A native Minnesotan who was born at Franklin and spent his youth in the upper Minnesota Valley, Mr. Whetstone describes himself as "a refugee from a state that still holds my affection." He migrated westward to northern Montana in 1909, where he founded the Cut Bank Pioneer Press—a newspaper which he still edits and publishes. His life in that raw new area is the subject of his book, Frontier Editor, published by Hastings House in 1956. Although in a sense an autobiography, it includes only brief mention of the Minnesota apprenticeship that preceded the author's removal to Cut Bank. Thus the present reminiscent account supplements the story recorded in Mr. Whetstone's book. Ed.

In the little village of Gibbon, a town of about five hundred people in Sibley County, I learned the printer's trade in the years from 1898 to 1901 and for a short period acted as editor of the local paper, the Gibbon Gazette.

Gibbon and its trade territory on three sides were then almost solidly populated by Germans. A great many had come directly to this area from the Fatherland and they and their sons and daughters anchored there and prospered while cultivating the rich black loam of south central Minnesota. It was said that Moltke Township, to the west and north of Gibbon, was peopled entirely by first- and second-generation Germans. With few exceptions, the business enterprises in Gibbon—the general stores, the hotels, and the five saloons—were operated by Germans, and all those in handiwork trades were Germans.

The most popular social center in the town was owned and conducted by Julius Nicoli, a short, smiling, heavy-stomached fellow with a silky mustachio that drooped downward and half-circled a receding chin. Across his expansive belly and attached to a turnip-size watch was a glittering gold chain. A heavy gold ring on the little finger of his right hand completed his adornment. The town's other saloons all had their loyal customers, but the Farmers' Home on Main Street, with Julius as the genial host, was the place where homely sociability and hilarity reigned by day and by night. In the center aisle was a table that extended almost the entire length of the place, and it was loaded, and kept constantly replenished, with Bologna and goose-liver sausages, thick chunks of rye bread, pretzels, and Limburger and other kinds of cheese. Between and after shopping tours of the stores, the farmers, with their wives and children of all ages, gathered at the Farmers' Home for relaxation and refreshments, solid and liquid, often as the guests of storekeepers whose places they patronized.

An outlander unfamiliar with local evidences of social commingling might be led to believe, as he passed the Farmers' Home,
that feuding and fistic encounters were wrecking the place. But if he was not seized with fright and paused for a little while, he would soon find that all the noise resulted from good, clean fun. The old frame building would be resounding with cries of Gesundheit, snatches of old soldiers' songs, and the clinking of foam-draped steins raised in toasts to German rulers and warriors and to the love and glory of the Vaterland. In a quieter mood, as they ate heartily of the nourishing, tasty food and sipped from the tall steins of beer, the women and children would enter into the spirit of the gay festivities.

No "bar sinister" cast its shadow over the sale or consumption of beer or hard liquor in that little community. The liquor dealers, in fact, were highly esteemed citizens—church and civic leaders, members of the town council, heads of the one or two secret fraternities, and pillars of the two local churches, Catholic and Lutheran, who passed the collection boxes on Sundays and generously contributed to church building and maintenance. Their families were actually the arbiters in a society admittedly not overly class conscious. During the years of my stay in Gibbon, I detected no symptoms of religious strife or intolerance. Often at the Farmers' Home I saw the Catholic priest and the Lutheran minister—both huge, jolly, bearded men of the cloth—seated in one corner, drinking mugs of beer, munching on pretzels, and engaging in animated conversation in their native tongue. Their Sunday sermons were always delivered in German.

There was one loud-voiced dissenter to all this "foreignism," as he termed it. Dr. Ward Z. Flower was a man of no particular religious convictions, but he unceasingly decried the perpetuation of such extremes as preaching in German in the churches, teaching it in the parochial schools, reading German-language newspapers, and in other ways preserving the old traditions. "It is time and overtime that older and younger Germans come to realize that they are living in America, benefiting by American institutions and laws," complained Dr. Flower. "They remain static and wedded to old ways in a modern, fast-moving world." He would repeat these criticisms over and over, on the boardwalks, in the barber shop, and in other places where people gathered. Gibbon residents liked the otherwise calm doctor, and seldom if ever took issue with him. He vented his boiling wrath on those who took their children out of the public schools when the parochial schools opened. As a member of the public school board, Dr. Flower cried aloud against this practice. He never made a dent on parental attitude; completely unconcerned, families ignored his strictures. Once he induced a Congregational minister from a neighboring town to hold services in a vacant store building at Gibbon. After several trips and an attendance of a half-dozen people, the minister decided that his harvest was too lean and ceased his visits.

LAW and order were easily administered in Gibbon; the operator of a horse-drawn dray served as the town marshal. Occa-
sionally, when bums and moochers appeared, he locked them up in the dinky jail for the night and shoed them out of town the next morning. I saw but one example of roughhousing: a bartender, who lost his poise and good manners after a waitress at the Cologne Cafe had jilted him, tossed a high-spirited Moltke soil-tiller out of the Farmers' Home because he sang "Ach du lieber Augustine" so lustily that he drowned out the voices of steadier patrons. Then Julius, the boss, promptly fired the barkeep.

Fathers of sons in their teens had two major ambitions for their male offspring—that they become owners of saloons, or at least learn the bartender's trade, and that they become members of the Gibbon Brass Band. This was especially true of the more prosperous merchants.

I recall one well-to-do landowner—let us call him Wolfgang Biebel—from the outskirts of the village. He was drinking stein after stein of Hauenstein's select New Ulm beer at the Farmers' Home with two other good drinking men—burghers who were members of the village council. Wolfgang was glowing over the sterling qualities of his three sons and was telling his friends of their greatest ambitions.

"My oldest boy, my young Wolfgang, was twenty-one years old two years ago," said the father. "Then I talk to Wolfgang. I say 'Wolfgang, you haf been a good boy, you work hard on farm, now you are twenty-one and I want to help you for yourself. What you want to do, my boy?' Wolfgang he answer quick, 'Pa, I want saloon.' Then I say, 'Wolfgang, you shall haf saloon, maybe in New Ulm, lots saloons there, but they must need more, but first you must tend bar, learn the business good, then I give you money to buy your own saloon.' Same with Otto: twenty-one last May yet, also fine boy. I ask him same question, same answer. He now tend bar at Sleepy Eye, and when he learn everything I will buy him saloon. Third boy, Reinhardt, now seventeen already, tells his Pa and Ma he likes farm, but if he wants saloon when twenty-one shall haf one, maybe Gibbon."

The Gibbon Brass Band was the outstanding pride of the village, and when on many occasions it marched down Main Street resplendently uniformed and in perfect step, led by the proud music master, the cheers of the boardwalk spectators rang out loud and long. Julius, host at the Farmers' Home, always emerged, waved his arms with enthusiasm, and danced a little jig as the boys marched by his place. The Gibbon band was widely regarded as one of the best, and it had many engagements for weddings, picnics, and other festivals, and for the more socially select barn dances in Moltke and other rural jollifications.

Transportation for the band was provided by four spanking horses drawing a wagon on which was mounted a sort of hayrack-type of seating for members and their instruments. It was gaudily painted in rainbow colors and draped all around with flashy bunting. The prancing steeds were also covered with bunting and ribbons. Before the band's departure for a trip abroad, it was customary for one of the saloonkeepers to provide the musicians with an eight-gallon keg of beer "to keep their whistles wet."

While beer was overwhelmingly the favored drink in Gibbon, the saloonkeepers stocked small amounts of whisky and wines, which, like steins of beer, were sold at five cents a glass. Few ever called for the stronger stuff, but there was one resident who drank whisky exclusively, a toper contemptuously known as "Cloudie," who was scorned by the better elements as a traitor to his class. The bartenders despised him, but they adhered to rigid ritual by providing him with an eye opener each morning and a nightcap at closing time. One night he died of delirium tremens, and no one mourned his passing.

NEW ULM, fifteen miles south of Gibbon, was, and is, the largest town in the vicinity,
and its major business interests were owned and operated by proud and wealthy Germans. The city had many social attractions that lured the ruralites and the people from the satellite towns. To relieve the tedium, especially on weekends, they attended entertainment productions in New Ulm, took part in the activities of lodges like the Turnverein, and Sons of Hermann, and other arcana, and gathered there to eat, drink, and make merry.

A town of over five thousand people in 1900, New Ulm had gained wide recognition as the home of three breweries that produced superlative brands of beer, prepared with loving care by highly skilled old-country Braumeisters. The products of all three—Schell, Hauenstein, and Johnny Schumaker—were extravagantly praised by connoisseurs. Johnny catered mainly to the townspeople and visitors from the farming backlands; his place was the smallest of the three and its chief attraction was a spacious Biergarten, invitingly landscaped and tree-bordered. On summer evenings especially, great crowds of men, women, and children frequented it. While a brass band blazoned melodies that were mainly heraldic or nostalgic, the customers ordered and drank beer from Johnny’s far-famed glass goblets, almost as large as mixing bowls, and at the regulation price of five cents a glass. Between drinks the men conversed noisily with one another; the women sipped more sparingly and talked in lower tones; the rugged, Teutonic youngsters romped, sang, and played games, mostly with a military motif.

The two other New Ulm brewers named had wholesale outlets near and far. Their only competitor was a brewery in the larger town of Mankato, which had but one such establishment. It was said by the knowing that its output was inferior to beer brewed in New Ulm; the brewmasters were Britishers who did not understand the finesse of beer chemistry as did those trained in what was generally termed Minnesota’s “New Germany.”

The owners and managers of the two big New Ulm breweries were the town’s recognized aristocrats, who also owned its larger business enterprises, banks, and wholesale establishments. Unlike the people of Gibbon and the other hinterlands, they adopted American ways, spoke English fluently, sent their sons and daughters to the University of Minnesota and to Eastern finishing schools, while retaining friendly, sociable relations with the masses, especially their ever-loyal patrons in the retail business. The twice-a-week appearances in Gibbon of New Ulm’s big brewery wagons, drawn by four huge snow-white horses, always caused stirrings and warm sentiments of welcome among the smaller town’s residents. The drivers were indoctrinated with the spirit of good fellowship, and while in town they called in the people along the thoroughfares and treated them to round after round of their brew.

But there were times when an air of deep depression and anxiety hung foggly upon the scene; that was when heavy downpours and temporarily impassable roads delayed the appearance of the delivery wagons. During such periods, the thirst of the patrons was such that they growled and groused and made life wretched for the saloon owners and bartenders—actually the only instances when steady patrons became glum and lost their good humor. It was always possible to secure beer by train from St. Paul breweries, but it was slow in arriving and was not relished by discerning drinkers. Furthermore, business relations with and sentimental attachments for their New Ulm suppliers affected the tastes of Gibbon people and colored their thinking. When weather conditions again made it possible for the welcome wagons to make the trip from New Ulm, great was the rapture and rejoicing, and the natural buoyant feelings of the populace returned.

IT HAS BEEN noted that Gibbon was predominantly a German town, and people of the same national origin lived in most
of the communities around it. But there was a fairly large group of Swedish residents in town and in an area of Nicollet County to the south and east, especially in New Sweden and Bernadotte townships and at Norseland. Most of the younger Swedes in Gibbon were reared in one of these localities.

The social chasm between the Swedes and the Germans was wide and deep; their ambitions, manners, and mores were poles apart; they rarely commingled with one another in either a business or social sense. One general store was owned by Charles G. Carlson, and the only lawyer in town was Albert L. Young. The only local example of a German-Swedish business association was the State Bank of Gibbon, which was operated jointly by Markus Nelson, cashier, and Henry Gugisburg, president. The latter, who visited the bank only occasionally, owned a grain and livestock farm.

Most members of both the older and the younger generation of Swedes were Americanized; some of the younger ones could not speak Swedish. Many graduated from the Gibbon High School and went on to institutions of higher learning in and outside the state, becoming doctors, lawyers, accountants, or members of other polite vocations. Some enrolled in the Scandinavian colleges at St. Peter and Northfield, and a few of the more pious later completed courses at theological seminaries. Younger Germans, with only a smattering of education and conscious of an inclination toward superiority by the more cultured young Scandinavians, spitefully referred to the college centers as “Norske Holy Lands.” The Swedes had no church in Gibbon, and they usually attended Lutheran services in Winthrop, Norseland, Bernadotte, or St. Peter.

THE EDITOR of the Gibbon Gazette from 1893 to 1905 was George W. Bisson, a mercurial Frenchman, and the only one of that nationality in Gibbon. He was effervescent, democratically friendly, courteously, a lover of life, a playboy after a fashion, somewhat of a lady-killer, filled with what the Latins would term elan vital, and interested in people, politics, and dancing. He regularly attended and wrote up social soirees, weddings, christenings, and other festivities. His interests, in fact, included about everything but the business management of his newspaper. A Spanish-American War veteran who had been injured in the conflict, he drew a fair pension.

When I decided to learn the printing trade, I don’t suppose I could have found a more congenial boss. He was not a boss at all, but a companion who made an equal of me. He shared his room with me, made a shelf of good books available, insisted that I be invited to parties, dances, and weddings to which he had been given a bid.

The headquarters of the Gazette was a rickety little structure at the end of Main Street. The equipment consisted of a combination platen newspaper and job press, and an unwilling little gas engine that barked plaintively and filled the room with toxic smoke when in the mood to function, which wasn’t always. A half-dozen type stands containing both news and job faces were strung along the wall. The job faces were badly battered from prolonged use. Smoky kerosene lamps hung over these cases. Setting type, especially at night, was the only unpleasant phase of the work for me, a grass green, but enthusiastic neophyte. The boss helped and encouraged me in every way, and he soon sent me legging around town to gather up little stories about Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So and their simple activities, and later permitted me to write more extended feature articles.

Another member of our staff was Fritzie, a boy who served as printer’s devil before and after school and on weekends, cleaning out the waste papers and other rubbish, delivering papers and mail to the post office, and running small errands. He often went to the saloon adjoining the printshop for a can of beer—an overflowing can, which cost ten cents. Fritzie was a typical car-
toonist's "Katzenjammer Kid"—a grinning, scheming tormentor. Kids of his size and age who dared to go into or near the printing office were scared stiff and took to flight when Fritzie loosed upon them a small snake or a snared gopher, or slipped down inside their collars one of his pet white mice.

The three of us were the captains of the publishing business in Gibbon. Job work was almost nil. Bisson was a swift and accurate hand typesetter, and between us each week we set five or six galleys of what advertising agencies term pure reading matter. The Gazette's advertising patrons were easily taken care of. Nearly all the business houses ran small ads which they rarely changed. Their displays ran something like this: "Wenzel Freidl and Sons, General Merchandise, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes. Butter and Eggs Taken in Exchange." The saloons ran small standing ads and sometimes gave the shop a little job printing.

When the little four-page, five-column paper was off the press on Friday mornings, it was Editor Bisson's practice to dance in the center of the floor, make a little speech in French, and then salute Fritzie and me with such deathless prose as "Adieu, for the nonce, vassals; I'm going down the street to renew my certificate with my bar- tenders." Actually, the esteemed editor cared little for the demon rum; his promptings were for meetings with other bon vivants. Invariably, he would not show up at the shop again until late afternoon of the following Tuesday or early Wednesday morning, when he would earnestly concentrate on the business at hand.

The total circulation of the Gazette was a little over three hundred copies. I well remember instances when rural residents called at the office to insert probate notices or maybe advertise sales of livestock or used machinery. In my youthful desire to expand the Gazette's circulation, I'd give the caller a subscription sales talk when the editor was absent. Nearly always the answer would be "Naw, don't care for it; I read the New Ulm Volksblatt."

So while George Bisson was personally popular, his Gibbon Gazette — and for that matter any English-language newspaper which tried to secure reader interest in Sibley and Nicollet counties — met with an indifferent response. There was a time and an occasion — and only one — when the Gazette and its editor were given consideration; that was when a wedding was to take place in one of the more prominent German families. Then the editor received a formal and urgent invitation to attend the church services and go to the home of
the bride's parents and join fully in the festivities, presumably with the expectation that his paper would give the event good coverage. The parents of the contracting parties and others interested would then call at the print shop for extra copies of the paper, regardless of whether they were regular subscribers. Without prejudice or resentment, Editor Bisson assured those extending the invitation that he would be on hand for all the proceedings. He and I would attend the morning services and then mount our bicycles and roll out to the gladsome doings.

But before describing them, I should outline the preliminaries. At the break of day a horseman galloped his steed at high speed up and down the streets, hoarsely shouting, "Hochzeit, Hochzeit." He and his horse were decorated and spangled and ribboned. He paused a moment or two at all the saloons, where rounds of drinks were served, for he was the hero of the moment. He finally mounted his speedy steed and, followed by excitedly barking dogs, galloped into the countryside to extend invitations to the friends of the parents of the bride and groom. He was the official wedding announcer.

A little later in the morning the wedding procession started from the home of the bride. Before it began a breakfast often was served, honoring the bride and bridegroom and attended by just a few intimate friends and relatives. It was marked by ring shifting formalities (from engagement to wedding fingers) and toasts by the bridegroom to the bride. Then preparations were made for the trip from home to church. The bride to be and her attendants rode in the wagon of the bride's parents, appropriately decorated and spangled; the bridegroom and those who were to "stand up" for him rode in another handsomely adorned wagon; then followed relatives and friends in line of importance. The church ritual was long and solemn, and was followed by an interlude of congratulations.

During the wedding ceremony neighbor women and girls were busy preparing a feast, which usually was served in a spacious pavilion built in a grove. Special seating for the band and tables to accommodate all guests were provided. A beer wagon from New Ulm took to the pavilion an unusually large load of kegs and facilities for icing them.

The chief items of food for the occasion were bouillon, roast beef, Schweinebraten, roast goose, roast young pig, cabbage, sauerkraut, cauliflower, potatoes, fresh rye bread, freshly churned butter, layer cakes, coffee, pudding — and, of course, steins of foaming beer.

The sumptuous meal at an end, dancing was in order. The band struck up popular wedding strains, the newlyweds whirled out upon the pavilion floor, and that was the signal for others, including the parents, older relatives, and guests, to join in waltzes, schottisches, polkas, and square dances. In wealthier families, the festivities often continued for more than a day and a night. Sometimes before midnight on the wedding date bedlam broke loose; there was a rattle and clatter of pans, boilers, drums, blowing horns, and shouted Katzenmusik as a crowd of young fellows (sometimes joined by the younger invited guests) approached the pavilion. A charivari became the order of the night. The father of the bride went to meet the roisterers and invited them to join in the fun. They were seated at the tables and served with beer and food, and then took part in the dancing and other forms of celebration.

The gaieties and feastings finally ended, and the guests prepared to depart for their homes, while the Kranzleherren, or groom's attendants, surrounded him for a final drink and toasts, and the Kranzeljungfrauen, or bridesmaids, helped the bride change from her wedding gown into the one she wore when entering her new home. Then the entire assembly gathered in a circle and sang auf Wiedersehen. Another well-ordered, typical German wedding in the best tradition had come to a close.

June 1959
WHEN I HAD served about two years as a printer's apprentice and had been given a lot of latitude in reporting and writing short editorial comments, Editor Bisson arranged to go bird hunting in South Dakota and placed me in complete charge of the Gazette. On the mechanical end I had the help of a young Swedish boy, Hugo Gustafson, who had learned the printing trade while in college at St. Peter. Fritzie, the office devil, was taking life a bit more seriously, and he proved a willing helper, especially in gathering news among his youthful companions. The young printer and I decided to give the paper a new and quite revolutionary format. He tossed all the long-standing ads in the hellbox, used more attractive type faces and borders, and placed the personal items on the inside instead of the back page of the paper. The first page was reserved for the headline stories. Editor Bisson had never used type larger than twelve point (a little larger than the news type) for headlines. We boldly decided to venture into using heads twice that size, with subheads in type he had used for heads.

I made it a practice to meet the little branch-line trains every day with pencil and pad to record the comings and goings at Gibbon. The friendly station agent, Al Paulson, noting my enthusiasm, gave me all possible help. On Sundays there was a special excursion train to Lake Minnetonka near Minneapolis, and the young swains and maidens from town and rural retreats took advantage of the lower fare to see the sights and picnic on the shores of the lake. Paulson secured the names of all the excursionists as they purchased tickets and handed them over to me. Names make news, said I to myself, thinking of the old adage, so a story of an outing appeared under headlines on the front page, with one or two wedding write-ups, a weather report assuring readers that road conditions between New Ulm and Gibbon were such that beer delivery would be conducted on schedule, grain yields as reported by elevator managers, high school items brought in by a girl who sometimes helped set type, and notices about church and parochial school activities.

One evening early in the week I burned the midnight kerosene writing editorials. The lead editorial reviewed the literary productions of Ignatius Donnelly, often referred to as an erratic genius. He served several terms in Congress, organized third-party movements in Minnesota, and was ever in the thick of things as a political debater and a radical reformer. Notable among his books was The Great Cryptogram, in which he sought to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. It made a splash in his own country and among Shakespearean scholars in Europe. Another was Caesar's Column, in which Donnelly predicted the end of civilization. After finishing my editorial it occurred to me that this was a pretty stout dose for the readers of the Gazette, not many of whom appeared to have developed literary tastes. The high school superintendent came in the day after publication to tell me that he enjoyed my editorial comments; his was the only reaction, except for that of the village banker which I shall describe a little later.

The inspiration for another editorial was Roderick MacKay, my former instructor at the Fairfax High School. A big, pleasant-mannered Scot who spoke with a broad burr, he wore a sort of beret-type cap with a little tail hanging from the back when he called and was warmly welcomed at the editorial sanctum in Gibbon. He commended me for my decision to engage in what he termed "the noble profession," said he was becoming sated with teaching and a starvation salary, and was peddling a gadget that automatically fed weaned little pigs—an occupation that he would continue if it proved profitable. Recalling the lines in Whittier's "Snowbound" about the rural preceptor who "could doff at ease his scholar's gown to peddle wares from town to town," I praised my old professor who came down from Olympus to meet
and work among the commoners. In the final editorial paragraph I expressed disapproval of the presidential aspirations of William Jennings Bryan and lauded William McKinley as a statesman of pristine purity and noble motives.

Banker Gugisburg had never condescended to give me even a casual nod since my arrival in Gibbon. I was told that he seldom bothered to greet any but a few of his wealthier bank patrons, so I gave his behavior little thought. He was a giant of a man with bushy black hair and eyebrows, sullen of countenance. Fellow townsfolk from Germany said he was the perfect type of domineering Prussian. But on Friday morning after the publication of the first paper under my editorship, he goose-stepped into the Gazette office, grasped my right hand, and shook it almost violently. Then he made a little speech, saying: "This issue of the paper is the best ever printed in this damn town. I hope Bisson never comes back; if you want to take over his paper you can have all the money you want from my bank." I thanked him, said I hadn't yet learned all about the business and the details of publishing a paper, and that when I left the Gazette I had my home town of Franklin in mind. Again he assured me of backing if I wanted to consider buying the paper. I never mentioned this incident to Bisson, and never learned the reason for the feelings expressed by Gugisburg.

Early in the following week copy for a full-page ad came from the T. M. Roberts Supply Company of Minneapolis, announcing the distribution of catalogues among farmers and others in the territory served by the Gazette. I was inclined to discard it, but Hugo, the printer, ordinarily a silent youth, spoke up, strongly expressing his feelings against what he viewed as a stupid, sleepy lot of local merchants. He thought they needed a jolt like this ad to stir them out of their lethargy. I kept arguing that its publication would be contrary to the policy of the absent publisher.

Fritzie, who was standing by listening to the discussion, then came across with a bright idea, if not an ethical one. We could set the ad, run off a half a dozen proof copies on a back page, kill that form, replace it with a standing page, send the proofs to the supply house, and collect. Motion made and seconded! Hugo quickly set the simple announcement, and we ran off a half-dozen copies and mailed them. Two days later a check for ten dollars arrived.

That evening our young friends were summoned, the beer can was rushed, pretzels and hamburgers were provided from the adjoining saloon, and there was revelry far into the night. In addition to this celebration, the funds from the ad paid for a trip by livery team and buggy to Clear Lake for a swimming outing and picnic.

When Editor Bisson returned from his hunting trip we candidly confessed to a foul and damnable deed. Simulating a stern and reproving manner, but with tongue in cheek, he lectured us, while we stood mute, about the dreadful crime of obtaining money under false pretenses, warning that legal action might follow if ever our act of perfidy was discovered. Then he praised us for our work in producing such lively newspapers during his absence. Hugo, however, sensed that Bisson considered the paper's appearance a little too modernistic.

In 1901, not long after Bisson's return, I purchased the weekly paper in my old home town — Franklin in Renville County — and departed from Gibbon with grateful and pleasant memories of a people whose folkways, ceremonies, and thought habits were quite alien to me, but whose simple virtues I admired not a little. They always treated me with generous kindness and hospitality, and never showed the slightest evidence of clanishness. Now, looking back from a land far away from the scene of this early experience, I hope that the old order in that little town — not without defects — has not been replaced by a too quickly changed new one which departs glaringly from ancient codes.

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