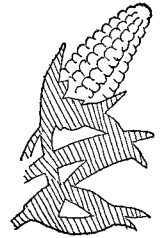


TWO POEMS BY

Robinson Jeffers



Shine, Republic

THE quality of these trees, green height; of the sky, shining; of water, a clear flow;
of the rock, hardness
And reticence: each is noble in its quality. The love of freedom has been the quality
of western man.

There is a stubborn torch that flames from Marathon to Concord, its dangerous beauty
binding three ages
Into one time; the waves of barbarism and civilization have eclipsed but have never
quenched it.

For the Greeks the love of beauty, for Rome of ruling, for the present age the passion-
ate love of discovery;
But in one noble passion we are one; and Washington, Luther, Tacitus, Eschylus,
one kind of man.

And you, America, that passion made you. You were not born to prosperity, you
were born to love freedom.
You did not say "en masse," you said "independence." But we cannot have all the
luxuries and freedom also.

Freedom is poor and laborious; that torch is not safe but hungry, and often requires
blood for its fuel.

You will tame it against it burn too clearly, you will hood it like a kept hawk, you
will perch it on the wrist of Cæsar.

But keep the tradition, conserve the forms, the observances, keep the spot sore. Be
great, carve deep your heel-marks.

The states of the next age will no doubt remember you, and edge their love of
freedom with contempt of luxury.

Rock and Hawk

HERE is a symbol in which
Many high tragic thoughts
Watch their own eyes.

This gray rock, standing tall
On the headland, where the sea-wind
Lets no tree grow,

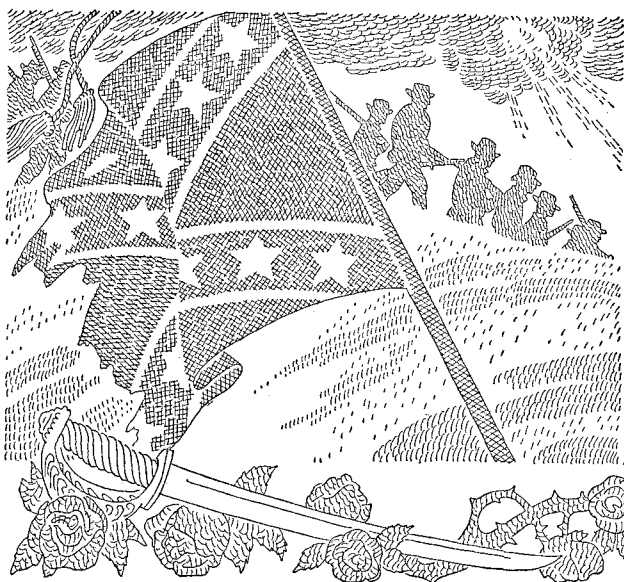
Earthquake-proved, and signed
By ages of storms: on its peak
A falcon has perched.

I think, here is your emblem
To hang in the future sky;
Not the cross, not the hive,

But this; bright power, dark peace;
Fierce consciousness joined with final
Disinterestedness;

Life with calm death; the falcon's
Realist eyes and act
Married to the massive

Mysticism of stone,
Which failure cannot cast down
Nor success make proud.

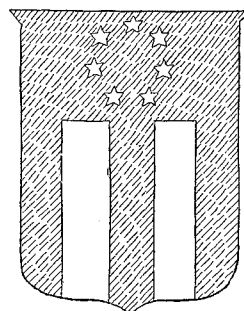


KENTUCKY

MARSE HENRY

By Henry

*The second of three biographies of great
was one of the most colorful figures in*



HE was mellow and aged in the wood of long experience. We shall not see his like again and it is just as well. For Marse Henry Watterson, although he ranted against Wall Street and the extreme reactionaries, was a conservative at heart and he would, I am afraid, have viewed modern America with explosive alarm and disgust.

A panorama, broad and detailed, passed before his keen eyes. The editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* was, himself, a figure in many of its scenes. "I have read too much and seen too much," he wrote when, as old men do, he sat down to pen his memoirs. But Marse Henry did not mean this. Zest for living and for criticism was with him until he died. He had fought in the Civil War and then, as editor, had thundered against the obscenities of Reconstruction. He watched with misgivings the rise of the United States to industrial magnitude. He watched, too, the mirage of an imperialism smugly born of God; a God who smiled benevolently upon Senator Chauncey Depew, the export trade, and the United States Steel Corporation.

"I have lived a long life—rather a happy and a busy than a merry one," said the editor of *The Courier-Journal* toward the close. It was a life singularly without illusions. Marse Henry did not deceive himself about the wisdom of the people any more than did Abraham Lincoln who was, incidentally, the particular saint of this Kentucky colonel and Confederate army veteran. He did not deceive himself regarding the honesty of politicians or lawyers or journalists. "Great, great is flapdoodle," said Watterson, and he was in a position to know, for flapdoodle could sometimes be found in his editorial utterances.

An editor from the Civil War through the World War—with the Spanish War as comic-relief between—Marse Henry lived in the midst of change and admitted its inevitability. But he was not always in harmony with

change. He opposed it violently when, as he saw it, the Constitution was in danger. William Jennings Bryan was a menace to the nation. Theodore Roosevelt, said Watterson, was not merely dangerous; he was insane. He sought to alter the existing form of American government, even to run for office again and again until, at last, he was King Roosevelt. In November, 1907, President Roosevelt suggested informally that corporations be licensed by the federal government so that, when they broke the law, their operation could be halted.

Marse Henry was scandalized. In the first place, he wrote, Roosevelt was the last man who should wield such power. He was far "too impulsive." Besides, "the mere suggesting of substituting the will of the executive for the judgment of the courts is in the last degree radical and revolutionary."

It may be assumed that Watterson would not have looked with favor on the New Deal. He might, along with Carter Glass of Virginia, have refused to put "that black buzzard of the NRA" on his newspaper masthead. An individualist born, he always defended individualism; even when it failed to work. During the fifty years of his editorial dominance Watterson witnessed changes that were staggering but none so complete as those which followed March 4, 1933.

"The moral alike for governments and men," he insisted, "is to keep to the middle of the road."

Thirteen Presidents came into power during the Watterson years and he knew all of them more or less intimately. To Lincoln, alone, he gave unstinted approval. Marse Henry quarrelled with most of the rest, whether Democrats or Republicans, because never would he subscribe to oaths of fealty. On a Sunday in November,