

THE CARAVAN

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF LOREN EISELEY

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Loren Corey Eiseley
September 3, 1907 - July 9, 1977

"We have joined the caravan, you might say, at a certain point; we will travel as far as we can see, but we cannot in one lifetime see all that we would like to see or learn all that we hunger to know."

— *The Immense Journey*

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

It has been a vital time for the Friends of Loren Eiseley as we continue to try to bring Eiseley to an ever widening circle of readers. This issue is a very special one for it commemorates Loren Eiseley's relationship with Dorothy Thomas, as well as Mary Austin. We are very fortunate to count among the members of our group Hobe and Bonna Hays. Hobe Hays is the nephew of Dorothy Thomas and he is also the artist who drew the new picture of Eiseley that appears at the top of this page. The University of Nebraska Press is slated to publish "The Collected Stories of Dorothy Thomas" in Spring, 2002. I edited the volume, choosing a few stories from the hundreds that Thomas published, and wrote an original introduction.

The University of Nebraska Press, under the direction of Daniel Ross, continues to be one of Eiseley's most solid supporters. A year ago, "All the Strange Hours" was reprinted with a new introduction by Kathlene Boardman. We brought Kathy in from the University of Nevada at Reno to talk to us about Eiseley as a memoirist. The Press has also republished Gale Christianson's leading biography "Fox At the Wood's Edge." We could not be more grateful for these efforts to keep books by and about Eiseley in the hands of readers everywhere.

The construction of the Loren Eiseley Public Library in Lincoln is ahead of schedule. Our group has been called upon to provide suggestions for Eiseley-related iconography in the library and in the surrounding park. We are convinced that the project will attract new readers to Eiseley's work.

After serving three years as President, it is with regret that I leave the Board. In August, I receive my Ph.D. in political science and will assume a professorship at East Central University in Ada, Oklahoma. I hope that I can interest Oklahoma's strong humanities community in Eiseley's writing. His essays have produced no less than awe and amazement in me as I've read and reread them over the last five years. *The Firmament of Time* offers such wise prescriptions about how man should live with nature. "The Star Dragon" from *The Invisible Pyramid*, especially when Paul Gruchow reads it aloud, is as plaintive as a little boy crying for his father. His masterpiece "The Star Thrower" is such a simple story (which explains why it gets borrowed so much), but in it Eiseley creates soaring hope for the future. It's not easy to leave such good Friends.

--- Christine Pappas, President

SINGERS OF LIFE: THE LITERARY RELATIONSHIP OF DOROTHY THOMAS AND LOREN EISELEY¹

By Christine Pappas

(An earlier version of this essay was presented at the Nebraska Literature Festival in Chadron, September, 1999.)

I. Introduction

This paper is about Loren Eiseley and Dorothy Thomas and the literary relationship which existed--or rather, didn't exist--between them. Dorothy Thomas met Loren Eiseley in Lincoln in the early 1920s. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s their paths crossed in Lincoln's bohemian literary scene, which was presided over by *Prairie Schooner* editor Lowry Wimberly; and both were members of the elite group of "Wimberly's Boys." In fact, their works appear on opposite pages of the Fall 1928 volume of the *Prairie Schooner*.² Dorothy and Loren also attended the salons held at the home of Mabel Langdon, Loren's one-time high-school teacher who would become his wife. By the mid-1930s, Dorothy was already one of Lincoln's literary lights--having published two books--and Loren was gaining a reputation as a deeply sensitive poet, yet with his major work still decades away. As people and as writers, Dorothy craved community, and Loren craved isolation. This paper will give examples showing how these preferences are reflected in the works and relationships of these two Nebraskan authors.³

In a 1984 letter to Ruth Thone, a founder of the Friends of Loren Eiseley, Dorothy chronicled her relationship with the Eiseleys this way:

Our close friendship, beginning in the early 1920s, and continued throughout our lives, they visiting me in Santa Fe, in the summer of 1934, guests in my home, and returning to New Mexico, in 1938 to be married, I was Mabel's impromptu bridesmaid at their wedding, and they spending the last ten days of their New Mexico honeymoon with me, my houseguests when I took them to Taos to meet Frieda Lawrence, and in 1939-1940, at their invitation, came to live in the apartment below them on West 76th Street,

in New York, where I saw them very frequently⁴

While in that brownstone apartment, Loren would muse about ideas late at night, and when he or Mabel noticed Dorothy's light on in the apartment below, they would tap on the pipes five times--the signal for her to come up and join them. However, once Loren began seriously writing for science journals and popular magazines, he never again made it a priority to visit his old friend, and their visits were over--a fact that Dorothy could never accept.

Dorothy wrote, "I am sure that both Loren and Mabel would want me to know that they chose me as I chose them to be among the dearest of their early Lincoln and life long friends."⁵ Although Dorothy cherished her writing circles and wide range of personal critics, she respected Loren's solitary writing habits and nearly revered his relationship with Mabel. "They loved one another and were so right for each other, and for us, in his coming to be the writer he was. It was the poet in him that makes his prose the prose it is."⁶ However, it wounded Dorothy deeply that, after a 1956 visit, Loren and Mabel never saw her again.

Dorothy had befriended the young couple in Lincoln when she was at a crest in her writing career. She facilitated their meeting Mary Austin and D. H. Lawrence's widow, Frieda Lawrence. Dorothy also housed Loren and Mabel on their honeymoon to Santa Fe in 1938. Dorothy wrote to her family, "Loren and Mabel are honeymooning here and now are out in the kitchen reading poetry and talking."⁷ In a 1974 letter Mabel wrote to Dorothy, "We often remember our New York days . . . and how generous you were to introduce us to interesting people you knew from your literary contacts."⁸ Yet Dorothy's usefulness to the Eiseleys seemed to be over.

Loren was to attend Dorothy's 1959 wedding to John Buickerood, yet the Eiseleys failed to turn up, citing a schedule conflict.⁹

Dorothy begged Loren to visit, telling him that he would love to talk to John: but the two men never did meet. Mabel continued their correspondence, sending Dorothy Loren's love, and making excuses for their missed opportunities to get together. Upon Loren's death in 1977 Dorothy wrote Mabel a

tender letter that recalls their lives together. Mabel's scrawly response is heart-wrenching: "Your understanding letter was by far the most dear of any that I have received and I thank you from my heart. Life without Loren is unbearable."¹⁰

Dorothy justified not seeing the Eiseleys again in two ways. First, she seems to have accepted Mabel's excuses that Loren was just too busy to see her. Second, she seems to have believed that Loren had changed from the young man she knew. "Life had so sobered him, made him responsible first to the written and spoken word, and, no longer the poet dreamer he was when I was their neighbor, downstairs, and the familiar at those strange toward-dawn seances we used to have."¹¹

In her life, Dorothy Thomas sought connection and community, attested not only in the subject matter of her writing, but also by the thousands of letters she wrote and received. She belonged to writing groups in Bronte, Texas, until her death in 1990; and she wrote the following to a reader. "Truly, there is nothing nicer about the writer life than that afterglowing wake of letters that follow the launching of a story."¹² A product of a lonely childhood, Loren Eiseley did not have a similar need for a community in which to write. In fact he took a fairly dim view of readers' letters.¹³ Dorothy externalized her positive emotion, attempting to draw readers into her happy world. Eiseley internalized his anguish, preferring to allow only a few people--like Mabel and Wright Morris--to understand that he bore all the world's pain. In fact, Wydeven posits that--like Hemingway--Eiseley seemed to have a need to disavow the influence of his personal relationships on his writing.¹⁴

At some point Dorothy realized that she and Loren, while both writers, were not cut from the same cloth. She wrote Loren and Mabel, "What worlds and worlds there are, in books and out of books, and how small my own world is, and yet good, very good, for the likes of me."¹⁵ For Dorothy to tout her "small world" to the thinker with the widest grasp of how large the world truly is surely signals an acceptance of their literary differences.

II. Dorothy Thomas

Dorothy Thomas was born August 13, 1898 in Barnes, Kansas, the sixth of ten children, to Willard

and Augusta Dodge Thomas. Willard Thomas was a Disciples of Christ minister with a devoted congregation. When Dorothy was seven, the family moved to Alberta, Canada where they homesteaded near a logging company and operated the Thomas Saw-Mill Dining Hall. The family moved back to Kansas when Dorothy was twelve, where she attended school for the first time. After her father died, Dorothy moved with her mother and other siblings to Bethany, a suburb of Lincoln, Nebraska. A high school senior at age 21, Dorothy dropped out of school to work toward her teaching certificate. She attended Cotner College, which was a Disciples of Christ school, and the University of Nebraska, earning a third grade teaching certificate in 1918. She taught country school in Gering, Tryon, and Scottsbluff, Nebraska before coming back to Lincoln to teach at Elliot Elementary School.

Selling her story "The Blue Doves" to *Scribners* in 1928 gave Dorothy the confidence to return her teaching contract unsigned. "Sink or swim, I would risk everything, work at whatever jobs I could get, and write for my life and my living."¹⁶ Despite the raging Great Depression, Dorothy's plan succeeded; and throughout the 1930s, she supported her large family with the proceeds from her writings.¹⁷ In one letter, she describes her "spending spree for our house" which one story check enabled. Dorothy bought all new furniture and a "great great roll of carpet that had been on a fraternity house floor." Undaunted that her family hated the big green rug, she dyed it blue: "the Thomases doubted in mass--but it came out beautifully blue green."¹⁸

Dorothy's writing was admired by H. L. Mencken and *New Yorker* editor Harold Ross. On the cover of the typescript for her story "The Getaway," Dorothy scrawled that Ross told her it was "the best damn story ever in the *New Yorker*." Many of her stories were deemed among the best stories of the year. Alfred A. Knopf published two books assumed to be novels that were really "groups of related short stories."¹⁹ *Ma Jeeter's Girls* in 1931 and *The Home Place* in 1936. Dorothy earned the distinction in Lincoln of being the first of the "Schooner" writers to have published a novel.²⁰

After the 1940s, Dorothy's stories mainly found their way into slicks and women's magazines--*Saturday Evening Post*, *Red Book*, *Colliers*, or *Good House-keeping*. She continued to

write until her death in 1990, but never again attained the status she gained in the Great Depression years before World War II.

III. Loren Eiseley

Loren Corey Eiseley was born in Lincoln in 1907 and attended Lincoln public schools. His childhood was a solitary one, being the only child of a deaf mother and a traveling-salesman father. He loved to read, but his family did little to nurture his poetic talents. A treasured image is young Loren pulling wagon-loads of books over a mile from the public library to his home. He received his bachelor's degree in English and anthropology from the University of Nebraska in 1933. While in college he wrote for the *Prairie Schooner* and was a bone-hunter with the Old South Party which found many fossils to add to the University of Nebraska's collection.

After receiving his Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Pennsylvania, Eiseley taught at the University of Kansas and Oberlin College before joining the faculty at Penn. He served as Penn's Provost before publishing his first collection of essays, *The Immense Journey*, in 1957. Several other collections of essays and poetry appeared, including his memoirs in *All the Strange Hours* and *The Night Country*, which both include many accounts of his Nebraska upbringing. After becoming a nationally recognized and published thinker and writer, Eiseley died in 1977. He was inducted into the Nebraska Hall of Fame on the anniversary of what would have been his eightieth birthday--September 3, 1987.

IV. The Writing Life

The process of being a writer is at once solitary and social. Obviously if a person cannot endure the aloneness of sitting down at a table to concentrate and write, then that person cannot be a writer. Even Jack Kerouac, with his "go go go," had to find a way to "stop" in order to lay out his ideas in *On the Road*. Yet, becoming an author absolutely requires some interaction with others to bring about the publishing of a book, not to mention the defense of the meaning of the work within the public discourse.

Writers do different things to achieve a balance between being solitary and social. Some authors

are very social within the process of writing for publication. Writing colonies--like Yaddo or the Iowa Writers Workshop--are formed to accommodate this sort of mental fecundity. Dorothy Thomas was one of the social kind of writers. She went to Yaddo in the Summer of 1935 and adored the enlightened discussions held by people with creative and restless minds. She nurtured story ideas and read her writings aloud to others and happily accepted the suggestions that they made. Dorothy also relied upon her very literate and story-telling family for help fueling the writing process.

Other authors eschew the chaos of a group, preferring to go off by themselves in order to concentrate more deeply. Loren Eiseley was one of these writers. He claimed "the night country" as his most comfortable environment, and his kitchen table knew many late evening writing sessions. The only criticism he would accept easily was that of his wife Mabel. It is clear that, as it is said, "no man is an island"; every author must have at least one confidant or alter ego who is the harshest critic and most trusted ally--and, for Eiseley, Mabel was this person. Mabel sat up nights, typing as Eiseley lectured to the night sky. Dorothy wrote, "It is not every poet who is blessed with a wife who gladly kept awake with him through a night that yields no sleep, steno-pads beside coffee-cup, ready to take down in shorthand any phrase he or she thinks worth keeping as he walks the floor and talks to himself and the ancients off the top of his head or from the depths of this prowling animal soul."²¹

The ecology of a writer's critical environment must reflect on the author's writing. Dorothy's desire for community, connection, and interaction is shown over and over again in her stories. Eiseley's telltale craving for solitude in the midst of interconnectedness is also a thread that appears in many of his essays.

V. Dorothy as a Writer

In an unfinished scrap of poetry, Dorothy wrote, "There can be no true labeling of me. In any stage of my becoming, through my life." Dorothy probably flattered herself that she was complex. Most of her short stories tend to be about family situations told by a female narrator; and her writings typically fall into two groupings: the early stories that possess a realism and freshness of

viewpoint that make them edgy, and the later stories that are more romantic and sentimental.

Dorothy Thomas grew up in a family of artist-storytellers. Dorothy's father read to her and her nine brothers and sisters throughout her time in Kansas, and then Canada. She wrote to Herb Hyde in 1984, "[Stories] were come by naturally, honestly: both our parents had a way with words and story told, verse . . . and quoted with frequency."²² When the family moved back to Kansas in 1912, Dorothy found "a world grand with libraries, books, and stories became her escape, school life found strange, unfriendly."²³ School never came easy to Dorothy, beginning as she did at age twelve, but she found natural release in turning to a fantasy world.

Dorothy's mother and several of her brothers and sisters wrote fiction, a couple of their pieces finding their way into print. For example, Macklin and Vance Thomas both had their writing published in *Prairie Schooner*. Kennetha (Cenethe) coauthored with Dorothy a story, "The Girl From Follow," for *Harper's*. Kennetha was also involved in the WPA's "Nebraska Writer's Project" and wrote feature articles for *Nebraska Farmer*. Creative expression was encouraged and prized by both Willard and Augusta.

After earning her third grade certificate Dorothy turned to teaching in 1918. She enjoyed her students and the families with which she boarded, yet the dozens of letters she wrote home show that she missed her mother and siblings deeply. From 1918 to 1924, Dorothy was divorced from the community that nurtured her writing self, and she was miserable. She writes from Tryon, Nebraska:

Our mailman hasn't come for over two weeks. The roads are terrible. It's only 38 miles by the most direct way but the way the carrier has to go it is fifty miles. The road was only a track through the hills, just miles and miles of country without houses or fences or anything but sand and sand burrs. It is the most utterly desolate country I have ever seen. . . . I simply haven't the strength to live in this horrible, uncivilized place for \$125. a month. If I had \$5. to pay my way back to North Platte I should have gone back with the mail yesterday. The wind blows hard all

the time. If I open my window, the bed gets covered with sand. I didn't know any place could be half as horrible as this.²⁴

During this nine year stretch of teaching, Dorothy could sometimes enjoy the literary life in Lincoln. Mari Sandoz²⁵ was one of Dorothy's pals, and Dorothy later recalled that "In the years before either of us published we spent many an evening reading our stories aloud to one another and talking about them."²⁶ Dorothy's first publication had come in 1928, but it took a few years for her career to heat up. She traveled the country selling "Bookhouse for Children" and working in a Lincoln bookstore.²⁷

In 1930, Dorothy's mother presented her with the hundreds of detailed letters she had written while off teaching in Western Nebraska, and Dorothy realized she had the makings for a story. The result was *Ma Jeeter's Girls*, based mainly on her experiences living with farm families. The narrator in that book is a young schoolteacher who is living with a family of a mother and several daughters. Far from being a romantic view of the plains and its people, the stories collected in *Ma Jeeter's Girls* are harsh in their portrayal and assessment of the characters. The Jeeter daughters have a "weakness"--and one few others were willing to write about in 1931. Here's how the mother of the family describes their problem:

Some families has one weakness and some has another I say a weakness is just a weakness and there's worse than the one this family's got. I don't say our girls don't have baby's sooner'n looked good, but they was awfully good girls, and they're good mothers too. The men they got seems mighty well satisfied with 'em even if some of 'em did rear up a little about marryin' 'em. You'll hear it said around here, maybe, when they're guyin' some fellow about his girl, 'there'll be a Jeeter wedding if you don't watch out,' instead of sayin' 'there'll be a sheriff wedding.' Now that ain't just . . . I did get a gun down to show one of the boys we wasn't foolin', but we had the sheriff out for only one.²⁸

Alfred A. Knopf, Dorothy's editor, and H. L. Mencken, editor of *American Mercury*, sang the praises of *Ma Jeeter's Girls*. The book contained stories about Nebraska, but it was marketable in the East because it dealt with a questionable moral issue, putting Dorothy right there on the edge, and because it portrayed the country people as ignorant rubes. *Ma Jeeter's Girls* doesn't really have a happy ending. The end of the book finds Evie, Ma's youngest, sweetest girl, getting married without being pregnant or having to brandish any sort of firearms. When her sisters congratulate her on her marriage but hint that she'll be expecting any time now, Evie replies: "I will not . . . I won't have one this year or the next or the next." "You just think you won't," a sister retorts. "I know good and well that I won't," Evie answers back, in complete repudiation of her sisters' lifestyles.²⁹ Dorothy doesn't sugarcoat this scene, and the book ends without a reconciliation among the sisters.

Dorothy was particularly sensitive to criticism. She relished glowing letters from her readers but was devastated by negativity. Therefore, when her mother, Augusta Thomas, who was usually very supportive of her daughter's literary efforts, did not like this book, her critical letter wounded Dorothy:

Now Dorothy, that no one appreciates your ability and writing more than I do when you write good things. I have only asked that you not cater to those who want questionable or coarse reading. I believe there are just as worthwhile people as Mencken who should be considered. I can not pay you in dollars, but I love you and a mother can not be indifferent to what her children do, or what people think of them, for it does count. It counts a lot what people think of a writer. It counts for time. Of course you are of age and you can do as you please. Now that the story has gone and you can do nothing about it, I will say no more.³⁰

Upon receiving this letter, Dorothy was crushed. She wrote back:

Would it be too much to ask that you not write me any more unfavorable criticisms of my book or of my stories? Twice now you've knocked a story into a cocked hat, made it impossible for me to write any

more that day by disapproving and discouraging letters. Can we afford that? The critics, editors and reviewers like my work and I am not without literary conscience. Why cannot you put your faith in them and in me . . . I am not going to write anything and send it to an editor that I feel should not be printed. I am thirty-five years old in a month. Don't you think you are tiring yourself over something you can scarcely hope to make quite different now? . . . I am a nice girl if you and Marie are worried about that, I'm just as nice a girl as you are, and I want you to leave my stories be, or if you must say something, say something good or say nothing.

With more love than patience, Dorothy³¹

In another letter, Dorothy's mother tells her what the ideal story would be: "There would not be any profanity in it . . . but just normal, sane, worthwhile people. I think they are so scarce in fiction that they would be read with relish."³² Dorothy, whose letters reveal her to be quite insecure in her relationship with her mother, must have been deeply affected by her mother's disapproving comments.

Dorothy's Nebraska period ended when she left for the writing communities of the Southwest and East. She went first to Santa Fe, New Mexico, in June, 1934, renting a cottage from naturalist writer Mary Austin at her home, Casa Querida. Inhabiting the same rooms Willa Cather lived in when she wrote *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Dorothy prepared to write uninterruptedly in the unfamiliar arid land.³³

Mary Austin's Santa Fe was a center of American creativity in the 1930s. Austin's books, such as the naturalist tract, *Land of Little Rain*, and her novel, *Outland*, are widely acclaimed. By moving to the Southwest to live and work with other artists, Dorothy was planting herself firmly within a supportive artistic community.

The first time Dorothy and Mary Austin met, Mary was lying in bed. She had read Dorothy's manuscripts and summoned the budding writer to her bedside. Dorothy recalled the incident in a short typescript headed "Mary Austin":

[Mary said,] "You know nothing of life. Take a lover!" I was boldened to remind her that Jane Austen did very well in her virgin state, and got from her a snort and "Mary Austin had genius," then a laugh, at her having misspoken, having said "Mary" instead of "Jane," but saw no reason to make a verbal correction, and before dismissing me said "You write very well. Very well! If you can survive life-living, you may be a good writer, sometime."³⁴

Mabel Langdon and Loren Eiseley came to visit Dorothy more than once while she lived with Mary Austin. The association was so meaningful to Loren that he eulogized her with a poem upon her death. Mary Austin died in October of 1934 while Dorothy was living in her cottage. It fell to Dorothy to find a home for Mary's beloved cat, Tito.³⁵ Dorothy and her brother Macklin stayed on at Casa Quienda until the estate could be settled. The last time Mabel and Loren visited, Mabel was put to bed in Mary's old room. Mabel's screaming brought both Loren and Dorothy to her bedside--Mary Austin's ghost had visited her.

After her stay in Santa Fe, Dorothy joined the Saratoga Springs New York artist colony, Yaddo. During the summer and fall of 1935, Dorothy wrote and enjoyed the associations with other artists. In letters to her family and friends, Dorothy described the professional and personal camaraderie that she shared. For example, she wrote that one night the artists and composers took on the writers in a game of softball.³⁶ More importantly, Dorothy was never at a loss for someone with whom to share her stories. She wrote to her sister Kennetha, "We laugh so much and we all tell each other stories. And there's a wholeness to it that is beyond imagining."³⁷

Perhaps following Mary Austin's advice, Dorothy Thomas took a lover. She had been in love before, becoming engaged to a Nebraska goat farmer in 1924, but her mother persuaded her to break off that relationship. This time, Dorothy was consumed with passion for a notable novelist. They read their works to one another and Dorothy wrote to her friends that they would be married. Both being writers, they struggled to mesh their writing lives. Dorothy compared their styles when she wrote to her friend from Lexington, Nebraska, Margurite

Good Lewis, who had typed her manuscript for *Ma Jeeter's Girls*: "he needs to be left alone in his . . . and I 'leave him be' and I need to talk of mine and he's eager to talk of it."³⁸

Dorothy's romance was not to be. On the outside of the folder that contained Dorothy's letters from this period, she wrote: "I fell mistakenly in love and was later much disappointed when I saw happiness could not and would not come of it, and was very ill." Dorothy was deeply wounded by her break-up with her lover. Despondent and helpless, she wrote to her mother, "I never before had torn ligaments in my personality."³⁹

Dorothy had been told by her mother to tone down her "questionable" and "coarse" stories. She had been told by Mary Austin to take a lover, a choice that resulted in the worst kind of heartbreak for the romantic farm girl. After about 1935, Dorothy's stories changed from the edgy tales of love and lust told with a dash of good-naturedness to more sentimental stories where good things happen to good families and the girl always gets the boy .

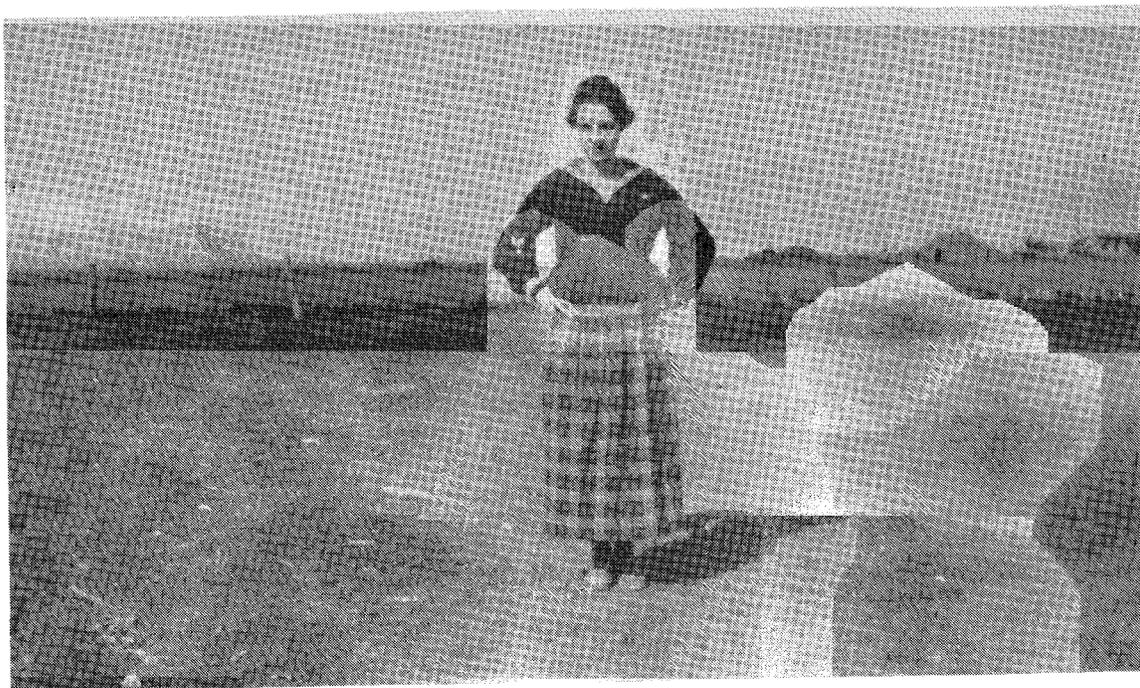
In 1935, Dorothy published what may be her best and most respected story, "The Home Place," which is the first chapter of the book of the same name. Based on a story she heard from a friend,⁴⁰ it is the story of several young sons who are forced to return to the family farm due to the Great Depression. First she sent it to Henry Mencken at *American Mercury*, but it was rejected before Harper's snapped it up.

After "The Home Place" was published, Dorothy's mother wrote to tell her that "so many [people] mention your last story as 'your best', as usual." "When I read that last sentence ["Weather like this don't clear overnight"] I wanted to scream to relieve the tension."⁴¹ Dorothy's mother's comment is clearly favorable of the story yet her praise is not unqualified. Later in the letter, she asks "Why can't there be stories written about the men and women who are doing the worthwhile things, trying to make the world better?"⁴² Her criticism is not as direct as it was after Dorothy published *Ma Jeeter's Girls*, but it must have been apparent to Dorothy that her mother still was not pleased with her choice of subject matter.

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Above left: Dorothy Thomas at the mailbox, date and place not known. Above right: A publicity photo shows Dorothy around 1950. Her heyday of selling stories was over but she continued to produce hundreds of manuscripts every year. Below: Dorothy in the Nebraska Sandhills around 1924. She was teaching country school, her first publication still a few years away.





Left: Loren and Mabel Eiseley on their Santa Fe, New Mexico honeymoon in 1938. Heeding the romance of the moment, Dorothy wrote on the back of this photo, "To have and to hold."

Below: The Eiseleys and Dorothy Thomas in 1938. Dorothy wrote, "Loren's interest was the in beaver dam! I look like I'm hearing voices." On another copy of the photo she wrote, acknowledging the always stylish and svelte Eiseleys, "You were such a handsome couple. My pretty black dress looks so sloppy."



There really is no comprehensive statement from Dorothy that explains her art during this early, edgier period (in fact most of Dorothy's writing papers were accidentally burned in the 1940s). However, later, she clearly writes to entertain her beloved audience. "If I have had a conscious credo, as critics say I had, . . . it is to picture us a people not to be despaired of, a people more caring than cruel, even now. I have found it gratifying to be spoken of as a singer of life and not of death."⁴³ She asks, "We are too much taken up, in our stories, with helplessness against the powers of evil, ugliness, with despair, and with death, death, death . . . Why are writers so obsessed with it?"⁴⁴

Sometime after 1985, Dorothy wrote to her old Lincoln friend Wilbur Gaffney about the current state of creative writing. "Each week I read the stories in the *New Yorker* believing them to be the best being published in the country. They seldom really please me or satisfy me. None move me to laughter or tears or makes me sure I know what they are all about."⁴⁵ Dorothy is right in sensing that the American literary scene had shifted under her feet. However, her own writing was drifting ever more to the sentimental and safe, which was just the kind of stories her mother suggest that she write.

The story of Dorothy Thomas' writing career is yet to be tapped--but there are hundreds of stories and thousands of letters that are available for study in the Dorothy Thomas Archive of the Heritage Room of Nebraska Authors. As far as her art is concerned, we do know that she thrived on the support of her family, particularly of her mother and her sister Kennetha and her brothers Vance and Macklin. In fact, eight of her nine siblings had seen their work published in some form or another.⁴⁶ We know that Dorothy adored working within the writing community at Yaddo, but that her intimacies led to personal tragedy. And we know that at the top of her career, Dorothy made herself available to a young and unpublished Loren Eiseley.

VI. Loren as a Writer

Loren Eiseley wrote in a 1966 book review, "All great literature is, in the last analysis, the literature of solitude."⁴⁷ He wrote in *The Invisible Pyramid*: "The true poet is just such a

fortunate creation as the elusive crab. He is born wary and is frequently in retreat because he is the protector of the human spirit."⁴⁸ The wariness and elusiveness of the crab also describes most of Eiseley's writing relationships. In *The Night Country*, Eiseley writes that "some degree of withdrawal serves to nurture man's creative powers."⁴⁹ It seems that Eiseley required peace so that he could quietly channel truth from within his primal mind.

The imagery surrounding Eiseley's writing life is that of the "fox at wood's edge," and he surely shrugs off most attachments with other people with certain exceptions made for his publishers, whose attention he craved, and for Mabel, who made all of the difference in his writing. Mabel always typed Loren's lectures and manuscripts, but she was much more than his secretary. She wrote to Dorothy, "He is always pleased when I like something (of course I nearly always am more than pleased) because he expects me to be completely honest".⁵⁰

Eiseley's now fabled solitary home life could not be more different than Dorothy Thomas' chatty family. In *The Night Country*, Eiseley writes that his family "never had visitors. No minister ever called on us, so the curtains were never raised."⁵¹ Eiseley's mother's voice held special horror for him. He recalled that the dead silence in his house was broken "only by the harsh discordant jangling of a voice that could not hear itself."⁵² What could have been worse for the young boy than his mother's doomed attempts at communication?

Most of Eiseley's early writing was for scientific journals, yet even under the stress of professional publishing Eiseley preserved his poetic side. He had a poem published in *American Mercury* and his story "The Mop to KC" was included in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1936*.⁵³ After reading Eiseley's story in O'Brien, Jacques Chambrun, a New York literary agent who also happened to represent Dorothy Thomas, contacted Eiseley and asked him for anything else he would like to sell. At the time, Eiseley was heading back to the University of Pennsylvania on a Harrison Fellowship and did not take Chambrun up on his offer.⁵⁴

In 1938, Loren and Mabel visited Dorothy in

New Mexico. They stayed at the home of Mary Austin and Dorothy also took the couple to meet her friend Frieda Lawrence, the widow of D. H. Lawrence. While sipping drinks on the porch, a young man came down the path, but instead of joining the group he turned on his heel and fled.⁵⁵ The man was Aldous Huxley, author of *Brave New World* and the grandson of Thomas Huxley, the nature writer who had so influenced Eiseley's own thinking.⁵⁶ Frieda rose from her seat to retrieve the fleeing Huxley, but Loren Eiseley exclaimed "no!," refusing to allow her to enable their meeting at this time.⁵⁷

Eiseley met fellow Nebraskan author, Wright Morris, in the early 1940s when they moved into the same duplex in Haverford, Pennsylvania. Mabel called their meeting one of the best things ever to happen to Loren as the two men enjoyed bouncing ideas off one another. Morris' writing career was in full swing and may have provided Eiseley a model of how to get his own work published.⁵⁸ Clearly, though, Morris was better at providing Loren Eiseley artistic support than had been Dorothy Thomas.

Although Loren Eiseley did not crave human fellowship, he did look to the innate goodness of all animals, humans included, as the answer to the question, "What is the meaning of life?" In *The Firmament of Time*, Eiseley considers the role of science in answering this question. For centuries, science was supposed to reveal the meaning of life. Instead of being illuminating for humans, according to Eiseley, the effect of science is threefold. First, it has created an ever-changing social environment. It is possible for a person to be born in one age but to die in another. This rapid-paced change has lessened man's ability to generate social rules to keep pace with changing moral and ethical issues. Second, man's attention is placed outwardly onto machines--Eiseley said television, but the list of attention-absorbing machines is even longer now--instead of inward, as in the attitude of self-reflection. Thirdly, the "inhuman man" or the "asphalt man" arises--a man without conscience and without the ability to take personal responsibility for his actions. The mantra "I can't help myself" was one that Eiseley found horrifying, calling it "the final exteriorization of man's predicament." Unfortunately, this sentiment is prevalent and accepted as an excuse

for failure in this age of victimization.

Man must eschew the luring siren call of science and instead turn inward to find the strength to cope with the modern age. Why is Eiseley so sure this is the answer?

Eiseley demonstrates in his writings the kinship he feels with the animal world. We see kinship in the essay "The Gold Wheel" when he found solace with the brown birds in the bush after his thrilling ride on the teacart. We see kinship in *The Firmament of Time* when he sits on the shores of a lake filled with young speedboaters who are oblivious to their natural environment. A nearsighted muskrat approaches him without fear. Eiseley, feeling a connection to this fellow "edge-of-the world-dweller," warns him of impending doom. There are other examples of Eiseley's connection to the animal world throughout his works--the dancing rat, the bowing cat, and the turtle he saved from being stoned by boys when he was young.

At times, Eiseley's kinship extends to positive action taken to preserve what he respects most--life. His essay "The Star Thrower" depicts a jaded Eiseley on the shores of the mythical beaches of Costabel. He finds a madman throwing beached starfish back into the surf in an insane effort to save their lives. After a philosophical battle with himself, Eiseley admits his love of life and bends his back to the task of hurling starfish. Eiseley writes, "from Darwin's tangled bank of unceasing struggle, selfishness, and death, had arisen, incomprehensibly, the thrower who loved not man, but life."⁵⁹

VII. Conclusion

Dorothy Thomas and Loren Eiseley each lived a literary life, but they lived them much differently. Dorothy sought community in her life and wrote of human relationships in her stories. Loren seemed alone in life, and Dorothy helps us remember how very important Mabel was to his ability to write. Although he is a self-proclaimed "fox at the wood's edge," Dorothy's remembrances help draw him closer to us and to the human world that nurtured his mind. However completely different their writings appear, though, Dorothy makes the case that there is a commonality.

In her short piece entitled "The Story Life of Dorothy Thomas" that dates from about 1975, Dorothy makes the simple statement: "I hope that when I am gone that there will appear under my name, on whatever marker is made for me the words 'she wrote an enjoyable story.'" The following passage seems to broaden what Dorothy would consider the purpose of her stories: "The duty of the short story is to entertain, to agreeably surprise and to lead the reader to identify with the story character with increasing caring, to enhance his awareness of the world around him and of his own humanity." Aside from demonstrating a connectedness to the reader, she also links her motives in story writing to Eiseley's aims in essay writing--"[I say] with anthropologist-poet Loren Eiseley, 'we are singers of life and not of death.'"⁶⁰

1. In 1990, the Heritage Room of Nebraska Authors received from the estate of Dorothy Thomas, seventeen boxes of materials related to Dorothy's writing life. Although Lincoln City Libraries does not have rights to these materials, Dorothy's literary executor, Wanda Barbee of Bronte, Texas has allowed me to use them for the purpose of writing and presenting this paper. The Jane Pope Geske Heritage Room of Nebraska Authors is located in the Bennett Martin Public Library, 14th and N Streets, Lincoln, Nebraska, 68508.
2. Dorothy's short story "The Beast Room," her first publication, appears on page 243, opposite Loren's poem "The Last Gold Penny" on page 244 of the Spring 1928 *Prairie Schooner*. Dorothy's story is dark for her, perhaps showing signs of being influenced by Lowry Wimberly's interest in macabre themes.
3. In this paper, I call the writers "Dorothy" and "Loren," because that is what they called each other. Admittedly Loren was more formal in his relation to the public but Dorothy liked to be called by her first name: "I have to remember that most of the editors, publishers, as well as the agents I have known . . . called me by my first name too. I like that! It makes me feel young, and cared about, pleasantly" (Thomas to Herb Hyde, Oct. 1984, 5).
4. Thomas to Ruth Thone, 6 Feb. 1984, 1.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 3.
6. Thomas to Wilbur Gaffney, n.d, 1.
7. Thomas to Lowell and Elaine Thomas and Augusta Dodge Thomas, 2 Sept. 1938, 1.
8. Mabel Eiseley to Thomas, 25 March, 1974, 1.
9. "Dorothy Thomas to Wed," *Lincoln Evening Journal*, 2 Feb., 1959. The article states that the wedding will be attended by "former Lincolmites Dr. and Mrs. Loren Iseley [sic] of Philadelphia, PA."
10. Mabel Eiseley to Thomas, 30 July, 1977, 1.
11. Thomas' Eiseley Celebration Talk, 1984, 2.
12. Thomas to unnamed reader, 18 Jan., 1960.
13. For a notable exception, see Bill Wisner, 1989 "A Boy, a Bird and a Book: A Remembrance of Loren Eiseley," *Audubon* (May 1989), 78-81.
14. Joe Wydeven, "'Turned on the Same Lathe': Wright Morris's Loren Eiseley," *South Dakota Review* 33 (Spring 1995), 66-83.
15. Thomas to Mabel and Loren Eiseley, 10 April, 1961, 2.
16. Thomas to Herb Hyde, 1984, 4.
17. See Hobe Hays, *Take Two and Hit to Right*, University of Nebraska Press, 1999. Many of Dorothy's letters throughout from the 1920s to the 1940s concern her family's cash flow problems. After she left home, Dorothy regularly sent home a large percent of each check she received from the sales of her stories. A sale represented a semester at college for one of her siblings or a payment on the family sewing machine. Once she sent home money for her mother to buy Christmas gifts for her siblings.
18. Thomas to Margurite Lewis, 13 June 1932.
19. Interview of Thomas by Bess Day, 1968, 4.
20. Rudolph Umland, "Lowry Wimberly and Others: Recollections of a Beerdrinker," *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, 1977, 27.
21. Thomas to Peter Heidtman, 1983, 1.
22. Thomas to Herb Hyde, Oct. 1984, 3.
23. *Ibid.*
24. Thomas to Augusta Dodge Thomas, 31 Aug. 1924.
25. Sandoz, then still known by her married name Marie Macumber, was not always a trusted ally. When Dorothy left on the train for Santa Fe, Marie predicted to the others at the depot that Mary Austin would "kick her out." Later, when Dorothy's name was being circulated for an honorary degree from the University of Nebraska, her old friend dissuaded the committee and recommended someone else.
26. Interview (note 19 above), p. 14.
27. Ad Mihm, "Author Advises Students on Writing," *Borger News Herald*, 16 Sept., 1976, 13.
28. Dorothy Thomas, *Ma Jeeter's Girls* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf), pp. 9-10.
29. *Ibid.* pp. 196-7.
30. Augusta Dodge Thomas to Dorothy Thomas, n. d.
31. Thomas to Augusta Dodge Thomas, n.d.
32. Augusta Dodge Thomas to Dorothy Thomas, n. d.
33. "Fairbury NU Girl has the Cat that Won her the Friendship of Mary Austin," *Lincoln Sunday Journal and Star*, 7 Oct. 1934.
34. Dorothy Thomas, "Mary Austin," typescript, n. d., p. 1.
35. "Fairbury NU Girl" (note 33 above).
36. Thomas to Augusta Dodge Thomas, n. d.
37. Thomas to Kennetha Thomas, 15 July 1935.
38. Thomas to Margurite Good Lewis, 5 Aug. 1935.
39. Thomas to Augusta Dodge Thomas, 15 Sept. 1935.
40. Dorothy Thomas, *Autobiography Notes*, 1988, 1.
41. Augusta Dodge Thomas to Thomas, n. d.
42. Augusta Dodge Thomas to Thomas, n. d.
43. Interview (note 19 above), p. 6.
44. *Ibid.* p. 8.
45. Thomas to Wilbur Gaffney, n. d.
46. Vance Thomas to Ken and Rebecca Heacock, 10 Mar., 1960, 1-2.

47. Loren Eiseley, "The Poetry of the Earth: A Collection of English Nature Writings," *New York Herald Tribune Book World*, 17 April 1966
48. Loren Eiseley, *The Invisible Pyramid* (New York: Scribners and Sons, 1970), p. 124.
49. Loren Eiseley, *The Night Country* (New York: Scribners and Sons, 1971), p. 204.
50. Mabel Eiseley to Thomas, 6 Oct. 1959.
51. Eiseley, *The Night Country* (note 49 above), p. 197.
52. *Ibid.*
53. Gale Christianson, *The Fox at the Wood's Edge: A Biography of Loren Eiseley* (New York: Henry Holt, 1990), p. 168.
54. *Ibid.*, p. 169.
55. Thomas to Edward H. Mabley, 30 Aug. 1940, 1.
56. Christianson, *Fox at the Wood's Edge* (note 53 above) p. 108. Eiseley wrote that Huxley "understood instinctively how to take simple things--in this case . . . a piece of chalk in a carpenter's pocket--and to proceed from the known, by some magical doorway of his own devising, back into the mist of a long-vanished geologic era." The same statement could be made for much of Eiseley's own writing.
57. Thomas to Edward H. Mabley, 30 Aug. 1940, 1.
58. Wydeven, "Turned on the Same Lathe" (note 14 above).
59. Loren Eiseley, *Unexpected Universe* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1969) p. 91.
60. Dorothy Thomas, "The Story Life of Dorothy Thomas," typescript, n. d., p. 3.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF LOREN EISELEY TRANSLATIONS IN RUSSIAN

A second collection of Dimitri N. Breschinsky's translations of Loren Eiseley came out last year in Russia under the imprimatur of St. Petersburg University Press. Called *Taina zhizni: Lirikofilosofskii triptikh* (*The Secret of Life: A Lyrico-Philosophical Triptych*), the collection includes three essays: "One Night's Dying," "The Secret of Life" (the title essay), and "The Time of Man." Besides an introductory article by the translator on Eiseley's art and its place in contemporary American literature, it also contains a scholarly apparatus designed to make Eiseley accessible to the Russian reader: annotations to the texts, a complete bibliography of Russian publications of and about Eiseley, and a chronology of the writer's life and works. The texts are illustrated with traditional Japanese heraldic motifs and illuminated by an epigraph -- a quotation from the central essay, which serves as an ironic commentary on the title:

Every so often one encounters articles in leading magazines with titles such as

"The Spark of Life," "The Secret of Life," "New Hormone Key to Life," or other similar optimistic proclamations.

The volume is a continuation and extension of the first collection of Breschinsky's Eiseley translations, *Vzmakh kryla* (Wing Beat), which was published in 1994 by Moscow University Press. The three essays included in the new collection correspond in theme and style to the three parts of the first book: 1) "Man," 2) "Life," 3) "Evolution."

Two of the essays were previously published in the widely circulated St. Petersburg literary journal *Zvezda* (The Star). Literally as the book was in press, the third essay, "Epokha cheloveka" (The Time of Man), appeared in that same periodical (2000, no. 2: 102-12).

These new publications give Loren Eiseley considerable additional exposure in Russia, where a decade ago, until Dimitri's translations began to appear in print, the writer was completely unknown -- even to specialists in American literature.

The new volume of translations is not yet available in the United States. However, the original volume, *Vzmakh kryla*, can still be ordered (catalog no. 97-08, item no. 029) from:

Victor Kamkin, Inc.
4956 Boiling Brook Pkwy
Rockville, MD 20852
Tel: (301) 881-5973
Fax: (301) 881-1637
E-mail: kamkin@igc.apc.org

Taina zhizni will eventually be available from the same U. S. Russian-language bookdealer. For further information contact the translator via e-mail: dnb@purdue.edu.

A MEMORIAL POEM

This poem was written by Dorothy Thomas upon in the death of Loren Eiseley in 1977. In 1999 Christine Pappas edited this poem from several manuscripts (some poetry, some prose) found among Dorothy's papers at the Heritage Room. Some of Thomas' drafts were intended to be sent to Mabel Eiseley upon Loren's death, although there is no record to indicate which, if any, Thomas might actually have sent.

LOREN EISELEY
by Dorothy Thomas

I saw you first walk with Mabel at the lower turn of
the wide oak stairway,
Of the Old Library Hall, Nebraska University,
long razed
the year before you went to walk the desert heights
and first began to put your wanderings to words.

Your profile was young, chiseled, Indian
and your talk so deeply earnest that neither of you saw
me coming down
A paisley scarf tied by one corner to the belt of
Mabel's slender dress,
My unnoticed silent passing, ruffled, flagged
From that moment on, I thought of you together, not
as two but one,
Together in purpose and undefined.

It was two years, or three before we
came together in my mother's
house, at Mabel's, or on
campus, the several of our household as
much mavericks as were you.

One hour stands out. Across from me, you two,
together, read the Conrad Aken story "Silent Snow,
Secret Snow,"
and finished with it, Mabel hushing you, your
long arm pistoning, the magazine was shoved across
to me, "Beautiful and true!" you said aloud.

You turned slow pages, while I read.
You looked to one another and to me, to prove
the wonder of a story from your life. When I had
finished we took up our books and went to find
that it had fittingly began to snow.
You waited while the streetcar motor thrummed
and the night motorman, perched on
a stool beyond the frosted pane of the
drug store, emptied his cup.

To think of you as place and poem mad,
Kept sane by paisley gossamer
that webbed you safe in language
understood, swept enveloped, from
bleak jerkwater Colorado town,
before you jumped another passing freight.

You and two other unknown poets
chanced to come, to my sojourning home
a July afternoon - one humbly boorish and the other
brash,
to make you three - triangled in deep talk
Two wives and I, made six poem minded people in the
wide-windowed room of the old Mary Austin house,
then mine,
that perched on del Monte Sol Camino in Santa Fe.

In the dark kitchen, drying
plate and turquoise glass, I
said to Mabel, in an undertone,

"We've had enough of this! It
does not come of three men waiting turn
to talk, that poetry is made but of
watched stars and solitude!"

You turned your bone-cragged
head, considered us, and said,
"that's true." And she shook water
from her slender finger tips, and
turned away, in kindness,
that the other wife and I, not
see, and sadden, in the certainty
that that thought, left free
as bird on hand could passenger,
and swift return, complete

In the five story brown stone on
West 76th, fine doorways
and a street away from
Central Park, where then we safely
walked by day and sometimes walked
by night, your home, and
mine, below, were cupboarded.

"My Pigeon Pair" I called you,
and because you could not
sleep, and Mabel chose to stay
awake, to be with you "My Owllet Twain."
When I awoke, or laid aside
my book, to dimly hear
your voice, at answered taps
upon the water pipes that
pierced my ceiling, and above,
your floor, in robe and
slippers, catching up my keys,
I ran up stairs
to sit and listen, at the
clearing's edge, of your dark
wakefulness, until I fell asleep.

You stood outside your door
or Mabel did, to lean over and see
me safely down, hear my
"All's Well!" before I locked my door.

Can that be thirty years ago,
with only one brief meeting in
between, and Mabel's Christmas
letter, first to come each holiday?

I see her sitting in a book-
walled room before an open window,
on a dim starred night, two
thousand north east miles
away from me, in the new time-
lessness, begins with you
not waking from a skill-risked
sleep, decay and pain made imperative.

I long to comfort her,
to say some word, begin "Do you
remember?" and come underneath
the silencing your leaving us

untold, the something more you
meant to say to us, to all of us.

Is there, among your notes
some inkling of her tender
mindfulness and once or
twice, the steely glance of
her swift wit and her un-
cried 'Touche' that
let you write "Midnight makes all
things possible"?

Eleven books, in twice eleven years,
that in their interrupted summing
up become
the Odsessy, the Pilgrim's Progress
of our little age, our-fish leap,
our atomics, thistle down
and sand grain time.

I cannot mourn the Loren
of his books - I mourn a young man
talking on a stair, a poet writing
by a highplains water tank, of prairie
dog, star light and buffalo, a
scholar, chanting verses in chilly
night, so still we three were sure we
heard, a lion roar, across sleeping
park.

I want your reading world to
see you one and one, in step
along the dreaming and the writing
years. In tears I search your
beautiful and strange autobiography
to find a graveside memory, "the
only one who knew, accepted every
thing . . . long absences, the years"
your only word of her, to us
who read. But there, she does
not need praising in the gates,
a life time versed in poem wifery,
in absences, in waiting sleep,
in what it came to mean
to be the helpmeet to a shooting
star.

There is nothing more important in your
life as to be understood by one who wants to
hear you out, by one who loved the boy who
watched the secret snow and listened for
the hounds across the flats.
I weep with her for the desert sabotaged
lad, the letter writer by the
water tank, the tall man-child
who could not go to sleep.

MARY AUSTIN REMEMBERED

Christine Pappas, in her paper, has told us how Mabel
and Loren visited Dorothy Thomas who was then

living in the home of Mary Austin in Santa Fe. Mary
Austin died on August 13, 1934 and a week after the
formal funeral services for Mary Austin, a gathering
of her friends held a memorial at her home. Among
the many speakers on that day was Ernest Thompson
Seton and three poets who read poetic memorials to
her, John Gould Fletcher, Loren Eiseley, and Wytter
Brynnner. We found these poems in a book by T. M.
Pearce, The Beloved House, The Caxton Printers,
Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1940. This beautiful book is an
appreciation of the life of Mary Hunter Austin and
this is Loren Eiseley's poem of remembrance:

REQUIEM FOR MARY AUSTIN by Loren Eiseley

This is the sky where nothing ever changes,
Where cacti grow,
Where the little houses of adobe linger
While the peoples go.

This is the sunshine that a certain woman
loved to the end --
Born to raw earth, to life as burning
As a desert wind.

Naked and brown were all the roads she followed --
Dust in each one.
And the last house was barren as those others,
But words, at least, were done.

Free of herself, I think that will has taken
Silence into itself, bereft of sound
The wild heart drinks of peace, oh momentarily,
As stags escape the hound.

Others may go sure-footed to their heaven
In faith's armor girthed.
Out of a red and savage ending
Hunger was birthed.

The Fiercer body and the too-proud fingers
None of these keep
The fire in the crucible has over-run them.
It will not sleep.

GALE CHRISTIANSON TELLS PRISON BREAK STORY

In "The Time Traders" near the end of *All the Strange
Hours* Loren Eiseley tells of "being haunted by my
father's face" on the night of a March blizzard when
"the street cars had been forced to halt and sleighs
had overturned" and when three convicts had broken
from the state prison located only a short way south
of the Eiseley home. This desperate trio "running
through the storm, (with) thin clothing, a few

cartridges and no money," disappeared into the snowy night. Thus began a period of terror for all in the area for there was no idea where they might be nor what they might do next.

Years later when visiting in the area, Eiseley tells that he went to the library archives to look at microfilms to recall that time for "that snow had never ceased blowing through my mind since 1912." Now his biographer, Gale Christianson, has mined those archives to recover the troubled background leading up to the escapade and to find all the details from that eventful flight, following their exact route across the land to that place where the whole thing ended.

Gale tells this exciting story in his new book, *The Last Posse*, subtitled, "A Jailbreak, a Manhunt, and the End of Hang 'em high Justice." This is to be published by the Lyon Press of New York and we look forward to reading it sometime after September.

In an e-mail Gale told us, "I used an Eiseley epigraph from *All the Strange Hours* at the beginning, and tell of both Loren's and Rudolph Umland's recollections of the boyhood drama."

BE SURE TO VISIT OUR WEB SITE
<http://www.eiseley.unomaha.edu>

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