

from the flat prairie like some gigantic mirage. All of its streets seem to end somewhere over the horizon. But they are bare no longer. Vast plantings have brought shady avenues and sumptuous parks.

The tempo of Winnipeg, I would guess, is the fastest in all Canada. It is a dynamic place, not yet full-size and feverishly at work to build more. Winnipeg people have tremendous vigor. They have a warm friendliness that perhaps stems in part from their isolated position, the only Canadian metropolis between the Great Lakes and the Pacific ocean. They are, in

spite of their big buildings and all-around cosmopolitanism, still a part of the frontier, in a lonely city on the edge of the illimitable prairie, and not too far from the bogs and barrens of the Arctic. I can think of no other city that has known the sudden booms and the stark depressions which have dogged Winnipeg from the time of the Selkirk settlement to the present day. Only hardy people care to live there; only hardy people can. And they live with that fierce energy, tempered by easy courtesy and wide-open generosity, which is the hallmark of life on the frontier.

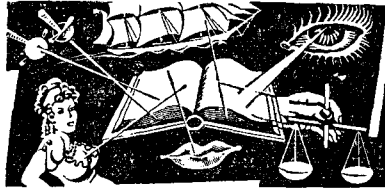
THE OLD AND THE OLD

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The old who sit long days
content with being old,
the fire of their summer small,
smoke of their autumn thinned,
drift now to burdened benches
moved out in the sun;
they are warmed by the mind's old flame
and by the collars pinned.

The young who wait long days,
the young forever old,
the fire of their summer ash,
are lost in a forest, thick,
and black and brambled; bundled
not far from the sun
in the dark, all the thoughts are as dull
as candles without a wick.

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY

by CHARLES ANGOFF

IT IS likely that the future literary historian will look upon Hemingway's latest book, *Across the River and into the Trees* [\$3.00. Scribner], as marking the end of an epoch in American literature. In it the father of the "tough" school of fiction writing has produced not merely a poor novel, but also a caricature of his method so offensive to good literary taste that it may put a stop to whatever remaining influence that method has enjoyed among young writers.

The Hemingway style and outlook on life have had, at the same time, a most powerful and a highly dubious effect upon the literary *mores* of our day. It is difficult to recall, at the moment, another author in the past fifty years who has been imitated so much as Hemingway. Howells, Crane, Norris, Dreiser, Wharton, Cather, Fitzgerald, Lewis, Steinbeck for a time greatly appealed to the general public but they did not start schools.

They were interested in the portrayal of character, in probing its roots in environment and heredity, and in following its struggles, triumphs and failures in the mysterious tangle of good and evil, beauty and despair, horror and ecstasy, that is life. That grand tradition of fiction writing appeared to have the sanction of natural law. Tolstoi, Flaubert, Maupassant, Hardy and the other great masters adhered to it closely. One of its assumptions was that the inner man was the real man, and that his outward attributes had significance only insofar as they revealed this inner man. Another assumption was that character was paramount in both life and art; that individuals varied as to their character; that it was one of the functions of creative writing to depict this difference as clearly, accurately, and completely as possible; and that character was somehow, in some mysterious fashion, related to that still more mysterious something known as the soul in former times. A third assumption