"Ecco!
Homo Redivivus!"

(Very highbrow late inscription
meaning "Hurrah for you for being home!"

Zelda + Scott.

For Sandy + Ruby —
If it hadn't been for them
How ——

Dash you

could the
Fitzgerald's
Ever have had
Their Child
——— ?

Fitzgerald's Back in Town

Dinner Su

Two Fresh Brook Trout
From Icy Streams
6.95 (one-5.75)

~~Special special~~
16 oz. Porterhouse
or T Bone Steak
Broiled to Perfection
6.95

Crisp French Onion Rings...1.00

Filet Mignon - Broiled 7.95
The Heart of the Tenderloin

Chicken Kiev on Imperial Rice.... 4.95
Butter Stuffed Breast of Chicken

Sautéed Chicken Livers 3.95
with Mushrooms and Onions

French Lamb Chops 6.95
The Choicest Spring Lamb

Scampi Acapulco 4.95
Jumbo Mexican Shrimp in
Seashell .... Broiled Butter Sauce

Chopped Seasoned Prime Sirloin... 4.25
stuffed with Roquefort 4.75

Deep Sea Scallops - Tartar 4.95

Suggestions

All Dinners (except Light Suggestions) include Homemade Soup, Salad, Choice of Potato OR Fresh Vegetable and Coffee OR Tea.

"U" Club Steak Sandwich on Bun, Sliced Sweet Onion and French FRies
4.75

for that Special Occasion..... for TWO
Double Prime Filet Chateau BRiand
Served with a glass of Vin Rosé, Choice of Potato, Two Fresh Vegetables, Salad, Coffee
15.95

English Grill
Broiled Lamb Chop, Sausage, Tomato, Bacon and Liver
6.95

Light Dinner Suggestions

Nobles Aristocrat... 3.75
Baked Ham, Breast of turkey, Roquefort Cheese Broiled - en casserole

Fluffy Omelette.... 3.75
Ham, Cheese, OR Spanish

Eggs Benedict..... 3.75
On English Muffin with Tender Left Ham and Hollandaise
Includes Coffee or Tea

Desserts

FResh STRawberry, Chocolate OR Butterscotch Sundae .75
Sherbet .60
Pecan Pie .60

Sanka....30

Just Recd fourth dance
5.30 A.M.
(Not so much up already as up still)

Dear Katy:-

I hear that you have given two seats to this nonsensical game between the Yale blues vs. the Princeton Elis, to F. Scott Fitzgerald. For what reason, is what I want to know.

Ring W. Lardner

Dear Katy:

This is a letter from your two favorite authors. Ring & I got stewed together the other night & sat up till the next night without what he would laughingly refer to as a wink of sleep. About 5.30 I told him he should write you a letter. The above is his maudlin ecstacy.

The tickets arrived and I am enclosing check for same. I'm sorry as the devil you didn't come. We would have had a wonderful time even tho the game was punk.

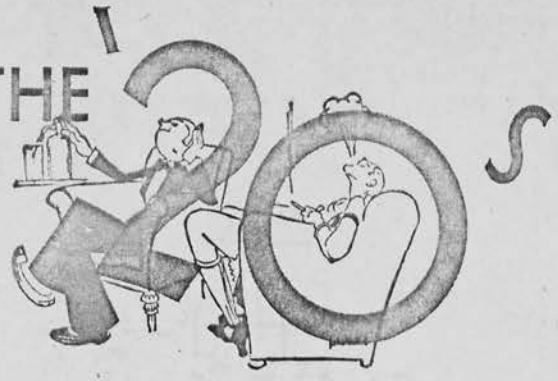
Minneapolis Sunday Tribune

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1951

THE MAN OF THE 20's

F. Scott Fitzgerald, St. Paul Author, Died a Forgotten Man, but His Stories of the Jazz Age Now Are Getting New Recognition

By BOB MURPHY
Sunday Tribune Staff Writer



John Held, Jr., in "Cartoon Cavalcade," Published by Simon and Schuster

URSULA: Is my nose shiny, dearie?
LAMBERT: No, but your right knee is dusty.

Arthur and Rosemary." Arthur and Rosemary are Mr. and Mrs. Mizener. (Mizener holds a doctorate in philosophy but prefers not to be addressed as "doctor.")

"The Disenchanted," too, had its genesis in Mizener's preoccupation with the life of Fitzgerald. Mizener called upon Schulberg to get the story of a disastrous week-end Fitzgerald spent at Dartmouth college while collaborating with Schulberg as a screen-writer.

It took Schulberg two days to tell the story. And in dredging detail after detail out of his memory, he became enamored of the idea, wrote of the experience as a short story and found the short story had grown into a novel.

When the galley proofs of "The Disenchanted" were ready, Schulberg flew to Minnesota to go over them with Mizener at Northfield.

THE MIZENER biography will conclude with the simple reciting of the fact that now, 10 years after his death, more of Fitzgerald's work is in print than ever was during his lifetime and that his reputation as a novelist is secure.

The new and belated interest in Fitzgerald, Mizener feels, is the result of an intrinsic quality in the man himself rather than in current faddism or any nostalgic embellish-

academy, then to Newman school in Hackensack, N. J., and then returned to St. Paul.

He always admitted to being a spoiled child, and he was a wilful one. As a grade school student he began to write, and to mark down the notes which were as characteristic of him as are the leaves of a tree — and as numerous.

He wanted to be popular, and because of that sometimes succeeded in making himself unpopular. He was exceptionally intelligent, and exceptionally undisciplined. In him were combined a strong conscience and an equally strong inability to cope with it. And he was gifted with, and bedeviled by, a strange duality of character which enabled him to participate in an experience and at the same time to stand aside and take stock of it and of himself.

AS A BOY he was rather feared by his schoolmates because he could penetrate their disguises and because he couldn't help writing about them. His first published work, incidentally, was printed in the St. Paul academy paper

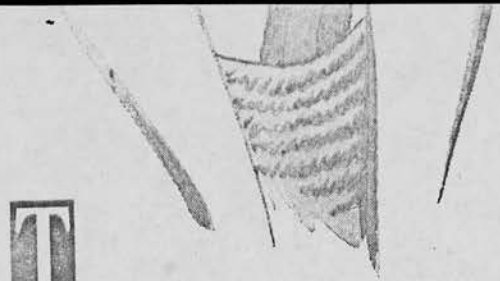
ZELDA SAYRE met

IN THIS ... with Cedric

SEERS, FORTUNE TELL... nothing to you, but I do th... to read their predictions. Fe... well has amazed Hollywood ... Predicts" forecasts. He has jus... gazings for the year. I pass the... ment. In other words, you get th... end reading. I will say that he ha... trues." Here are the "Criswell P... girl of the flaming twenties, will ... like Gloria Swanson . . . Eleano... engagement and will be married ... Windsor will return as protecto... May 1951. Death will strike thre... . . . President Truman will exi... him to the American people . . . the political scene, as will Her... political comeback of Alf Landon... president in 1936 . . .

STALIN WILL DIE in 19... over who is to take his place, ... revolution . . . Many national ... because of the inroads of tele... movie theaters. Newspapers wi... will double . . . Prices will be ... fees of a doctor, a lawyer or an ... and once again we will be un... The next male singer to re... George Tule, who will be know... motion picture screen will add d... the new third dimensional pr... March . . . The record busine... vision, and one of our largest ... a competitor . . .

A NEW TELEVISION set ... the market late this year, and ... the wall in a 5 by 7-foot size ... small businesses run by women ... ca . . . The fashion look for 19... women will find that everything ... look . . . Your dresses, suits, ... even the buster-brown belts ... for colors, you will find a new ... and a sunset orange, which ...



THIRTY YEARS AGO he became famous. Twenty years ago he was forgotten. Ten years ago he died.

But today a Minnesota writer whose novels and short stories distilled the decade of his fame into sharp and shiny prose refuses to remain unremembered.

As a novelist Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald capsuled the manners and morals of America's rich 1920s, and catalyzed the thinking of that decade. But when Fitzgerald suffered a fatal heart attack on Dec. 21, 1940, most newspapers mentioned his death only in the obituary columns.

Hal Kemp, an orchestra leader at the peak of his career, was killed in an auto accident at the same time Fitzgerald died. The news play went to Kemp.

Kemp's records still are around in the hands of collectors. But Fitzgerald, who had suffered and soared through as hectic an existence as has been recorded in the half century, is just now coming into the full life he should have had and could have enjoyed.

A FITZGERALD renaissance, by all the signs, is on the wing. And it is appropriate that the rebirth of interest in the significant work of Fitzgerald is centered in Minnesota.

On Jan. 29 Houghton-Mifflin Co. will publish "The Far Side of Paradise," a definitive biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald by Arthur Mizener, professor of English at Carleton college, Northfield, Minn. Mizener is a darkly handsome and articulate man who for several years has wallowed in what might be called Fitzgeraldiana.

A three-part condensation of the same biography will be concluded in the February issue of Atlantic Monthly magazine.

Life magazine in its current issue wraps up the Fitzgerald story in pictures, with material provided by Mizener.

Next spring a volume of Fitzgerald short stories collected and edited by Malcolm Cowley will be published.

In the spring also will be published a volume of critical essays about Fitzgerald, collected by Alfred Kazin.

Already in the bookstores is "The Disenchanted," a novel by Budd Schulberg based on a character modeled on Fitzgerald but who, Schulberg insists, isn't Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald or no, it's on the best-seller lists.

AND RIGHT NOW, in New York, Fitzgerald is being talked about as if he were a living literary figure.

If "The Disenchanted" may be considered the signpost to a Fitzgerald renaissance, then "The Far Side of Paradise" may be considered the destination.

The dedication of "The Disenchanted" reads "For

simple reciting of the fact that now, 10 years after his death, more of Fitzgerald's work is in print than ever was during his lifetime and that his reputation as a novelist is secure.

The new and belated interest in Fitzgerald, Mizener feels, is the result of an intrinsic quality in the man himself rather than in current faddism or any nostalgic embellishment of values.

Fitzgerald's manuscripts and voluminous papers and memorabilia have been turned over, within the last few weeks, to the library of Princeton university. Fitzgerald was a Princeton student, and used that school as the background for his first success, "This Side of Paradise."

Fitzgerald so far outlived his era within his own short life that his death came as a surprise — many had thought him already dead, as did Mizener at one time.

By now, Mizener is convinced otherwise. He has lived so much with the Fitzgerald legend in the last few years that he finds himself almost haunted by the man.

The biography is finished and Mizener's labor with Fitzgerald, in a sense, is done.

AND YET he says: "I can't stop."

"The Far Side of Paradise" already has been assured of success. It has been picked by the Book Find club as its February selection, insuring a sale of at least 30,000 copies.

And to forget Fitzgerald, which seemed easy during the painful last years of his life, in perspective seems to be an impossibility. It seems automatic that anyone who ever knew him remembers him, and that anyone who ever read him remembers him equally well.

Some critics, including Mizener, now rank Fitzgerald with William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway as the top trio of American novelists of the first half of the twentieth century — although Sinclair Lewis, another Minnesotan, might also have a good claim.

In writing his biography of Fitzgerald, Mizener dealt with an anomaly, with the product of an anomalous background, creature of an anomalous age. And Mizener all the while has been well acquainted with one of Fitzgerald's pungent notes: "There never was a good biography of a good novelist. There couldn't be. He is too many people, if he's any good."

IMPLICIT IN that note, as in much of Fitzgerald's work, is recognition of his strange multiplicity of character. His ancestry was lace-curtain Irish and southern gentility. He was born in St. Paul Sept. 24, 1896, went to St. Paul

ARTHUR MIZENER, Carleton college English professor, tells the story of Fitzgerald's alternately gay and tragic life in "The Far Side of Paradise," a definitive biography to be published this month. All his brief life, says Mizener, Fitzgerald sought "public acknowledgment of genuine achievement." It appears that now, 10 years after his death, the young novelist's goal at last will be realized.

incidentally, was printed in the St. Paul academy paper

ZELDA SAYRE met Fitzgerald while he was an army lieutenant, married him after "This Side of Paradise" was published. Talented in many ways, beautiful and ambitious, she delighted in shocking more conventional people — as St. Paul learned during the short periods the Fitzgeralds lived there. Mentally ill in her last years, Zelda died in a sanitarium fire in 1948.

"Now and Then." It was entitled "The Mystery of the Raymond Mortgage."

Fitzgerald in later years remarked upon the fact that the subject of a mortgage somehow never seemed to intrude into the story.

He had a unique talent, partly native and partly the result of circumstances. His family was only moderately supplied with the wherewithal, and from this and from a ravening ambition, he developed a fetishism for wealth. He wanted money not for itself — when he had it he got rid of it with all possible dispatch — but for the "mobility and grace" with which he believed it endowed those who had it.

In his life he made a lot of money, and achieved some grace and plenty of mobility. But despite the fact that he keenly hated being broke and in debt, he was broke and in debt much of the time. The rich, he felt, were different.

(There is an apocryphal story that when Fitzgerald once remarked upon this, Ernest Hemingway replied "Yes, they have more money." It appeared in one version in Hemingway's story "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Hemingway later removed Fitzgerald's name from the anecdote after Fitzgerald protested.)

FITZGERALD WAS at once worldly and naive, and his naivete showed itself, among other ways, in hero worship. He was never a bruiser — he stood about 5-feet-7 and weighed 138 pounds with change in his pockets — but he had dreams of athletic virtuosity.

When he was admitted to Princeton, for instance, his first wire home was for his football shoes and pads. He then lasted one day on the freshman squad. But ever afterward he admired athletic ability and grew to consider himself an expert observer of football. In his later days when he leaned not infrequently upon one bottle or another, he

Fitzgerald
Continued on Page Six

women will find that everything look . . . Your dresses, suits, even the buster-brown belts for colors, you will find a new and a sunset orange, which color of hair or complexion! suits will bulge, giving your stones will be used to bring teeth. Laces will be used to that dynamic swing that brings . . . Ten of our most famous mo the silver screen in 1951 . . . Ing comeback . . . Rita Hayworth Gary Crosby will be the new garet Truman will marry early scandal will be our treatment of

NEW HIGH IN CONFUSI

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THE BABY-SITTING sor wishes, from this little experie apolis home contracted to have dessert was to be topped with w She was unfamiliar with the dispenser, though, and on look and got a face full of the swee floor with laughter, but from household. It may be drastic, b a bit thoughtful, perhaps, in word "proxy," for instance, wa of "procuracy." Accent procura say it quickly and you can see h

WE'RE LUCKIER, PERH

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Fitzgerald

Continued from Page One

was known to swing a punch. But seldom was he a winner.

At Princeton Fitzgerald's urge to write blossomed and led him on the path of a budding Big Man on Campus. He made lifelong friendships there, mostly of literary character. But while his talent furthered his BMOC ambitions, his innate lack of discipline conspired against him.

As he was on the verge of achieving the offices and position he sought, the classes he had neglected caught up with him. Illness took him out of the university just ahead, as the saying goes, of the sheriff. After he returned, World War I took him out again, as an army second lieutenant.

IN THE ARMY he was doomed to more disappointment. He never got overseas. He did, however, meet a colorful girl from Montgomery, Ala., named Zelda Sayre—walked straight up to her at a dance, in fact, and introduced himself. She eventually became Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald, but not until she had broken their engagement and he had re-cemented it by writing "This Side of Paradise," which he had started while in the army.

Out of the army, Fitzgerald took a job in New York, but found both the job and himself wanting. He returned to St. Paul to work over his novel, somewhat to the disapproval of his family. The disapproval vanished after a friend, Tom Daniels, carried the manuscript to Scribner's in New York and the novel was accepted for publication within two weeks.

Tom Daniels — more formally Thomas L., of the Archer-Daniels-Midland Co. — recollects today that he was unaware Fitzgerald was more than a dabbler in writing until Fitzgerald came to him with the manuscript, asked him to read it and form an opinion, and deliver it to Scribner's.

DANIELS WAS going to New York at the time. He liked the novel, but had no idea it would occasion the literary storm it did. Daniels now says it is impossible to describe Fitzgerald in anything like a sentence: "He was too complex."

With publication of his novel, Fitzgerald suddenly became Mr. Jazz Age himself.

But not before he had run out into Summit avenue—his book was finished in a third-floor room of his family home at 599 Summit—to stop the cars of friends and acquaintances and tell them he was now a successful writer.

The novel was, for its day, revolutionary. It set the pattern for what came to be known as the "younger generation." The first grand exercise of Fitzgerald's unique talent, it made the Stutz Bearcat, necking parties, promiscuous swigging and to-hell-with-the-rent the symbols of a sect coursing after whatever pleasure was to be had.

"This Side of Paradise" was published in 1920, at the threshold of the giddy, hedonistic decade which now seems something like a mirage.

THE BOOK enabled Fitzgerald to get married. It identified

Fitzgerald's Decade Was Reckless, Gay

Many remember the '20s, the decade in which F. Scott Fitzgerald rose and fell, with an especial fondness. Lack-luster in much of its thought, it was still bright in things of the surface.

Dick Long and his Nankin cafe orchestra made a memorable record of "Alabammy Bound." The Mound City Blue Blowers made the kazoo immortal. Rudy Wiedoeft was the saxophonist of the day, and the tortured strains of "Saxophobia" echoed from many a constricted residence. Hamilton Green was a bright figure with his xylophone.

It was the day of sheik haircuts, bell-bottom pants and tight coats with flaring skirts. These gave way mercifully to Oxford bags, and the kid whose pants cuffs measured less than 26 inches around was a hayseed. Raccoon and bearskin coats promised protection from the chill but the boy who buttoned one up just didn't have the idea.

Girls wore galoshes unbuckled and hence were called flappers, although the name had originated 200 years before. John Held, Jr., cartoons echoed the flat-chested fashion. High hemlines and low waists made skirts little more than a gesture. Rolled stockings had to be shown off. The shingle bob and the cloche hat did the rest of the business.

Cars were around that you don't see now—the Cunningham, the Pan, the Marmon, the Gardner, the Pierce-Arrow and the memorable Stutz Bearcat. Even to see a Duesenberg was an occasion. The man who owned one was automatically beatified. Four-wheel brakes came in and the Model T went out in a flurry of conjecture concerning its successor.

Raymond Hatton got the laugh of the decade in a movie when Wallace Beery bumbled into a castle in an ill-fitting suit of armor and Hatton exclaimed in wonderment: "The new Ford!" He didn't actually say it. It was printed up there on the film.

Garbo and Gilbert made a famed team in "Flesh And The Devil." Clara Bow charlestoned and pouted her way to quick fame. Vaudeville was lustrous, in the last great blaze before it expired.

It was the era when the wisecrack was born, and it was the age of the "cats." Everything was the "cat's pajamas," or the "cat's whiskers," or just the "cat's." And the most withering standard rejoinder of the decade was "You would—you're just the type!" delivered with great scorn.

The hip flask was standard equipment and Silver Spray was a favored mix. Householders eagerly bought up the stone crocks, capping machines, brewer's yeast and malt carried in grocery stores and bragged about their home brew. A man might be rated by the number of speakeasies where he was known, and the corner bootlegger was a furtive figure but widely known in his own set.

You had to be collegiate, or sophisticated, or both, and if you didn't go out necking, you didn't go out. The only people who didn't dance were those who played the music. Yellow slickers were plastered with lettered or printed trivia, and when you scratched the fabric to make the India ink hold, it wouldn't shed water any more.

Business was good. Thoughtlessness begat cheerfulness, and cheerfulness begat recklessness and all at once a decade exploded. On an October day in 1929 it ended with a crash.

mad — an attitude which was echoed in tragic reality some time later.

Fitzgerald wrote a Junior league show in St. Paul, and they entered into the city's social life, as many remember. Fitzgerald was an anxious entertainer, extremely inventive at thinking up games to keep his guests happy, and ready to go to any lengths to be different.

He once wrote and published an entire edition of a fake newspaper, just to kid a friend. The friend's name was in every story — and in every story was identified with the wrong university, which was apparently the sore point involved.

THE FITZGERALDS lived for a part of this time at 626 Goodrich avenue in St. Paul, and spent considerable time at what his letters identified as the "Yatch" club at White Bear Lake. "The Beautiful and Damned" was written during this period and published in March 1922.

All this activity called for money, and it was spent freely —Fitzgerald could never keep track of his money, only of his debt. Fitzgerald felt at times he was wasting time, and getting soft. But in bursts he still produced, and prodigiously. Money was called for and he had little difficulty in making it.

He was a rapid writer. Once

That was the sort of high jinks Fitzgerald loved, and he promptly — very promptly — turned it into a story. "The Camel's Back," 12,000 words, was written in 10 hours.

IT COMMANDED a top price like the rest of his stuff, which was just as well. Fitzgerald lived like the rich man he wanted to be but never became.

In 1922 the Fitzgeralds left St. Paul, and Minnesota was to see little more of them. They moved from place to place, lived in Europe periodically, indulged in much of the hair-raising prankishness of the decade, partied with an almost vengeful assiduousness, and spent more money.

Then they were broken by the decade that made them. In 1930, Mrs. Fitzgerald suffered a breakdown. She recovered, but relapses followed. She had always been an uninhibited, direct person who wrote, painted and, in her late 20s, undertook to become a ballet dancer with an intensity of purpose which foretold her coming trouble.

She was a schizoid personality. Mizener believes it was perhaps some recognition of this psychic split that appealed to Fitzgerald's innate duality and drew him to his wife in the beginning.

Zelda had flashes of lucidity after she was gripped by mental illness, but she never recovered and died in 1948 in a sanatorium

of a world of wealth and poise than ever. He became an alcoholic, and a high order of talent seemed to have gone up the flue. (In balmier days he had dreamed of being a connoisseur of wine. But he didn't like the stuff. He was a bar whisky man, and a sometimes difficult personality when in his cups.)

Eventually he came to a shocked realization. He was broke, $40,000 in debt, ill, virtually enslaved, and forgotten. "Tender is the Night," published in 1934, might have saved him, but it was a literary anachronism, got bad reviews, and was a financial disappointment.

He continued to publish, but at less volume than before and at depression rates. His alcoholic period dates from about 1934. In 1937, with a resurgence of strength and purpose which was characteristic of him, he wrenched himself from it and went to work as a screen writer to pay off his debts. He achieved his objective.

FROM THEN to the end of his life he lived more or less circumspectly, except for lapses —the Dartmouth week-end was one. (The motion picture which emerged from that, incidentally, was "Winter Carnival," a small effort of 1939.)

Fitzgerald had been working for some time on another novel. He had gratified his zest for life and lived not wisely, and in the fall of 1940 he suffered a heart attack. He took to his bed with the intention of finishing "The Last Tycoon." He didn't make it.

Three weeks later he died.

But this Mizener takes to be indicative of Fitzgerald's basic courage. He knew he was going to die. And his last effort was to try to finish a work which he hoped would bring his career to a new peak.

The tragedy is that it probably would have done just that. What there is of "The Last Tycoon" shows the promise of a great novel.

FITZGERALD had wanted it badly. His career had reached its earlier zenith with "The Great Gatsby," which T. S. Eliot said "seems to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James."

"Gatsby" epitomized the '20s and also, Mizener believes, evidenced Fitzgerald's duality. He was, for one thing, a man who couldn't write about things he hadn't experienced. He had a middle western sense of being American and a genius for spotting symbols which represented the focal points of an elaborate social structure.

In "Gatsby," Mizener feels, Fitzgerald wrote himself into two characters—Gatsby, the romantic bootlegger, and Nick, his close friend, who had the poise and culture Gatsby wanted. In the end the two are of the same basic stamp.

Fitzgerald, beside his stereoscopic gift, his ability do something and at the same time watch himself do it, had also a

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"This Side of Paradise" was published in 1920, at the threshold of the giddy, hedonistic decade which now seems something like a mirage.

THE BOOK enabled Fitzgerald to get married. It identified him posthaste as the spokesman of a rebellious generation. Fitzgerald fitted the role—he was handsome, dashing, ready for any adventure which might offer itself, and possessed of the ability to charm a lark out of a meadow.

His wife was striking and talented, and they made a fine couple. And, having created the Jazz Age, Fitzgerald and Zelda proceeded to live it. Money rolled in, and even more spectacularly rolled out. There was a close kinship between the Fitzgeralds. Eventually it was to keep him working for her, and suffering with her, when she was broken by mental illness.

FITZGERALD followed "This Side of Paradise" with "The Beautiful and Damned" in 1922. In 1925 he published "The Great Gatsby." In between came volumes of short stories and an irregular, but voluminous, output of magazine fiction and articles.

In 1934—a much later time than the mathematics would indicate—came his last complete novel, "Tender Is the Night." "The Crackup," which included articles dealing mercilessly with his own fight and disillusionment," was published posthumously.

So was the beginning of "The Last Tycoon," the novel on which he was working at the time of his death at 44.

TO GET BACK on the chronological trail, the Fitzgeralds returned to St. Paul in 1921 for the birth of their daughter, Frances — now Mrs. Samuel Lanahan of Bethesda, Md.. They stayed in St. Paul through the next summer — and it is a matter of note that Mrs. Fitzgerald was not attuned to winter temperatures of 18 degrees below zero.

Zelda had been a highly popular southern belle, witty and unconventional. Both she and Fitzgerald seemed to delight in shocking anyone around.

She liked, for instance, to stand with the men on the tail of a streetcar and smoke a cigaret — a highly irregular proceedings in St. Paul in the 1920s. She liked to pretend to be dance

[illegible] avenue [illegible] and spent considerable time at what his letters identified as the "Yatch" club at White Bear Lake. "The Beautiful and Damned" was written during this period and published in March 1922.

All this activity called for money, and it was spent freely —Fitzgerald could never keep track of his money, only of his debt. Fitzgerald felt at times he was wasting time, and getting soft. But in bursts he still produced, and prodigiously. Money was called for and he had little difficulty in making it.

He was a rapid writer. Once in St. Paul he was told about the adventure of a friend who went to a party as the posterior part of a camel's costume.

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HIS NEW troubles took Fitzgerald further from his dream basic stamp.

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strong sense of personal history and a memory like a blotter. He loved the past and was prone on occasion to reminisce, down to fine detail, to the point of boredom on the part of his friends.

ALL THAT CAME within his ken was likely to find its way into print. He was a man of intense interests and enthusiasms. If a subject held him, he was not satisfied until he knew as much about it as would give it bulk and completeness in his mind.

If a subject did not come inside his special world, it was a vacuum to him. Margaret Culkin Banning is quoted as saying that to talk to Fitzgerald about something in which he had no interest was like dropping pennies on a boardwalk. They just fell through the cracks. There was no communication.

His intense preoccupation with experience led to a kind of mnemonic magpieism. Fitzgerald was a literary string-saver of the first magnitude.

A good deal of his emotion, Mizener says, was pinpointed on bits of concrete evidence, and in his effects were hat checks, dinner programs, hotel bills and a bewildering assortment of other oddments. He kept copious notes for story ideas and bits of dialog, even extending to dated lists of song titles. For many years he kept a journal dotted with reminders.

And Fitzgerald, who had much trouble keeping track of a dollar, filed and cross-filed these things meticulously.

THIS CHARACTERISTIC was but part of the anomaly. Much of the time in debt, he had an acute consciousness of debt and suffered under the responsibility for paying off. The spokesman for a period of reputed easy virtue, he had, despite his own colorful and jagged life, an acute moral sense, and could be scandalized by the misadventures of those he knew and trusted.

About some of his writing, he had a bad conscience. Mizener has totaled some 160 short stories produced by Fitzgerald —an immense output for any writer—and many of them were candidly written for money. Despite that, many of his "bad" stories were much better than the average of their field, and many of the good stories had the hue of greatness.

Fitzgerald couldn't write badly, although he was at times an atrocious speller. One of his stories might be an obvious potboiler, but line for line its quick and perceptive craftsmanship was excellent.

HE WROTE himself, or those he knew, or his experiences, into everything he did. Perhaps it is this, as well as his native talent, that makes the names of his characters as well remembered to Fitzgeraldophiles as those of many actual people of the '20s. And they are as well acquainted with his verse, his play, "The Vegetable"—which was a thundering flop—and even his screenscripts.

He had, himself, an odd view of his talent. He looked upon it not as a vertical segment of his character, as enduring as he himself, but as a fixed quantity, like money in the bank, to be drawn against or even hoarded. Manley Halliday, the central character of Schulberg's "The Disenchanted," is given to say that he "had" a great talent, not all gone. That was representative of Fitzgerald's attitude — Fitzgerald himself had said it to Schulberg.

On the one hand a wide-eyed innocent, he was on the other a hard-living cosmopolite, although never a rake. An inveterate seeker of diversion, he could yet write in tremendous bursts of energy and hole up for dramatic periods of production.

And though he created fiction, he still was the master and victim of absolute candor. It seemed, says Mizener, that an experience was not real to him until he had written about it. In writing he searched his own nature. Whether he ever really found himself may be a question.

Any Fitzgerald admirer now might wonder how things would be had he lived — he would be but 54 today — finished "The Last Tycoon," with its great promise, and gone on from there.

That will remain one of the eternal mysteries, something like Fitzgerald himself, or why the swallows return to Capistrano.

The Mizener path crossed the earlier trail of Fitzgerald at Princeton, where Fitzgerald's experiences had made a profound, bitter-sweet impression upon him. Mizener read "This Side of Paradise" in prep school and counted himself lucky to have picked Princeton to continue his education.

The Princeton of fact and of "This Side of Paradise" were, however, two different places. Mizener forgot about F. Scott Fitzgerald until 1934. He then was an instructor at Yale and in the habit of grabbing a book from the library to read himself to sleep. One night he picked "Tender Is the Night."

It was an unfortunate choice as a soporific. Mizener read until 5 a.m., and found a new interest in Fitzgerald.

In 1945 he came to Carleton college, and in 1946 did a 10,000-word study of Fitzgerald for a book about Princeton alumni. He wrote other studies for Harpers' Bazaar and the Partisan Review, and a short story based on Fitzgerald's life which made him a co-winner of the 1946 Kenyon Review contest.

The next year he was awarded a Houghton-Mifflin fellowship for the projected full-length biography of Fitzgerald. In 1948 he took a six-month leave from Carleton to go to Princeton and have an all-out go at Fitzgerald's papers. It was during this period that he contacted Schulberg and the idea for "The Disenchanted" was born.

Mizener's material was gathered on three-by-five-inch cards. Then he took eight months to weld his assembly of Fitzgeraldiana into "The Far Side of Paradise."

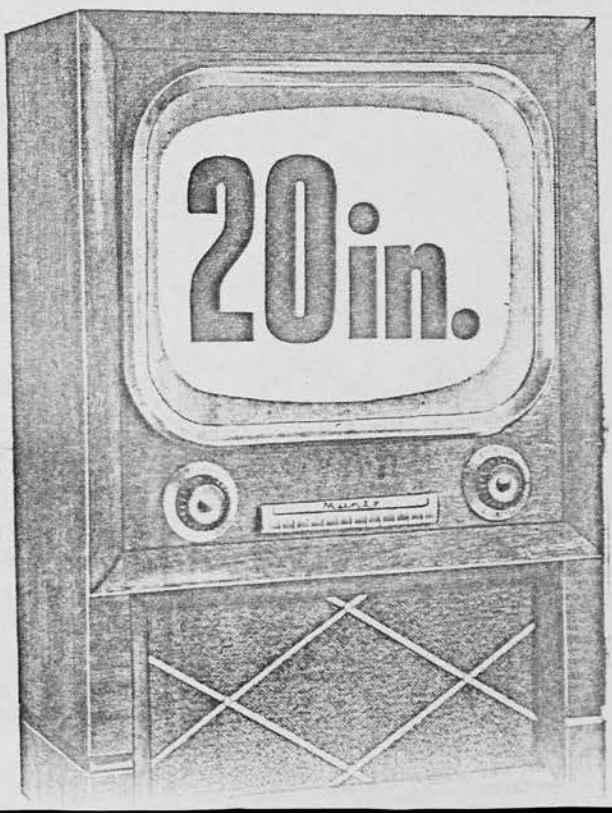
Mizener has several other things in mind to which he may turn his energies next. He is aware, for instance, of the fact that Ring Lardner, in whom Fitzgerald had a profound interest, is another fascinating figure whose story awaits proper telling.

Forgotten though Fitzgerald may have been in his own day, Mizener's work puts the clincher on the fact that he's not forgotten now.

And even though the book is finished and the advance copies are out, Mizener finds himself still held by the man whose sense of immediacy and quick perspective crystallized the 1920s. In conversation, he seems to bring Fitzgerald back to life and almost into the room.

I've felt it myself. I told Mizener that in checking on Fitzgerald for the purposes of this piece I, also, seemed to be approaching bedazzlement with the man.

Said Mizener: "You'd better watch that, boy."



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hard on the St. Paul of that time. She smoked on the back platforms of streetcars on the Grand ave. line and startled young men who danced with her by remarks on her uncontrollable hips.

Sometime after the baby's birth, they went East and lived at Great Neck, Long Island, where the Fitzgeralds entertained and were amused by everyone who was going at their own around-the-clock pace.

This all cost a great deal of money and Fitzgerald once said that it had become a custom "for many world-weary New Yorkers to spend their week-ends at the Fitzgeralds' house in the country."

One of their intimates of that time recalls that the Fitzgeralds, to protect themselves against their own love of company and entertainment, had a code for guests. They asked their company not to stay over Monday even if invited to do so in the wee, weary hours of Sunday morning and not to crash in doors looking for liquor, even if they were cheered on in the attempts by the Fitzgeralds.

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St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press

SUNDAY EDITION OF THE ST. PAUL DISPATCH

ST. PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1951
C SECOND NEWS SECTION

GRAND PARADE SATURDAY—

Defense Theme Carnival Keynote

PICTURE ON PAGE 4

A grand parade of more than 30 bands and drum corps, colorful floats and thousands of uniformed marchers will kick off the 1951 St. Paul Winter Carnival at 7:15 p. m. Saturday.

With "defense" the keynote of the carnival this year, one-quarter of the hour-long parade will consist of members of the armed forces. While many of the floats will have story-book themes, others will stress national defense.

Planes of the Minnesota National Air Guard will fly over head, flashing through the beams of giant searchlights which will be spotted on the ground along the parade route.

A replica of the Liberty Bell will be carried on the First National Bank's float. John W. Snyder, secretary of the treasury, is scheduled to present the bell to Governor Youngdahl at a ceremony in the Auditorium following the parade.

Col. Dabney Miller, chairman of the parade committee, announced the procession will leave Summit and Western

The Mail Goes, But In Years

HOULTON, ME. —(U.P.) —A package of Japanese cigarettes mailed to Mrs. Fred Gildred by her son Fred, a former Marine, on July 15, 1944, arrived six years later with an explanation: the package had fallen behind a partition wall.

St. Paul Author Lives Again In Book On An Era

By KATHRYN GORMAN

PARADISE—in connection with the name F. Scott Fitzgerald—is once again very much in everyone's mind.

Thirty years ago the emphasis was on "This Side of Paradise," the first published novel of the St. Paul writer who is now recognized as the master chronicler of the 1920's—the jazz age presided over by the flapper.

Today it has shifted to "The Far Side of Paradise," a documented biography of that spectacular, gifted human being who was a boy, a college lad home on vacation, and a young husband in St. Paul.

The biography, which will be released by Houghton Mifflin Co. Jan. 29, is the work of Arthur Mizener, a graduate of Princeton university, now a professor of English at Carleton college, Northfield, and a member of the fabulous Mizener clan of whom Wilson and Addison are the best known to date. Arthur Mizener, because of the widespread, revived interest in Fitzgerald as a bedeviled genius, and for his writing, is likely to give them a run for their money, however.

Mr. Mizener

Fitzgerald, it is generally agreed, told the Fitzgerald story pretty plainly in his own writings. Budd Schulberg, who always admired Fitzgerald's work and who was close to him in the last chapter of his life, recently published the much debated novel, "The Disenchanted," about Fitzgerald. Its critics have ranged all the way from a book reviewer who wrote a piece about it without having read it, to Fitzgerald followers who feel that the lily needed no gilding by Schulberg. The Schulberg book revived in local conversation all the old St. Paul stories, all the speculation.

Scott Fitzgerald's name, and that of his beautiful, tragic wife, Zelda Sayre, have been tossed across dinner tables like tennis balls over a net in St. Paul, Minnesota, and other corners of the world such as Paris and Hollywood. The stories of their everyday living—week-long parties, endless escapades —as they roved the world were incredible as they came back to St. Paul in the press and as gossip.

But all through his life St. Paul was home base to Fitzgerald and the short stories he wrote with a Grand ave. backyard as the scene are among the best he did.

Yet Fitzgerald will probably always be remembered as the trumpeter of the jazz age, the devil-may-care 20's when people—mostly the Fitzgeralds—turned cartwheels in the lobbies of hotels or jumped, fully clothed, into public fountains simply because they felt like doing what they wanted to do.

For years his boyhood friends in St. Paul have been telling stories about their own experiences with him, and Arthur Mizener set himself the task of assembling all of them to give the nebulous tales about the man real body. Mizener came to St. Paul from Northfield on a number of occasions to sit down at lunch with the men who knew Fitzgerald in the days when he was a highly dramatic boy, with more than his share of imagination, to pick up all their anecdotes.

His interest began when he was an undergraduate at Princeton and heard of the handsome Fitzgerald from St. Paul who later wrote "This Side of Paradise," "The Beautiful and the Damned," "The Great Gatsby," innumerable short stories for magazines and in the later period of his life, "Tender Is the Night," "The Crack-up" and the first chapters and notes for "The Last Tycoon."

The Fitzgerald furor—and it has been going on now for several years—would have pleased the writer, his St. Paul friends agree. Many of them are woven into the Fitzgerald fabric and their names will no doubt pop up for years hence in published writings about the man who lived, along with his close childhood friend, Richard Washington, in the row of stone houses on Summit ave. near Dale st. Mr. Washington, a former reporter on the old St. Paul Daily News, is now manager and owner of the Angus hotel at Western and Selby, not far from their childhood playgrounds.

THE DAY OF THE FLAPPER—Here are photos of the F. Scott Fitzgeralds and some of their St. Paul friends of the period about which he was writing. Top, left, the author, his wife and their daughter, "Scottie," in their Paris apartment during a 1925 trip; top, center, Mrs. Charles O. Kalman in the mode of the day a few years later; top, right, the Fitzgeralds, a little changed in appearance, attend a Baltimore theater in 1932; lower left, Alida Bigelow Butler in 1924, and a 1925 portrait of Mrs. William Hamm by David Youngberg.

As a boy with a good deal of charm, Fitzgerald attended the St. Paul Academy, which in those days was only a small yellow brick school at Dale and Portland. His friends remember that he was an interesting boy to them because he had ideas. He was also basically kind although he would never admit it. He argued that whenever he did a friend a good turn, he did it because he took a selfish pleasure in it.

As a lad he roamed that part of the hill area of which Summit and Dale is the heart and among his friends were Cecil Read and Robert Clark, St. Paul businessmen today. Among the girls he knew were Marie Hersey, now Mrs. William Hamm, and Alida Bigelow, now Mrs. Francis Butler.

In St. Paul, even in those years when Fitzgerald was publishing little because of his own poor health and his wife's increasing madness, he was never forgotten.

While his childhood is well remembered, his associates recall his sweating out the period during which he finished "This Side of Paradise" and later when he returned to St. Paul with his lovely wife, the daughter of an Alabama judge. They lived one summer at White Bear lake and had a gay whirl and then moved into town.

Mrs. C. O. Kalman, prominent in St. Paul society, was one of their staunch friends at this time.

Their daughter, Scottie, was born in St. Paul in 1921 and was baptized at the Convent of the Visitation, Fairmount and Grotto, where both Fitzgerald's mother and his sister were educated.

The story is that they both disliked St. Paul during that stretch and Zelda wrote a letter to a friend saying: "We are both simply mad to get back to New York." She was a little

said that it had become a custom "for many world-weary New Yorkers to spend their week-ends at the Fitzgeralds' house in the country."

One of their intimates of that time recalls that the Fitzgeralds, to protect themselves against their own love of company and entertainment, had a code for guests. They asked their company not to stay over Monday even if invited to do so in the wee, weary hours of Sunday morning and not to crash in doors looking for liquor, even if they were cheered on in the attempts by the Fitzgeralds.

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Although Fitzgerald made quantities of money, his friends here remember, he was always driven by thoughts of economic insecurity, and no matter how crazy a life they were leading, apparently personifying the spirit of their times, Fitzgerald worked. He remarked once to a friend shortly before "This Side of Paradise" was accepted for publication that if he couldn't be a writer he wouldn't be anything.

It was that or nothing and through all the bizarre stretches of their lives—when they spent money as if there was an endless supply of it, when they tried their friends' patience almost beyond endurance, when they drank too much and slept too little—Fitzgerald clung to that idea.

While he probably wrote more discerningly about the flapper and her morals, about the college boy and his flask, than any other American, the novels of the last period of his life have a quality all their own.

Stephen Vincent Benet said, upon reading "The Last Tycoon": "You can take off your hats, now, gentlemen, and I think perhaps you had better. This is not a legend, this is a reputation, and, seen in perspective, it may well be one of the most secure reputations of our time."

St. Paulites like to remember that they had a part, sometimes as characters in stories, in the beginnings of that reputation. It is interesting that long before the furor about Fitzgerald took on the momentum it has today, University of Minnesota students held Fitzgerald in high esteem, and quite a number of St. Paul persons who write for their own pleasure have the feeling that Fitzgerald snatched the Basil Duke Lee stories from under their noses.

With "defense" the keynote of the carnival this year, one-quarter of the hour-long parade will consist of members of the armed forces. While many of the floats will have story-book themes, others will stress national defense.

Planes of the Minnesota National Air Guard will fly over head, flashing through the beams of giant searchlights which will be spotted on the ground along the parade route.

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Col. Dabney Miller, chairman of the parade committee, announced the procession will leave Summit and Western aves. at 7:15 p. m.

Route of the parade: Summit to Rice, to Aurora, past the State Capitol, to Cedar, to Thirteenth, to Robert, to Sixth, to Auditorium st., arriving at 8:15 p. m.

The nine-day festival will be marked by 89 special events, including parades, firework displays, sports contests, pageantry, and square dances.

Mayor Delaney called on all St. Paulites to display flags at their homes during the celebration.

Other events Saturday will include preliminaries of a national majorette contest in the Auditorium at 10 a. m.; opening of the National Outdoor Speed Skating championships at Lake Como at 1 p. m.; the Winter Carnival Bowling classic at Harkins Bowling palace in the afternoon; Carnival Contract Bridge tournament in the Hotel Lowry; St. Paul Figure Skating club exhibitions at outdoor rinks, and the opening of a painting exhibition by the Minnesota Artists association in Schuneman's.

Thirty-one visiting princesses will start arriving in St. Paul for the carnival Friday.

Monday's program will include the crowning of Henry J. Michel as King Boreas XV in the Auditorium.

The 1951 Queen of the Snows will be named and crowned during a pageant in the Auditorium Tuesday night.

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PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

Vol. LVI · MARCH 9, 1956 · No. 20

Scott Fitzgerald '17

THE sixth annual Princeton reunion church service will be held this year at 4 o'clock on Sunday, March 11th, at St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, Madison Avenue at 71st Street, New York City. Dean of the Chapel Ernest Gordon will be the speaker, and all Princetonians, their families and friends, are cordially invited to the service and to the reception and tea which will follow.

Myers' Passing

Professor-Emeritus William Starr Myers, one of Princeton's best known and loved faculty members, died in Princeton recently of a heart attack at the age of 78. He was called to Princeton as one of Woodrow Wilson's original preceptors in 1906 and retired 37 years later. A close friend of two Presidents, Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover, he won wide recognition in the 1920's and 30's as the historian of the Republican Party and of the Hoover Administration.

New Series

This week Princeton '56, the University's current series of television programs, takes off on a new tangent. The second group of four programs will shift from the Humanities to the Natural Sciences, and from under the direction of Professor Carlos Baker to that of Professor Elmer G. Butler of the Department of Biology.

The central theme of the four programs will be the nature and the importance of basic scientific research and the manner in which it is planned. Science has been called the endless frontier. Scientific research is exploration into the unknown; exploration into the nature of the physical and the living world, and of the universe. In dealing with major scientific advances of the 20th century, four areas will be singled out for particular consideration: order and timing in living things; man's continuing conquest of the air; the nature and extent of natural resources and their relation to international affairs; the atom in the scientific world.

The first program of the four will be conducted by Professor Colin Pittendrigh of the Biology Department, on the subject, "Order and Timing in Living Things." He will discuss some of the basic features of cycles and rhythms in cells and organisms.

ON THE COVER: It has always seemed to us that Scott Fitzgerald was the greatest of Princeton authors, not only because of the distinction of his work but because he was the most Princetonian. Figuratively as well as literally he never graduated; "clothed by Brooks, shod by Franks," driving a Stutz Bearcat, like Amory Blaine he was "stamped a Princeton type," "always unconsciously applied these standards" of Princeton. Sympathetically yet objectively, with understanding but judgment, he analyzed the problems of that class in modern America. Of late there has been a great Fitzgerald revival because in perspective it becomes apparent that his works, far from being just Tiger tales, have a universal significance and a parabolical stature. This superlative portrait was taken by his good friend Carl Van Vechten in 1937 and is reprinted here with his kind permission.

The station is WRCA-TV (Channel 4), the time Saturday, March 10, 6:00-6:30.

Robert M. Mottar

William Starr Myers

Is This Your Mug?

Senior beer mugs with the following marks of identification are still left unclaimed at the Nassau Tavern. The Nass is willing to mail them to the rightful owners upon identification.

Class	*Marking*
1935	R.R.S.
1935	J.V.H.
1935	J.L.H.
1935	W.F.M. '35
1935	E.R.E.
1935	J.P.T.
1935	H.F.H., Jr.
1936	G.H.S.
1936	T.B.K.
1936	J. Clarke Cahill
1936	G.C.O., Jr.
1936	R.C.H. III
1937	H.E.G.
1937	W.B.S.
1938	S.R.M., Jr.
1938	Jere Patterson
1938	Herb Moeller, Jr.
1938	Jim Herman
1938	Jim White, Jr.
1938	W.H.S.
1938	G.J., Jr.
1938	Ramon DeMurias
1938	B.S. 3d
	S.J.S.
1939	A. Y. Foshay, Jr.
1939	E. P. Prentice
1939	R.H., Jr.
1939	L.M.W., Jr.
1939	W. Weeks
1939	N. Pallotti
1939	R.B.W.
1939	R. J. McKay, Jr.
1939	E. M. Burke
1939	F. M. Fucik
1939	Frank Kinney
1940	P. Conway
1940	P. LeG., Jr.
1940	Alan Reed
1940	Champ
1940	General
1941	Pappy
1941	A.I.N.
1941	Killer
1941	R.E.A. III
1941	R.H.C.
1941	Dutch
1941	R.E.T.
1941	Jack Selby
1941	D.A.C.
1941	H.B.K.
1942	C.B.B.
1942	Ralph Church, Jr.
1942	Hank
1942	J.R.S.
1942	M.T.G.
1943	Andy West
1943	T. Leas
1943	J.A.P.
1943	R.L.B., Jr.
1943	Bill Couch
1943	J. F. Bohmfolk
1943	G. R. Brown
1943	D.S.J.
1943	N.G.J.
1943	R.H.B.
1944	Whiz
	H. N. Young
	H. T. Cook
Design Initials	E. R. Duer
	Hack McGraw

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Three Original Essays Which Explore the Complex Relationship between Princeton's Most Distinguished Author and the Alma Mater He Never Left

PRINCETON & MY FATHER

FRANCES SCOTT FITZGERALD LANAHAN

I DISTINCTLY remember, although experts say the thing is a psychological impossibility, lying pink and gurgling in my crib while my father chanted "Going Back to Nassau Hall" into my infant ear, in a vain effort to change me into a boy so I could go to Princeton and play on the football team. I have in my possession a letter I wrote to Santa Claus some seven years later. "Dear Santa," it begins, "Please may I have this Christmas a set of Lionel trains, and also may I go to Princeton when I grow up. If you don't think I'm nice enough to have both, please give me the Lionel train." At the age of thirteen I accompanied Daddy to the Yale-Princeton game. I was sitting blinking in the stands, in the days when Princetonians still faced the sun, thoughtfully chewing on various articles in my purse, when I let out a shriek. "Daddy," I screamed, "I've swallowed a safety pin!"—"Daughter," he said calmly, "I don't care if you've swallowed a sewing-machine. Pepper Constable has the ball." A more recent and still more painful memory is the occasion of my first date. I had spent some six weeks carefully making out a list of conversational topics. I had rehearsed, over and over, each sentence, timing it so as to stretch out over the required number of minutes. The young man walked in, was introduced. He was going to Yale, he told my father. I shall never forget sitting silent while their discussion became more and more heated. By eleven there wasn't a Triangle show left undiscussed, there wasn't a Bric-A-Brac left unopened, there wasn't a detail of the honor system overlooked. I guess the boy knew when he was licked—he is at Princeton now. More recently still, and in a more sentimental vein, Daddy wrote: "It seems like a fulfillment of something that you should go up to the library of Cottage and see that old poem hanging there."

Most people belong all their life to Kappa Kappa Gamma, or the Hunting Set, or Boston Back Bay. My father belonged all his life to Princeton. Any graduate was welcome at the house; any undergraduate was questioned in great detail. He followed the athletics, the club elections, the *Princetonian* editorials. He kept a chart which showed what had become of the class of '17. He hardly ever went to Reunions, and he constantly deplored the club system, but I believe that Princeton played a bigger part in his life as an author and as a man than any other single factor.

Perhaps because they had so much in common. The poetry of Prospect Street on a spring night, his own love for it: "Reading poetry," he wrote to me about two years ago, "isn't something easy to get started on by yourself. You need at the beginning some enthusiast who also knows his way around—John Peale Bishop performed that office for me at Princeton. I had always dabbled in 'verse' but he made me see, in the course of a couple of months, the difference between poetry and non-poetry. After that one of my first discoveries was that some of the professors who were teaching poetry really hated it and didn't know what it was about. I got in a series of endless scraps with them so that finally I dropped English altogether.

"Poetry is either something that lives like fire inside of you—like music to the musician or Marxism to the Communist—or else it is nothing, an empty, formalized bore around which pedants can endlessly drone their notes and explanations. *The Grecian Urn* is unbearably beautiful with every syllable as inevitable as the notes in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or its just something you don't understand. It is what it is because an extraordinary genius passed at that point in history and touched it. I suppose I've read it a hundred times. About the tenth time I began to know what it is about, and caught the chime in it and the exquisite inner mechanics. Likewise with the *Nightingale* which I can never read through without tears in my eyes; likewise the *Pot of Basil* with its great stanzas about the two brothers; and *The Eve of Saint Agnes* which has the richest, most sensuous imagery in English, not excepting Shakespeare. And finally his three or four great sonnets, *Bright Star* and the others.

"Knowing those things young and granted an ear, one can scarcely ever afterwards be unable to distinguish between gold and dross in what one reads. In themselves those eight poems are a scale of workmanship for anybody who wants to know truly about words, their most utter value for evocation, persuasion or charm. For awhile after you quit Keats all other poetry seems to be only whistling or humming."

Frances Scott Fitzgerald Lanahan was an only child and very close to her father. This profoundly moving tribute to his memory was buried in the "Lit" in 1942. "Scottie" is married to a Princeton man, naturally, Samuel J. Lanahan '41.

They hold also in common the joie de vivre and passionate love of youth that is so characteristic of the Nass downstairs, of "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," of the Josephine stories; the sense of humor of a Triangle show, of parts of *The Beautiful and Damned*; the enormous personal charm of both, that dangerous quality that enables people to "get things easy"; and unfortunately the reputations, only partly justified, which both have acquired. The word Princeton, the name Scott Fitzgerald, conjure up the same picture in so many people's minds:—of station-wagons by swimming pools, of breakfast cocktail parties, of jazz and one continual New Year's Eve. "Charming, snobbish, superficial," is the trademark applied to them by scoffers. They have a right to say these things. Daddy wrote himself: "Though I loved Princeton I sometimes felt that it was a by-water, that its snobby institutions were easy to beat and to despise and that unless I were a natural steeplechaser or a society groom I'd have to find my own private intellectual and emotional life. Given that premise it is a lovely quiet place, gentle and dignified and it will let you alone. Of course, it is at its absolute worst in the Jane Hall atmosphere you described. . . . It is the last two years in college that count. I got nothing out of my first two years—in the last I got my passionate love for poetry and historical perspective and ideas in general (however superficially) that carried me full swing into my career." Just as those who go to Princeton know its essential dignity, know the hard work and hard thinking that is done there every day, the high standard of education that it holds, so those who read *The Great Gatsby* or *The Last Tycoon* carefully, who knew my father well, or who look at one of his manuscripts, realize how much sweat, how much heartbreaking effort, how many painful hours of work under the most adverse circumstances went into the realization of his literary dream, his seemingly effortless prose. "Work," I quote again, "is dignity and the only dignity. I never want to see again in this world people who are brought up as idlers, who bring ruin to themselves and to others."

Towards the end of his life my father wrote me several letters which I feel justified in quoting from because they seem to me to sum up the underlying tragedy of his life, and yet to disprove the statement of some of the more absurd obituaries that he was suffering from some sort of "morbid despair."

"Once one is caught up into the material world not one person in ten thousand finds the time to form literary taste, to examine the validity of philosophic concepts for himself or to form what, for lack of a better phrase, I might call the wise and tragic sense of life.

"By this I mean the thing that lies beyond all great careers from Shakespeare's to Abraham Lincoln's, and as far back as there are books to read —the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure,' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle. Having learned this in theory from the lives and conclusions of great men, you can get a hell of a lot more enjoyment out of whatever bright things come your way. . . .

"What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd *never* relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of *The Great Gatsby*: I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing. . . .

"I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow after hours I nurse myself with delusions of that sort. . . . What I am doing here (in Hollywood) is the last effort of a man who once did something better and finer."

I think his work does have a sort of epic grandeur. Never once did he cheapen his work, as Princeton never does. How close his early work is to the hundreds of stories about debutantes and rich boys, about the "streamlined" country club set, which cram our magazines! And yet he is as far removed from his imitators as *Crime and Punishment* is from *Crime Stories* magazine. Because he aimed at the truth, and not at lies.

I hope Princeton is as proud of him as he was of Princeton. Both of them stand for something so American, something that could have been, should have been, maybe will be, America's best.

Fitzgerald at 21

PRINCETON & FITZGERALD

HENRY DAN PIPER '39

DURING Scott Fitzgerald's first three years at Princeton (that is, until he flunked out of the Class of 1917 mid-way in junior year), he devoted most of his talent and energy to establishing himself securely in the campus social hierarchy. By the beginning of Junior year his goal of becoming a Big Man on Campus seemed within easy reach. He was a member of the exclusive eating club of his choice, an officer of both Triangle Club and the "Tiger," and a leading candidate for the next Triangle presidency. Moreover, he also had a girl—not just any girl but one of the "Big Four," the four most popular and glamorous debutantes in the history of Chicago.

Then, to his amazement and lifelong humiliation, a long-suffering Dean's Office finally cracked down on him for repeated absence from classes and a staggering record of flunked examinations. He was declared ineligible for extracurricular activities and eventually obliged to resign from his class. One after another of his hard-won badges and trophies were taken away from him: the leading role in the forthcoming show, the presidency of Triangle itself; and, hardest blow of all, he was thrown over by his girl.

It was a wiser and chastened Fitzgerald who returned the following

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FITZGERALD ON PRINCETON'S SETTING

"Princeton is in the flat midlands of New Jersey, rising, a green Phoenix, out of the ugliest country in the world. Sordid Trenton sweats and festers a few miles south; northward are Elizabeth and the Erie Railroad and the suburban slums of New York; westward the dreary upper purlieus of the Delaware River. But around Princeton, shielding her, is a ring of silence—certified milk dairies, great estates with peacocks and deer parks, pleasant farms and woodlands which we paced off and mapped down in the spring of 1917 in preparation for the war. The busy East has already dropped away when the branch train rattles familiarly from the Junction. Two tall spires and then suddenly all around you spreads out the loveliest riot of Gothic architecture in America, battlement linked on to battlement, hall to hall, arch-broken, vine-covered—luxuriant and lovely over two square miles of green grass. Here is no monotony, no feeling that it was all built yesterday at the whim of last week's millionaire; Nassau Hall was already thirty years old when Hessian bullets pierced its sides."

September to begin junior year all over again, this time in the Class of 1918. Where before he had devoted his efforts to a successful social career, he now spent his time writing for the campus literary magazine. Like Amory Blaine, his hero in *This Side of Paradise*, he had been of the opinion during his first three years at Princeton that "writing for the 'Nassau Literary Magazine' would get him nothing." Instead he had gone out for the more socially powerful "Tiger" and for Triangle, where his clever talent quickly brought him recognition. But after his return (that is, until orders to report to Officers Training Camp finally ended his Princeton career in November of his senior year), Fitzgerald now had at least one story or poem, and sometimes several, in every issue of the "Lit."

The scars of the year before were still fresh, and in the best of Fitzgerald's "Nassau Lit" stories he tried to come to terms with the strenuous social system to whose goals he had so naively committed himself, and by whose standards he had failed so ignominiously. In his efforts to write about this experience (in stories like "Babes in the Woods" and "The Debutante") he was obliged to question and finally to judge a system of values in which his emotions were still very much involved. It was at this point in his undergraduate writing that there began to emerge what Malcolm Cowley, the well-known critic, has called Fitzgerald's "double vision": that peculiar ability to care deeply and intensely about some person or value and yet at the same time to remain detached enough to see through it and around it. This is perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of Fitzgerald's best literary work.

One reason for the remarkable revival of interest in Fitzgerald's fiction is that so many of the undergraduate social values which he continued to write about all his life appear to be even more widespread today in our modern American civilization than they were in his day. In a sense the highly competitive, individualistic system which he encountered at Princeton from 1913 to 1917 was a kind of greenhouse "forcing bed," a more intensive preparation for the no less strenuous economic and social struggle going on in the world outside. Most impressive evidence of this fact is the success so many of his contemporaries quickly achieved in that world after graduation.

A great deal of the enthusiasm for Fitzgerald's novels to be found in the present generation of college undergraduates, I think, can be explained by the fact that, unlike so many other first-rate writers of his generation, he was able both to sympathize with the more obvious standards of our familiar American, middle-class, business civilization (e.g. money, prestige, popularity, charm, and the more conspicuous rudiments of good taste) and also to go beyond them and judge them. His fellow-writers so often were satisfied merely to ridicule the system (e.g. Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*) or to reject it outright in favor of some vague revolutionary Utopia (e.g. Dos Passos' *USA*) or escape (e.g., into Faulkner's Southern past or Hemingway's primitive peasantry).

For better or worse, an increasing number of college students today have concluded they must accept and come to terms with our kind of civilization. There is no longer any clear-cut alternative, nor is there any place left to hide. Yet if they must accept it, they must also be free to see through it and to judge it. They must, in other words, develop "double vision." Or, in Fitzgerald's words, they must attain "the tragic sense of life."

It was, then, the social and the extracurricular aspects of Princeton that contributed most conspicuously to Fitzgerald's college education. Of the academic side, probably the less said the better. In a fair and sympathetic appraisal of his career the novelist Glenway Wescott once wrote, "aside from his literary talent, I think Fitzgerald must have been the worst educated man in the world." For this Princeton was probably as much to blame as he was. In spite of his recognized creative ability, no lasting fruitful connection ever seems to have been established between this talent and his studies. In fact one of his English professors maintained until his recent death that Scott Fitzgerald was quite incapable of writing a book as good as *The Great Gatsby*; that, in fact, he had stolen the manuscript from another more talented student who always got better English grades than Fitzgerald!

FITZGERALD ON *This Side of Paradise's* RECEPTION

"These weeks in the clouds [in 1920] ended abruptly a week later when Princeton turned on *This Side of Paradise*—not undergraduate Princeton but the black mass of faculty and alumni. There was a kind but reproachful letter from President Hibben, and a room full of classmates who suddenly turned on me with condemnation. We had been part of a rather gay party staged conspicuously in Harvey Firestone's car of robin's-egg blue, and in the course of it I got an accidental black eye trying to stop a fight. This was magnified into an orgy and in spite of a delegation of undergraduates who went to the board of Governors, I was suspended from my club for a couple of months. The ALUMNI WEEKLY got after my book and only Dean Gauss had a good word to say for me. The unctuousness and hypocrisy of the proceedings was exasperating and for seven years I didn't go to Princeton. Then a magazine asked me for an article about it and when I started to write it, I found I really loved the place and that the experience of one week was a small item in the total budget. But on that day most of the joy went out of my success."

There should never have been any question about Fitzgerald's talent as an undergraduate. His "Nassau Lit" stories were singled out for special praise by such well-known critics as William Rose Benét and Katherine Fullerton Gerould. H. L. Mencken, editor of *Smart Set*, bought two of them for his magazine and enthusiastically wrote Fitzgerald asking for more. Less well-known is the fact that he also received several flattering offers (which he refused) from Broadway agents and producers who wanted him to quit Princeton for a career in the entertainment world. After all, before he was twenty-one he had written, directed and starred in three successful full-length plays, and had provided the lyrics and parts of the books for three Triangle shows. During his last year at Princeton he also started writing his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*.

The most impressive evidence of his talent, however, is to be found in the response which his "Nassau Lit" stories aroused among student editors of college magazines on other Eastern college campuses. They discovered them with the shock of recognition and wrote about them enthusiastically in their editorial columns. Here, long before *This Side of Paradise*, is proof of Fitzgerald's special gift for voicing the feelings and attitudes of his own generation then just coming of age.

Looking back now, we can see that Fitzgerald was what today is so often called "the exceptional student"—the undergraduate with top-grade intelligence and creative ability who, for various reasons, cannot fit easily into the conventional academic pattern. Yet, quite as much as his better-adjusted classmates, he wants and needs the environment and resources of a school like Princeton in which to develop and mature. It is to Princeton's everlasting credit that, in stimulating friendships with such talented "Nassau Lit" associates as John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, in the Triangle Club and, especially, in the pages of the "Lit" itself, Fitzgerald found so many opportunities to stretch and grow. He certainly did not receive the typical Princeton education. But more and more it looks as though Princeton has every reason to be proud of the kind of education she did provide for him.

FITZGERALD ON FOOTBALL

"At Princeton, as at Yale, football became, back in the 'nineties, a sort of symbol. Symbol of what? Of the eternal violence of American life? Of the eternal immaturity of the race? The failure of a culture within the walls? Who knows? It became something at first satisfactory, then essential and beautiful. It became, long before the insatiable millions took it, with Gertrude Ederle and Mrs. Snyder, to its heart, the most intense and dramatic spectacle since the Olympic games. The death of Johnny Poe with the Black Watch in Flanders starts the cymbals crashing for me, plucks the strings of nervous violins as no adventure of the mind that Princeton ever offered. A year ago in the Champs Elysées I passed a slender, dark-haired young man with an indolent characteristic walk. Something stopped inside me; I turned and looked after him. It was the romantic Buzz Law whom I had last seen one cold fall twilight in 1915, kicking from behind his goal line with a bloody bandage round his head."

FOOTBALL & FITZGERALD

ACCORDING to the recollections of Fritz Crisler, sometime after midnight before football Saturdays in the mid-1930's, the phone would start ringing. The call would be from Hollywood, Miami, Baltimore, Alabama, Long Island, but it was always Scott Fitzgerald. So frequently did it happen, Crisler remembers, "it got so I sort of expected him to call."

The message was always the same. Unbearably apprehensive about the outcome of the next day's game, Fitzgerald would pour forth an impassioned monologue from his disquieted soul; the only person from whom he could get reliable reassurance, naturally, was the coach.

"Sometimes he had a play or a new strategy he wanted me to use." Once he came up with a two-platoon system (this was phoned to Asa Bushnell '21, Graduate Manager of Athletics, in three installments at the usual a.m. hour), one platoon of which would be a "pony" team for offense, the other sturdy and defensive. "I wrote him that your new Princeton System has many virtues. . . . I will use it on one condition. Namely that you will take full credit for its success and full credit for its failure, if any." Fitzgerald answered: "I guess we'd better hold the . . . System in reserve."

This was not just habitual Old Grad spirit and enthusiasm, nevertheless. Crisler feels "there was something beyond comprehension in the intensity of his feelings. What he felt was really an unusual, a *consuming* devotion for the Princeton football team." The root of irrational fixations usually can only be guessed at, but in Fitzgerald's case, there is plenty of literary evidence.

During the 1930's he experienced what he graphically described as "The Crack-up," a haunted period of "emotional bankruptcy" and "lesion of vitality," compounded of his own alcoholism and his wife's insanity, "when it was always three o'clock in the morning, day after day." As all his values crashed about him, he reverted to one of his youthful "Winter Dreams." At the very time of this renewed and intense relationship with Princeton football, in his merciless and corrosive introspection he published a piece on insomnia, his chronic affliction, in which he described a familiar dream:

Once upon a time (I tell myself) they needed a quarterback at Princeton, and they had nobody and were in despair. The head coach noticed me kicking and passing on the side of the field, and he cried: "Who is *that* man—why haven't we noticed *him* before? The under coach answered, "He

FITZGERALD ON PRINCETON UNDERGRADUATES

"After the beauty of its towers and the drama of its arenas, the widely known feature of Princeton is its 'clientele.' A large proportion of such gilded youth as will absorb an education drifts to Princeton. Goulds, Rockefellers, Harrimans, Morgans, Fricks, Firestones, Perkinses, Pynes, McCormicks, Wanamakers, Cudahys and duPonts light there for a season, well or less well regarded. The names of Pell, Biddle, Van Rensselaer, Stuyvesant, Schuyler and Cooke titillate second generation mammas and papas with a social row to hoe in Philadelphia or New York. An average class is composed of three dozen boys from such Midas academies as St. Paul's, St. Mark's, St. George's, Pomfret and Groton, a hundred and fifty more from Lawrenceville, Hotchkiss, Exeter, Andover and Hill, and perhaps another two hundred from less widely known preparatory schools. The remaining twenty per cent enter from the high schools and these last furnish a large proportion of the eventual leaders. For them the business of getting to Princeton has been more arduous, financially as well as scholastically. They are trained and eager for the fray."

This essay is based on an interview with Fritz Crisler which appeared in *The Michigan Daily* in January by Donald A. Yates, and on an interview with Asa S. Bushnell '21, Graduate Manager of Athletics in the 1930's. Like all unsigned articles, it was written by the Editor, who is a Fitzgerald fan too.