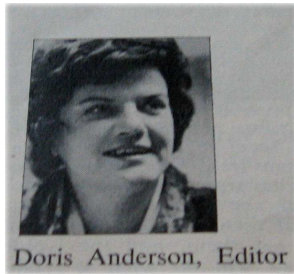


Chatelaine

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Editor
Doris McCubbin Anderson



p. 40

Maud Montgomery: The Girl Who Wrote Green Gables / Mollie Gillen

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Maud Montgomery: the girl who wrote Green Gables

We all know vivid, irrepresible Anne of Green Gables. But what of her creator, Maud—teacher, minister's wife, mother of two sons? The surface woman, conventional and reserved, hid a quicksilver mind, questioning established ideas: she believed in reincarnation, was sure cats had souls...

BY MOLLIE GILLEN

If you go to Prince Edward Island you can't miss Anne of Green Gables. Queen goes to P.E.I. this month for the province's celebration of 100 years in Confederation—all will encounter Anne and her creator, L. M. Montgomery. They are almost synonymous with P.E.I., and between them they have brought the beauty of this tiny province to the heart of the world.

No one who reads Maud Montgomery's books can fail to be entranced by the writer's mesmeric imagination and sheer delight in the beauty of nature. "I'm glad," a friend once wrote to her, "... that the blooming orchards were such an exquisite drink for you. Have you become sober yet from the lily fragrance?"

This instant response would stay with Maud throughout her sixty-seven years of life—the shiver of sudden recognition, the soul-healing touch of glory. In her mid-fifties she wrote, "Coming home from a sick call I saw something that suddenly rested me—the pines on the western hill—dark against a sunset sky. Oh, there was the way, the truth, the light—sheer ecstasy above the world possessed me—to-yeastbed me..."

Always, the richness of her inner life—the joys she found in nature, in words, in friendships—would support her through the buffeting of fortune. But there was a core of steel in Maud Montgomery that went beyond even this scene of duty. It would delay her marriage until she was thirty-six while she cared for an aging grandmother, hold her rigidly in the role of minister's wife as she saw it, and strengthen her in a continuing struggle with her husband's melancholia. "She was extremely sensitive," says her son Dr. Stuart Macdonald, "although an excellent disciplinarian, and though she experienced great peaks, she also fell to great depths emotionally, which does not make for tranquility." The real Maud Montgomery was not the bubbling, extrovert Anne, but an introspective woman of great courage and integrity in the face of adversity.

She was born at Clifton, P.E.I., on November 30, 1874, the only child of Hugh John Montgomery, thirty-four, and his twenty-one-year-old wife Clara Woolner. *Continued on page 52*

Maud, aged 11.

Maud, aged 28. In 1904, two years later, she earned \$591.85 by her writing.

In the old Macdonald home at Caversham, P.E.I., Maud was reared by her grand parents. Here she cared for her grandmother until the latter's death at 87 in 1911.

Ewan Macdonald had been Presbyterian pastor at Caversham. He was 40, Maud 36 when they married.

Stuart (3) and Chester (6) with their father in the garden of the Leaskdale, Ont., manse.

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Continued on page 52



*Woolner Bros
CHARLOTTETOWN
P.E.I.*

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In her mid-20s in the mid-1890s, the young Maud Montgomery's writing career had barely begun.

girl who wrote Green Gables

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MAUD MONTGOMERY

Continued from page 40

Macneill, Maud Montgomery's children and grandchildren are related to half the Island's population. Even young Gracie Finley, who plays the immortal Anne in the Charlottetown production of *Anne Of Green Gables*, is a cousin in some degree or other of Maud Montgomery's surviving son, Dr. Stuart Macdonald. Dr. Macdonald, a second cousin of the present premier, Alex Campbell, hasn't been back to the Island for twenty-seven

years, except to attend the ceremony in April 1969 when the CNR's four-million-dollar 100-car ship ferry was named for his mother. "How could I go back, except anonymously, with all those relatives?" he asks good-humoredly.

The little Maud Montgomery, her mother dead of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-three in September 1876, her father departed for a new way of life in Saskatchewan, spent her girlhood at the Macneill homestead in Cavendish — "eleven miles from a railway and twenty-four from

a town, but only half a mile from one of the finest sea-beaches in the world" — with her maternal grandparents.

P.E.I. archives are full of family names among the magistrates, teachers, ministers and legislators of the Island. Maud's great-grandfather William Macneill served for twenty years in the legislature and was "Old Speaker Macneill" for sixteen of them; her grandfather Donald Montgomery (Big Donald) was fifty-four years a legislator, twenty of them in the Canadian Senate.

Family traditions tell how the first Montgomery, Hugh John, came to settle in P.E.I. in 1769. He had been heading for Quebec with wife and family and two brothers. The ship anchored off the Island for water after the long Atlantic crossing and Hugh John's wife, Mary MacShannon, intolerably seasick, went ashore with the boat for a temporary escape. Once ashore, she announced firmly that nothing would ever make her leave dry land again: Hugh John's pleas and protests went unheeded. He landed there, perforce, and founded the P.E.I. branch of the family. One of his brothers eventually got as far as muddy York, where a descendant's enterprise would make "Montgomery's Tavern" a historic name in Canada.

Though Maud Montgomery has said the Anne books were not autobiographical (in actual incident, perhaps they are not) it's easy to think that Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, the brother and sister who adopted Anne, were in some respects stand-ins for the grandparents who brought up the young Maud. All the scenes in her books are home-based on her childhood in Cavendish and redolent of her love of homeland.

It is said that she was a solitary child, though she was surrounded by relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins living not too far away — and for three years from the age of seven she had as inseparable companions two little boys her own age, Wellington and David Nelson, who were boarding at her grandparents' home; but if solitary, she was not a lonely child, not with that intense, passionate inner life, with her eager curiosity and effortless dreaming. "I had in my imagination a passport to fairyland," she said. Trees — particularly trees — leaves, shadows, flowers, clouds, kittens — especially kittens — seashells and sea spray, moonlight and sunshine, all were the breath of life to young Maud, a magic she shared with two shadowy children, reflections of herself in the oval glass doors of the china cabinet in the Macneill parlor. "You spin dear fancies about your favorite haunts," a friend would comment years later.

She had a phenomenal memory. She read voraciously from the classics on the Macneill bookshelves — but not on Sundays, except Pilgrim's Progress and sermons, according to her grandparents' strict religious code; and, says her son, for the rest of her life she could quote verbatim most of the famous English poets. She was nine when she first discovered the thrill of writing a poem, and knew for certain that to be a writer would be her life's great ambition. But meanwhile there was joyous life to be lived and adventures to be had.

In August 1890, with her grandfather, fifteen-year-old Maud Montgomery made the long journey to Saskatchewan to visit her father. Hugh John, remarried now to Mary Anne Macrae, had recently moved from Battleford to Prince Albert: he wore a variety of hats: Crown timber ranger, right-of-way purchaser for the railway pushing steadily west, insurance agent, auctioneer, shutting busily between outlying areas — Battleford, the tie camps, cattle ranches, Duck Lake ("Monty has very many warm friends here," reported the Prince Albert Times).

When Senator Montgomery returned to P.E.I. he left his granddaughter to spend the next eleven months with her father and his family, including four half-brothers and

sisters, Kate, Bruce, Carlyle and Ila. It was a memorable year. "I remember how frightened I was by my first western thunderstorm," she recalled fifty years later. "I positively *croaked*. It seemed as if every simultaneous crash and flash might rend the house in pieces." Only three weeks after her arrival the first through train steamed into Prince Albert from the CPR main line: at three o'clock on Wednesday, October 22, a large crowd watched the Lieutenant-Governor drive the last spike. In mid-January 1891, Hugh John took his seat as an elected town councillor, appointed chairman of the Board of Works; as well, he was an officer of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church and a member of the Saskatchewan Curling Club (a chill caught while curling caused his death in June 1900).

In February, the ladies of St. Paul's held an entertainment in aid of the new church to be started that summer, and Miss M. Montgomery gave a recitation. In June came a big event in her sixteen-year-old life — an article, bylined Lucy Maud Montgomery, more than two columns of print in the Prince Albert Times, entitled *A Western Eden*. As usual, what impressed young Miss Montgomery were the scenic beauties of the little town "nestling at the foot of the terraced hills . . . and beyond it the vast sweep to the forest primeval . . . the level grassy meadows . . . picturesque bluffs which curve around, every few yards, to enclose a tiny blue lake . . . the magnificent river that rolls its blue tides freighted with the mysteries of former ages, past its poplar-fringed banks, with the busy little town on the one side, and the unbroken forests of the northland on the other."

The Indian she saw disappointed her. She had half-expected "to see a dusky warrior, clad in all his ancient panoply of war-paint and feathers, spring from [the] shadows, and ring his war-whoop over the waters of the river"; but alas, "the warrior never does appear . . . he belongs to an extinct species now." Nevertheless, she had great hopes for Saskatchewan — "a country where prosperity and freedom are awaiting thousands . . . Hurrah for Saskatchewan!"

For the next seventeen years, until publication of the book on which her fame still rests, Maud Montgomery continued her education (Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown; Dalhousie College, Halifax), taught in P.E.I. schools, spent a year on staff with the Halifax Daily Echo, and in June 1902 came back to Cavendish to care for her grandmother Macneill (her grandfather had died in 1898). And all the time, she wrote, wrote poems, short stories, sent them to a host of North American publications. Many came back. Some were published, unpaid. A few earned subscriptions to the magazines. Around 1895, in Halifax, she actually received three cheques in a week, totaling \$22.

By 1906 she was thirty-one, still unmarried, still tied to her aging grandmother. That December she sold a story for an amazing \$100 — "It had also been rejected twice, once by a magazine that pays \$30 per story and once by a magazine that pays ten," she wrote smugly to Ephraim Weber, the man who would be a platonic pen-friend for nearly forty years. ("Just think," she wrote at the twenty-five-year mark in 1926, "when we began exchanging letters there wasn't a single 'traffic cop' in

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DAY IN, DAY OUT... GOOD VIEWING on CBC-TV THIS SUMMER





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| <p>SUNDAYS/10:30PM OF ALL PEOPLE Profiles of unique Canadians in everyday life.</p>  | <p>MONDAYS/10PM VIP Very Interesting People interviewed by Lorraine Thomson</p>  |
| <p>TUESDAYS/8:00PM It's A Musical World With TOMMY COMMON and TOMMY MAKEM as alternate hosts</p>  | <p>WEDNESDAYS 8PM EXPO BASEBALL Following Canada's only national team</p>  |
| <p>THURSDAYS 10PM ms. Straight talk by today's woman Host: MARGO LANE</p>  | <p>FRIDAYS/9PM COUNTRY ROADS Show-casing new talent in the country music field Starts Aug. 10</p>  |
| <p>SATURDAYS/8PM All Around The Circle The folk music and sea shanties of Newfoundland</p>  | <p>there's more CBC TV CONSULT YOUR LOCAL LISTING</p>  |

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the United States") Weber was "a homesteader of literary tastes" (he became scholar and teacher in later years); from a pioneer shack in Alberta he had written a fan letter in March 1902 in appreciation of a poem Maud had published.

In May 1907, Maud wrote to Weber: "Last fall and winter I went to work and wrote a book. I didn't squeak a word to anyone about it because I feared desperately I wouldn't find a publisher for it . . . A fortnight ago, after two months of suspense, I got a letter from (the L. C. Page Co. of Boston) accepting my book and offering to publish it on the 10-per-cent royalty basis!"

"Don't stick up your ears now, imagining that the great Canadian novel has been written at last . . . It is merely a juvenilesque story, ostensibly for girls."

She had actually written the book (*Anne Of Green Gables*) between May 1905 and January 1906. I went to five publishers, earning outright rejection from four and faint praise from the fifth. Disheartened, she had tossed it into a hatbox. But re-reading it in mid-1906, she felt it had possibilities, and had prepared it for another try. Her first royalty cheque, at 10 percent of 90 cents (the wholesale price; retail was \$1.50) came to \$1,730 for the first six months. Anne had already gone through six editions.

For girls it may have been, but it went instantly to the heart of droves of older people (except the few inevitable reviewers like the contemptuous *New York Times* — "A mawkish, tiresome, impossible heroine . . . Anne is a bore"). Mark Twain, at seventy-three, was one of thousands who wrote to the astounded but jubilant author: Anne, he said, was "the dearest, and most lovable child in fiction since the immortal Alice." It was not a passing fad. Two British prime ministers were fans. In 1927, Stanley Baldwin asked to see P.E.I. — "I cannot come home without having seen the Anne country"; and in the summer before his death in 1937, Ramsay MacDonald regretted missing it because "I've read every Montgomery book I could get my hands on two and three times over."

Spurred by success (and her clamorous publishers), Maud plunged at once into an Anne sequel (*Anne Of Avonlea*) along with her other writing ("an hour in the morning at magazine work, an hour in the afternoon at the typewriter, an hour in the evening at the sequel"), but she was to become very tired of Anne. She was not allowed, as she hoped, "to say farewell to Anne forever" when the fourth Anne book (*Rainbow Valley*) came out in 1919; she

was "completely stale on Anne" when *Rilla Of Ingleside* was written for 1921 publication ("In it I definitely and for all time conclude the Anne series. I swear it by the nine gods of Clusium"). But in 1935 she began ("unwillingly") *Anne Of Windy Poppars*, and when the publishers begged for yet another, she produced *Anne Of Ingleside*, "just a potboiler," in 1939. Success was heady, but hard work; but Maud Montgomery never turned her back on hard work.

In her own circle, success brought her unexpected jealousies. "I could

not begin to tell you all the petty flings of malice and spite of which I have been the target of late, even among some of my own relations." In a new environment, she was greeted with some awe, as if a rare creature from another planet had suddenly taken up residence. A few weeks after Grandma Macneil died in March 1911, aged eighty-seven, the officers of the tiny Presbyterian church in Leaskdale, Ont., were diffidently asked by the Reverend Ewan Macdonald, their quiet, P.E.I.-born minister, for a three-month leave of

absence — he wanted a honeymoon abroad with his bride, a Miss Lucy Maud Montgomery. Yes, he understood she was a writer. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, could the floors of the manse be painted green?

Ewan Macdonald, from a farm background in Valleyfield, P.E.I., came to Cavendish as minister in September 1903. Though he and Maud weren't engaged until the summer of 1906, he confessed he'd "had his eye on her from the beginning." He spent the year 1906-07 studying at a Glasgow seminary, and returned not to Cavendish, but to Bédouque, and later (1910) to Leaskdale, Ont.

The Macdonalds were married at Park Corner, P.E.I., at the home of the bride's aunt. While the Leaskdale church ladies scrubbed, polished and painted the manse, the couple toured Britain for three months, visiting the birthplaces and homes of their English and Scottish ancestors (Ewan's came from the Isle of Skye). Then, their household goods unpacked and in place, and the dark-haired bride in her white satin wedding dress welcomed at a church reception, Maud Montgomery Macdonald settled in to fifteen years at Leaskdale as minister's wife, and mother. She was nearly thirty-eight when her first son Chester was born in July 1912, nearly forty when tiny Hugh was born and died in one day, nearly forty-one when she had her third and last child, Stuart.

Her sons were an abiding joy. When she revisited Leaskdale in July 1936 — after fifteen years there they had lived at Norval, just outside Toronto, and finally Toronto — she found the manse "full of the ghosts of little boys." Chester, the big fellow with the amusing chatter and the questions — "Mother, who were the father and mother of the first crow? Mother, what were pancakes when they were alive? Mother, is this the only world there is?" Stuart, the chubby two-year-old; the joyous yells overhead as she sat writing, when they were supposed to be in bed, and the Halloween capers with masks and pumpkins, "dancing in wild abandon round a jacky-lantern on the gatepost and shrieking like tortured savages."

She is remembered by the Leaskdale community with reverence and love. Her time was crammed full with church work, sick calls, quilting parties, Red Cross meetings, during World War I to sew and knit and bake supplies. She cared for her family devotedly; she was an excellent cook (though she had household help for most of the time), an ardent gardener, an accomplished needlewoman, creating her own designs.

Maud performed her role in the manse with scrupulous attention to what she felt was expected of a minister's wife, and never deviated from the script, but her congregation might have been astonished by the emphatically unorthodox thoughts simmering behind that quiet, friendly face. Once, in 1920, she wrote of sitting up late at a young farmer's wedding reception, where "my back, head, mind and soul ached," discussing hen's eggs, new babies, the high cost of living, "and all the other entrancing subjects of 'conversation' in the presence of the minister's wife." She suspected that in her absence the people talked "racy and malicious and interesting gossip, but minister's wives dare not meddle with gossip." She wondered, wryly, what they would think of the minister's wife who dared to listen to softly-played classical music — sometimes dance music — on the Victrola on Sundays when her husband was away.

People, she wrote once, plagued and drained her. She did, as she said many times, learn to suffer fools gladly — or at least to appear to ("I sometimes think the cost is too high") — and did not impose her views. But for Maud Macdonald it was not an easy life: too many questions did not get answers, or found answers that could have earned her scandalized rejection.

She questioned the Christianity she had been taught. "Sometimes I wonder whether religion has been a curse or blessing to the world." She had never quite freed herself from "an irrational detestation of being a Christian," blaming her encounters with unctuous evangelists and her grandmother's narrow concepts. "She never realized she filled me with hatred and disgust for prayer and religion — what she called prayer and religion." It took years before she thought for herself and realized "real prayer, real religion" were very different from the meaningless ceremonies people considered important.

She wrote to Weber in 1905, "I cannot accept the divinity of Christ. I regard him as immeasurably the greatest of all teachers and as the son of God in the same sense that any man inspired of God is a son of God. Further than this I cannot, as yet at least, go." She taught Sunday School in Cavendish, "but I don't like it much . . . I have to follow the old traditional paths of thought and expression or I would get into hot water immediately." With her own children she tried to do better, but her husband's position demanded discretion. "I wish I could protect children against false and ugly conceptions of these matters . . ."

Once, at least, she resolved to dare criticism. Seven-year-old Stuart, learning his catechism, came to the question, *Why did God make all things?* Answer: *For His own glory.* "It seemed to me an abominable libel on God," she wrote in outrage. She told Stuart, "God made all things for the love and pleasure of creating them — of doing good work — of bringing beauty into existence." She had high scorn for the "ignorant old women" who damned as the deepest dyed infidel anyone who didn't believe in "the talking snake of Eden." She agreed with the controversial historian W. E. H. Lecky: "Conscience," she wrote, "is merely the result of our education in right and wrong, and is not in itself an infallible guide. . . . Life is forced on us; we did not ask for it; therefore if it becomes too hard we have a right to lay it down."

JULY 1973



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She had leaned toward a belief in reincarnation for many years. "Oh, yes, it is fascinating to suppose that we go from one existence to another," she wrote from Cavendish in 1906, "with the restful sleep of so-called death between! To me, the idea is a thousand fold [more] attractive than that of the Christian's heaven with its unending spiritual joys." When the body was worn out, "the undying spark within us . . . seeks and finds another 'robe of flesh' and proceeds to build up another personality." She believed also that there was life elsewhere in the universe — "It would be absurd to think God would waste so many good suns."

Perhaps she should not have married a minister. She listed the boring details of a week in 1923: rehearsal for a play being put on by the guild; out to tea; rehearsals; address and gift to departing Women's Missionary Society member; guild social. She was *not* a mixer, she wrote furiously — only an excellent imitator of one. She *detested* mixers, and despised herself because the circumstances of her life demanded that she ape them. The only really worthwhile people she ever knew were "cats who walked by themselves, rejoicing in their particular brand of cathood."

She loved cats, but guiltily, because her grandparents had despised them. She found the house haunted for months by fourteen-year-old Daffy, accidentally shot — "the last living link with the old life" sent up from P.E.I. to the Leaskdale manse. A later cat, Lucky, was even more sadly mourned. "I loved other cats as cats. I loved Lucky as a human being . . . whatever Lucky was, he was *not* a cat . . . it was not a cat soul that inhabited (his body)," and she wondered if all the cats she had loved would meet her, purring, at the pearly gates.

She revealed much of herself to Weber in her letters, though she wrote once, "Biography is a screaming farce . . . I wouldn't want some of my soul moods depicted . . . for the evil ones would shame me and the good ones would be desecrated."

Each return to P.E.I. revitalized her, bringing "a shock of amazement . . . Such fields of daisies and clover! Such sunsets and twilights and fir woods, such blue majestic oceans, such provocative alluring landscapes. Oh, I felt that I *belonged* there — that I had done some violence to my soul when I left it."

She had faith in the young, though perhaps she was a fatalist; at least she did not share Weber's pessimism about his students. "Youth is the same in every century. In some it is

more rigorously repressed than in others — but underneath the repression it is the *same* — foolish until years teach it bitter wisdom, rebellious until life teaches the futility of rebellion, cocksure until innumerable mistakes have humbled it, selfish and indulgent and hungry — until when — alas, I fear till the grave closes over it. We do not change much; we only grow weaker and wearier . . . To me, much of the education of today is like an inadequate spoonful of wine in a glassful of water . . . And why worry because one jug

children's . . . Everything will go — our financial institutions, our standards of value, our ways of living."

Her role as famous personage grew more demanding, and honors poured in — Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Letters of England, the Silver Medal of the Literary and Artistic Institute of France, Officer of the Order of the British Empire. She was in constant and exhausting demand as a public speaker. She wrote ceaselessly all her life: she published twenty-one works of fiction, innumerable short stories and

illusioned, when she met them, by snobbishness and superficiality in many of the famous people whose writings she had loved and admired. "The gods should not come to earth at all." Her husband suffered periods of deep depression and constantly complained about his health; Maud herself, in younger days, wrote of enduring years of sick headaches and "nervous trouble." The effort to keep a bright face and hide her husband's melancholia from his congregations had proved too much. In 1939 a nervous breakdown kept her in anguish for four months — "a dreadful restlessness obsessed me and I had to get up and walk the floor . . . I shall never forget the terrible nights." World War II brought deep depression, though her sons were not involved; Chester rejected for short-sightedness, Stuart deferred (during her lifetime) as a medical student. "It is not fair that we who went through all this before should have to go through it again."

In the last six months of 1940 she had another dreadful nervous breakdown. "I do not think I will ever recover," she wrote hopelessly to Weber. "Let us thank God for a long and true friendship." They had met only three times in the whole forty years.

She died in April 1942 and was buried in her beloved Cavendish, where she was joined by her husband a year later. One source says she made about \$75,000 from her writing: from Anne under her own copyright, \$22,000 (in 1917 she sold rights to her first seven books outright to Page for \$20,000); movie rights were denied her, and a lengthy lawsuit with Page, who had issued Further Chronicles Of Avonlea without authorization proved a costly hollow victory.

One of her monuments in the National Park at Cavendish. She had resented it at first. "I hated the thought of all those lovely old lanes and woods — encircled fields where I roved for years being desecrated — flung open to the public — but perhaps someone who would not care would cut down the woods and destroy the lanes. Now they are to be preserved exactly as they are." But in 1940, three years later, she was happy about it . . . "a thing of beauty. They have kept all my old beloved haunts and added new beauties."

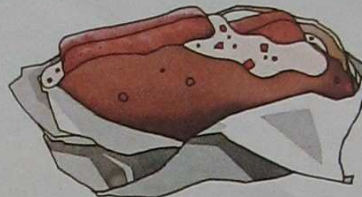
Her other monument is Anne Of Green Gables. Whether in book, in movie, in stage play or in musical, whether in English, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Japanese, or in Braille, Anne is still reaching the hearts of all who encounter her. END

Hot ideas

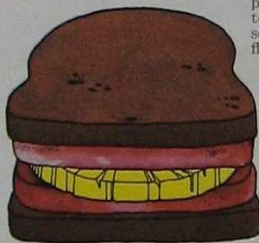
for your barbecue with **new** Barbecue flavour Prem



Prem Shish-kebabs. Cut one can new Barbecue flavour Prem into large chunks. Alternate on skewers with mushrooms, sliced green pepper and cherry tomatoes. Grill on the barbecue 'til vegetables are cooked, basting with french dressing. Serve with rice. Try Regular Prem too for another quick and economical dish.



Baked Prem Surprise. Scrub as many medium size baking potatoes as desired. Wrap securely in heavy-duty foil. Roast potatoes 45-60 minutes at edge of grill 4 inches from coals. Turn frequently. Unwrap potatoes, split with knife. Insert 2 slices Barbecue flavour Prem and 2 slices pimento cheese. Rewrap with foil, return to grill for 15 minutes. The flavour is sensational and equally good with Bacon flavour Prem.



Pineapple Prem Pumpernickel Package. Grill slices of new Barbecue flavour Prem until nicely browned. Place one slice on buttered pumpernickel bread. Then add a slice of pineapple and a second slice of Barbecue flavour Prem. Top with buttered pumpernickel. Try all three flavours of Prem Luncheon Meat hot. All made with good butcher-shop quality meat.



Three delicious flavours - Regular, Barbecue and Bacon.



image provided by Mary Beth Cavert
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holds a quart and another only a pint. And that most receptacles are sieves, holding nothing at all! Be wise. Just keep on pouring . . . and be thankful you have something to pour."

She thought the world was on the threshold of new and amazing revelation. As early as 1927 she had an uncanny apprehension about the atomic future. "The discovery of a way to release the energy of the atom will be the next epochal thing after the dynamic of Jesus. I hope it will not come in my time, nor in my

poems, as well, says her son, as "a volume of mediocre verse." Though poetry was her passion, "her own efforts were naive . . . She was the first to admit that her writings were not great literature . . . However, I know that her main source of strength was the knowledge that she came up the hard way by her own efforts, with never in her life violating her personal and professional integrity."

Perhaps the split between her passionate inner life and the bright artificial role of "mixer" became in the end too wide. She found herself dis-