typed price tags on them.

That was over the hill. The job was done and now has come the top honor, the long deserved honor, the Nobel prize.

Perhaps I shouldn't say this: this I am about to say. Very likely Bill had rather I shouldn't have said what I have already said and I wouldn't have if "Moon" Mullen hadn't talked me into it. But Bill and I are getting to be old men now and perhaps someone who knows should say it, someone who knows that he is even greater as a man than he is as a writer. A lot of us talk about decency, about honor, about loyalty, about gratitude. Bill doesn't talk about these things; he lives them. Other people may desert you, but not Bill, if he is your friend. People may persecute you and revile you but this would only bring Bill quickly to your side if you are his friend. If you are his friend and if the mob should choose to crucify you, Bill would be there without summons. He would carry your cross up the hill for you.

Phil Stone
Oxford, Mississippi
November 14, 1950

"I Know William Faulkner"/By W. M. REED,' pp.1, 3.

I have never known any man like William Faulkner. Thanks to my living in Oxford, acquaintance with many types has grown wide throughout the years.

With rare exception, conversing with him has been brief. But, as I look back over the years to 1923, I recall that he said much in few words. And his remarks were as carefully punctuated as if he were saying to a stenographer, "Comma", "Period", "End of sentence", or "New paragraph".

Having lost a brother, in 1923, who aspired to be a writer, I knew something of the burning desire of a person to put into words the stories he felt must be written. And, doubtless, realized that each potential author must go about it in his own way.

When the Nobel Prize winner's first story, "Thrift", appeared in The Saturday Evening Post many years ago, I felt that he was definitely on the way to success. To me, it was remarkably well done. Unfortunately, it is not listed among the most prominent selections of his works. Too few people remember it. With much interest, too, I read his stories in Harper's, The Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's and the American Mercury as well as his other contributions to The Post. He was gaining widespread recognition.

A beloved former teacher of English described the author's power to write, referring to his vivid descriptions: "It's the signet in the wax". Critics all over the world have said and have written much of Faulkner's long list of books. Those six (Continued On Page Three) (Continued From Page One) words, to me, are the summation. It is believed and hoped that, some day, Bill will write of children. He has portrayed well 12 and 13 year old boys in some of his stories but his tender feeling, his love for and kindness to younger chil-

dren always appealed to those who know him.

Through him the Nobel Prize has come to Oxford. A lasting honor. I am glad that Bill doesn't want to live elsewhere.

W. M. Reed

Oxford, Mississippi

November 14, 1950

'FROM IKE ROBERTS,' p. 3.

Ike Roberts, fox-hunter, one of the county's better known elder citizens, chief, this year, of the 57-year old deer camp which Mr. Faulkner has attended in recent years, said:

"Bill Faulkner is a full hand at anything he does. The rule is, that the hunter stays on the stand from sun-up until he hears the three long blows on the horn from the man who is following the dogs. Bill will stay on the stand until after sundown, if he doesn't hear the horn, and someone will have to go by and get him. He'll pick up the smutty end of a log as quick as anyone when the fire needs attention."

'MOONBEAMS,' p. 5.

I have, for sure, written more than enough for this week, so why perspire over this column?

Bill Faulkner probably will be after me with his shot-gun and

'Bill Faulkner's Gotta Let Oxford Be Proud of a Nobel Prize Winner/by Phil Mullen [*with picture*],' pp. 9 [*full page spread*], 13.

The first day when we moved to Oxford 18 years ago, my younger brother noticed a street named "Faulkner Street" and asked, almost excitedly, "Do you suppose William Faulkner lives around here?"

I didn't know what he was talking about but he explained that William Faulkner was a writer who was suspected of greatness if, also, a controversial figure in modern literature.

A hundred times, a thousand times, since, here and in many places over the country, and from at least a few people who really knew what they were talking about, that greatness of William Faulkner has been mentioned to me, and talked about, because I am a newspaperman in and from Oxford, Mississippi and Mr. Faulkner does live around here.

Last Friday morning that greatness was made as official as it can be in a man's lifetime as the Nobel Foundation of Sweden awarded its 1949 prize for literature to William Faulkner.

A short time after the announcement, the Associated Press flashed me to

get busy and Mr. Faulkner did talk to me so that I might have some sort of a story for the wire services. The first thing he said, which was not unexpected, was,

"I don't see what the inside of my home, or my private life, or my family has to do with my writing or with the Nobel Foundation of Sweden."

I didn't argue with him, and don't plan to at anytime in the future, but, Mr. Bill Faulkner, if we homefolks choose to romanticize about you as a "literary genius" and a "great man with international fame," and we do so choose, then I'm afraid you will have to allow us to do so. Really, you shouldn't object so much. For you are a romanticist yourself.

You'll have to blame yourself that this story is written.

For if, 53 years ago, some authority had laid out a pattern of life of a "literary genius of the South", it would have been just about the way you have lived and conducted yourself.

In the first place you got yourself born into an "old and distinguished family of the Old South." Your great-grandfather was Colonel William Cuthbert (sic) Falkner and he wrote a best selling novel with the romantic title of "The White Rose of Memphis" and he was a stormy political leader and a railroad builder and what better start could a feature writer want?

But seriously, your family background is such that you had the right to write as you pleased about the South, even if your writing has not pleased many of the "old families of the Old South."

Your heritage is such that you could and do feel to this day the guilt and dreadful shame of human slavery in the South, that slavery which was not abolished by Mr. A. Lincoln, as you so well wrote in "Intruder in the Dust."

I have written before that I think your great theme is the tragedy of mixed blood but now I remember how you remember and record the long, long thoughts of boyhood and real Indians and long nights in the river bottoms.

But don't let me try to get deep and serious about your writing, for I don't have what it takes, so let's get back to the way you have acted like "an artist" all your life; the way lots of us would like to have acted but we couldn't because we didn't have that spark of greatness which you had and which you knew you had.

And we couldn't help but consider you a curiosity when each day you proved you were a free man, or tried to anyway, as you held yourself over and beyond, or outside, all the little conventions and demands of society which make hypocrites out of so many of us.

You didn't care for formal schooling, and you sure didn't need it, and what more in character could you have done as a young man of 20 years than

go off and join the Royal Canadian Air Corps in the first World War?

And, in character today, you scratched out when I wrote that you "served with the RCAF" and you substituted "belonged to the RCAF" and you commented that you didn't have "any war record to speak of."

But you did come home and write "Soldier's (sic) Pay" and you put in there much of the feeling of all soldiers who go off to war thinking they will be a part of great and dramatic things only to find that the high drama somehow doesn't quite come off. And, of course, in some of your other war stories, you were a romanticist about bravery and service.

Dr. Alfred Hume said he knew of your artistic ability 30 years ago for he watched you paint the numerals over the doors in the University buildings.

You cautioned me Friday not to labor at the "starving genius" angle, the stock in trade of such stories as this.

For, you explained, your father was good to you and didn't give you much trouble about the need for sweat to earn your daily bread.

Now there is nothing so rare about an artist painting buildings, or plowing mules, or shoveling coal, or selling postage stamps, but of course I have to mention that a Nobel Prize winner once did that to eat.

Anyone who knows anything about writing knows that the writing you have done in the past 30 years has been a full time, and an overtime, job. And another proof that the writing had greatness, for it certainly couldn't have been that sorry to have had such a limited sale and made so little money.

So you had this writing which you had to do and then there was the grocery bill, and a family, just like the rest of us, so what time did you have to earn money to pay the grocery bill even if you could have done some other work besides write.

Of course you have hit a good lick or two and you said you wrote one book deliberately to make money, that was "Sanctuary," and, I think, "Intruder in the Dust" was right timely, too.

Back in the depression days, when things were mighty tough all over, a merchant was hounding you over a bill you owed him and you wrote him a letter saying you simply couldn't pay it. You included the paragraph that "the autograph at the bottom of this letter some day will be worth as much as your bill." You said it, and what a grand story it makes, now that it just about comes true.

As I said above, you had a touch of greatness and you knew it. You knew it so well that there has never been any need for you to be egotistical about it. You told yourself a long time ago that your writing was the work to be done and even if a lot of people did, or did not, come ohing and aweing

around you that would have nothing to do with the worth of your work.

So you have shunned all the publicity and the adulation that comes to most any famous person and that seems a little curious to most of us but still that attitude is just perfect for this story.

We have a hundred anecdotes (sic) about your iconoclastic behaviour and your rich humor that is devastating towards any effort to mix you up in the so-called "glamour" of the slick-magazine type and the Hollywood brand. I won't repeat any of them here but they would do credit to a Barrymore or a Shaw.

But you sustained a plain chamber of commerce pleasure when you were instrumented in bringing a movie company to Oxford to film "Intruder in the Dust". And you acted pretty well like an ordinary hometown booster through the picture making.

Then when the World Premiere was held you kept the promotion boys and the hucksters on edge because they feared you wouldn't play your part according to script when the audience yelled, "Author, author!"

And you didn't altho you were perfectly cooperative around the "press," and someone said you probably wouldn't have attended the premiere itself if it hadn't been for Mrs. McLean, your "favorite aunt from Memphis" who came down to be proud over you and she made you go and take a bow.

So you see, you got to allow your hometown newspaper to call you a "genius" for you make copy like one.

Even your marriage fits so perfectly into the pattern. You married a childhood sweetheart. But first she had to marry someone else and go off to such foreign and exotic places as Shanghai. But she came home and married you. What could be more romantic than that!

And Mrs. Faulkner is always so kind and gracious and your daughter, Jill, is pretty and sweet, and so openly proud of you, and the time she used her pull to get a "picture scoop" of you for the high school paper of which she was a reporter.

So maybe your family doesn't have anything to do with your writing, or the Nobel Foundation of Sweden, but you've got to allow your hometown newspaper to say that about them.

Talking about you Friday, one young man recalled how, when Jill and your foster children were little, you used to gather all the children of the neighborhood and spend hours telling stories.

Now loving children is not so remarkable, even for a great artist, but for this enthralling story-teller to children to be also the favorite story teller of the most adult audiences in the world is, worthy of mention.

Your love for mongrel puppies, your statement that the mule is the most

intelligent of animals, your respect and affection for negroes, not only makes you an interesting but also a fine person.

Your deep feeling for the land, weather, and the river bottoms, broad fields and wooded hills, which sings in your stories is what I can best understand in your writing.

What I like best about you is the way you get worked up now and then about the daily things of life and then you write a letter to the editor. Perhaps it is about a dead dog, the victim of a hit and run driver; or about the walls of a hundred-year old church being torn down because they stand in the way of "progress," or it can be cutting sarcasm at those who would impose their appetites, or lack of appetites, on others.

Your best letter was the one to the Commercial-Appeal when (Continued On Page Thirteen) (Continued From Page Nine) the white men who brutally murdered negro children in Attala county were not severely punished. Your great pen cried out for that justice which is so seldom done in the ancient relationship of the white and black races.

So Mr. Bill Faulkner, you can go about your hunting and fishing and sail-boating; or your plowing a mule and your writing, and you being a Nobel Prize winner doesn't have anything to do with any of those activities.

But if your home town people choose to exhibit to the world that we are proud you live in Oxford, Mississippi—I'm afraid you'll have to allow us to do so.

'An Appraisal of Faulkner' (From the Commercial Appeal), p. 13

Concerning WILLIAM FAULKNER of Oxford, Miss., who yesterday was designated winner of the 1949 Nobel Prize for Literature, there are two extreme points of view.

One group, those who adhere to the lavender and old-lace tradition in letters and see nothing but sweet romance in the South, cry against the photographic realism which characterizes his writing.

The other point of view is held by FAULKNER'S admirers, some of whom are so extreme as to insist that his writings surpass perfection.

As in most things, an accurate appraisal of WILLIAM FAULKNER'S writings would fall between these two extremes. The Oxford, Miss., writer has viewed, with what often appeared to be a jaundiced eye, the elements of depravity and degradation which are here and which no doubt always will be here. Those who criticize him adversely insist that he exaggerates depravity, to the exclusion of all other elements in the scene he so forcefully draws. Yet in FAULKNER'S writings, particularly in some of his short stories, there is reflected vast human compassion and understanding of the torments which

plague mankind. There is the ever present suggestion that the author harbors angry passion in his soul against forces which affect human existence. With tremendous penetration he looks at his fellow man, and for the most part he is not happy at what he sees.

The mad scramble of competition, so vital to our present civilization continually draws sparks from FAULKNER'S indignant pen; so tenaciously does he cleave to the dreams of a forgotten order and the chaos that came out of it, that he does not recognize the benefits, at least material ones, which have come out of the new.

If WILLIAM FAULKNER had never written any other lines, Chapter 7 in a book of two years ago would have been a monument. In "Intruder in the Dust" he caused a character to explain the South's traditional attitude on the vexing race question. Here was something rare in a book, a clear, forthright statement of a region's reasons for its stand on a social problem. This statement was significant for the reason that so seldom in literature has it been admitted that the South had a point of view. Mr. FAULKNER and his fictional character did not propagandize; did not argue merits. What appeared was simply an enunciation of a point of view.

For our own part, FAULKNER'S short stories are more attractive than his novels. For example, there's "A Rose For Emily," a story full of rich characterization, tender understanding. For the full fury of FAULKNER you have to get "Sanctuary" or "Absalom, Absalom. (sic)"

To his credit let it be recalled that he has not allowed fame and fortune to transform him into a pundit with ready answer to all of the world's ills. He is a story teller. If they depress the reader, if they are morbid, if his characters are unsavory, still FAULKNER is telling the story as he sees it.

Letters would be dull indeed if they were monopolized by sweetness and light. FAULKNER shadows heighten the entire scene; to him our congratulations on this honor which has come to a native Mississippian.

'William Faulkner...[*editorial*],' p. 13.

We hardly believe that William Faulkner expects or would want us to editorialize to any great extent upon his winning the Nobel award but in fairness to our outstanding citizen, we feel that there is very little that we can do to show our appreciation for the honor that he has brought to Oxford, except to say, "We Thank You."

Unlike other communities which have produced great men and women we do not have to rely upon alibis when referring to the residence of our famous sons and daughters: "This is the home town of So and So." Instead we can say

that "Oxford is the home of William Faulkner who lives on Garfield Avenue."

Where other communities have lost their favorite children to the metropolitan centers or Hollywood, Faulkner has elected to remain with us and be one of us. This is probably the greatest tribute that an individual can pay to his home community.

Again let us in our very humble way, say, "Thank You, William Faulkner."

Nov. 23, 1950. 'Hollywood Still Loves/Faulkner's Oxfordtown//CLARENCE BROWN/Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios/Culver City, California/November 13, 1950,' p. 1.

Mr. Moon Mullen
The Oxford Eagle
Oxford, Mississippi

Dear Moon:

I returned from Rome today and my very first move here at the studio is this letter. I wanted to express to the people of Oxford, through you, how glad we all are here over the news that Bill Faulkner has won the Nobel Prize. My first few minutes here at the plant found everybody talking about the award, and most particularly the group of sixty who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Faulkner and Oxford in March and April of last year. I know of no honor in the literary world which could mean more, and the fact that it is what we call in movies a "delayed take", makes the award mean all the more.

All the "Intruder" company join me in best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Faulkner and to the citizens of Oxford.

Sincerely,
Clarence Brown

Nov. 30, 1950. 'Faulkner Will Fly To/Sweden For Nobel Prize// Daughter Jill Will Accompany/Famed Author; She'll Be Re-/porter For Optic and Eagle,' pp. 1, 5.

William Faulkner will fly to Stockholm, Sweden, to receive in person the 1949 Nobel Award for Literature. It was announced here Monday as the famed Oxford author returned from the week's stay in the river bottoms near Anguilla where he took part in the deer camp headed by Ike Roberts.

The international ceremony, when the King of Sweden will hand Mr. Faulkner his \$30,000 prize, is set for December 11th. It was indicated Tuesday that Miss Jill Faulkner will accompany her father as both were having passport pictures made. Miss Faulkner will represent at least two newspapers on the trip: The UHS Optic, of which she is the editor, and the Oxford Eagle.

Upon being informed of his honor on November 10th, Mr. Faulkner said that he didn't think he would make the trip because there wasn't "much left in the old tank." Perhaps his remembering that this honor has only come to an American author three times before in the past 54 years made him change his mind.

Latest national publicity for Oxford's famous citizen came this week in the "Talk of the Town" column in the New Yorker magazine. There was reproduced his "beer letter," the one he circulated during the recent beer election in Oxford, when he questioned the calculation of the "preacher committee" in regard to the alcoholic content of the beverage (Continued On Page Five) (Continued From Page One) which the preachers chased out of town.

Other daily paper comments about that letter mentioned that Mr. Faulkner paid to have his writing circulated in this instance after the "local paper had declined to print the letter." There was some confusion in that incident but it is also explained that "the preachers paid to circulate their conflicting opinions" and Mr. Faulkner was glad to do the same.

'Stark Young, Too, Had Faith In Faulkner Writing,' p. 13.

Editor's Note Stark Young, whom Oxford also claims as a distinguished citizen, who wrote "So Red the Rose" and who is a noted scholar and critic, has sent along with this self-explanatory letter which we greatly appreciate. Phil Stone said Tuesday morning that he apologized for neglecting Mr. Young in his story about the Faulkner career. He also commented "We're all proud that Stark still considers himself one of us."

Mr. Eldon J. Hoar
Office of the Editor,
The Oxford Eagle
Oxford, Miss.

Dear Mr. Hoar,

My old and dear friend, Phil Stone, has just sent me a copy of The Oxford Eagle for November 16, devoted largely to honoring Bill Faulkner. It is an excellent issue and will prove highly useful to future biographers and writers on American literature.

There is one point, however that for the sake of fairness all round I should like to point out in this letter, which I hope you can find space for in your columns.

In Phil Stone's valuable personal record of Bill he states that nobody in Oxford except Phil and Mack Reed and Bill's mother cared anything about his

writing. I was not in Oxford but I was from Oxford and every summer I was in Oxford to visit my father. And, Phil Stone having brought us together, I would see Bill Faulkner and often read things he had written. Finally it seemed to me highly desirable that so remarkable a young writer should try a chance to New York. I proposed this and said that a friend of mine, Elizabeth Prall, who directed an important bookshop, would be able to give him a job there that would tide him over till he found something better suited to his needs, and that meanwhile he would be more than welcome to stay with me. He agreed to come. Miss Prall not very long afterwards married Sherwood Anderson and through Sherwood Bill Faulkner was put in touch with Horace Liveright, who published *Soldier's* (sic) *Pay* and gave him the usual three-book contract, his first contract with a publisher.

I am anxious to have this long belief on my part known in Oxford; since it is only natural that there will be some people, some of them friends of both of us, who may wonder why I as an Oxford man and a fellow writer should never have shown (sic) any interest or admiration for William Faulkner. I am already touchy on this point in certain New York quarters; on numerous occasions various critics and authors have said to me as taken for granted that of course I did not care for Faulkner. I have always tried to convince them how mistaken they are, though I have never seen my way exactly to telling them in my opinion Bill has more of the real thing in his little finger than all these New York writers put together.

I am well aware that when a man has a great success such as the Nobel Prize there will be many people who have always known, who have thought all along, who have often said —et cetera— on the basis of the Spanish proverb that he who wins is always likable. But after more than thirty years that can hardly be laid at my door.

My visit to Oxford a year and a half ago after so long an absence, and seeing old friends and making new ones, and feeling so much pride in the wonderful development of our old University, brings all this even closer to me.

With regards and best wishes for the continued success of the *Eagle*, I am

Yours sincerely

STARK YOUNG

320 East 57th St.,

New York,

November 25, 1950

As a rule, the press has been very kind to William Faulkner since the announcement from Sweden that he has been awarded the 1949 Nobel Prize for literature. Notable exceptions are a few of the small papers in the South which could be expected to object.

We wonder what percentage of Southern editors have really made a conscientious study of Faulkner's complete works.

A lot of us, who have not followed the happenings of the literary and publishing world, are beginning to learn many interesting facts concerning the circulation of William's literary efforts.

According to the information that we have been able to uncover, to this date William Faulkner has written more than twenty volumes including short stories, poetry and novels, since his first book, a collection of poems called "The Marble Faun," was published in 1924. His next book, "Soldier's (sic) Pay," was published in 1926. "Mosquitoes" published in 1927. Then followed in rapid succession, "As I Lay Dying," "Go Down Moses," "Sanctuary," "Light in August," "Absalom, Absalom (sic)," and "The Hamlet." In August of this year, Random House published his latest book, "Collected Stories of William Faulkner" which has reached a total circulation of more than 40,000 copies.

"Sanctuary" at the last count had sold more than 1,174,059 copies in two reprint editions. "Intruder in the Dust" has a reprint total of 379,327 with "The Wild Palms" running well over one million copies. These figures do not include the circulation attained by the original editions published in the conventional cloth covered bindings.

One interesting sidelight to the award of the Nobel Prize to Faulkner is the announcement that Frederick J. Hoffman is busy at work editing criticism of Faulkner's work which will be published by the Michigan State College Press this coming year.

We don't like to let the cat out of the bag but several of our Oxford friends are busy reading those works which are still in print. We expect that they want to be in a position to discuss William Faulkner, their neighbor and friend, in an authoritative manner with those with whom they come in contact on the outside.

'Mississippi Genius//"The Webster Progress",' p. 12.

Long before he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, William Faulkner of Oxford, Miss., won the acclaim of literary authorities of the highest standing. Editors of such renowned literary periodicals as Harper's and The Atlantic Monthly months ago termed him "America's greatest living writer."

But somehow he can't seem to please a number of Mississippi editors who

regard some of the "bad stuff" in his works as a reflection on the "Old South," "glorious Southern womanhood," and the state of Mississippi in particular.

Which makes us wonder just how much recognition Mr. Faulkner would have got in the literary world had he followed the desires of these editors who seem to think that anything other than "magnolias, moonlight and mocking birds" coming from the pen of a Mississippian means that the writer is a traitor to his native state and its people. This "Old South" stuff is a lot of hokum anyway. Outside of a few mansions on the lower Mississippi, there was very little "lavender and old lace" in the living and deportment of our forbears here in Mississippi. Life was pretty raw, especially in the interior, for scores of years; and life is pretty raw in Mississippi today in certain places just as it is in any other state in the Union if one will only search out and write about it. No state has any manner of monopoly on either the good or the bad. And just why, as in this case, some people always have to expose a certain inferiority complex when someone breathes anything meaner than "mocking birds and magnolias" about Mississippi or its people is more than this poor scribe (sic) is able to understand.

Along with the bad we can remember many strong and fine characters in Mr. Faulkner's books and short stories. Not posing as any manner of literary authority, for this is something never would we dare lay claim to, yet we can remember that Messrs. Dickens, Shakespeare, Hawthorne, de Maupassant, Tolstoy, Dumas and many other immortals wrote considerable "bad stuff" about the people who lived in and about them, and this without any special derogation of their countries, cities or communities. In fact, their genius reflected honor on their communities, and today they are not condemned but their names are proudly hailed by the people of the lands from whence they came.

Condemning Mr. Faulkner's literary works because they tell the story of both bad and good in human nature is like condemning the Bible because it tells about Lot sleeping with his sisters, about old Noah being drunk a hundred years, and about Salome dancing the hootchie-cootchie with John the Baptist's head in her sinuous arms.

Dec. 14, 1950. 'Faulkner Hailed As Epic Writer In/Stockholm; Home Folks Swell With Pride//Swedes Pile Praise On/Oxford's Famed Author/By the Associated Press,' pp. 1, 5.

In the grand auditorium of the Stockholm Concert Hall, last Sunday night Sweden's King Gustaf VI personally handed a 1949 prize of \$ 30,007 for literature to William Faulkner, the self-effacing author-farmer of Oxford, Miss., who was wearing white tie and tails for the first time in his 53 years of life.

Faulkner, who gave his profession as "farmer" when he arrived Saturday with his 17-year-old daughter, Jill was hailed by Dr. Gustaf Hellstroem of the prize awarding Swedish Academy as the "unrivalled master of all living British and American novelists as a deep psychologist," and as "the great epic writer of the American South."

"None of his colleagues possesses his fantastic imaginative powers and ability to create characters," Dr. Hellstroem said.

Following this tribute, the slight and graying writer who prefers farming and hunting to fame, walked slowly up to King Gustaf amid the fanfare of a symphony orchestra.

In his presentation speech, Dr. Hellstroem said Faulkner is "the greatest experimentalist among 20th century novelists."

He said, "Faulkner's subhuman and superhuman figures ... emerge from his melting pot with a sense of reality few existing people can give us and they move in a milieu whose odors of subtropical plants, ladies' perfumes, Negro sweat and the smell of horses mules penetrate immediately, even into a Scandinavian's warm and cosy den."

"As a painter of landscapes," the academy member said, "he has the huntsman's intimate knowledge of his own hunting (Continued On Page Five) (Continued From Page One) ground, the photographer's accuracy and the impressionist's sensitivity. Moreover, side-by-side with (James) Joyce (Irish author of the monumental "Ulysses"), and perhaps even more so, Faulkner is the great experimentalist among 20th century novelists. It seems as though he wants by this continuous renewal to achieve the increased breadth which his limited world—both geographically and in subject matter—"cannot give him."

"The same desire to experiment," said Hellstroem, "is shown in his mastery—unrivalled among modern British and American novelists—over the richness of the English language. Nor has anyone since (George) Meredith (19th century English novelist)—except perhaps Joyce—succeeded in framing sentences as infinite and powerful as Atlantic rollers.

"At the same time, few writers of his own age can rival him in giving a chain of events in a series of short sentences, each of which is like a blow of a hammer, driving the nail into the plank up to the head and securing it immovably."

Addressing himself directly to Faulkner, Hellstroem declared:

"You created out of the State of Mississippi one of the landmarks of 20th century world literature—novels which, with their ever-varying form, their ever-deeper and more intense psychological insight and their monumental characters, both good and evil—occupy a unique place in modern American

and British fiction."

'Faulkner Hailed As Epic Writer In/Stockholm; Home Folks Swell With Pride// CBS Program Tomorrow/Night With Local Voices,' p. 1.

Of course, Ike Roberts had to tell the best new anecdote (sic) on Bill Faulkner when a WREC crew came down here last Saturday to record local impressions of the Nobel Prize winner for part of a national radio program which will be broadcast over CBS tomorrow (Friday) night, between 8:00 and 9:00, by famed newcaster (sic) Edward R. Murrow.

Down on the recent deer camp, somehow a newspaper had gotten into camp which said the Swedish ambassador might bring the Nobel Prize, and the \$30,000, to the Oxford author. Mr. Faulkner looked like he'd been in the woods for days and he was busy washing the breakfast dishes. Mr. Ike asked him, "Bill, suppose that Swedish ambassador were to walk up right now with that prize—what would you do. (sic)"

Without missing a stroke with the dish-rag, Mr. Faulkner answered,

"I'd hand him a drying towel!"

All local people will want to tune in WREC at 8:00 tomorrow (Friday) night for they may hear a good many familiar voices. Roy Wooten, program manager of the Memphis station, brought announcers and a sound man here with a wire recording outfit. He took informal statements from Phil Stone, Mack Reed, Dr. Harry Campbell, Phil Mullen, Shine Morgan. Then the announcer got out on the street and stopped a good many people, asking them if they knew William Faulkner and what they thought about him and his works. Including one 73 year old negro who answered, "Yes'm, I've know the Faulknors since they lived in Pontotoc."

This is the first of a series of weekly national broadcast programs.

'King Gustav Invited to Mississippi Deer/Hunt; To Return Hospitality For Faulkner,' p. 1.

King Gustav VI of Sweden,

Stockholm, Sweden

Your Majesty:

I saw a picture of you giving William Faulkner a prize Monday and I wonder if Bill told you about our deer camp and what a big coon and collards eater he is.

I am sure you liked William, because he is the kindest and most courteous person I ever knew. Knowing this, I am sure he treated you with royal respect and courtesy.

I want to tell you a little secret about William. He is sometimes incorrigible; he doesn't do everything I tell him to do. Proof of this was found on our most recent deer hunt when I was head dishwasher. (Incidentally, this mastery of mine over William on that occasion oftentimes convinces me that I am greater than he is.) William disobeyed me then; he wanted to set the dishes cleaner than I did and took too much time on the job. It is said, although I don't believe it, that William volunteered for this chore because he didn't want to eat from dishes I washed. His disobedience did not provoke me to action, although I am twice as large as William, for I remembered that when we were boys he never jumped on anybody his size but always picked out a man-mountain.

We know that the Swedes also love the deer hunt; or is it the stag hunt?

Since you have been so nice to our friend, Mr. Ike Roberts and I and all the rest of the boys invite you to our camp next Fall for a coon and collards dinner, for if you are a friend of William Faulkner's you are a friend of ours. This includes the cooks, the horses and the hounds.

Now, King, the deer hunt always is around Thanksgiving and you should be able to get away from your job over the holidays. When you camp with us you will say you never had a better time and was never in better company.

Please be assured that we Mississippians, and particularly we Lafayette Countians, are deeply grateful to Your Majesty for the courtesies extended our great fellow-citizen.

Sincerely yours,

John Cullen

'Faulkner Speaks;/Accepts Nobel Prize/In Stockholm,' p. 13.

The text of Nobel Prize Winner William Faulkner's acceptance speech at a state banquet in the Stockholm City Hall Sunday night:

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Dec. 21, 1950. 'The Writing Faulkners Have Made Oxford Famous—Their Home,' p. 25.

[Picture of brothers John and William with following caption]

The writing Faulkners, Brothers John, left, and William and this is a rare picture, of the two together. Several years ago Life Magazine sent one of its best photographers, Walter Sanders, to Oxford to do a picture story on John Faulkner after the publication of his first novel. (It was never used.) Sanders wanted the two brothers together. William declined, because "that's John's story." The photographer persevered (sic); William quietly mentioned that he owned a shot-gun. Then, in 1949 the pocket edition of William's "Intruder in the Dust" had a photograph of "the author" on the back cover. The photo

was really John; one of those made by Sanders. John paid a recent compliment to his Nobel Prize winning brother: "Sometimes they mistake our pictures; but never our writing."

'*Editor's Note*,' p. 25.

Through the years, Nobel Prizeman William Faulkner, and his brother John Faulkner, both highly praised by the critics, have contributed to The Eagle. All the material herewith comes from Eagle files except John's story "Second Christmas" which originally appeared in the Chicago Sun.

'SECOND CHRISTMAS by John Faulkner [*article dated Christmas 1943*],' p. 25.

....

'The Old Church/by John Faulkner [*reprint of article which appeared February 20, 1941*],' p. 25.

....

'Pioneer Women/by John Faulkner,' p. 25.

With the same determination and fortitude with which those pioneer women of an earlier day followed their men-folks across the Alleghanies (sic), across the Father of Waters, across the unmarked western plains, so the pioneer women of today have followed their menfolks from homes scattered over the United States that those earlier women created, to the army school at the University of Mississippi at Oxford.

Refined to only a faint resemblance of their earlier sisters, but with that small resemblance plainly concentrated in the set of their chins and the steady, level gaze of their eyes, sheltred (sic) through three generations of acquired luxuries, but with ounce for ounce the guts of Molly Stark or Rebecca Boone, or William Cody's wife, these new pioneer women have come to Oxford to help their men folks even as those women did. To be near them they hire themselves out as char women, as office girls, they seek clerk jobs in the ten cent stores, anything to eke out a private's pay so they can be here beside their husbands where they belong.

One wife cleans my neighbor's house for her room and board, one defied her parents and came alone from North Dakota, across those same plains her earlier counterparts helped to settle, others are here, more on their way.

It is America speaking. Their men are the men who fight our war, their period of training here is short, their destination is unknown. But their women are here with them, not sitting idly at home with quailing hearts and tear-stained faces, but here beside them, thinking not of what they do in terms of

honor or duty, but simply as a thing that they are supposed to do because they have the right to do it, a thing in comparison with which everything else has but a shadowy meaning.

Their coming unheralded, their being here not yet widely known, but let them know this; Oxford bares its head to them as it does to its own soldiers' wives, Oxford opens its heart and arms to them for their courage, for they are courage personified, they are the spirit of America, they are America.

Beneath the silvery challenge of war's trumpet, beneath the wild "Long Roll" of drums, there is the steady pulse-beat of their devotion, their determination, their faith and loyalty than which angels in heaven cannot give more.

October 29, 1942

'Progress—Who/Wants the Ride? [*reprint of William Faulkner's letter to the editor dated October 1946, but published March 13, 1947. See Mar. 13, 1947, item, 'Let's Preserve Courthouse Says Oxonian,' part 4, pp. 123-124.*],' p. 25.

....

'HIS NAME WAS PETE by William Faulkner [*reprint of the author's letter to the editor, which appeared August 15, 1946. See Aug. 15, 1946, item, 'HIS NAME WAS PETE ... BY WILLIAM FAULKNER,' part 4, pp. 122-123.*],' p. 25.

....

'We Had Bill All/Wrong This Time [*reprint of William Faulkner's letter to the editor dated September 8, 1950, published September 14, 1950. See Sept. 14, 1950, item, 'Faulkner Says We Got Him All Wrong; He/Doesn't Favor Growth, Jingling Cash Box,' in this part.*],' p. 25.

....

Dec. 28, 1950. 'Eagle Has Feature Writer On Trip To Stockholm; She Covers International/Ceremony When King of Sweden Awards Nobel Prize to William Faulkner/By JILL FAULKNER [*picture of Jill Faulkner examining the medal and document awarded her father*],' pp. 1, 7.

On Wednesday, November 29, I had only a vague hope of going to Europe sometime in the very distant future and, certainly, no idea that in a little over two weeks I would have been in five of the chief cities of the world but exactly a week from that Wednesday Pappy (the writer's father, William Faulkner.) and I were on our way.

It was sleeting when we left Memphis, but the weather became steadily warmer as we flew from the snowy South to the sunny North. We had gotten up before day that morning and that, coupled with some pills for air sickness I'd

been afraid not to take, put me sound asleep for most of the flight up there so I missed anything interesting that may have passed below us.

We spent two exciting nights and days in New York being wined and dined, and in general treated royally by Pappy's publishers, meeting many notables of the literary world, including John O'Hara and John Gunther. Friday morning Mr. Cerf, Mr. Klopfer, and Mr. Cummins took us out to Idlewild Airport to set out on the second lap of our trip.

Idlewild is the field most of the big planes take off from for the big hop across the ocean and it is so very exciting to know that only a few hours ago this plane circled over the Vatican City or the Taj Mahal and in a few hours more it may dip its wing to Big Ben in London.

As we entered the enormous Scandinavian Airlines System's DC-6 a handsome young Viking in the deep blue uniform of the line saluted, bowed, and said, "Welcome aboard the Harrald Viking (the ship)". In another moment I would have curtsied (sic) and given him my hand to kiss (which, although he would have certainly been quite surprised, he doubtlessly would have done) but discretion and common sense came to my rescue in the nick of time and I dazedly found my seat.

We quickly left New York and the U. S. behind and climbed through the soft gray clouds. As we climbed, through frequent breaks in the clouds, the ocean was vivid blue far below us. At (Continued On Page 7) (Continued From Page One) last we broke through the dark clouds into an entirely different world. The heavens above us were clear and blue and the sun scrubbed the dirty clouds until they shone and then painted them gold and silver and pink.

The trans-oceanic planes cruise at about 20,000 feet so there is almost no sense of motion and only on exceptionally clear days is it possible to get more than a fleeting glance of the country-side below. We had left New York at about 11:30 a. m. and after flying over Nova Scotia and bleak desolate New Foundland we arrived at Gander, New Foundland, about 5:00 p. m. Gander is invaluable to airlines. It is the last stop for refueling before the long hop across the Atlantic to Scotland. There is nothing there but the field and the homes of the people employed at the field but since everyone must leave the plane at each stop — exactly why I could never discover — and we stopped there for 30 minutes I became well acquainted with the little that is there. While we were there, Pappy was interviewed over the radio for the edification of various and sundry trappers and Mounted Police back in the wilderness. Quite frequently Gander is snowbound and when this happens, the planes must land at nearby Goose Bay.

At last we left Gander for Prestwick outside of Glasgow in Scotland. We

were served another wonderful meal—the food and service was so very much better on the SAS planes than any of the others we traveled—and prepared to make the best of a long and, we were afraid, sleepless night. We were only too right to expect little sleep but I did doze toward morning only to have Pappy wake me to see the lights on the Outer Hebrides (sic) as we flew over them.

At 5:00 a. m. we were hauled off the plane for tea in the restaurant (sic) at Prestwick (sic). Naturally the place was deserted except for the passengers and the waiters but at five o'clock in the morning the waiters had on white tie and tails. This was such a shock to me that I was able to drink the strong Scotch tea without a qualm. Two men from one of the Scandinavian countries who sat at our table were not quite so brave (or so surprised) and I can't blame them.

Several hours later we came into Oslo (sic) where I got my first glimpse of snow and the race was on. Three or four photographers and reporters got on the plane there—they had been waiting for us—and asked questions and took pictures until we arrived in Stockholm.

At the airport there we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth (the American ambassador and his wife); a Mr. Tersmeden from the Foreign Office who was a combination guardian angel, etiquette book, and Man Friday to Pappy while we were in Stockholm, and thousands of newsmen and photographers.

After a short tussle during which someone asked me, of all things, what my favorite food was and could I cook we went to the American embassy where the Butterworth's (sic) had very kindly asked us to stay while in Sweden. The embassy was magnificent—we can't let the movies get ahead of us—and a nice comfortable bed was heavenly after the plane. I slept until time for the press conference that afternoon but dragged down in time for some several pictures to be made, most of which I would have liked to burn.

That night (it comes about 3:00) we drove through the snow-filled streets and across the bridges over the many lakes or lagoons that give Stockholm the name "Venice of the North" to the Bonniers (he is Pappy's publisher in Sweden) for dinner. Before we went, Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth gave Pappy and me lessons in Swedish etiquette. The Swedes are a very formal people and everything must be done just so but their customs are very nice and all the ceremony lends something to their society that in many cases we would do well to imitate. For example: a gentleman (sic) offers a lady his right arm to escort her to dinner, everyone leaves the table at the same time, you must not drink unless you say "Skol" to someone or it is said to you, you may not say "Skol" to your hostess if there are more than seven at the table, and many more like these.

The dinner was lovely, we made no fatal blunders, and I had a very handsome escort—one of the Bonnier's sons so my first night in Stockholm was

as impressive as the others were to prove to be.

Late that night just after we had come back to the embassy, I heard bells ringing and looking out saw a sleigh drawn by, in my eyes in that quaint old city and at that enchanted hour, a prancing steed. That was the perfect ending to a day that had laid the spell for the story-book like atmosphere of the coming days.

(Miss Faulkner will continue her story next week to include the Nobel Award ceremony itself).

Jan. 4, 1951. 'Kings and Princes, All the Pageantry of An Old World Kingdom; With Humor and/Grace, Oxford's Fair Little Lady Is Equal To All the Dignity of the Nobel Ceremonies/by JILL FAULKNER [*picture of the author and Jill flanked by Mr. and Mrs. Tersmeden*],' pp. 1, 7.

(Continuing the story of a wonderful journey to Europe, Miss Faulkner got herself to Sweden in last week's installment. Now for the Nobel Award ceremonies.)

Sunday morning one of the maids at the embassy woke me up with breakfast and newspapers covered with pictures taken at the press conference the day before. Naturally I couldn't read what was written, but I basked in the luxury of admiring myself on the front pages.

Pappy and Mr. Tersmeden were waiting when I came down and Mr. Tersmeden, between bows and apologies, said the photographers were waiting to take pictures in the snow. We went out on a hill behind the embassy where tiny children on their even tinier skis were going through their *miniaturd* (sic) maneuvers (sic) while other people strolled leisurely along under snow-covered trees hung heavily with brilliant, red berries, Pappy went back to the house after the picture taking, but I'd never seen this much snow so I walked through the winding streets near the embassy.

Directly after dinner Mrs. Butterworth and I began to dress for the evening as the presentation ceremony was to start at 4:00 and Pappy and I had to be their (sic) at 3:00.

Mr. Tersmeden appeared exactly at 3:00 and fluttered over us until we were safely on the way to the Council Hall where the ceremony was to be held. We rolled up to the spotlighted steps lined on each side by curiosity seekers or the Swedish equivalent of autograph fans. I said a silent prayer that I might navigate the steps in a reasonably dignified fashion, and stepped into the excitement and pageantry of the Nobel Celebration.

My prayers were not completely fulfilled for our attache in an attempt to be helpful, managed to get my skirts twisted about my legs in such a way

that I couldn't move. I tried vainly to make him turn loose by whispering but at last embar-(Continued On Page 7) (Continued From Page One) rassment got the best of me and I gave my skirts a sharp jerk whereupon he fell to his knees, Pappy picked him up, and we proceeded with what dignity we could muster, into the building.

The Hall was beautiful with statues and tapestries and crowded with the people of importance in Stockholm. I was seated in the front of the hall with the families of the other award winners; the royal family was seated just in front of us, and then Pappy and the winners were on the platform with their sponsors and the other members of the Academy.

At the beginning of the ceremony, two naval officers rose at the back of the platform, lifted their long trumpets from which hung the flag of Sweden and sounded a fan-fare (sic) as the winners took their places on the platform and then again as the royal family entered.

Dr. Eckberg, head of the Academy, made a talk first in Swedish then in French and then the sponsors spoke on the work of each winner for which he would receive the prize and on the man himself. As the sponsor finished, each man beginning with a Dr. Powell who received the prize for Physics, was requested to receive his prize from the King. We would all then rise as he left the platform and advanced toward the King. The King presented a diploma and medal to each, spoke a few words to them and then the winner returned to the platform—never turning his back on the King—and the next sponsor would begin.

The affair was televised—the first time this had happened in Sweden—and it was most disconcerting to look up and see yourself on one of the screens around the room.

At about 8:00 it was over and after the Swedish national anthem from the orchestra and choir that had furnished music during the entire ceremony. Their Majesties left and we set out for the Award Dinner at the Town Hall.

Mr. Tersmeden and I were skooting blithely along under full sail through the crowds of distinguished looking gentlemen covered with medals and stars (nearly every man we saw had a chest full of decorations) when one old gentleman's stars became entangled in the back of my evening dress. It took quite some time and many profuse apologies to restore order and I don't know who was the most embarrassed, me, Mr. Tersmeden, or the old gentleman. (I'll bet on Mr. Tersmeden, though. He seemed to think it was a smirch on his diplomatic record.)

The Town Hall is supposed to be the most perfect example of all that's good in modern architecture in the world and it is truly a magnificent build-

ing. It would take too much time and space to describe all of it and do it justice so I'll only make an attempt to describe a very small bit of it. It is all stone—granite and marble—and all but overpowers you with its feeling of majesty and size. The dinner was held in a room as big as the entire High School here in Oxford (It was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Alfred Nobel so all the winners of the past fifty years who were able were present as well as the Diplomatic Corps and many people of importance in Stockholm) which was none too big to seat the approximately 900 people who were there. In the past the traditional ball was held here but since the court was still in mourning over the old King's death, no ball was held and the King and Queen did not appear at the dinner as usual.

We entered this room from a balcony high on one side where the orchestra sat to play during dinner and down a long, wide flight on stairs. The only light was from the thousands of candles in silver candelabra (sic) on each flower decked table. Pappy was, of course, seated at one of the principal tables while I sat at one of those on the side. I was quite contented, though, for several sons and daughters of past and present winners, a young man of the Nobel family, several young men from the Foreign Office (as well as my escort, Claes Stahle) were all at that same table.

Instead of a plate of food being placed before you and that's that as is our unfortunate habit, each course was brought on with much ceremony. The trumpeters would blow a fan-fare (sic) and the corps of black-coated waiters would form on the steps, march down, and then with another fanfare from the trumpets the principal person at each table was served. The food was perfect—fish baked with mushrooms, lamb, artichoke hearts a la Princesse, Glace Nobel (ice cream in pyramids and intricate shapes on blocks of ice that spelled out the prize awarded this year) and marvelous wines and liquors (sic). The waiters returned to hover over you and press you to have more of this or to be sure your glass was always filled.

Toasts were drunk to the King, the Nobel family, and to the various winners and between courses to the accompaniment of more fanfares, Pappy and the others made short speeches.

At the end of the dinner from far away in the upper halls of the building voices could be faintly heard. They came closer and closer until the choir composed of students from all the universities near Stockholm stood on the balcony. Their spokesman made a short, very nice talk, they sang several songs beautifully, and then to their Student Marching Song marched down the stairs, through the hall, and out of sight under the arches until their voices could be heard only faintly echoing back along the long corridors.

The next morning I wrote a long delayed letter to Mamma while Pappy went to some official function and talked sail boats with just about everyone in Stockholm. The picture taken with Claes at the dinner the night before started quite an uproar and the reporters had a field day and drove everyone at the embassy wild with calls Monday morning.

That afternoon I went out to see a little more of Stockholm and to do some shopping until time to go to the Nobel family dinner that night. This is usually held at the palace but this year, because of the mourning, was held in the Mirror Room of the Grand Hotel. The walls of this room were gold and mirrors and crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and candles in silver candelabra (sic) made the whole scene glitter and dance before your eyes. Again an orchestra played waltzes and polonaises (they went completely out of character once and played: "It's Breaking My Heart" which caused me to nearly choke and destroyed the whole effect of a romantic evening a century or so ago) and again the food was wonderul—baked salmon, reindeer, wines, and the eternal ice cream.

Then came the big moment when the low curtesy (sic) I'd been practicing was to make its debut. We entered the palace and were ushered up an incredible length of red carpet stairs by a black liveried footman and into a reception room hung with rich tapestries and chandeliers. The others who were to be presented were waiting here with members of the diplomatic corps who were to present them and several ladies-in-waiting who stopped and talked to various ones. We had met many of them before and I got into a lengthy conversation with Herr Stahle, Claes's father, who is very high in the diplomatic corps as well as the Nobel Institute and didn't have the opportunity to become nervous.

At last Pappy and I were ushered into the Throne Room where we talked a few minutes to the King and Queen and to the other members of the royal family and then passed on into a long hall on the other side of the Throne Room where more black liveried footmen served champagne and little cakes.

A few minutes after the last person had been presented, the doors from the Throne Room were thrown open and the Captain of the King's guard or the Lord High Chamberlin (sic) or some such important person marched out followed by Their Majesties. A hush fell and everyone bowed low as they moved slowly down the hall, pausing to speak to someone occasionally. The King came and talked to Pappy for a long time about farming, archeology (he is a noted archeologist), sailing, Mississippi, and Sweden and then passed on to speak to the Danish ambassador who was carrying my coat all this time. Shortly after this, a very nice elderly man stopped and talked to me for quite a while about turkeys or something like that but it wasn't until the King and

Queen were ready to make their exit and had to come back and interrupt our conversation did I realize that I'd been babbling on to Prince William, the King's uncle.

At 10:30 after the reception we went to the National Museum for a concert. It was most impressive but by this time all I could do was lean heavily on any convenient arm so the music as well as the objets d'art are a very confused blur. We stumbled into the embassy around 2:30 and after saying goodbye (sic) to the Butterworths, packing, and struggling to bed around 3:30 I was in fine condition to rush out at 6:00 the next morning to meet the wonders of Paris, and London that were yet to come.

'Welcome Home, Bill Faulkner—,' p. 5 [*full page spread*].

[*Five pictures: (1) William Faulkner in his first white tie and tails talking to two high officials of the Swedish government; (2) The Nobel Award Ceremony in the Swedish Academy of Arts; (3) The solid gold Nobel medal and the gold framed document of the Nobel Award of Literature of 1949; (4) Jill Faulkner flanked by her father and a Swedish attache; (5) William Faulkner with a Swedish little boy.*]

Just For/The Record/And To/Tell People Everywhere - Oxford, And All Of Us, Are Very Proud Of/William Faulkner, One Of Us, The Nobel Prize Winning Author

[*Thirty-two companies and stores listed*]

Jan. 25, 1951. *'King of Sweden Not/Coming to Oxford But/Appreciates Invite,'* pp. 1, 5.

Le Secretaire De S. M. Le Roi De Suede
Stockholm 23rd December 1950

Mr. John Cullen,
Oxford, Mississippi

H. M. the King of Sweden has read your letter about Mr. Faulkner with great pleasure. As His Majesty does not ride nor shoot, I am afraid he will not enjoy your planned deer hunting party in Mississippi, but sends you nevertheless His thanks for your kind thought and His best wishes for the new year.

Yours faithfully,

Erik Sjoqvist

His Majesty's Private Secretary

It is remembered that a few weeks ago, humorist John Cullen wrote a letter to the King of Sweden inviting him to a coon and collards supper on the Ike Roberts-Bill Faulkner-Bud Miller deer hunt next year. The entire

camp, he said, wished to repay some of the hospitality extended Mr. Faulkner by Sweden during the Nobel Prize ceremonies. The above letter is self-explanatory and Mr. Cullen is proud to have it in his files.

Ike Roberts commented that apparently His Majesty's Priv-(Continued On Page Five) (Continued from Page One) ate Secretary didn't realize the full ramifications and opportunities of the deer hunt. He said if someone like the King would attend, he'd put him in Dr. Felix Linder's department, in which there is no need for either horse or gun to have a huge good time.

HOLLYWOOD, MORE AWARDS, MORE CRITICAL PRAISE, ADDRESS AT UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION, JOHN FAULKNER TEACHING AT OLE MISS, AND JILL AS FRESHMAN IN MASSACHUSETTS (1951)

Feb. 15, 1951. 'Faulkner To Hollywood; /Receiving New Honors// Oxford's Author To Write An-/other Movie Script National/ Magazines Applaud Him Again,' p. 1.

Attention to Oxford's Nobel Prize winning author, William Faulkner, continues widespread and Mr. Faulkner himself left last week for Hollywood where he will spend the next two months working on the script for a movie to be produced by Howard Hawks.

In the current issue of Look Magazine, the page "Look Applauds" is devoted entirely to Mr. Faulkner and the speech which he made before the Nobel ceremonies. This publicity honor is big because never before has the magazine devoted the entire recognition to one American.

In the issue just released of the Perspective Magazine, of Washington University of St. Louis, Mo., the entire magazine is devoted to the works of Mr. Faulkner. Included is an essay entitled "Some Structural Devices in the Works of Faulkner", which was written by Dr. Harry Campbell, of the Ole Miss English department.

'*Taylor Gleanings*.... /A Piece of Faulkner Writing Honored, /Long Before Nobel Foundation Spoke Up/by Mrs. H. B. Jones,' p. 3.

....

In the February Literary Cavalcade we have just read, "I Decline to Accept the End of Man," the speech delivered by William Faulkner in Stockholm on the occasion of the award to him of the Nobel Prize in Literature, Dec. 10, 1950.

This is a wonderful speech especially this part—

"He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice."

My daughter spent her Freshman and Sophomore years in Blue Mountain College. Because Freshman English is generally so hard for college students, I gave her to study a bag full of short articles, themes, etc., that I had collected. Among these was an article written by William Faulkner while a freshman at "Ole Miss." I've forgotten the name of it, however. Marvel showed it to her English teacher, Mrs. Johnson. She recognized then—as we did not—the great ability of Faulkner—begged for permission to mount this article on a plaque to hang in the English room. On the back was written who brought this to the college and that it was to be returned to the owner when requested it—think we shall.

At the same time, Marvel had to give a full account of the life of William Faulkner, also how he lived; how his house looked etc. Of course, we knew none of that. She begged me to get it for her, "Or, I won't pass, mother."

I was determined not to go prying into a private life, therefore in a book at "Ole Miss" I found a few intimate details, but not near enough.

All this reminds me of the man that studied about diamonds, sold his little rocky farm and went all over the world searching for diamonds. Years after, when old, he came back so see the little farm. On the mantel in one room lay a peculiar rock. Grabbing it and examining same, he found it to be a rare diamond, found under the rock fence—there was a great diamond mine. He had owned it. Couldn't see its value and had lost it.

We never see the diamonds around us. We are looking for them far away. To us our neighbors are not anything but costume jewelry—and we thought of Faulkner as "Writing of the glands" —which in Literary Cavalcade he says must not be. We can't see within. Greatness lies beyond, so we say. Far away they told us, "we consider him great, and we give him this award."

Now we rejoice and begin to say so, too. He is fortunate. He received it while living. Too often they've been dead a long time before their value is

seen.

Mar. 8, 1951. 'Another Top Literary/Award To Faulkner,' p. 5.

America's top book award came to Oxford's William Faulkner Tuesday evening of this week as his "Collected Stories" received the citation from the National Book Award.

Others recognized were Newton Arvin for his biography "Herman Melville", and Wallace Stevens for his book of poetry "The Auroras of Autumn."

This is the third major award given Mr. Faulkner recently. In December, 1950 he received a Nobel Prize of Literature and also last year he was presented the William Dean Howells Medal for Fiction by the American Institute of Arts and Letters.

The gold medals were presented the winning authors by Edward A. Weeks, editors (sic) of the Atlantic Monthly, represented The National Book Award. Robert Sherwood, four times Pulitzer Prize Winner, was the speaker.

Mr. Faulkner, now in Hollywood working on a movie script, was unable to be present. His medal was received by his editor, Saxe Commins.

Apr. 12, 1951. 'Republic of France/Salutes Bill Faulkner,' p. 1.

If a small rosette is noticed in William Faulkner's lapel, it is the sign that Oxford's great author has been awarded one of the world's oldest and highest honors.

The Nobel Prize winning writer has been made an Officer in the National Order of the Legion of Honor of the Republic of France. The telegram relating that award read:

"The President of the French Republic has instructed me to inform you that you have been named an Officer in our National Ord (sic) of the Legion of Honor. This award is granted you on the occasion of President Auriol's visit to the United States as a token of appreciation for your outstanding contribution to the Literary Art. With my personal heartfelt congratulations." Henri Bonnet, Ambassador of France.

He is to receive the award in formal ceremonies at the French Consulate in New Orleans.

May 24, 1951. 'Ole Miss, High School Graduates/Spotlighted In Annual Programs//Faulkner Speaks/To UHS '51 Class/On Monday Night [picture of William Faulkner surrounded by Mildred Murray Douglass, Jill Faulkner, Byron Gathright, jr., and Hugh Goforth],', pp. 1, 8.

Twelve years of "learning" comes to an end for 46 University High School seniors this next Sunday and Monday and the 1951 Commencement Exercises promise to be particularly outstanding.

Dubbed by some as "the smartest class," the Class of '51 includes five young ladies who have made "Straight A's" throughout their high school careers. Calculators "in the office" are working until the last minute to establish the traditional two honor students, the valedictorian and the salutatorian. A fraction of a point in the grades may make the difference. There will be several other students who will graduate with distinction.

Those five brilliant young ladies are the Misses Nancy Bagwell, Amy Sue Butts, Gerry Pankratz, Frances Scott, and Joann (sic) Hawkins.

A picture salute to the entire class, from the Oxford business section, will be found in a double page spread in the second section of this issue.

Vesper In Church

To gain a more appropriate atmosphere for the Vesper Service, which is to be held at 8:00 Sunday night, arrangements have been made to use the Oxford-University Methodist Church rather than the Civic Auditorium as previously announced.

The Rev. Mr. William Asger, of St. Peter's is to preach the sermon this year with Dr. John K. Johnson, of the First Presbyterian, and Dr. F. M. Purser, of the First Baptist, to give the invocation and the benediction.

Musical numbers will be given by Miss Frances Scott at the piano and Miss Tommye Jane Cofield in a vocal solo.

Mrs. Vernon Harrison will be at the organ.

Hugh Goforth, class president, will preside and the class sponsors this year are Charles R. Nelson and Harold Radford, of the UHS faculty.

Faulkner To Speak

The somewhat unique experience of having a Nobel Prize winner as the class speaker this year is in store for the UHS seniors, Monday night at 8:00 in Fulton Chapel.

William Faulkner, famed Oxford novelist, accepted the invitation to make one of his rare speaking appearances. Liason (sic) from the class to the local citizen of world stature was his daughter, Miss Jill Faulkner, a member of the class.

Remembering the world wide acclaim given Mr. Faulkner's speech before the Nobel Award ceremonies in Stockholm last (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) December, plans are being made by Director R. E. Keye to "rope off reserve seats" for the parents. Admirers of Mr. Faulkner from all this section may want to attend the program and Fulton Chapel may

be crowded, he said.

Graduation Program

Alonzo Welch, pastor of the Church of Christ, is to give the invocation Monday night.

The traditional student address will be given by the graduate with the highest grade average, yet undetermined, and the introduction of Mr. Faulkner will be given by the second highest graduate.

Music for this program will be provided by Miss Cofield in another vocal solo and by Miss Gerry Pankratz in a piano solo.

Awards and prizes are to be presented by Will Lewis, president of the School Board, and diplomas will be distributed by Dean Forrest Murphey, of Ole Miss School of Education, and Director R. E. Keye.

Honors Gained

In addition to the usual prizes and awards, three UHS graduates this year have been awarded scholarships.

Miss Frances Scott has been named for a University of Mississippi Scholarship but must relinquish that as she also won the state essay contest on the subject "The Effects of Alcohol (sic) on Man" which carries a larger scholarship.

Billy Fuller was awarded a University of Mississippi scholarship at mid-term.

Miss Tommy (sic) Jane Cofield has received a music scholarship at Blue Mountain College.

'WILLIAM FAULKNER HOME/SCENE OF GARDEN PARTY,' p. 4.

Miss Jill Faulkner entertained with a lovely garden party honoring the University High School seniors, at her home last Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Tall trees in the late afternoon cast a cooling shade over the lovely garden in which bloomed roses and other summer flowers.

The guests, including the seniors and members of the High school and grammar school faculty, were served punch, pretty tea cakes, and sandwiches. Miss Mary Jenkins poured punch.

May 31, 1951. 'Fear Threatens Man's Individuality; Faulkner/Challenges UHS Graduates, "Never Be Afraid"/AN ADDRESS by William Faulkner,' p. 1.

....

'Record Crowd Hears/Noted Oxford Author/By PHIL MULLEN,' pp. 1, 8.

Before the largest audience ever assembled here for a high school gradua-

tion, and in the shortest class address on record, William Faulkner presented to the UHS seniors Monday night the idealistic theme on which he has written for 30 years in those writings which have brought him world wide acclaim climaxed with the Nobel Award for Literature in December of last year.

Introduced by Miss Nancy Bagwell as "Oxford's most distinguished citizen," Mr. Faulkner bowed to the pretty young lady honor student, said "Ladies and gentlemen" and then delivered his address which took all of four and one-half minutes.

In his soft, ordinary conversation voice, Mr. Faulkner read the words carefully and sincerely but despite the public address system the 1200 people in Fulton Chapel had to sit on the edges of their seats to hear.

About the individuality of man, and the hope for mankind, about which he has written so greatly he said:

"It is not men in the mass who can and will save Man. It is Man himself, created in the image of God so that he shall have the power and the will to choose right from wrong and so be able to save himself because he is worth saving;—Man, the individual, men and women, who will refuse always to be tricked or frightened or bribed into surrendering, not just the right but the duty too, to choose between justice and injustice, courage and cowardice, sacrifice and greed, pity and self;— who will believe always not only in the right of man to be free of injustice and rapacity and deception, but the duty and responsibility of man to see that justice and truth and pity and compassion are done."

Then to the 46 young folks, dressed in their caps and gowns and the cynosure of admiring family and friendly eyes, he offered a challenge which he himself always has answered:

"So, never be afraid. Never be afraid to raise your voice for honesty and truth and compassion, against injustice and lying and greed."

The address in full is printed herewith.

This was, perhaps, Mr. Faulkner's third formal public appearance in many years. In December of last year he accepted the Nobel Award for Literature in Stockholm, Sweden and made an address—very little longer than this one—which was reprinted in every major newspaper in the world and in (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) magazine after magazine. After returning home, and declining all sorts of lecture invitations, he spoke one night to the Lafayette County Farm Bureau.

Back stage, after the program, Mr. Faulkner pretty well ruined his reputation as a recluse and as being uncooperative with the press and the general public.

A chunky teenage girl, obviously a visitor, said timidly, "Mr. Faulkner would you shake hands with me." He said certainly and he talked for several minutes with her and a younger lad.

Patiently he "filled in" one reporter and then had his speech typed, doubled-spaced (sic), properly punctuated (sic), ready to hand to this writer.

Of course—he was at home!

The AP and the UP wires sent the speech over the country.

Honors Awarded

After much figuring, the two honor students in the UHS graduating class this year were established as Gerry Pankratz and Nancy Bagwell. By a fraction, they won out over Joan Hawkins, Sue Butts and Francis (sic) Scott, all of whom also had straight-A averages for the four years.

Other honors awarded on the program Monday night by Will Lewis, president of the school, (sic) board (sic) included:

Highest scholastic average, Gerry Pankratz; Browning Club award for student most proficient in the use of English, Gerry Pankratz; Booklover's Club award for highest record in literature appreciation, Byron Gathright; DAR award for best student in American History, Sara Smith; Priscilla Club award for student writing best editorial in the Optic, Jill Faulkner; J. E. Neilson award for most dependable students; Eleanor Rikard and Winston Bruce; Danforth Foundation awards for best all-around girl and boy, Nancy Bagwell and Leighton Pettis; Bausch and Lomb science award, Leighton Pettis; Readers Guild award for art students showing most promise, Merle Waller and Kenneth Coleman; B. & P. W. Club award for outstanding student in business studies, Amy Sue Butts; AAUW award to student most proficient in creative writing, Jeannice Garrett.

DAR Good Citizenship Girl, Gerry Pankratz; Girl's State representatives, Rose Ross and Sue Fuller; Boys' State representative (sic), Morris Denton and Bill Brown; R. D. Michie scholarship, Margie Lee Buchanan; University of Mississippi scholarship, Billy Fuller; Blue Mountain scholarship, Tommye Jane Coffield; scholarship for winning state essay contest on temperance subject, Doyle Francis (sic) Scott.

Sept. 6, 1951. 'DR. CAMPBELL AUTHORS TEXT TO HELP/FAULKNER READERS FIND THEIR WAY/By PHIL MULLEN [*picture of Dr. Harry M. Campbell*], pp. 1, 8.

There are now being written nine books about William Faulkner. Recognized critics and teachers of literature in various universities and colleges

over the county (sic) are doing these studies of the Nobel Prize Winner.

First to come off the press is "William Faulkner, A Critical Appraisal," of which the authors are Dr. Harry M. Campbell, of the Ole Miss English department, and Ruel E. Foster. The two took their doctorates together at Vanderbilt and became interested in Oxford's great author at that time. They have been working on the book for several years.

Local readers who became right thrilled over Mr. Faulkner when the movie was made here and when the King of Sweden gave him the Nobel Award, and particularly those who know (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) Harry Campbell, will want a copy of this book to place alongside the Faulkner novels which are, or should be, on their book-shelves.

It is now on sale in Oxford.

The authors say they have "the hope that many readers who have found the Faulkner terrain difficult may here find the path made substantially smoother."

And, for many, this book will help explain what Bill Faulkner is saying part of the time in his books, or at least what Dr. Campbell and Dr. Foster think is saying. Those who will really enjoy the "Critical Appraisal" will be those who think they know what Bill Faulkner is saying and they will want to compare their ideas and agree and disagree.

The Campbell-Foster book is a scholarly work and that was its purpose.

Over the country, the reviewers have praised it and severely condemned it. Praise was seen in the Nashville Banner, the Chicago Sunday Tribune, New York Herald-Tribune and a Raleigh, N. C. and Minneapolis paper.

The New York Times reviewer, for some unknown reason, wasn't friendly at all, Dr. Campbell says.

Local readers will best like the introduction and now that almost everyone in Oxford is frankly proud of the home town boy who made good in Stockholm, Sweden, they'll like this paragraph being read by serious literature students all over the country:

"Certainly no other modern American literary figure, with the possible exception of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, has been identified so closely, constantly, and understandingly with his community as has Faulkner. We think of Sherwood Anderson and Camden, Ohio; we think of Tom Wolfe and Asheville, North Carolina, but in both cases the artist grew away from the town of his childhood. For them it was a passing (sic) phase, but Faulkner's art has been a growing and deepening realization of Oxford and the surrounding North Mississippi country, and this will probably be true as long as he writes."

'Society,' p. 4.

Miss Jill Faulkner is leaving this week, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner, for Pine Manor, Mass., to enroll in school.

Sept. 20, 1951, 'MOONBEAMS,' p. 7.

....

More about the wide-ranging Eagle:

Dr. Carvel Collins, Associate Professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been an Eagle subscriber for several years. Because for years he has been collecting material on the Faulkners, because he has long believed Bill one of the greatest of modern writers.

Down here recently, he said, "I and my wife, and even some of my friends, read the Eagle every week. It has become something of OUR home town paper. There always seems to be something going on in Oxford!"

Dr. Collins, before you write your review on Bill's latest book, "Requiem for a Nun," I'd like you to come back for another visit. Perhaps right now, in the Autumn, and we'll walk across the Square at first dark and without looking you'll see the old Courthouse, and the air is just crisp enough to hurry our steps homeward, to a light and warmth and women-sounds.

Or come in December, when the Christmas lights have been strung from every corner of the Square to the Courthouse clock; when the kindly rain has fallen to form a mirror for the lights and a misty cloak for the great white bulk of the Courthouse and the beauty of the columns.

Then write your piece on the first chapter in Bill's new book which is "The Courthouse."

He says there:

"But above all, the courthouse: the center, the focus, the hub; sitting looming in the center of the county's circumference like a single cloud in its ring of horizon; laying its vast shadow to the uttermost rim of the horizon; musing, brooding, symbolic and ponderable, tall as cloud, solid as rock, dominating all: protector of the weak, judicate and curb of the passions and lusts, repository and guardian of the aspirations and the hopes;"

Further he writes:

"... —durable: every few years the county fathers, dreaming of bakshish, would instigate a movement to tear it down and erect a new modern one, but someone would at the last moment defeat them; they will try it again of course and be defeated perhaps once again or even maybe twice again, but no more

than that. Because its fate is to stand in the hinterland of America: its doom is its longevity; like a man, its simple age is its own reproach, and after the hundred years, will become undearable (sic)."

Here in Oxford, we talk a lot and write a lot about Bill Faulkner — perhaps because he is now an authentic celebrity.

But perhaps it is because we are finally understanding a little of what Bill is saying. Here he has written a piece about our old courthouse which will be read all over the world; and he has romanticized somewhat about the ancient structure. He makes the courthouse, in its symbolic protection of the rights of the individual, sound as important as that multi-storied United Nations building in New York which is supposed to be protecting the rights of nations.

Of course that is what he is saying, as he also romanticizes about Mississippi folks—that is what he has said in two great speeches:

"Man, the individual, men and women, who will refuse always to be tricked or frightened or bribed into surrendering, not just the right but the duty too, to choose between justice and injustice, courage and cowardice, sacrifice and greed, pity and self...."

....

Sept. 27, 1951. 'More Critical Praise/For Bill Faulkner As/New Book Is Released/By PHIL MULLEN,' pp. 1, 8.

Last week, the Oxford Eagle about half-apologized for printing so much about a local citizen, William Faulkner. But it appears that his home town paper might as well establish a weekly feature spot for him for the Eagle cannot but react with pride everytime his name, or that of any other local citizen appears in the national spotlight. And that seems to be almost a weekly occurrence for Bill Faulkner.

This week it is the October issue of "The Atlantic Monthly," one of the greatest of literay magazines. Herein is an article about Mr. Faulkner by Harvey Breit, assistant editor of the New York Times Book Review. This article is easy to read; it will tell Bill's hometown folk something they may not know—about his writing. In the article, Mr. Breit writes some as grand and fine words as have ever been said about Mr. Faulkner by a critic. He says:

"Perhaps of all Americans, excepting Melville and James, Faulkner is the greatest prose virtuoso. But just as Marxist criticism contributed to a distorted image of Faulkner by overemphasizing his violence, so did overemphasis on his baroque style place him in false focus. There is more to Faulkner's prose

than brilliant architectonics, as there is more to his content than violence and sex. For all the magnificence, the language is minutely and infinitely (sic) flexible, capable of registering, and transforming into art, the bloom's bouquet (sic) or the corpse's smell, the most rudimentary instinct or the most conscious moral act. For all the brutality and frenzy in Faulkner's work, outweighing them are gentleness and love, courage and idealism, ethical concern and moral decision." (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One)

Mr. Faulkner's newest book, "Requiem for a Nun", goes on sale here this week and Mr. Breit includes a praise-heavy review. In conclusion he says:

"We have a great deal to learn from Faulkner because he sees events only (sic) as they affect human beings. He helps us to remember and to understand the human situation in its particularity, and thus in its universality, and he helps us to become more human."

Further Faulkner note: The Christian Science Monitor wired this week for permission to reprint the speech which Mr. Faulkner made to the 1951 University High School graduating class, of which the Eagle has the manuscript.

Oct. 25, 1951. 'FAULKNER TO NEW ORLEANS FOR LEGION OF HONOR RECEPTION FRIDAY/By PHIL MULLEN [*picture of Faulkner awards*], pp. 1, 8.

Several weeks ago, William Faulkner stopped this writer with an idea for a photograph. He said,

"We'll take this white tie and tails outfit that I had to wear in Stockholm and we'll put it on one of those show-window dummies. Then we'll take one of those silver platters like the night club cigarette girls use and we'll put it in the dummy's hand and we'll put all my medals on it and we'll shoot that picture."

That was Bill's wry evaluation of the way the honors poured in for him after the Nobel Foundation said he was great.

But Bill is proud—almost as proud as Oxford—of the recognition that has come to his writing after 30 years of his work. And tomorrow (Friday) afternoon he will be in New Orleans to receive the sixth major award of the past year.

At the French Embassy he will be presented with the Legion d'Honneur as the Consul General acts for the President of the Republic of France at a formal reception.

His wife and his mother are going with him to share the pride.

"Mrs. Maude (sic) Faulkner (sic) has bought herself a pair of blue (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) satin slippers and she is going to look like a Dresden doll," was one delighted comment.

Asked about the program in New Orleans, Bill said he had none of the details but probably he would "receive another diploma and perhaps be kissed on both cheeks."

The Legion d'Honneur medal has been in his possession for several months as the French Government awaited his convenience in coming to the formal presentation.

A line-up of the awards made to Oxford's noted writer in the past year begins with the Nobel Award for Literature given him in Stockholm last December.

Then there is the Verdun Medal presented to him by the City of Verdun, France. He made a trip over there to receive it back in the Spring.

The William Dean Howells Medal came from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. It is presented only once every five years.

The National Book Award came to him for "The Most Distinguished Book of Fiction in 1950," and the Newspaper Guild of New York gave him its "Page One Award."

That Play

Bill has been home only a few days from his most recent trip to Boston, Mass. where he has been working on his first play, "Requiem for a Nun." Telling the story of the later years of Temple Drake, after "Sanctuary," the play appears in dramatic form as a part of his latest novel which carries the same title.

The play is to open on November 10th in Cambridge, Mass. for "two weeks shakedown" and then will go into New York early in January.

Interesting to Oxford folks is the fact that Miss Ruth Ford is taking the lead in the play. Her dramatic ability first blossomed when she was an Ole Miss student (sic) back in 1934.

Mr. Faulkner didn't know Miss Ford then altho she was in his "younger brother's crowd." But he came to know her later as "a young lady with a furious ambition to be a good actress." When he thought writing this play he thought of Miss Ford who has been on Broadway, in the movies and on TV in the years since she left the University.

After working with her in recent weeks, the author said of Miss Ford, with emphasis, "It's her play!"

After the Nov. 10 opening of "Requiem for a Nun", any revision work by the author will have to be done before Nov. 20th or later in the year. For the deer season opens in Mississippi on that latter date.

Tuesday Bill said, "I've been deer hunting too long to let something like

a play interfere."

Nov. 8, 1951. 'Oxford Novelist Is Now Teaching/Creative Writing at University/
By LIZ NICHOLS/From THE MISSISSIPPIAN [*picture of John Faulkner*],' p.10.

"Mr. John," one of the Faulkner boys, graces the Ole Miss campus each day, not only as a student, but also a learned faculty member.

He has been a student for the past two years, but this is his first try at teaching. He teaches a course in creative writing.

"This is a working course," Mr. Faulkner said. "What I try to do is give these people what it has taken us twelve years to learn through personal experience." The purpose of Mr. Faulkner's course is to help the members get something published.

Short Stories

The class is spending this semester on short stories and will spend the next on novels, taking them apart and finding out what makes them tick. Mr. Faulkner said that two stories had been sent in so far. Both got rejection slips, but that's the way every writer's career begins.

Mr. Faulkner in his own studies has "run through the history department" during the past two years. He started on the English department this year, and figures it will take him about three years to get through it. He is taking Shakespeare, American literature, and literary criticism this semester.

Mr. Faulkner started his schooling at Ole Miss as a football player (sic). He dropped out of school for three years, then came back and got his degree from the School of Engineering in 1929.

Ole Miss Has Changed

"Back then," he said, "there were 1500 students, and there are just a little more than 2000 now, but the place isn't the same. The buildings and grounds department had one fellow operating it with a bunch of colored hands, a few mules and one old truck." There wasn't even a street sprinkler or a fire truck.

"The registrar spent about three days a semester in his office, and Mrs. Lowe took care of the office. The rest of the time he taught and the financial secretary had one secretary to run that office. There weren't all these cars around here either!" No, the old place just isn't the same.

"When my son Jimmy was in school out here," said Mr. Faulkner, "the chillen could go out on a date for 50 cents. They'd walk to town to the show, that cost 17 cents apiece, and then go get a coke and walk home. Now you got to have a car, and after the show you got to eat. Can't do it for less than \$5.44. Yes, times have changed."

Learn To Make Money

"People don't come to school to get an education any more, he said, they come to learn how to make more money. Why, getting an education and learning how to make money don't go together at all! They are two different things."

Mr. Faulkner believes that the purpose of getting an education is to teach a person how to live with himself. "When you get through," he said, "you ought to be able to spend a pleasant day reading." Students today don't know how to do that.

His advice was that if you want to learn how to make money, spend your four years working at a filling station, and you'll have the jump on the college graduate every time when it comes to making money." (sic) Mr. Faulkner said he intended to go to school until his G. I. bill ran out; he was a naval officer in the last war.

Class Interference

Going to school and writing don't go so well together either, according to Faulkner. Just as soon as you get an inspiration and get to work, you have to get up and go to class. Mr. Faulkner is finishing up a book now.

Mr. Faulkner enjoys "Fiddlin" around with words and likes words for their own sake. So if you ever want to find him, he may be over in the library trying to find out about one.

Mr. Faulkner gives another word of advice on education "There is a book in the library on the medieval mind. If you can read that, and it will take you a year, you'll know everything you can learn up here, and you'll most probably be the smartest man in all Mississippi."

Nov. 29, 1951. 'Society: Jill Faulkner Receives Honor At Pine Manor,' p. 12.

Miss Jill Faulkner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner of Oxford, was elected vice-president of the freshman class at Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, Massachusetts (sic), in the recent college elections.

Miss Faulkner is also a member of the French Club, the International Relations Club and the Riding Club.

WORLD TOURS, STARRING IN TV MOVIE, JILL'S WEDDING, PULITZER PRIZE, PREVIEW OF "THE LAND OF PHARAOHS" IN MEMPHIS, PREDICTION OF NEGRO MERGER IN TOKYO, AND FAULKNER MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP (1952-1956)

May 22, 1952. 'An Address [*editorial*],' p. 11.

(Editor's Note: This address was delivered to the 1951 University High School Graduating Class and first published in the Oxford Eagle on May 31, 1951. Since first publication, requests have come from all over the world for permission to reprint in various newspapers and magazines.)

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May 29, 1952. 'William Faulkner In/France; Guest Of Gov.'t,' p. 1.

Oxford Nobel Prize Winner, William Faulkner left Oxford May 16 to attend the Literary Festival in Paris, France, as a guest of the French government. Mrs. Faulkner stated that this is a real vacation for her famous husband who is expected home about June 10.

Oct. 2, 1952. 'Society: Jill Faulkner Honored At Pine Manor,' p. 2.

At a special honors chapel Thursday, September 25, Dean Mary Virginia Harris of Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, Mass. announced a list of 28 senior students who were on the the (sic) Dean's List. Miss Faulkner (sic) cumulative work at Pine Manor in 1951-52. Jill Faulkner of Oxford was among the students on the Dean's List. Miss Faulkner is also vice-president of the College Government Association at Pine Manor.

Nov. 13, 1952. 'Oxford's Second Movie Will Tell Story/Of William Faulkner For Television Show//*Film To Show Famed Author In Environment/In Which He Has Lived While Writing Prized Novels [with picture]*,' p. 1.

Oxford is back in the movie business this week but this time William Faulkner is the principal player as well as the author of the play.

The Ford Foundation, in the preparation of its television program, "Omnibus Theatre," has selected the Nobel prize winning novelist to represent "The Writer In America."

Mr. Faulkner, who has authored many successful Hollywood scripts, didn't write this one—he has lived it. For the film shows him in his home town, in the environment where he has written his books, read and highly praised all over the world.

So this small city, which was a movie set for several months back in 1949 when MGM filmed Faulkner's "Intruder In the Dust," here, again is watching the cameraman climb on building tops, and again is hearing the movie cries of "Action," "Roll 'Em" and "Quiet Please."

Camermen (sic) Here

Transfilm Corporation of New York is making the picture with Howard T. Magwood as the director, Fred Porrett the head cameraman and Dave Scott the head soundman.

Harry Behn wrote the script, with the assistance of Phillip E. Mullen, former Oxford newspaperman.

Theme of this new Faulkner picture is to show the great author in the character which he told the King of Sweden that he is: "A Farmer."

Local Cast

The action reenacts happenings in 1950 when Mr. Faulkner returned from Stockholm to share his pride with his old friends in Oxford and particularly with those who had believed in his worth as a writer in the early days of his work when he received very little critical attention and no popular approval at all.

Appearing in the picture with Mr. Faulkner, in addition to members of his family, will be Phil Stone, Oxford attorney and "Faulkner literary mid-wife," Mack Reed, Oxford druggist and good encouraging friend through the many years, and Ike Roberts, chief of the deer camp and old fox-hunting friend.

Mr. Mullen also will appear as the newspaperman whom Mr. Faulkner allowed to do the personal story after the Nobel prize was announced.

Faulkner Approves

Something of a legend in the literary world as a recluse and a disliker of personal publicity, Mr. Faulkner has approved this new intimate picture record of himself, his home and his home-town, which the Ford Foundation says will be "Of great interest now and in the years to come for Mr. Faulkner undoubtedly is one of the world's great writers."

Oxford exteriors, the Old South Square, and the historic Lyceum Building on the University of Mississippi; Oxford people, the school band marching through the Saturday crowded streets, and Lafayette County countryside, also will be pictured in the film.

To complement the "footage" made during Mr. Faulkner's widely quoted Nobel Award speech in Stockholm in December, 1950, the television picture also will include a reenactment of the address which he gave to the University

High School graduating class of 1951. Mr. Faulkner's daughter, Jill, was a member of that class, and his speech to the youthful "seniors" also has been reprinted in newspapers and magazines.

Visit To Sweden

Mr. Faulkner's, and Jill's, visit with the King of Sweden will be in the picture and so will be shots of Mr. Faulkner with his Lafayette county friends, white and colored—the humanity about which he has written so greatly.

Mr. Faulkner and his wife, the former Miss Estelle Oldham of Oxford, live in the 112 year old ante-bellum home on the city's outskirts. The beautiful old house, which has known the Chickasaws and Grant's army, will be an authentic "set" in the picture.

Oxford is back in the movies and loves it.

'Wandering Notes...../Cameras Return To Oxford To Bring/Back "Intruder In The Dust" Memories/By MRS. NINA GOOLSBY, ' p. 7.

What year is it in Oxford, Miss.? For a few moments last Friday and Saturday I had to take a peep at the calendar to see that it wasn't 1949, the year when "Intruder in the Dust" by William Faulkner was being filmed in Oxford. On these days as on the first days of this week, some of the town folks were getting all dressed up in their Sunday best, Phill Mullen, "the man of the hour along with William Faulkner" was back in town, cameras were being set up and moved, the city police force was busy keeping traffic routed away from the cameras and all in all the entire town was up in the air.

No, "Intruder in the Dust" wasn't being refilmed but William Faulkner is again the limelight as a film is being made of the story of Faulkner receiving the Nobel prize.

Dec. 11, 1952. 'Society: Jill Faulkner Receives Honor At Pine Manor,' p. 12.

On December 14, Miss Jill Faulkner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner, 719 Garfield Ave., Oxford, will take part in the oldest tradition followed by Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, Massachusetts. Miss Faulkner, a senior at Pine Manor has been chosen by vote of the entire faculty to be one of 15 senior girls taking part in a special Christmas candlelighting service. The girls are elected by the faculty on the basis of their representing the finest type of student at Pine Manor.

Feb. 26, 1953. 'Local Showing Of Nationally Televised Ford Foundation Film Depicting Home Life/Of Nobel Prize Winner William Faulkner To Be Seen At Civic Auditorium Friday//Scenes Range From/Oxford - Stockholm [picture

of UHS graduation in Faulkner movie],’ pp. 1, 8.

William Faulkner’s “Jefferson,” sometimes known as Oxford, Miss., as it was seen coast-to-coast on a CBS television program several weeks ago, will be seen “at home” next Friday night, at 7:30, in a special showing of the TV film in the Civic auditorium.

While much of the rest of the country has seen this Ford Foundation film about the Nobel Prize winning author, homefolks haven’t seen it because there is no CBS television outlet in this section. Through the courtesy of Mr. Faulkner, and the Ford Foundation, a print of the film was made available for this showing.

The Friday night showing at the elementary school auditorium will be without admission charge as the film cannot be commercialized in any way.

A number of Oxford business firms, on another page of this issue, are exhibiting their pride in their widely publicized city by helping to promote attendance at the local showing.

Because he is recognized as probably the most distinguished of contemporary novelists, Mr. Faulkner was selected to represent “The Writer In America” in the Ford Foundation’s television series which is seen on Sunday afternoons over CBS. Title of the famed experimental program is “Omnibus.”

Back in the fall of 1952, Ford Foundation officials began working on the “Faulkner Story” and secured Mr. Faulkner’s permission to make a film about him and his hometown. This was the first time in his 30 years of literary fame that Mr. Faulkner welcomed photographers into his home and into his private life.

Believing that the film record will be of great interest to Faulkner students in the years to come, the Ford Foundation spent a great deal of money on the project.

Harry Behn, a noted poet and script writer, was sent here to work with Phil Mullen, former Eagle editor, on the preparation of the script. After the script was checked, changed some and then approved by Mr. Faulkner, a camera crew was sent here in last November. Howard Magwood was the director and Fred Porrett the head cameraman, both outstanding figures in the movie field.

Time of the film story is in 1950 when Mr. Faulkner received the world’s highest literary award, the Nobel Prize. The film shows him receiving the (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) [picture of Mack Reed welcoming Bill Faulkner in his store] award in the brilliant ceremonies in Stockholm, Sweden and then interestingly contrasts that “white tie and tails” affair with his normal life in this small Southern city.

The University High School Band and its exciting music and parading are seen prominently in the film and there are several scenes on Oxford streets and on the Ole Miss campus.

Among local people who are seen in the film are Mack Reed and Phil Stone, two of Mr. Faulkner's oldest and best friends; Mr. Ike Roberts chief of the deer camp which Mr. Faulkner has attended through many years; and Phil Mullen who did the local publicity about the Nobel Prize.

Mrs. Faulkner is in the film, as is their beautiful ante-bellum home.

Mr. Faulkner is, of course, the principal character in the film as he is seen on Oxford streets talking to friends; as he is seen on his farm working with his negro tenants; as he is seen working in the library.

A high point in the film for local people will be the re-enactment of the 1951 University High School graduation exercises for which Mr. Faulkner gave an inspiring address which has been printed and praised over the world just as was his Nobel Award speech.

Many Oxford, Lafayette county and University people will see themselves in the film for several shots were made on the Saturday crowded streets by a hidden cameraman.

This local showing of "The Faulkner Story," is being arranged by Mack Reed and Phil Mullen. Mr. Faulkner, who is now doing some special work in New York and at Princeton university, will not be here. He left the print of the film in care of Mr. Reed and Mr. Mullen.

'You'll Want To See - and Be Proud of/The Television Movie Of/WILLIAM FAULKNER'S HOME TOWN/OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI [*pictures of the author, Director Howard Magwood and Cameraman Fred Porrett; of the author talking with his deer camp buddies; of Phil Stone talking with the author; of the University High School Band parading on street*],' p. 3 [*full page spread*].

Several months ago, the Ford Foundation sent a camera crew to Oxford to make a movie about William Faulkner, the Nobel Prize winning novelist, and about his home town and some of his friends. This movie was shown over the country on the television program "Omnibus" but it was not seen here because we do not get Columbia Broadcasting System programs (or all of them, anyway.)

Through the courtesy of Mr. Faulkner, and the Ford Foundation, Oxford people can see this "Faulkner Story" in a special showing at the Civic Auditorium.

Again Oxford—scenes in the city, at the University and in Lafayette County—and Oxford people, have been made famous the nation through the

world-wide interest in Mr. Faulkner, recognized as the most distinguished of contemporary novelists.

Come and see how your home town looked on television—coast to coast!

No Admission Charge - 7:30 p. m. - Everybody Come - Civic Auditorium - Fri. Nite - Feb 72th

As A Matter of Hometown Pride - These Firms Hope You Will Join Them In Seeing/This Picture About William Faulkner and Oxford [*A number of firms' names listed*]

Mar. 5, 1953. 'White Rose Of Memphis/To Be Published 'Again/After 72 Year Wait,' p. 7.

"The White Rose of Memphis" by Col. W. C. Falkner, first published in 1881, will receive its latest publication on March 16, 1953 by the Bond Wheelwright company.

Coley Taylor, the publisher has this to say of the novel: "We are quite convinced, from the interest aroused by the announcement of its publication, that its return to print will restore to Colonel Falkner his high place in American letters."

The novel will mark the fact that he was the founder of perhaps America's most distinguished—and certainly the longest-lived in time—dynasties of writers."

Carl Carmer, noted New York critic, says: "The White Rose of Memphis" can be heartily recommended to all lovers of Americana, to all whose minds respond to the imaginative grotesqueries of the creative mind, to all who find joy in a well-managed mystery story."

This is a story of the Mississippi River South in the booming steamboat era by a man who personally played an outstanding role. Colonel Falkner was a plantation owner, railroad builder, Civil War hero, writer, and founder of schools. He portrays a realistic picture of the Reconstruction South.

Robert Cantwell, literary editor of Newsweek, in his review of Colonel Falkner's novel plays (sic) high tribute to its modernity: "This story is first of all a thriller—it is a story of innocent people caught in the web of circumstantial evidence, trapped by the real murderers."

"More than a crime story," Mr. Cantwell says, "its drama of good and evil parallels Hawthorne's and Melville's preoccupation with the same problem, and oddly enough prefigures Kalfka's (sic), and its psychological terrorism makes the dilemma of its central characters singularly modern."

The story's geography covers Memphis, Nashville, and the country-side of the Tennessee and Mississippi valleys in the main, but occasionally moves to far-away Philadelphia and New York.

The action involves people in every social status from the ragged and starving to families of great wealth, from gamblers and poisoners to the most idealistic cally (sic) high-minded.

Lawyers, doctors, jail-keepers, detectives, business men, judges, beautiful women—including a down-to-earth Portia who is determined that law shall mean justice—gallant men, and some evil ones, and one who is probably the first hysterical male in American fiction, provide a lavish variety and richness in character portrayal.

Through this large cast of characters the author incidentally reveals many refreshing glimpses of American life in the 1870's, which are perhaps of more interest now than when the book was written.

May 28, 1953. 'An Address [editorial],' p. 11.

[Reprint of Faulkner's speech to 1951 University High School graduating class first printed May 31, 1951]

June 18, 1953. 'Article Published/By William Faulkner/In Recent Magazine// Author Pays Tribute/To Sherwood Anderson,' p. 1.

William Faulkner had an article, "Sherwood Anderson—An Appreciation," to appear in the current Atlantic Monthly.

In a foreword to the article, the editor comments as follows: "In 1924, William Faulkner was a young man who had written poetry but no fiction. With the money he had saved while working as Postmaster of the University of Mississippi, he had gone to New Orleans, and there he met Sherwood Anderson, the author of Winesburg, Ohio, who was then at the height of his success.

Anderson had a germinal effect on Faulkner, and it was the example he set as a dedicated artist that started Faulkner writing novels—novels which would eventually lead to the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1949.

Prompted by memory of the man and his work, William Faulkner here describes those early days."

Oct. 1, 1953. 'Article On Faulkner/Is Published By Life,' p. 1.

The current and forthcoming issue of LIFE features an article by Robert Coughlan titled, "The Private World Of William Faulkner."

Oxford folks will recognize the Phil Mullen touch in the illustrations. Many of them have appeared in the *Eagle* in the past.

LIFE says author Couligan (sic) has labored since 1951 on the article, "weighing sound critical judgement against double-domed bunk."

It also mentions that he spent "something less than an hour" with Mr. Faulkner.

Oct. 8, 1953. 'University Of Mississippi Scholars/Contribute To "Southern Renaissance",' p. 9.

Present and former residents of Oxford and the University of Mississippi are prominently featured in *Southern Renaissance: The Literature Of The Modern South*, published October 2 by The John (sic) Hopkins Press.

Dr. Robert D. Jacobs, who lived in Oxford and graduated from the University, is co-editor of the book and contributes two essays, one of them on the work of William Faulkner. Faulkner is the subject of two other essays.

Dr. Harry M. Campbell of the University's English faculty contributes an essay on the work of Robert Penn Warren, and Dr. John Miller MacLachlan, of the University of Florida, and Dr. Howard Washington Odum, of the University of North Carolina, take part in a two-way exchange of views on "Literature In The South." Both formerly taught at the University of Mississippi.

The first thoroughgoing survey and evaluation of modern Southern literature, *Southern Renaissance* (sic) is the combined work of 27 authors and critics. Novelists, poets, historians, editors, sociologists, and scholars from 18 colleges and universities in 15 states are represented.

Such authors as William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, Erskine Caldwell, Ellen Glasgow, Katherine Anne Porter, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Allen Tate, Stark Young, John Crowe Ransom, John Peale Bishop, Andrew Nelson Lytle and many others receive critical attention both in their own right and as members of a group within a bounded region.

Published by the Johns Hopkins Press, *Southern Renaissance* is edited by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs. It contains 456 pages, and is priced at \$ 5. 00.

Nov. 19, 1953. 'the editor's/Amen Corner,' p. 1.

....

Judging from a recent issue of *The Madison Country Herald*, Phil Mullen is still getting out a first rate paper. Particularly noticed "Moonbeams" where ole Moon was gently pattin' himself on the back for having that picture spread in *Life*, and reminiscing about how Robert Coughlan missed out on getting one of those special Faulknerian fox terriers.

Omitting the back scratching, 'cause most folks around here don't have to

be told Phil is a fine photographer, here's the story of Coughlan and the terrier:

"As Life editors report, Robert Coughlan went to Oxford two years ago to start work on the article about the Nobel Award winning author. He was met with hostility from Mr. Faulkner who relented to chat under an hour. They probably talked most about the special Faulknerian variety of crossbred fox terriers. Mr. Coughlan had some chillun who needed a dog and Mr. Faulkner said, by golly, he'd just give them a puppy out of the next litter.

A few days later Bill was in the Eagle office and I mentioned I was to ship the puppy on to the Coughlan home in Indiana when it was ready. Bill asked me (in a slightly hostile tone):

"Did the feller write his piece?"

I said, well, he is working on it. "And, Bill, you know you can't stop its publication."

He said, "No, but if he prints it I ain't going to give him the puppy."

And if Bill takes the trouble to read the two articles in Life, I'm afraid the Coughlan will still have to look elsewhere for a puppy."

....

Feb. 25, 1954. *'Appraisal Of Faulkner/Will Be Translated/For Oklahoma U. Press,'* p. 3.

The Oklahoma University press has signed a contract for publication in Spanish of the book, "A Critical Appraisal of William Faulkner," by Dr. H. W. Campbell, professor of English and Mr. R. E. Foster.

The original publication in Spanish of this book, was in Editorial Schapire, Buenos Aires, Argentina. Copies of this translation will undoubtedly be exported to Spain and other countries using the Spanish language.

Louis Landres, an important French critic, published the following appraisal of the "William Faulkner Appraisal" in the "Etudes Anglaises," it will be noticed that the authors of this book have resolutely approached certain very serious problems that the Faulknerian novel sets: men of the South themselves endowed with a (sic) understanding of analysis and with a happy gift of synthesis they make here a contribution of the first order.

"We recommend it strongly to those who are interested in the singular and the significant art of the last Nobel prize American."

May 27, 1954. 'An Address [editorial],' p. 5.

[Reprint of Faulkner's speech to 1951 University High School graduating class first printed

May 31, 1954]

June 10, 1954. 'Faulkner Is Listed Among The Top Ten American Writers,' p. 1.

William Faulkner has been listed among "The Top Ten American Writers Whose Works Will Endure" by a panel of big time literary critics.

These experts acted on behalf of the famous Limited Editions Club and included critics from the New York Times, New York Herald-Tribune, Associated Press and Newsweek Magazine.

Faulkner was voted a special medal commemorating his greatness along with the nine other "literary immortals" so chosen by the Limited Editions Club.

Sharing "Top Ten" honors with Mississippi's literary genius are such greats as Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck, Carl Sandburg, H. L. Mencken, Robert Frost, Rachel Carson, Van Wyck Brooks, Bernard De Voto and Samuel Eliot Morison.

June 17, 1954. 'SOCIETY: Miss Faulkner To Wed In August [with picture],' p. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Jill Faulkner, to Paul D. Summers, Jr. of Washington, D. C.

Miss Faulkner is a graduate of the University High School and of Pine Manor in Wellesley, Mass. She attended the University of Mexico and the University of Mississippi.

Mr. Summers graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. in the class of 1951, and served for a year with the 40th Infantry Division in Korea. At the present time he is attending the University of Virginia Law School in Charlottesville, Va.

Following a wedding in late August the couple will be at home in Charlottesville.

Aug. 2, 1954. 'Society: MISS FAULKNER HONORED/WITH AFTERNOON TEA,' p. 2.

Saturday afternoon between the hours of 4 and 6 Miss Jill Faulkner, bride-elect of Paul Summers, was honored with a tea given by Mrs. R. X. Williams and Mrs. Clarence E. Heard.

The Marble Room of the Mansion in which the tea was held was decorated in a yellow and white color scheme. Bowls of double marigolds and tube roses were used on the piano and on the tables, and a basket of white lilies and marigolds also carried out the color scheme.

The guests were greeted at the door by Mrs. Bill Fielden and Mrs. Heard. Receiving were Mrs. Williams, Miss Faulkner and her mother, Mrs. William Faulkner. Miss Faulkner was lovely in a trousseau frock of white organdy with pearl button trim and corsage of Fleur D'Amour tied with yellow ribbon and miniature yellow lovebirds. Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. Fielden, sister of the honoree, wore corsages of white carnations.

The tea table was overlaid with a white cloth and centered with an arrangement of yellow carnations and white button chrysanthemums in a crystal bowl, with lighted yellow tapers burning in tiered crystal candleabra (sic) on either side. Serving punch from either end of the table were Miss Dorothy Oldham, aunt of the honoree, and Miss Mary Jenkins, and Mrs. John Falkner, IV and Mrs. J. W. Price. Sandwiches, cookies and mints which also carried out the yellow and white theme were served by Miss Mildred Murray Douglass, Miss Vicki Fielden, Miss Dianne Falkner and Miss Demaris Dodson.

Floating hostesses were Mrs. J. W. T. Falkner, Mrs. John Falkner and Mrs. J. M. Falkner.

Aug. 12, 1954. 'SOCIETY: MISS FAULKNER HONORED/AT MEMPHIS LUNCHEON,' p. 2.

Miss Mildred Murray Douglass was hostess at a luncheon last Tuesday in the Venetian Dining Room of the Hotel Peabody in Memphis, honoring Miss Jill Faulkner.

The luncheon table was centered with an attractive bridal arrangement of pink carnations and white stock.

Guests at the luncheon were: the honoree, her mother, Mrs. William Faulkner, Mrs. Bill Fielden, Miss Vicki Fielden, Mrs. M. C. Faulkner (sic),¹ Miss Elizabeth Nichols, and Miss Dean Meadow.

¹ *The author's mother, Mrs. Murry Cuthbert Falkner or Mrs. Maud Butler Falkner, 82.*

'SOCIETY: WEDNESDAY NIGHT CLUB/MEETS AT FAULKNER HOME,' p. 2.

Mrs. M. C. Faulkner (sic) was hostess to her bridge club Wednesday night.

Members attending were: Mrs. Al Wylie, Mrs. Don Powell, Mrs. Hank Campbell, Mrs. James Parker and Mrs. Jack McCormick.

Guests were: Mrs. Bill Davis, Mrs. Emile Joffrion, and Mrs. James King. Mrs. Wylie won the high score prize and Mrs. Campbell won bingo.

Following the games the hostess served a delightful salad plate.

Sept. 2, 1954. 'FIELDENS HONOR MISS/FAULKNER-MR. SUMMERS,' p. 10.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fielden and daughter, Victoria, of Manila, Phillipine (sic) Islands entertained with a cocktail party honoring Mrs. Fielden's sister, Miss Jill Faulkner, and her fiance, Paul D. Summers, Jr. on Thursday, August 19, from 6 until 8 p. m.

Receiving the guests with the honorees and their host and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner, parents of the bride-elect, Mr. Paul D. Summers, Sr. of Philadelphia, Penn., father of the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Burks Summers of Holly Oaks, Rockville, Md., uncle and aunt of the groom.

Miss Faulkner received her guests wearing a ballerina length dress of black chantilly lace, the bodice which was black lace over pink featured a sweetheart neckline; Mrs. Fielden was attired in a ballerina length pink and blue brocade dress with iridescent sequins and pearls accenting the bodice. Miss Fielden wore a becoming dress in brown net with panels of gold let into the skirt and matching gold shoes; Mrs. Faulkner received in a dress of gray taffeta with a fitted waist, and sheath type skirt, with back fullness with a yellow rose peeking from the full folds. Mrs. Summers received in a dress of cream and gold lace.

The lawn of the Faulkner home on which the party was held was beautiful with its blooming flowers and the lovely Chinese lanterns, Mrs. Fielden brought from Peiping, which were lighted to give a soft glow to the lawn as the sun began to set.

The table from which the hors d'oeuvres were served was overlaid with a white cloth.

Included in the guest list were members of the families, members of the wedding party and their families, out-of-town guests and friends.

'SOCIETY: MISS FAULKNER IS BRIDE/OF PAUL D. SUMMERS, JR.,'
p. 12.

Miss Jill Faulkner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner, became the bride of Paul Dilwyn Summers, Jr. of Washington, son of Mr. Paul D. Summers of Philadelphia, Penn., and the late Mrs. Summers on Saturday, August 21, at 4:30 in the afternoon.

The impressive ceremony was solemnized in St. Peter's Episcopal Church with the Rev. Emile Joffrion officiating before an altar which was beautiful in its simplicity of decoration. The altar was lighted by white tapers burning in tiered candleabra (sic), and altar vases containing arrangements of white stock completed the decorations.

A program of nuptial music was presented by A. G. Bowen, Jr., organist, Marvin Zoschke, violinist, and Mrs. Chandler Screven, flutist.

Mrs. Screven played Benedetto Marcello's Sonata for Flute and Piano in

F Major, and Gluck's Dance of the Blessed Spirits from his opera Orpheus, and Rachmaninoff's Vocalise accompanied by Mr. Bowen. Mr. Zoschke of Columbia University, played two movements from Cesar Frank's Violin Sonata for Violin and Piano also accompanied by Mr. Bowen.

Wedding Gown Described

The bride given in marriage by her father was lovely in a gown designed for her by Madame Emily of New York. The gown of candlelight white silk parchment satin fashioned on princess lines featuring a bateau neckline outlined in Point de Lyon lace, a molded bodice and long sleeves tapering to points edged in lace over the hands. Her very full skirt swept into a cathedral train appliqued in panels of lace extending full-length from the yoke, she wore a double tiered fingertip veil of French illusion which cascaded gracefully from a tiara of lace etched in seed pearls. Her bouquet was of white Euclid orchids. Maid of honor was Miss Victoria Fielden, niece of the bride, of Manila, Phillipine (sic) Islands; matron of honor was Mrs. R. A. Koch, Jr. of Fort Bragg, N. C. Bridesmaids were Miss Mildred Murray Douglass, Miss Dean Meadow, cousin of the bride, of Little Rock, and Mrs. M. K. Heartfield, Jr. of Baltimore.

The bride's attendants wore identical terrace-length frocks of ivy green silk crystalette, complementing the bride's gown, they were princess style with bateau necklines. They had brief sleeves, and skirts featuring fullness at the back. They wore coronets of fleurs d'amour, gardenias and (sic) ivy and carried bouquets of the same flowers. Their slippers were ivy green satin.

Maurice Heartfield, Jr. of Baltimore, attended Mr. Summers as best man. Groomsmen were Malcolm Franklin, brother of the bride, Russell Walthour of Birmingham, Robert Berry of Longview, Wash., and Lt. Daniel Sharp of Fort Bragg.

For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Faulkner wore a becoming marionette blue afternoon gown of silk taffet designed by Triana Morel of New York with bronze accessories.

Mrs. A. Burks Summers, aunt of the groom, wore a Paris gown of royal blue lace embroidered with straw with a matching coronet hat.

Reception at Rowan Oak

Following the wedding ceremony a reception was held at Rowan Oak, the ante-bellum home of the bride.

Receiving the guests with the bridal couple were her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, Mr. Paul D. Summers, Sr., father of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burks Summers, uncle and aunt of the groom of "Holly Oaks" Rock-

ville, Md., and the bride's attendants, Miss Fielden, Mrs. Koch, Miss Douglass, Miss Meadow and Mrs. Heartfield.

Also greeting the guests were Mrs. L. E. Oldham and Mrs. Maud Falkner, grandmothers of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. William Fielden of Manila, Phillipine (sic) Islands, brother-in-law and sister of the bride, also Miss Dorothy Oldham, aunt of the bride, Miss Mary Jenkins and Mrs. Malcolm Franklin, sister-in-law of the bride.

The reception rooms were decorated with arrangements of white smilax, gardenias, stock and roses. Refreshments of a beautiful four tiered wedding cake, punch and imported champagne were served on the spacious side lawn which was decorated with large Chinese lanterns, brought by Mrs. Fielden from Peiping, hanging from the stately old trees.

Following the reception the couple left for a wedding trip to Nassau. For traveling the bride wore a sheer wool olive green suit with a small brown velvet hat etched in pearls and an orchid corsage.

Upon their return the couple will be at home in Charlottesville, Va., where Mr. Summers will enter law school.

Among the out-of-town guests attending the wedding were: Dr. and Mrs. Carvel Collins and daughter, Miss Lucie Collins of Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. Collins an English professor at Harvard University is working on a book about Mr. Faulkner; Ben Wasson of Greenville; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Meadow of Little Rock; guests from Memphis were: Mr. and Mrs. Reese Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Donelson Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Halle, Mrs. Frank Podesta, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Kyle Hudson, Gene Pidgeon with his fiancée, Miss Ann Walthour and her mother, Mrs. Russell Wathour (sic) of Birmingham; Shelby Foote; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gans and daughter, Miss Lynn Gans; Mrs. Thomas Jenkins of Houston, Texas; Miss Louise Curran of Tulsa, Okla.; Cole Early of Memphis; Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Weilmann and son, John, of New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Z. Mills and son, Fred, Jr. of Shreveport, La.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Saxe Commins of Princeton, N. J., Mr. Commins is an editor of Random House which publishes Mr. Faulkner's works; William Dulaney of Tunica; Bob Bailey, Jr., of Sumner; Miss Edna Buhner of Washington; Col. and Mrs. N. M. Martin of Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.; Col. and Mrs. E. J. Lilly, Jr. of Fayetteville, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith of Willett, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Kyle of Clarksdale; Mrs. John Lacy of Alexandria; and Miss Dawn Lantzius.

Apr. 7, 1955. 'Louis Cochran, Coming April 21, /Was Faulkner's First Publisher [with picture],' p. 1.

Louis Cochran, who will visit Oxford and the University on April 21, is credited as being the first publisher of William Faulkner.

In 1920, when he was a student at Ole Miss, William Faulkner's first published work, a poem called "To a Co-ed," appeared in the school's yearbook, "Ole Miss." Cochran, ex-lawyer, FBI man, and author of the recent HALLELUJAH, MISSISSIPPI, was the student editor who published the poem, and also, several drawings.

Mr. Cochran is a native of the same section of Mississippi with Stark Young and William Faulkner. He was born in the little town portrayed in his HALLELUJAH, MISSISSIPPI, just forty miles from Oxford.

In 1920, Stark Young was an assistant professor of English at the University, and Faulkner and Cochran were students. Cochran, as editor of the yearbook, asked Faulkner to contribute a poem which, he says, was signed W. Falkner, the original spelling of the family name.

Mr. Cochran, who calls himself with pride William Faulkner's first publisher, describes the poem as "a tribute to the beauty of a Mississippi co-ed." He writes: "I also published four drawings by Faulkner, all of them in the old Vogue and Harper's Bazar style. Unquestionably, he was talented in that field..."

Mr. Cochran's newest book, HALLELUJAH, MISSISSIPPI, has been received with praise by many of the nations (sic) top reviewers. It portrays the same Mississippi country portrayed in Faulkner's and Stark's novels—with a warm and nostalgic (sic) realism.

During Mr. Cochran's visit to Oxford and the campus, he will be the guest of the Ole Miss Book Store at a specially planned autograph party.

May 5, 1955. 'Faulkner Wins/Pulitzer Prize,' p. 1.

Oxford's best known citizen, Novelist William Faulkner, was accorded another high mark of recognition this week. His Nobel Prize winning book, "A Fable" became the Pulitzer Prize winning example of "distinguished fiction" of 1955.

Faulkner's allegory of mutiny in the trenches of World War One was accorded the Nobel prize in 1949, but this was his first recognition from the Pulitzer foundation.

The 58-year-old author could not be located at his Oxford estate. Later it was learned he is in Louisville, Kentucky covering the Derby for a national sports magazine, where he could not be reached for comment.

June 16, 1955. 'Oxford Shares Faulkner Limelight/At Brilliant Party In Memphis,' pp. 1, 8.

His "beloved Oxford," as usual shared the limelight with the world-famed

William Faulkner Monday evening at a brilliant party in his honor in Memphis. Here is the story as told by the Commercial Appeal:

The quiet genius that is William Faulkner, although obviously preferring the sanctuary of his home in Oxford, Miss., or the contemplative activity of the hunt, nevertheless sparkled brightly at a cocktail (sic) party held in his honor at the Gayoso yesterday.

Mr. Faulkner was in Memphis, with his family, to see a special, private preview screening last night of "The Land of the Pharaohs (sic)," CinemaScope, Warner Color spectacle-drama of ancient Egypt for which the Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winner wrote the screenplay. His hosts yesterday were Joe S. Young, manager of Warner Bros. Pictures Distributing Corporation here, and Eli H. 'Slim' Arkin, manager of the Warner, where the film will open June 29.

It is perhaps not too widely known that screenplay writing is no recent activity for the famed Mississippian. He has been doing them for some 25 years, he said. But it takes some doing on the part of a producer to get Mr. Faulkner to work on a script—and particularly if it means he must be pried away from Oxford.

Eight Wrings Right Answer

Once, his aunt, Mrs. Walter B. McLean of 944 Peabody, recalled yesterday, Howard Hawks called him from Hollywood to Oxford seven times—and got seven refusals. "If he calls me the eighth time, I'll have to do it," grouched Mr. Faulkner. Hawks did, and Mr. Faulkner did.

Hawks, a longtime close personal friend of the author's, is producer and director of "The Land of the Pharaohs." An Additional (sic) reason for his wanting Mr. Faulkner to do this story of the building of the great pyramid was that Mr. Faulkner had visited Egypt, and Hawks knew it.

On the topic of movies, Mr. Faulkner expressed himself as feeling that a story has to pass through too many hands for maximum effect and impact. By the time it has gone through several studio processes and dozens of hands, the author's original story has been altered or even lost, he feels.

Television, radio, the screen (Continued On Page Eight) (Continued From Page One) and the novel present separate problems and challenges to the writer, Mr. Faulkner said, but indicated he felt that a competent craftsman should be able to handle them all. One of his own books, "Intruder In The Dust," has been filmed.

Support Gratifying

A gratifying amount of agreement with his recent series of letters in The Commercial Appeal on the topic of segregation has come in the form of letters and personal calls, Mr. Faulkner said—and mostly from young people, he notes.

On the other hand, there have been the expected bitter denunciations of any change in the South's traditional policy—many of them anonymous—and a number of nuisance phone calls at 2 or 3 a. m. Some of these come from as far away as Florida, he said.

On the touchy racial problem, he said, "It's like living in Alaska and saying you don't like snow; you have to live with it, and yo (sic) umight (sic) as well make the best of it."

With Mr. Faulkner here from Oxford for the preview fas (sic) his wife, his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Summers, and his step-son, Malcolm Franklin, and Mrs. Franklin.

Murry 'Jack' Faulkner (sic), the author's brother, and his wife, of 1336 Harbert, joined Mrs. McLean as the Memphis branch of the family at the event.

Aug. 4, 1955. 'Faulkner Sees/Negro 'Merger'/In 300 Years,' p. 3.

TOKYO, Aug. 2 (Tuesday)—(INS)—Novelist William Faulkner predicted Monday the Negro race in America will "vanish" in 300 years by merger with the rest of the United States population.

The famed Oxford, Miss., author said that, in the meanwhile, it is up to the Negro to have "tolerance, intelligence, patience and be sensible" in solving the segregation problem.

"Not the white man," he said, "because the white man is frantic; he's afraid; he's fighting."

The Nobel Prize-winning chronicler of life in America's Deep South made his remarks at the Tokyo Foreign Correspondent's Club. He arrived in Japan Monday for a three-week tour sponsored by the State Department.

Newsmen sat on the floor in a semi-circle around Foulkner (sic) as he declared in his modulated Mississippi accent that only women read the better novels in America.

Asked why his books are so much more popular in France than in his native land, the pipe-smoking author drawled:

"That's because everyone in the States writes—no one reads. Our culture is based on production and success ... the only people in the States who read are women."

Faulkner said he felt that "all" American authors should get the Nobel Prize because it would be difficult to name any single American creative writer ranking after himself and Ernest Hemingway.

He called Thomas Wolfe the "finest" literary "failurē" in America, then judged himself "the second finest failure, (John) Dos Passos third and Hemingway last." He dismissed John Steinbeck as merely "a reporter."

The white-haired novelist said he believed human life is "a tragedy," but

added:

"I do believe in man and in his capacity for folly ... I believe that man will some day end war. It will take a long time, but he will."

Sept. 15, 1955. 'Razor Strap, /Constant Love, /For Children,' p. 8.

ROME, Sept. 13 (Special) The Faulkner farm of Oxford, Miss. got into the World news here today in the City of the Caesars as the United Press quoted William Faulkner, Nobel prize winning novelist, as stating he is returning to Oxford to participate in the hunting season, and to handle a number of odd jobs on his farm. He explained:

"I am not a literary man, just a farmer who likes to tell stories."

On his world tour he leaves here for Milan, Naples, Munich, Paris, London and Iceland. He is addressing gatherings in all cities.

His theme here was juvenile delinquency in America. He blamed it on the parents who do not find time to make a home where their children can live with a sense of belong. They try to compensate by joining some gangs where they gain recognition through criminal acts.

"You give children constant family love and affection and keep that razor strap handy and they will create their own healthy outlets," he said.

'Faulkner Slated/For Panel Talks,' p. 9.

William Faulkner, well known Oxford writer and Nobel Prize winner is at present touring foreign countries and making talks on behalf of his work with the State Department.

According to reports received by this paper he was to leave Rome Wednesday afternoon or Thursday, Sept. 8 for Paris and from there he will go to Iceland, returning (sic) to Oxford about the middle of October.

Mr. Faulkner is scheduled to appear on a panel discussion at the November meeting of the Southern Historical Association in Memphis. According to Memphis newspapers, he along with several other outstanding men will discuss the subject of segregation.

May 3, 1956. 'Library Receives Story/About William Faulkner,' p. 7.

A magazine story about William Faulkner was received from Helsinki, Finland, by the Mississippi room, according to Mrs. Louise K. Thompson, Mississippi room curator.

The story was published in the December, 1955, issue of "Alkamme." It also included one of Faulkner's short stories, "Karhu."

The contribution was sent by Dr. and Mrs. Ray Marshall. Dr. Marshall,

assistant professor of economics, is now on a leave of absence to study in Finland. Mrs. Marshall included an English translation of the Faulkner article. She said in closing, "We are having such a wonderful time here in Finland. We will hate to see the year end."

May 31, 1956. 'Wins Faulkner/Music Scholarship,' pp. 1, 8.

A former student at the University of Mississippi, who is now studying music in Chicago, has won a \$500 music scholarship awarded by William Faulkner.

Patricia Sage, 21 year-old contralto from Bruce and Grenada, won auditions here Saturday. Other finalists were Janet Baxter, Mezzo soprano, of Clinton, and Hugh M. Birmingham, musicologist, of Olive Branch, Miss. Baxter is a post graduate student at Louisiana State University, and Mr. Birmingham is now working on his doctor's degree in musicology at Indiana University.

Miss Sage, daughter of Mrs. (Continued On Page Eight) (Continued From Page One) John Sage of Grenada, is a graduate student at the American Conservatory of Music. She studied piano at Ole Miss under A. G. Bowen, then transferred to the Chicago school to complete her bachelor of music degree. She is now working toward the master's degree (sic) in piano at the conservatory and at the same time studying voice under the nationally known teacher, Lola Fletcher.

While in Chicago, she serves as soloist at Temple Shalom and is a member of a professional singing group, the Festival Four Quartet.

The \$500 scholarship was established earlier this year by the world renowned novelist in honor of Mrs. Dorothy Berliner Commins, wife of his publisher and outstanding concert pianist.

Audition judges were Dr. Will Gay Bottje, Dr. William P. Grant and Prof. Joseph Golz of the University's music faculty.

WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, FILMING OF "LONG HOT SUMMER," ADDRESS AT PRINCETON, NOVEL BY PHIL STONE, JR., BUYING HOME IN VIRGINIA, AND NOTICE REQUESTING HUNTERS NOT TO SHOOT SQUIRRELS, HORSES, COW, AND OTHER HUNTERS IN

THE POSTED WOODS ON HIS PROPERTY (1956-1960)

Oct. 18, 1956. 'Faulkner Accepts Job/At University Of Va.,' p. 2.

Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner has accepted an invitation from the University of Virginia Department of English to become the first in a series of writers-in-residence at the Charlottesville institution.

The author and his wife will leave Oxford in February and live near the university during the second term of the 1956-57 session.

As writer-in-residence, Mr. Faulkner will visit English classes to answer questions about his books and about writing in general. He also will participate in readings and informal talks with students and faculty members.

Jan. 17, 1957. 'Mrs. Brown Writes/Account Of Falkners,' p. 9.

Mrs. Calvin S. Brown of Oxford (sic) has written an intriguing account of the life of the great-grandfather of William Faulkner (sic) in the Tenth Anniversary Number of the "Georgia Review," (Winter, 1956).

It is published by the University of Georgia Press, at Athens, under the title, "William C. Falkner, Man of Legends."

Young William Falkner (sic), according to the editor's note, was deeply impressed by the "Old Colonel's" career; family legend has it that when he was in elementary school and his teacher asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up, he would always answer, "I want to be a writer like my great-granddaddy."

In this delightful appraisal of the "Old Colonel", Mrs. Brown has taken infinite pains to collect a great deal of human interest material and to sift it for accuracy as far as it was possible to do so. She indicates that William C. Falkner (it was young William who put back into the name the 'u' which the great-grandfather had taken out) was, even while he lived, the subject of amazing and contradictory stories.

"After his death," she writes, "the stories multiplied into such fantastic and exaggerated legends that today it is often impossible to divide the true from the false." She finds the mass of tales of particular appeal partly because of the picture it presents of life in a hectic section of our recent past, and partly because of the "arresting and dominating personality of a man of many facets."

May 23, 1957. 'Faulkner Awards/Now On Display/At Princeton Univ.,' p. 7.

Many visitors to the Mary Buie Museum are surprised to find the empty case which once held the interesting and valuable collection of The William Faulkner Nobel Prize, medals, citations and awards.

Princeton University is honoring Mr. Faulkner with quite an elaborate

exhibition of many of his manuscripts, first editions, and all publications in addition to the awards. The exhibition will run from May 10th through August 30th.

Mr. Faulkner placed the Nobel Prize and other awards in the Museum several years ago on loan, they have proved to be very interesting to the public and have been an added attraction for the Museum.

Jan. 2, 1958. *'Faulkner Story Filmed/As Long Hot Summer,'* p. 1.

A William Faulkner story¹ is being filmed by 20th Century-Fox. The title of the movie will be "Long Hot Summer." It is reported that filming is being done at Clinton, La.

Sarah Marshall, daughter of actor Herbert Marshall, has been signed by Jerry Wald of 20th Century-Fox for one of the leading roles.

Another young actress, Lee Remick, will appear in the picture. In the Faulkner epic she is married to Anthony Franciosa.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman also are slated for prominent roles in the Faulkner film.

¹ A part of *The Hamlet*.

Mar. 13, 1958. *'Faulkner Says Parents And Educators/Are Endangering American Education [with picture],'* pp. 1, 8.

"Schools are becoming more and more just baby-sitting organizations to keep the kids out of their parents (sic) hair," said William Faulkner in Princeton, N. J., this week.

Faulkner said parents and educators were endangering American education with false values. Both the North and the South, he said, are not facing up to realities.

The winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1949, is conducting a two-week session of private seminars with Princeton University students under the sponsorship of the English Department.

"As I see it," the novelist said in an interview, "schools are becoming more and more just baby-sitting organizations, to keep the kids out of their parents' hair. Children today are being bribed to attend college with such inducements as the professional football teams and striptease cheer-leaders."

He said that the "successful teacher" rarely received "the same acclaim as the professional athlete."

Noting the shortage of qualified teachers, Mr. Faulkner said the situation has caused "tensions, diverting what this country believes in."

"So many parents just aren't interested in their children, especially in the

home itself," he said. "This may apply more up here than down home. Southern tradition at least gives the kids a home to come to. On the other hand, in the South we're not so overcrowded in our schools. No sooner does the North get rid of one lot of students than there's another lot to be taken care of. A basic educational problem may be that children can't simply be selected, like horses and cattle."

"Aside from that, (sic) the writer continued, "after school hours (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued From Page One) the kids today simply have nothing to do with themselves."

Must Change Negro

The Mississippi native was asked to comment on the dissention over school integration in Little Rock, Ark.

"It's always been my belief that the white folks and the colored folks simply don't like one another," he said after a thoughtful pause. "It seems to me that simple. In making the integration decision, the Supreme Court ignored this. But it's the responsibility of the whites. The white man must change. (sic) the Negro from acting and thinking like a Negro. How? The answer is just one word—education."

"Actually, I'm convinced that nobody can really teach anybody else anything," Mr. Faulkner declared with a trace of a smile. He said he accepted an invitation from Princeton to hold "informal conversations" with students.

"We may talk literature for a while, then the real questions begin," he related. "One boy asked me if he should quit college and get married. I told him he'd be a damn fool."

The author mentioned his years at the University of Mississippi.

"I studied all right," he noted, adding that he was not a graduate.

"I had my good time, too," Mr. Faulkner said. "Used to take my gun and go off in the wood shooting me some deer. Worked a little, too, whenever I needed money for a little tobacco. And I learned."

Apr. 24, 1958. 'Phillip Stone' To/Publish Novel,' p. 1.

Phillip Stone, son of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Stone of Oxford, has been offered and has accepted a contract with Viking Press of New York to publish his novel.²

Stone is now revising his manuscript. The book is expected to be published around Christmas, 1958. It will be Stone's first published work.

The 17-year-old writer is a senior at The Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Conn., where he is chairman of the board of the literary magazine. He has attended Hotchkiss for three years.

Prior to entering The Hotchkiss School, Stone attended University High School.

1 *Precisely, Philip Alston Stone. At Christmas in 1945, Faulkner gave Phil Stone, Jr., the two-volume carbon typescript of The Hamlet, inscribed "To My Godson, Philip Alston Stone/May he be faithful/fortunate and brave." See Blotner, Faulkner: A Biography (Random House, 1974), Vol. II, p. 1201.*

2 No Place to Run.

Nov. 13, 1958. 'Dean Faulkner Pledges Marriage Vows/In An Impressive Single Ring Ceremony [*with picture*],' p. 2.

Miss Dean Faulkner pledged her marriage vows to Jon Lyman Mallard of Jackson, in an impressive single ring ceremony, in St. Peters Episcopal Church at 4 : 00 Sunday afternoon, Nov. 9, with the Reverend Duncan Gray, Jr., officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. James Meadow of Oak Parks, Ill., and the late Dean Faulkner. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman Mallard of Jackson.

The bride, given in marriage by her uncle, William Faulkner, wore a gown of silk parchment satin...

....

Following the wedding Mr. and Mrs. William Faulkner complimented Mr. and Mrs. Mallard with a reception in their home Rowan-oak (sic).

....

After the wedding trip to the Florida Keys, Mr. and Mrs. Mallard will leave for Japan, where he will be stationed for three years with the armed forces.

Apr. 9, 1959. 'Novel By Philip Stone Is/Deemed Powerful Book//Editor's Note: Philip Stone's Novel, "No Place To Run,"/Viking Press, will be on sale at local book dealers Thursday, April/16. Price \$3.75./By STANLEY DEARMAN,' pp. 1, 8.

The South has been used as the subject for novels so many times in recent years that when a new one appears we usually accept it as being nothing more than a rehash of the same old subject. Next week another book appears in which the South is used as the subject, but this one is quite unlike any other. It seems to say in the brief course of 280 pages what all the others have been trying to say.

Philip Alston Stone of Oxford has written a novel that is nothing short of a literary miracle, considering the fact that it was written last year when he was only 17. "No Place To Run" would be an outstanding achievement for a writer of any age. It is an extraordinarily powerful book that combines intrigue, vio-

lence, sin, corruption, and compassion.

The action takes place in Maripausa, Von Steuben County, during the course of an election campaign for the governorship of Mississippi. Within this brief period the destinies of two men are determined: One of them, Gene Massie, is a self-styled white supremacist who appeals to the ignorance and emotions of anyone who will listen. He is a blustering, bigoted, and noisy politician who is also a coward who runs away from any situation he can't bear to face. His usual escape is to women and alcohol. "I run and I run," he says of himself, "and then they ain't nethin' when I get there. Nethin' that I want, jest another woman. And whatever I been afraid of this time comes and gits me jest the same."

The other man, Harry Garner, is a schoolteacher, a liberal and accused by Massie of being a "nigger lover." Garner hates his wife and the "sick South" in general. Carol, his wife, turns to other men for attention and finally becomes involved with Massie. Stone achieves a vivid understanding of the husband, who broods over his wife's sins against him: "He conjured them up, like ghosts in a dream or medieval church images. He clung to them like bell, book, and candle to exorcise the ghost of his relentless understanding which cried, even as he drowned it in his festering injuries."

The action gains momentum and finally reaches a shattering climax. Massie, for once in his life, learns not to run from trouble. He becomes a symbol of the South itself.

This book will no doubt be (Continued On Page Eight) (Continued From Page One) compared to both Faulkner and Caldwell, but it has more depth to it than Caldwell and more popular appeal than Faulkner. "No Place To Run" is one of the most outspoken books ever written. If the situations at times seem a bit exaggerated and out of proportion, it must be realized that when Stone writes of evil and corruption he does so with an uncompromising determination. For him there are no varying degrees of evil—something is either good or it is completely evil.

There is a lot of clever humor and wit in the novel, but the humor always carries with it a deep and dramatic significance.

"No Place To Run" has the rare distinction of being one of those books that sooner or later will be read by everybody.

June 11, 1959. 'William Faulkner Buys Home in Charlottesville,' p. 1.

William Faulkner has purchased a home in Charlottesville, Va., where he served as writer in residence at the University of Virginia during the 1957-58 school term.

Mrs. Paul D. Summers, Faulkner's daughter, said that the Faulkners will also keep their home in Oxford.

Sept. 24, 1959. 'Card of Thanks,' p. 2.

Mrs. Faulkner and I wish to thank the Mayor, Alerman Sisk, City Engineer Lowe and the City Attorney's office for the removal of the commercial signboard at our front gate on Old Taylor Road.

William Faulkner

Oct. 15, 1959. 'NOTICE,' p. 5.

The posted woods on my property inside the city limits of Oxford contain several tame squirrels. Any hunter who feels himself too lacking in woodcraft and marksmanship to approach a dangerous wild squirrel, might feel safe with these. These woods are a part of the pasture used by my horses and milk cow; also, the late arrival will find them already full of other hunters. He is kindly requested not to shoot either of these.

William Faulkner

Jan. 14, 1960. 'Chooky Falkner' Is Man Of Year//Clete Quick Presents Award To/Winner For His Civic Activities [*with picture*], p. 1 [*full page spread*].

M. C. (Chooky) Falkner was named as Oxford's Outstanding Young Man of 1959 at a joint meeting of the Oxford Civic Clubs Wednesday.

The announcement was made by Cletus H. (Clete) Quick who held the same position for 1958.

Falkner is the local agent for Lamar Life Insurance Company, and received the plaque for his community efforts during 1959.

....

1 *Murry Cuthbert Falkner, 31, second son of John Faulkner.*

Oct. 13, 1960. 'Faulkner's Work Is/Topic Of Meet Here,' p. 1.

The University will be host Oct. 14 and 15 to the Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Studies Association of the Lower Mississippi. Distinguished scholars in American studies from Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas will meet in the University's Continuation Center to discuss the literary work of William Faulkner. Professor John Pilkington of the Department of English is in charge of the local arrangements for the meeting. Professor Otis Wheeler, of Louisiana State University, will preside.

Principal speaker for the American Studies group will be Professor Arlin Turner, chairman of the department of English of Duke University and manag-

ing editor of *American Literature*, a scholarly journal devoted to American literary studies. Professor Turner, who is the recipient of two Guggenheim fellowships, a well known author, and a Fulbright lecturer in Australia, will speak on Friday evening, Oct. 14, at 8:00 in the auditorium of the Continuation Center on the subject "Faulkner and His Southern Materials." The public is cordially invited to attend this address.

On Saturday morning in the Extension Building, a film showing the principal events of William Faulkner's life will be shown. Entitled "The Faulkner Story," this film was made and produced by the Ford Foundation. After the showing of the film, papers will be read by Richard P. Adams of Tulane University, Robert B. Holland of Mississippi State University, and Robert N. Burrows of Ouachita College. The meeting will conclude with a panel discussion on "Faulkner's Work in Relation to Southern Culture." The panel will be moderated by Professor T. Dan Young of Delta State College and will include as panelists Milton L. Ricketts of the University of Southwestern Louisiana, Joe C. Shaw of Arkansas State Teachers College, and Lewis P. Simpson of Louisiana State University.

ANOTHER HONOR AND DEATHS (1960-1962)

Oct. 20, 1960. 'Services Held For/Mrs. Maud Falkner,' p. 1.

Mrs. Maud Butler Falkner died Sunday at Oxford Hospital. She was 88.

Mrs. Falkner entered the hospital Monday after a cerebral hemorrhage.

Private services were held for the family and close friends at Mrs. Falkner's home at 3:30 p.m. Sunday. Graveside rites were held in St. Peter's Cemetery. The Rev. Duncan Gray and the Rev. F. M. Purser officiated. Douglass Funeral Home was in charge.

Mrs. Falkner gained fame for her ability as an artist. She (sic) began painting again in 1941 after a lapse of many years while she reared her family. At first, she merely sold her paintings to her models for nominal (sic) sums or gave them as gifts.

Within a short time, however, they were in great demand and she derived considerable remuneration for them. She was especially noted for her por-

traits and rurals (sic) landscapes.

Friends estimated she had produced more than 600 paintings. She had given art shows at the Mary Baie Museum here, Crown Hallery in Memphis, Laurin Rogers Art Gallery in Laurel and Allison Wells Art Gallery in Allison Wells. She has entered her works in shows from New York to Oregon.

She studied art at Miss Lanster's Female Academy in Oxford and at Mississippi State College for Women in Columbus.

She was a member of the First Baptist Church. Mrs. Falkner was the widow of Murry C. Falkner, former secretary and business manager of the University, who died in 1934.

She leaves three sons, William Falkner (sic) of Oxford and Charlottesville, Va., John Faulkner of Oxford and Murry Falkner of Mobile; four grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Another son Dean Falkner, was killed in a plane crash in 1935.

Mar. 23, 1961. 'Oxford And William Faulkner Subjects/Of John B. Cullen's Forthcoming Book/By GEORGE FORBES,' p. 1.

Almost every time some individual who lives in Oxford or anywhere in Lafayette County or who has lived in the area or who writes about someone or something connected with this part of Mississippi the EAGLE is sent a copy of the work and is asked to write a review on it.

Many times the book is hard to read, confusing, and has little to shout or brag about.

In the case of the latest book sent the EAGLE this is not true. John B. Cullen, a life-long resident of Lafayette County, has, in collaboration with Floyd C. Watkins, produced an éasy to read, informative, and, at times, humorous book about Oxford and William Faulkner. The title is "Old Times In The Faulkner Country."

His book is enjoyable reading and is interesting.

Cullen gives a history of Oxford and a view of William Faulkner as Cullen himself has lived it and remembers it. His association with Faulkner goes far to paint an understanding view of the man Oxford uses as one of its greatest claims to fame and who few understand.

Cullen's description of Oxford over the past half-century with names and events familiar to a large number of local people is in itself enough to sell the book to the people of Oxford and the surrounding area, but the tie-in with William Faulkner which is the stated purpose of the book is sufficient to make it a prerequisite to reading Faulkner's works or as a follow up, or both.

Cullen goes far towards painting a true picture of Oxford and the sur-

rounding area in the early 1900's and in showing how Faulkner uses the basic qualities and surroundings of the area for his town of "Jefferson."

He attempts, it seems, to show that Faulkner's "Jefferson," Mississippi and South are not true pictures of the way things really are but rather that this area furnishes Faulkner the needed foundation upon which he can build his fiction.

He tries, it would seem, to put together the puzzle that is William Faulkner—his personality, his thoughts and actions, the messages in his works, and the life he has lived as viewed by the author.

Cullen and his collaborator Floyd C. Watkins, both seem to have the utmost respect for William Faulkner. Cullen's main interest in the book seems to be to tell of people and events of Oxford over the past fifty years and in relating his association with Faulkner. He looks back over a half-century to his youth and to the good times had.

Watkins, on the other hand, attempts to steer the book towards a biographical sketch of William Faulkner. Each succeeds very well, it would seem, but how can anyone write a biography of a man who doesn't allow himself any close friends?

For even the casual reader the book is less than a half-day's reading. The book is valuable as a reference whenever one approaches one of Faulkner's works.

For long-time residents of the city of Oxford and Lafayette County the book is a means of reliving the old days and the reading of stories and events heard and perhaps seen.

The author relives bear hunts in the great forests and jungle that was the Delta of fifty years ago. Cullen tells of lynchings, trials, events, and people of Oxford and Lafayette County with true names, dates, and places.

If you want to read something with much in the way of local interest "Old Times In The Faulkner Country" is for you.

The publication date for the book is April 15. The price is \$ 3.00. It is being published by the University of North Carolina Press and printed by the Seeman Printery, Durham, N. C. Excluding the introduction the book consists of 132 pages.

Apr. 6, 1961. *'EDITORIALS: The 11th Hour,'* p. 8.

The handwriting is on the wall—Mississippi is closer today to integration of our schools than ever before!

These facts prompt the above statement:

The Mississippi Education Association has let it be known that it favors federal aid to education.

The NAACP¹ has let it be known that it is now raising funds in Negro churches in Mississippi to help pay the cost of a test case at the University of Mississippi in order that the segregation laws in our public schools may be broken.

State Superintendent of Education Jack Tubb, in a speech before the Mississippi Education Association, let it be known that Mississippi should not follow the thinking of our legislators and a majority of our people and close our public schools in the event of forced integration.

Add to this the fact that our Jackson newspapers, plus TV and radio are lending undue special emphasis to the above-mentioned steps and one can readily see that we are now in the 11th hour (sic). After all, the NAACP thrives on publicity and recognition and brother, they are getting plenty it. Publicity starvation would, in our opinion, have been the best route.

Apparently some of our teachers feel that every town, every city, every state is reaching out for federal aid and why shouldn't they?

No doubt some of our teachers believe that integration is coming and they might as well sign up for federal assistance today.

This editor cannot go along with this line of thought. Education to our way of thinking, strikes at the grass roots of local self government. Once this phase of our local self government is destroyed we have sold ourselves out lock, stock and barrel to federal bureaucracy.

We cannot go along with Supt. Tubb and write an editorial urging our citizens and our teachers to keep our public schools open regardless, and in effect, accept integration when and if it comes.

We have long believed that our teachers are grossly underpaid and the teaching profession is the most neglected profession in our state.

Yet, by the same token, we also cling to the old adage that we should not sell our birthright for a mess of pottage.

Sound thinking people all over the United States have long looked to Mississippi as the last hope of any semblance of a return to local self government and to states rights.

Is the handwriting on the wall?

Are we about to throw in the towel?

¹ *National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.*

Apr. 13, 1961. 'Letter To The Editor,' p. 12.

Dear Editor,

To the people of Lafayette County I wish to state that the book "Old Times In The Faulkner Country" by John B. Cullen in collaboration with Floyd C. Watkins will be on the market after April 15th.

It was my intention when I wrote this manuscript to write on the background of Faulkner and others more than on Faulkner himself.

The editors did not see it that way.

I never saw the book in its present form until it came out, but did give Floyd C. Watkins authority to use his judgement in regards to making changes as he thought best.

Now it is hard for me to recognize my own child.

In my humble opinion much of the fun and life of local interest was deleted from the original manuscript because it did not tie directly in with Faulkner.

For this I am sorry, but you may like it better in its present form. I hope you do.

John B. Cullen

Jan. 25, 1962. 'Judge J. W. T. Faulkner (sic), 79, /dies after long legal career,' p. 6.

John Wesley Thompson Falkner, former circuit judge and Oxford attorney for more than 50 years, died at Oxford Hospital Saturday. He was 79.

Services were held Sunday at the Oxford-University Methodist Church with the Rev. Blanton Doggett and The Rev. Duncan Gray officiating. Burial was in St. Peter's Cemetery.

* * *

BORN IN Ripley, Judge Falkner had practiced law in Lafayette County since 1909. He had farming interests near here.

He was appointed circuit judge in 1920 by former Gov. Lee Russell. He later served on the State Building Commission (sic) and (sic) Board of Trustees for Institutions of Higher Learning by appointment of former Gov. Theodore G. Bilbo.

A former legislator, Judge Falkner served as secretary of the State Senate for many years. A former member of the Ole Miss law faculty he had served as President of the Lafayette County Bar Association for many years.

* * *

JUDGE FALKNER was a member of the county and state bar associations and of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. He was a member of the Oxford-University Methodist Church.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sue Harkins Falkner, and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Price and Mrs. J. O. Dodson, both of Oxford. He was an uncle of John Falkner and William Faulkner, both of Oxford.

'J. W. T. Falkner, /public servant,' p. 4.

The death this week of Judge J. W. T. Falkner marked the passing of one of Lafayette County's longtime public servants.

Judge Falkner had served his county and state for more than a half-century and had held offices under five governors. At 79, he had maintained until recently an active law practice in Oxford.

* * *

COMING TO Oxford in 1909, he was elected to the State Senate and served as secretary of that body from 1912 to 1920. He was appointed Circuit Judge by former Gov. Lee Russell in 1920.

Later, Judge Falkner was to serve as a member of the State Building Commission and the Board of Trustees of Institutions of Higher Learning. He was active in the county and state bar associations.

Judge Falkner's career as a public servant bears the mark of a successful life. Oxford and Lafayette County will miss him.

—SPEAKES

Mar. 1, 1962. *'THE GOLD MEDAL/Faulkner wins literary award,'* p. 1.

NEW YORK—Oxford's William Faulkner has been chosen to receive The Gold Medal for Fiction of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Institute President Malcolm Cowley yesterday announced the Nobel-prize-winning author would receive the award May 24. It will be presented by Eudora Welty, another distinguished Mississippi novelist.

* * *

MR. COWLEY said The Gold Medal is awarded annually in two categories of literature and the arts. "It is not for a specific work," Mr. Cowley said, "but for the entire achievement of the recipient."

He congratulated Mr. Faulkner on his selection for the award.

* * *

PREVIOUS WINNER (sic) of the Fiction Medal include William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, John Dos Passos, and Thornton Wilder.

In 1957, Mr. Faulkner himself presented the Institute's award to Mr. Dos Passos.

The Gold Medal gives the Oxford author still another in a long line of literary triumphs. In 1950, he won the Howells Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

* * *

A YEAR later, he was named to receive the coveted Nobel Prize. He went to Sweden that year to accept the award.

The winners of the Institute's Gold Medal are chosen by vote of the Insti-

tute membership, which consist of more than 240 leading writers, artists and composers in the United States.

'Another honor/for Mr. Faulkner,' p. 4.

William Faulkner this week was selected to receive another award for his achievements in the field of literature.

Mr. Faulkner has been named to receive The Gold Medal for Fiction of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It will be presented on May 24.

* * *

AS *THE* Institute is quick to point out, Mr. Faulkner is an old hand at the medal game.

In 1950, he won the Howells Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters; in 1951, he received the Nobel Prize, and in 1957, he received the Institutes (sic) Gold Medal for fiction.

* * *

ONE SELDOM thinks of Oxford without thinking of William Faulkner.

And Oxford congratulates Mr. Faulkner on receiving The Gold Medal. It is indeed an honor.

—SPEAKES

July 12, 1962. 'William Faulkner Takes Last Ride Through The City He Loved Most//Death's sting hits Faulkner [*with two pictures*],' pp. 1, 8.

Acclaimed by men around the world as a literary genius, William Faulkner was laid to rest Saturday afternoon in the sweltering heat hovering over his beloved Yoknapatawya (sic) County, named for Lafayette County where he lived and died.

Oxford's own Faulkner was buried in the new section of St. Peter's Cemetery with a handful of friends joining the Faulkner family in paying the last tributes to a great man. With the exception of newspaper reporters, photographers, magazine writers, and television cameramen, Faulkner could have called each member of the group by name.

Private services were held at the Faulkner home with only his relatives and close associates present. "For 15 minutes longer, he must belong to the family, after that, he belongs to the world," they explained.

Short and simple were the semi-private graveside services, conducted by the Rev. Duncan Gray Jr., rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. As some of his friends remarked as the mourners dispersed, "It (sic) just like he'd wanted it—quiet and without too many people."

Serving as active pallbearers for their longtime friend were Dr. C. M. Murry, J. W. Price, R. X. Williams, Clarence Heard, John Ramey, all of

Oxford, and Dr. Joseph Blotner of the Department of English at the University of Virginia. Honorary pallbearers were Phil Stone and Mack Reed of Oxford.

There were notables in the crowd who turned their heads as they saw the simple wooden box lowered into the red clay. The casket was covered with a gray fabric and fitted into a plain unfinished box of pine boards, a request made by Nobel prize winner some years before his death Friday morning.

"For 25 years 'Bill' Faulkner has been trying to get me to come to Oxford, and I waited too late," lamented Bennett Cerf, president of Random House of New York City.

Although the number at the cemetery was less than that at a man's funeral of lesser notoriety, Faulkner is by no means a forgotten man. Figures of national prominence, including President John F. Kennedy, sent their lamentations on the death of the (Continued on Page Eight) (Continued from Page One) famed writer.

"It can be said with assurance of few men in any area of human activity that the work will long endure. William Faulkner was one of those men. Since Henry James, no author has left behind such a vast and enduring monument to the strength of American literature," the President said.

The wiry little man of small stature (sic) became one of the few persons to decline a White House invitation. Last April, he was invited to dinner by President and Mrs. Kennedy. Some say he refused because he was afraid he'd be called on to give his Nobel Prize acceptance speech. (sic) and "didn't like the idea because he did not read well." Others quote him as saying he declined because "that's a long way to go just to eat."

There were other Faulkner followers who sent their regrets, including Robert Frost, Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Pearl Buck, Irving Stone, Harnett T. Kane, Sir Charles Snow, Senator James O. Eastland, and Dr. Edgar F. Shannon Jr., University of Virginia president.

Faulkner comes from a long list of notables, beginning with his paternal ancestor, Col. W. C. Faulkner (sic) whose novel "The White Rose of Memphis" has gone through many editions; his mother, who painted in oils; and his brother, John, who rose to fame with "Dollar Cotton."

The family did not have the "u" in its name originally, and acquired it only after a printer misspelled (sic) it in Faulkner's first book. Faulkner's brothers still retain the original spelling.

He is survived by his wife, Estelle, whom he married in 1929; his daughter, Mrs. Paul Dilwyn Summers Jr., the former Jill Faulkner, wife of a Charlottesville attorney; two brothers, Murry C. Falkner, Mobile, Ala., and

John W. Falkner.

—Exclusive— 'Mr. Mack remembers "Bill"/by W. M. Reed,' pp. 1, 7.

William Faulkner's visits to our store numbered approximately 120 a year for nearly four decades. They were brief, early morning trips much of the time. He enjoyed walking and, on occasion, would talk with some of us about our families and friends and about the changes made in the town and the county.

His real bit of visiting was done outside the front door of the store. He and some old friend who happened to come along would stand and talk for 30 minutes to an hour. It was observed that many people changed the time of arrival up town to join others in visits with Faulkner. Cold weather seemed to bother none of them.

It is recalled that he seldom, if ever, sat down in our store unless it was in 1923 or 1924, when we had soda fountain chairs. He did sit on the floor a couple of times at the corner of a magazine stand as he browsed.

* * *

The longest visit I ever had with William Faulkner was sometime after moving to Oxford to become a part of the then Gathright Drug Company. I knew of him; of his desire to write and his lack of interest in school routine. He and Phil Stone, whom I had come to know as a brilliant student at Ole Miss, were much together as they walked and talked over the country side. They dropped by the drugstore from time to time.

Judge John W. T. Falkner, William Faulkner's uncle, asked if I would go with Bill to my old home county of Chickasaw to distribute "Vote for J. W. T. Falkner" cards and pamphlets at Houlika, Okolona, Houston and other places.

As I visited with old friends in Chickasaw, William Faulkner quietly withdrew shortly after introductions. If I went inside a place of business for a few moments I had no trouble finding Bill when I came out. He would be standing alone on a street corner or in front of a place of business.

I came to know William Faulkner that day as a splendid driver over wretched roads; as a most attentive listener to any experience or story I related or discussed. I came to realize that he was asking the questions and that I was doing most of the talking. He was never prying. Just interested, apparently.

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We talked some of my brother, Rad Reed, who was said to have great promise as a writer but whose life was shortened by injury from collapse of a grandstand at a football game between Ole Miss and (then) A & M of Jackson.

That Bill was obsessed with the desire to write was not doubted by Ox-

ford people. A mother told me many times that he often brought bits of his efforts; fairy tales, rhymes, drawings and little stories to cheer her invalid daughter.

Many said Bill spent most of his school hours writing and illustrating. These bits he passed on to his grammar school companions and to neighbors. His sketches showed an artistic touch, it was said.

During the years of struggle for acceptance of manuscripts by publishers of magazines and books, I noted in our visits—always brief—the tremendous drive and effort of William Faulkner. I knew nothing of the subject matter for his stories, but when Harper's Magazine, (Continued On Page Seven) (Continued From Page One) Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, American Mercury and others carried stories, many of us were delighted at the accomplishment.

* * *

It was admitted early that Bill's style of writing presented problems to the reader who had been drilled in punctuation and short sentences. All admitted his descriptions were most vivid (sic).

When Bill's first story, "Thrift", appeared in The Saturday Evening Post, issue of Sept. 6, 1930, I felt that William Faulkner could reach pleasing heights with stories accepted by Curtis Publications. "Turn About" came later in The Post as did "The Bear" and others.

In our visits, I talked with William Faulkner briefly many times about his short stories. I shall always feel they are the best of him. Had I been a teacher of English, I think I should have endeavored to study fully the Faulkner writing technique as so many thousands have done.

Many of them have been to Oxford from every part of the world. In order to be of the greatest assistance to people who came to Oxford to find out something about Faulkner, I provided some general information and then presented the names of many people well qualified to speak with authority. Among them: Phil Stone, Mrs. Calvin S. Brown, Dr. D. H. Bishop, Dr. Alton Bryant, Dr. A. Wigfall Green and Dr. Harry Campbell.

* * *

These visiting people much desired to know about The Snopes and other Faulkner characters in many of his books that people talked about. They want to know in what generations such types existed. I tell them I am pleased to know they don't think that we are that way now, if ever.

"Come and see", I tell them. And then tell Bill at the next visit. I also tell the people from elsewhere that doubtless all of us have seen characters worse than some of the people in Bill's books but that it would be difficult

for us to describe them so effectively in their sordid state.

On two different visits, William Faulkner asked about a word for something in the military and a word for something else. I cannot recall what it is or with what it had to do. I was amazed that he did not find the words himself to provide apt description as he never seemed at a loss before in his writings.

It is granted that he brought out many a word that so many of us had never used and had never heard. It is a fact that William Faulkner had no dictionary for quite some time except for an English-French dictionary. That period, I believe, was prior to his Nobel Prize award.

* * *

Every dictionary publisher in the U. S. A. must have presented him with one of his best at some time or other but they were passed on to libraries and individuals, evidently. Where, then, did William Faulkner who, of late years, referred to himself as the "Oldest living sixth grader", ferret out so many unusual words? Someone may answer that question for me someday.

My last visit with Bill was on the morning of July 3, 1962. He picked up his reserved daily paper; bought his favorite tobacco (sic) and asked if I would complete foreign postal forms for him as he had come to town without his glasses. He wrote something in his latest book, dropped it in a mailing carton.

We sealed the package, affixed the forms and address label. He said he was mailing the book to a friend in Sweden. He was able to ride a bit but still wore his back brace since thrown from his horse some weeks before.

I look back to the mailing of the manuscript for what proved to be his last book, "The Reivers", so far as I know. Bill remarked as we finished packaging and labeling, "I been aimin' to quit all this". I do not know whether he had started anything else for publication after that time.

* * *

In the Ford Foundation Television film, Faulkner's Life Story, the 17-minute sound picture, revealed Faulkner at home, on his farm, on the streets of Oxford, in the chapel delivering the high school graduating address, and (sic) in Phil Stone's office where he and Phil talked of the early struggles as worked toward acceptance and publication.

He expressed appreciation to "Stone", as he after called Phil, for his interest, helpfulness and encouragement. A bit of the film showed a bit of William Faulkner and me "Visiting" across the counter at Gathright-Reed's.

Many people away from Oxford saw the television story and wrote us. It appeared on CBS which Oxford did not have then.

Bill finally received his copy of the film. "They promised me one", he said before the arrival, "But it looks as if they forgot. Hard as I worked, looks like they ought to send me a hay-bailer or something".

* * *

Everybody who desired saw the the (sic) film at the schools—Oxford University High and at Ole Miss. The great problem was to get Bill to see it. Months later he finally viewed it and told several he thought it was "Done up" all right.

The film has always been at our store except when in use. My daughter, Kitty, who had seen the television picture, had many neighbors in Illinois who had missed it. "Would Mr. Bill let her have it for a week?" I told him it would be insured heavily in the event shipment was made. "You tell Kitty if it get burned up or lost, it's all right because I don't ever aim to see it no mo."

Vogue Magazine had William Faulkner pronouncing heart as "Hot" when he addressed the cadets at West Point. Maybe he did say "Hot" but the reporter erred when he pronounced horse as "Horse". In all of the 39 years I never heard anything except (sic) "Hoss".

Whatever the most profound thinkers in the world may write or say about William Faulkner's greatness, they fail when they omit or ignore his love and affection for and kindness to children.

The Gathrights (The late Dr. J. M. Gathright and his son, the late Holden Gathright) and my partner, J. Byron Gathright, knew along with me that side of his life. To me, that characteristic surpasses all of the prizes awarded.

He was the most unusual friend I ever had.

W. M. Reed