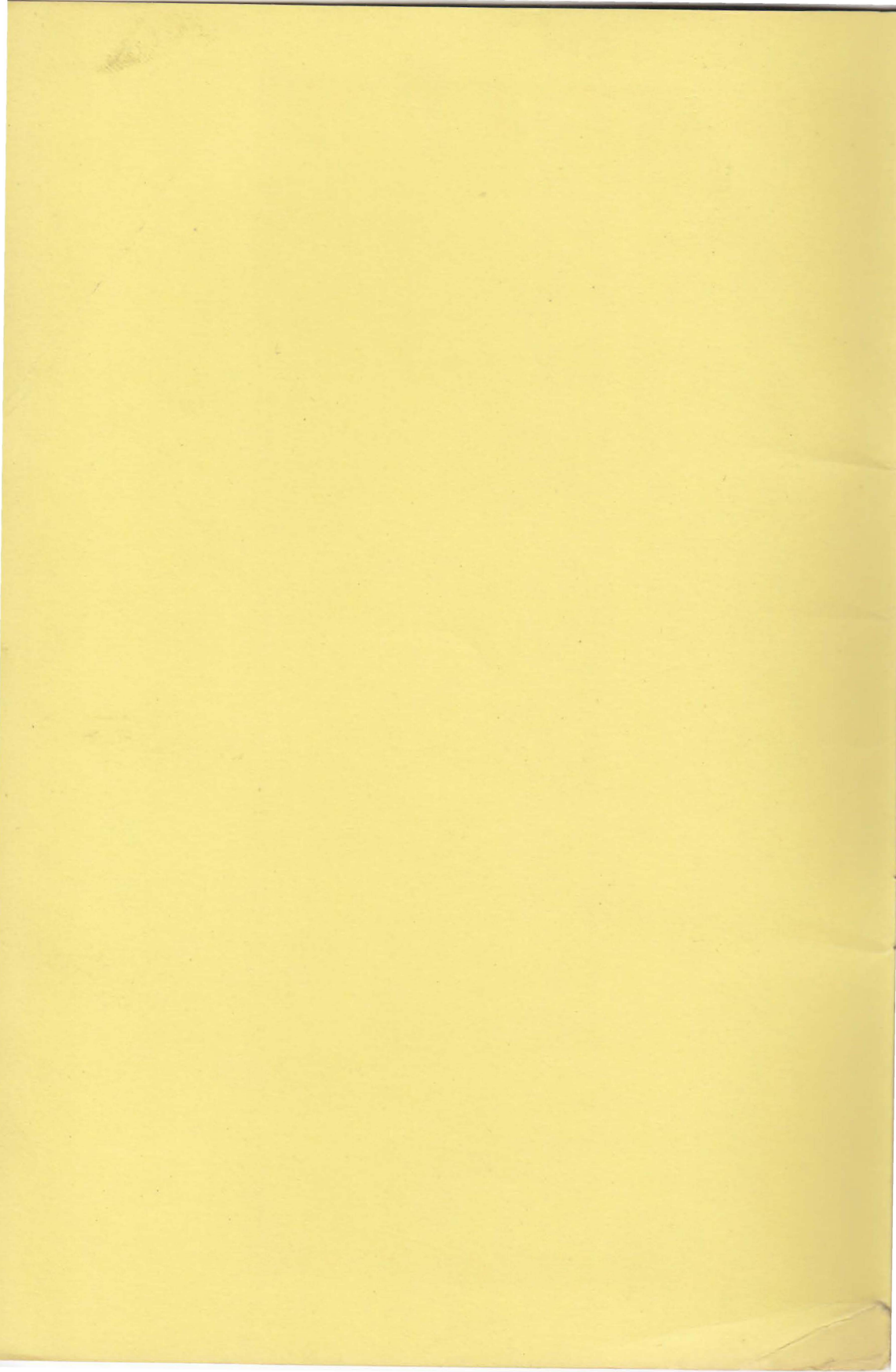


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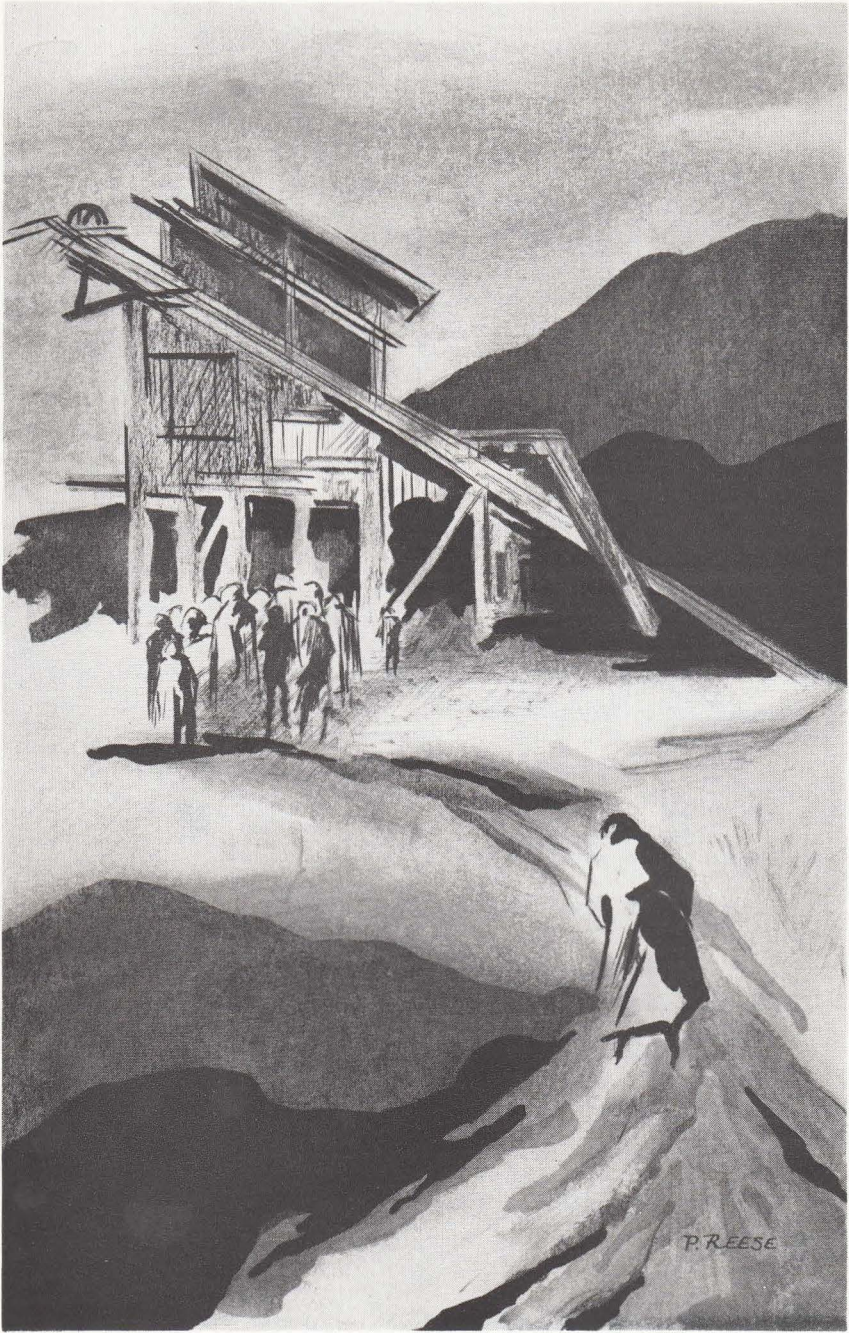
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THE WALL

By THOMAS KASKA

Big Mike Triaski spat when he read the sign on the door of the shifting shanty. He winced as though he had been slapped. His chest heaved with anger. He hurled his helmet violently to the ground. The sweat harbored on his forehead by the inner band of his helmet hovered there for a moment, then trickled down in tiny rivulets over his temples and nose, washing away the coal dust in its path, gruesomely streaking his face. He spat again, furiously. The blob of saliva and tobacco juice, ejected forcefully from his mouth, sped with bullet-like accuracy toward the sign. It struck, splattered, and slowly dripped down over the letters.

"Oy, Christooos!" Jake Barowicz was there now, dirty and hurt like Mike Triaski. The two silently scrutinized the sign, their thirst for beer gone. All the miners who worked the exhausted vein that extended northward from the main shaft toward Polander Hill quickly crowded around the door of the shifting shanty. They read the sign, they cursed it, and they spat on it. Hideously defaced, the cardboard began to warp and twist. The men laughed, and in that split moment they became organized to resist, a violent mob.

But Mike Triaski stood apart from them. He had erected a wall about himself, an impenetrable Slavic wall. To hell with them, but why fire me? I have a right to work. My father built this town; he helped drive down the first shaft. And when I was only twelve he took me down into the mine and said, "Here, this is the way to do it," as he threw the coal over his shoulder so that all the muscles of his back and of his legs and of his arms worked in unison.

Automatically, almost instinctively, Mike Triaski walked into the shifting shanty and began to undress, dropping his clothes in the usual heap near the window. Silently the other men began to file into the shower room. The organized will to resist had crumbled as rapidly as it had burst forth. The mob had been dissipated, for each man had erected a wall about him, as Mike Triaski had done.

Mike was naked now except for one woolen sock. A layer of coal dust covered his body. His face was streaked like a zebra's. Mike

jerked the sock off viciously with blackened hands and stepped under the spray. The water at first seemed to be repelled by the coal dust. Finally it broke through, and the dark film began to flow in black streams from his back and chest, over and under his buttocks, down his legs to the floor. Out of habit Mike washed himself twice, carefully and deliberately. When clean, he looked coarsely handsome, but his lips were thick and his nostrils wide. Coal dust remained embedded about his eyelashes and in his ears.

Mike Triaski dressed slowly, spasmodically, all the time hating the mine and refusing to be fired. He scooped his dirty clothes into a white bag which he fitted under his arm. Picking up his dinner bucket, he started for town. Hurt, he wanted to be with Anna; but, instead of going home, he strode toward the tavern. Anna would be happy now that he had lost his job. Hadn't she wanted him to quit after the first layoff? They would leave Coalden. For this, Mike at times almost hated her. He thought instead of the church. Why did the Virgin let him be fired? Hadn't he just paid five dollars for a Mass to be sung to her? Father Levan! Mike had never liked him. Maybe he forgot the Mass. A priest who would install oil burners in the church, the rectory, and in the nuns' home couldn't be trusted anyway.

The white bag and the dinner bucket Mike Triaski placed side by side on the porch of the tavern. "Some vodka, Pete," he shouted as he entered.

"Can you pay for it?" the bartender retorted in jest. Without answering, Mike crossed the room, seated himself upon a stool, and tossed a dollar bill on the bar. He gulped down the vodka. Slowly he sipped his beer; and, as he did so, the wall he had erected about himself at the mine grew thicker and stronger. Finally he spoke. "Dey fired me, Pete."

"No!" The bartender pretended to be surprised. He had already heard that the mine was going to shut down. He tried to sympathize. "Well, Mike," he said, "I reckon ya'll have t' send the woman out to work."

"Anna?" Mike thought for a moment. "Never!" he shouted at last. "I do the working in my house." Abruptly he picked up his

change from the bar and hurried home to make certain that Anna would not go out to look for a job.

Anna set two bowls on the table and carelessly dropped a spoon, a fork, and a knife beside each bowl. She was at the stove stirring a rich beef soup with a long-handled spoon when Mike threw open the door and burst into the room. "You ain't goin' out to work, Anna! No! No! Hell no!" He hammered the table with his heavy fist.

Anna stiffened. The spoon fell into the soup as she faced Mike. He stared at her sternly, then his eyes softened. She had on the blue dress he liked. It buttoned down the front, and none of the buttons was missing. Her red leather slippers were old, but they still fitted neatly. Her light-brown hair was pulled back and held in place by a blue velvet ribbon and two hairpins, one at each temple. Her round gentle face glowed with rich natural color.

Anna understood the pain in Mike's eyes. "No, Mike, I won't go out to work," she finally answered slowly, deliberately attempting to quell the force of the anger with which Mike had stormed into the house. Dutifully, respectfully, Anna became angry. She cursed the mine and Father Levan for Mike's sake. Obediently she agreed that the rich cigar-smoking company men and the thick-browed union president conspired to persecute the people — that not one of them gave a damn for the miners. Then at last Anna burst into tears, her fright gone. She was glad her man was shut out of the mine. She hated the mine. She dreaded its dangers and, above all, the slow sure kind of death that work in the dusty underground brings. But Mike found only devotion in her tears.

"Mike, don't wait for the shutdown. Let's go to Dover. Papa will find you a job." Mike had finished eating and was staring at the wall. Roused by her words, he again began to pound furiously on the table. He looked at Anna suspiciously, unable for the moment to understand the strange beauty of her eager smile.

So! She was glad that the mine was to shut down. Now she could tell her father that she was no longer a miner's wife. There were times when she did not seem to be his wife. It used to make him feel good when men around the mine said, "Hell, Anna ain't

Morris didn't know Anna. A man at his side whispered her name.

Morris tried to smile. "Mike isn't down there, Mrs. Triaski. He never showed up this morning. For the ones down there there's little hope."

Anna seemed stunned. Then suddenly she understood. "I know he's down there. He took his dinner bucket and went to work this morning. I saw him go."

Morris's voice grew hard and cold. "There are five men down there, and Mike Triaski isn't one of them."

Anna turned away and began to trudge home. With her hand she tried to protect her face from the rain. When she reached her porch, dripping wet, she threw off her shoes, opened the door, and stepped into the kitchen. Then she saw Mike, wet and drunk, huddled over the stove.

"Where ya been?" he shouted.

Anna could not answer.

"I'm hungry! Where's my supper?"

Anna moved toward him. Pressing her head against his shoulder, she took his arm and led him to the table. Dripping with mud and rain, Anna silently served Mike's supper.



NIETZSCHE'S SUPERMAN and GOEBBELS

By JOHN G. CARLING

The exhortations of Friedrich Nietzsche, nineteenth century German philosopher, were highly influential in the thinking of the German people in the decades prior to the rise of Nazism. For that reason when Joseph Goebbels began his destructive career under Hitler, he found Nietzsche's dream of a Superman well seeded in the German consciousness waiting to be cultivated into one of the most destructive doctrines of World War II.

Friedrich Nietzsche's Superman was a creature in every way superior to other men, stronger, more intelligent and bolder than contemporary man. He had a will to power unrestrained by any religious, moral, social or political obligation. This Superman, with his physical prowess, would enslave the servile herd of mankind and create by power of will a Master Race to rule the world. Nietzsche believed that it was the duty of contemporary man to prepare the way for and to serve the Superman.

Goebbels rarely referred to the men whose ideas he used for propaganda. An entry in his diary, however, is significant because it reveals to what extent he was perverted by Nietzsche's "master" morality: "I fear neither a fact nor a person, but only the possibility of losing the war. In times of crisis, fear of persons is a most dangerous thing and there is but one sin as Nietzsche put it; namely, that of cowardice."

Hermann Rauschning, among others, referred to Goebbels as "the little monster" because he was small and a cripple. This is thought by many to have been a psychological reason for Goebbels' adoption of the Master-Race theory. He preferred to associate with men of strength, courage, and exalted rank, provided they served as a means to the power he sought.

As Minister of Nazi Germany's Department of Enlightenment and Propaganda, Goebbels, in 1933, set up the National Cultural Chamber which was to prove indispensable for disseminating

Master-Race propaganda. This organization governed music, the graphic arts, literature, sculpture, painting, motion pictures, radio, and the theater. Through this means, he was able to propagandize all social groups with his simple statements repeated insistently. The German people became convinced that they were the Master Race destined to rule the world and that war was the means to this end; moreover, the Master Race was to annihilate those who resisted her will.

The Master-Race theory proved to be a powerful weapon in the hands of the Nazi warlords because the majority of the German people believed this propaganda. The impact of this obsession was felt the world over as history has shown. As long as the German people could see their prejudices effectively carried out, morale was high; however, when the fact that the Nazis were losing the war became obvious, there was less and less talk about the Master Race. On the other hand, some critics of post-war Germany believe that the Master-Race theory is still cherished by far too many Germans. If this is true, Goebbels did his work well.



DAYS OF FULFILLMENT

By BARBARA BOOCK

Autumn is undoubtedly the most fascinating season to a school child. The pages of summer have been turned, and the book is open to a chapter of cooler weather and shorter days, to busy school time and long walks in leaf-carpeted woods. Few children can resist the pleasure of gathering crimson and gold leaves; moreover, there are other excitements such as the spicy perfume blend of wood fires, winter apples, and fresh cider. The hunt through the woods cannot be put off for long; the squirrels will surely make short work of the nuts. What fun to play Indian and pretend the corn shocks are teepees! Pumpkins are gathered for Mother's pies, but the largest is set aside to be hollowed and carved into a Halloween jack-o'-lantern. Fishing pole and swimming togs are exchanged for football sweaters and mittens. The walk home from school takes longer, for there are many drifts of leaves to walk through. The air is strangely invigorating with many pungent scents, but every child grows wistful because there is not time enough to do all the chores and go outdoors again before early dark.

The hunter rises early to a frosty white cold which sharpens the senses to the movement of woods and countryside. Pheasants and rabbits are not yet out to look for food, but a nut falls from above into the path, the osage orange drops from the hedge with a thud, while, now and then, this languid rhythm is punctuated by the padded note of gunfire. Distant fields across the river appear through windows in the trees where leaves have fallen. Tired and content, the hunter turns homeward through a lurking dusk. Then ripe teaberries certainly taste good.

Biologists are impressed during this season by nature's healing power. To all scientists, autumn extends from the autumnal equinox, September 22nd, in which the sun enters Libra, to the winter solstice, December 22nd, in which it enters Capricorn. The botanist sees chlorophyll breaking up and special decomposition pigments like anthocyanin taking its place. Seed scattering by birds and the wind means to him the continuance of the species. Sacrifice of parts to save the whole appears when leaves fall from trees which they

have enriched. Horse chestnut buds form scales as protection from the severe cold to come. Goldenrod and wild asters ornament the roadside; the blue gentian blooms secretively in the marsh. Everywhere there is evidence of preparation for the hard times of winter, especially in the automatic vegetative storing of starch and other reserve products by plants. The kernels of beechnuts and walnuts swell. Lichens still cling to tree trunks when the song of field insects dies away and flowers wither in the fence row.

The zoologist thinks of autumn as fattening time. The bobolinks, lazy and plump from summer feasting, swing languidly over the wild-rice fields. Winter wrens, whitethroats, and brown creepers return from other climates to prepare their winter home. Busy squirrels store nuts; earthworms drag fallen leaves into their burrows; salmon rush upstream to the spawning ground.

The poet and painter draw inspiration from autumn's chapter, alive with rhythm and color. By day they find creative force in flashing reds and golds; by night, in the peace and plenty of harvest field swimming in moonlight. But all — child, hunter, scientist, and artist — quicken to the heavy aroma rising from the cider mill deep in the valley.



EVICITION DAY AT JEDDO

By SHIRLEY RAY

Although it was already eight o'clock on the cool, damp morning of November 6, 1902, the mines of the G. B. Markle Coal Company were as quiet as they had been for the past five months, despite the fact that the anthracite coal strike had been ended twenty days earlier by the signing of an arbitration agreement. The residents of the Markle Company holding of Jeddo, Pennsylvania, however, had plenty to keep them occupied that morning, for they were watching with some excitement the arrival of a strange procession consisting of an attorney for the coal company, the county sheriff, a squad of deputies, several of them driving wagons, and two companies of the national guard. These men had come to perform the unpleasant task of evicting twelve men, all officers of the Jeddo Local of the United Mine Workers' Union, and their families from the company-owned houses in which they lived.

None of the twelve families was prepared to move, even though their lawyer, D. J. McCarthy, had warned them that the eviction notices served on them ten days before by coal-and-iron policeman Fuller were legal. Therefore, when they saw that Sheriff Jacobs and the deputies meant to enforce the eviction notices, they requested twenty-four hours to move their belongings. Attorney John Bigelow carried their request to the highest authority in the matter, John Markle, the head of the G. B. Markle Coal Company and the boss of the little community. Mr. Markle listened politely to the request, as he did to all petitions from his workers, then firmly told Attorney Bigelow to inform the men that he would not give them five minutes more.

Upon being advised of Markle's decision, the deputies proceeded with their job, while the troops stood by ready for trouble, which fortunately did not come. It was almost unbelievable that the crude, four-room, red frame dwellings from which the miners were being evicted could hold much besides the people who lived in them. Nevertheless, the one street of Jeddo was soon piled high with household goods and personal belongings of all sorts. Observers laughed at Mrs. Shovelin's red-flannel petticoat billowing in the

wives in town shuddered at the sight of
 er mining boots lying across the seat of
 chair.

only bachelor among the miners ordered
 of Jeddo known by the descriptive name
 ies and one of the wagons had to be sent
 dumped in the middle of the street in
 er was unable to print Mr. Demshock's
 this rough treatment of his household
 er, that he made full use of his picturesque
 g years of listening to the directions of

, who lived with her daughter, Mrs.
 of town called Japan, was over ninety
 she had to be carried from the house on
 s had not dulled Mrs. Brannigan's sharp
 all the way to the street she burned the
 er opinions of John Markle, whom she
 for the entire affair. She ended her dia-
 t, as punishment for what he was doing
 be blind himself some day.

urniture in front of Paul Dunleavy's form-
 anding idly about provided too great a
 son, a breaker boy at the colliery. Urged
 scrambled to the top of the heap with a
 g slate banks and planted an American
 this patriotic appeal caused quite a stir
 , and made the troops salute, neither the
 moved back inside when a fine rain began

street was almost deserted because of the
 remained to keep watch over the soggy
 he now muddy road. The evicted people,
 lodging with friends and relatives, were
 nes and jobs. Eviction day at Jeddo was
 of local union officials, at least for a time.

A THORAZINE

P

By KATE

The hopelessness that
 ever be forgotten by those
 Especially has this been true
 in which the patient is so
 can have no faith in him
 always been difficult for the
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Today, however, there
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The nursing staff at R
 mazine hydrochloride, which
 zine, to be beneficial in treat-
 twenty-four patients who
 ment were first given Thorazine
 patients, including schizo-
 rapid improvement.

The psychiatrist in
 patients considered by the
 to manage. The chief prob-
 operative patients develop
 the dosage of Thorazine, 1
 When the medication is given
 that the patient swallows
 the patient discarding the tablet
 in fluids. If the patient reacts
 of fear of poisoning, negative
 by intramuscular injection

A THORAZINE RESEARCH PROJECT

By KATHERINE B. KRESCANKO

The hopelessness that once characterized mental illness cannot ever be forgotten by those who have served in mental institutions. Especially has this been true of schizophrenia, an emotional disorder in which the patient is so overtaken by fear and suspicion that he can have no faith in himself or others. For this reason it has always been difficult for the physician or nurse to establish a personal relationship with the patient in order to pursue psychotherapeutic treatment.

Today, however, there is much hope for the mentally ill. Recent developments with new drugs, as well as momentous new concepts relating to the biochemical foundation of certain mental disorders, not only facilitate treatment of chronic patients but also promise gratifying results in preventing mental breakdown by early diagnosis.

The nursing staff at Retreat State Hospital has found chlorpromazine hydrochloride, which is known by the trade name Thorazine, to be beneficial in treating mental illness. As a research project, twenty-four patients who did not respond to other forms of treatment were first given Thorazine on September 1, 1954. These chronic patients, including schizophrenics of various types, have shown rapid improvement.

The psychiatrist in charge selected for treatment and study patients considered by the nursing staff to be exceptionally difficult to manage. The chief problem with the more resistive and uncooperative patients developed from the mode of administration and the dosage of Thorazine, both of which vary with the individual. When the medication is given orally, the nurse must make certain that the patient swallows the tablets. If there is any possibility of the patient discarding the tablet, it must be crushed and administered in fluids. If the patient refuses to swallow the medication because of fear of poisoning, negativism, or stubbornness, it has to be given by intramuscular injection.

Physical and mental reactions to the drug are watched closely. Temperature, pulse, respiration, and blood pressure are carefully charted. The psychiatric nurse's role of scientific observer is important in noting toxic reactions to the drug and in evaluating and charting in detail the responses of the patient. These records are important for regulating dosage.

Two of the patients receiving Thorazine developed clinical jaundice, and three developed an itchy erythematous papular eruption on their bodies and lower extremities. Extreme pallor, flushed faces, constipation, rapid pulses, and a few temperature elevations were noted; however, these symptoms disappeared either with a temporary discontinuance of the drug or with regulation of dosage by the psychiatrist.

Thorazine does not put the patient to sleep or make him confused and bewildered, nor does it interfere with motor coordination. The patient becomes drowsy when first given the drug, but he can be aroused easily. While the barbiturates and other sedatives depress the cortex or outer layer of the brain, Thorazine apparently acts on the thalamus and hypothalamus or lower brain centers that serve as headquarters for relaying nerve impulses to the higher brain centers.

An evaluation of the effects of Thorazine was made after a four-month period of treatment, when it was revealed that about one-fourth of the patients improved sufficiently to spend week ends at home. The remaining patients showed various degrees of improvement. Seclusion was no longer necessary. The mute, combative patients were talking to nurses and attendants and writing letters home. For the first time in many years these patients were able to relax and enjoy such hospital activities as walking, games, movies, church services, picnics, dances, and occupational therapy.

For a few weeks our efforts with a few patients seemed vain. This was so with Miss C., our most difficult behavior problem. She was very restive, destructive, mischievous, and combative. Although her response was discouragingly slow, treatment was continued. At the present time she is at home and employed.

One of our patients treated with Thorazine returned to the hospital after being at home about six months. Upon inquiry, the

physician found that the patient had stopped the medication. Continued research will be needed to determine how long it will be necessary to take the drug in order to cure or to effectively control mental illness, but today we appear to be opening up a new era in psychiatric treatment.

Assuming that Thorazine and other new drugs prove to be of enduring value in treating mental illness, the psychiatrist must face the problem of providing for proper administration of the drug after the patient has been discharged from the hospital. Because some patients cannot afford to buy the drug or to pay for the services of a private physician, perhaps certain qualified pharmacists may be authorized to dispense the drug free of charge. Mental health clinics may also be given the care of these patients.

Current research with Thorazine and similar drugs is creating a new atmosphere in our mental hospitals. Chronic and acutely ill mental patients have either shown early improvement and recovery or are continuing to improve. The real challenge now is the early diagnosis and prevention of all mental disease.

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THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES

By FRANK LUTINSKI

From 1862 until 1877 five counties in eastern Pennsylvania — Carbon, Schuylkill, Luzerne, Northumberland, and Columbia—were dominated by a secret society of Irishmen whose sole purpose was “to rob, burn, pillage, and kill.” This infamous organization was called the Mollie Maguires, and its growth in the anthracite regions of the state was determined largely by economic abuses and social tensions in many early mining communities.

There had been a tremendous flow of immigrants, especially Irish, into the hard-coal fields between 1841 and 1845; and this great migration produced an increase in population greatly in excess of the demand for mine labor. While this surplus greatly benefited colliery owners, it placed the individual miner at a great disadvantage in a highly competitive labor market. Bosses carefully selected their men, and wages were low; however, the greatest hardship developed out of the monopoly of the company store.

The poorer Irish were the most thoroughly exploited of all the immigrants. The very great majority of mine bosses were either Welsh or English. Many of these had inherited a hatred for the Catholic Irish. Inevitably the mine bosses favored their countrymen. The meanest and dirtiest jobs were given the Irish, and frequently the Irish miner was fired to make room for a recently-arrived Welsh or English immigrant.

The common hardship experienced by the three groups led to the formation of secret societies pledged to improve working conditions, and the activities of these organizations remained peaceful with the exception of the Mollie Maguires. When first organized in 1862, the Mollies sought the same objectives as the others. They tried to promote friendship, unity, and true Christian charity in order to stamp out discrimination.

Unfortunately, however, this secret fraternal order of Irishmen chose a name that had been made infamous generations before in Ireland. The original Mollie Maguire had been a ferocious female who became notorious for killing agents of the hated English land-

lords. Later, when a secret organization was formed in Ireland to intimidate or murder these agents, the members were dubbed Mollie Maguires. They were also sometimes called Ribbonmen because the men often disguised themselves as women and wore red ribbons in their hair. These terrorists, like the original Mollie, became notorious for brutal killings and beatings.

Under the fanatical leadership of Jack Kehoe, the Pennsylvania secret society was soon transformed into a closely-knit organization consisting of sixteen districts comprising the counties of Schuylkill, Carbon, Luzerne, Northumberland, and Columbia. At the head of each district was a "county delegate" carefully chosen by Kehoe. Under each "county delegate" were subordinate officers called "body masters," also appointed by Kehoe. These officials served the purpose of hired gangsters. Every "body master" was a saloon keeper whose saloon was the local weekly meeting place of the Mollies. Every member was, however, forced to attend the meetings, which appear to have been given over to heavy drinking and rioting. Since there were almost twenty-five thousand members of the organization and each had to pay annual dues of three dollars to his "county delegate," Jack Kehoe and his flunkies had a considerable sum of money at their disposal.

Violence on a considerable scale first broke out in Schuylkill and Carbon counties in 1862. Here the murder of mine bosses became a weekly occurrence. Although these murders were coldly premeditated, there was no apparent motive for them except revenge. The result was, however, that the bosses were constrained to carry out the wishes of the Mollie Maguires, and several members were appointed colliery bosses.

The Mollies who committed the murders were usually strangers to their victims. When the "body master" of one district wished to have a man murdered, he applied to the "body master" of another district for assassins. In return for this favor, the first "body master" was bound to furnish killers when his fellow officer was in a mood for murder. Even though they coldly and callously planned their murders, the killers were either never apprehended or escaped punishment because the Mollies had elected their own men as constables and judges. If, by chance, a Mollie was brought to trial, he

was provided with an unshakable alibi. Literally hundreds of murders were committed, and years went by before one of them was brought to justice. A Mollie murder was considered a deed well worth boasting of, and Mollie murderers became men of distinction.

The Mollie Maguires also became notorious for fraud and stuffing ballot boxes, which explains why Jack Kehoe was elected High Constable of Mahanoy Township where Mollies were out-numbered two to one. The reign of terror increased until law-abiding citizens feared to venture from home after dark. Miners refused to go to work. Citizens tried to form vigilance committees to establish lynch law. Archbishop Wood of the Philadelphia Diocese summarily excommunicated all Mollies. However, these moves came to nothing. The Mollie Maguires controlled public offices and suppressed every move of the vigilance committees. The Mollies ignored Archbishop Wood. People continued to be robbed, beaten, and murdered. The Mollies made a special effort to be brutal to the members of the vigilance committees by burning their homes and killing their wives and children.

It was not until Franklin B. Gowen, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, took up arms against the Mollies in 1873 that the wheels of justice began to turn. President Gowen was determined to protect the property of his company and the lives of his mine superintendents and workers. He hired operatives from the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency to ferret out the leaders of the Mollie Maguires and to produce evidence to bring them to justice.

Three years later, in 1876, the first of the dreaded Mollies was brought to trial, convicted, then hanged. The death knell of the secret society was rung in 1877, when Jack Kehoe was executed. Without Kehoe, the Mollie Maguires completely disintegrated. The wave of terror passed, but the fear remained with the generation that had seen and felt the heavy hand of Jack Kehoe.

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THE LETTER

By JEANNETTE PERRINS

The alarm went off at six forty-five. Mollie always set the alarm fifteen minutes ahead because she felt that by doing so she could steal a few more minutes of sleep. This morning she had not meant to close her eyes again, but she did. When she again looked at the clock it was quarter past seven.

She jumped out of bed, shoved her feet into white fur-lined slippers, rushed to the door, pulled it open, and ran down the long hall to the washroom. There was a race every morning to see which of the ten girls on the floor reached the washroom first. The last always had to wash in cold water. Mollie knew, for she was often late.

Back in her room, she tried to be as quiet as possible because her roommate was still sleeping. Mollie opened her bureau drawer. Before she realized what she was doing, she had closed it with a bang. Janet turned over on her side, gave Mollie a very unfriendly look, and pulled the blankets up over her head.

Well, she had done it again. Somehow she always seemed to start the day wrong with Janet. Yesterday she had accidentally spilled a bottle of ink on Janet's half-completed term paper. The day before that she had tried to be helpful by pressing Janet's new blouse. How could she know that she should use a very cool iron? It really wasn't her fault that her hot iron ruined one sleeve of the blouse. She had been trying to do Janet a favor. But then, everything seemed to happen to her.

She couldn't help it if she had an eight o'clock class every morning. Janet could sleep an extra hour. Even though it was quarter of eight when she came out of the front door, she was determined to be calm and serene this one day. Smiling, with chin upraised, she started down the elm-shaded walk as if she were out for a leisurely Sunday afternoon stroll. She was certain that the handsome elderly attorney who passed her never guessed that she was on her way to a history class.



It was a beautiful spring morning. Mollie's scatterbrain was entirely void of academic or any other kind of thought. She ambled on scuffing her feet as she had always been told not to. Ladylike girls always lifted their feet daintily. However, Mollie didn't care because she wasn't trying to impress anyone this morning. She knew that she was a very pretty girl, with dark brown hair cut in page-boy style. Thick eyebrows accented her long oval face. Her wide lips were always painted a fire-hydrant red.

Mollie smoothed the stiff white collar of her cardigan and glanced down admiringly at her new dark blue-and-green tartan skirt. Her black loafers sadly needed repair. No matter. Her feet and head both began to feel lighter and lighter as she dreamed of the wonderful date and the heavenly dance of the night before.

A voice broke through her reverie as she was about to enter the history building.

"Hello, Mollie, we're late this morning."

Mollie turned and looked straight into the big brown eyes of Joe Morgan. He and Mollie often studied together for tests. It was almost five minutes past eight, and Joe and Mollie hurried into the classroom, both secretly comforted by the thought of not being the only one late.

After history class Mollie was very much awake. She started off rapidly toward the other end of the campus where her English class was held. Glancing behind, Mollie saw her roommate hurrying toward her. Janet motioned for Mollie to wait.

"Hey, Mollie, the mailman came to the dorm just as I was leaving, and there was a special delivery letter for you. I'd have brought it with me, but I was not sure I would see you."

"Did it have any return address on it, Janet?"

"I didn't notice any."

"Gee, I wonder who would send me a special delivery letter? Not my mother, unless something dreadful has happened at home. I know Bob wouldn't because he can't seem to find money to buy a three-cent stamp, let alone a special delivery. Jim is in Korea.

Besides I just got a letter from him yesterday. Who could it be, Janet? Oh, well, I guess it isn't too important. Thanks for telling me, Janet. I'll see you at lunch."

"So long, Mollie. Don't worry about that letter. The address was typed, and the envelope didn't look very exceptional."

Late again, Mollie rushed into English class and nearly collided with the instructor, who was about to close the door.

Mollie found it difficult to concentrate on what the instructor said. She found herself drawing doodles instead of taking notes. Her mind kept wandering back to that letter. If Janet hadn't made such an issue of it, she would have forgotten it. Maybe it is important. Nobody sends a special delivery letter unless it is urgent. Maybe Mom is sick and has to go to the hospital for a serious operation. She would call home as soon as she got out of class. She should have called or written two weeks ago, but she had been busy. She hoped Dad was with Mom. Why hadn't she called Friday night as she said she would?

Mollie was really off, and Mr. Peterson really startled her by asking if she felt well. Mollie jumped at the sound of his voice and realized that the class was filing out of the room.

"No, sir, I have a cold."

Which was the best answer she could think of at the moment. She really did have a headache now, and she felt weak and sick, all because of that letter. Mr. Peterson stared at her as she rushed out of the room. Mollie hated to lie, but she couldn't tell Mr. Peterson about the letter. He would think she was crazy.

Mollie dashed over to the student union building. As she passed a group of girls from her dorm, Peggy spoke up.

"Mollie, there is a special delivery letter back at the dorm for you. I would have brought it along to give to you, but Mrs. Crolley seemed to think it was too important. She took it up to her room. You can get it from her when you get back."

By this time Mollie knew what she had to do. She ran to the nearest telephone. The operator had difficulty getting the call

through. Each minute seemed like eternity to Mollie. What if no one was at home? Maybe they were all at the hospital. Perhaps it would be better to call a neighbor. She couldn't remember Mrs. Stevens' number, and she almost dropped the receiver as she poked through her purse looking for her address book. She was really desperate when she finally heard the operator.

"I have a person-to-person call for a Mr. David Williams."

Mollie, of course, didn't expect her mother to be at home, yet the next voice she heard was her mother's saying that Mr. Williams was not at home. Frantic, Mollie broke in.

"Mother, how are you? Is it very serious? I thought you'd be in the hospital. When do they operate? What does the doctor say?"

Mollie was so overcome that she didn't hear her mother's voice trying to break through.

At last Mrs. Williams cut Mollie short and calmly informed her that she had nothing whatsoever wrong with her. She hadn't seen a doctor since Christmas, but what in the world was wrong with Mollie? What was she so upset about?

Mollie tried to explain about the special delivery letter. Her mother assured her that she had not sent it. Then in an ironically sweet tone she told Mollie how glad she was to hear from her daughter.

"The last we heard from you was that postcard mailed three weeks ago. Mollie, I know you can do better than that. To make sure, this morning I sent you writing paper and stamped envelopes. Now please write."

When Mollie hung up the receiver she realized that she was very late for her last morning class. Mr. Phillips gave them problems to work on, and it was bad enough to be late starting. But, before she could finish the first square root, she suddenly began to think of the letter again. It was not from her mother. Who could it be from? And so she fretted until the class was over, and no problems done.

As she came out of class, Peggy ran up to her.

"Mollie, I wonder why Mrs. Crolley wouldn't give me that letter. She must have thought it was bad news. Who do you think it's from? It must be important. Special deliveries are always important. The only time I ever got a special delivery was when . . . But, oh, Mollie, I can't tell you about that. I don't want to worry you."

"You didn't notice the postmark, did you, Peggy?"

"Why, yes I did, Mollie. It was stamped Wilkes-Barre, 2 A.M. this morning."

"Wilkes-Barre! 2 A.M. this morning! Who could it be?"

"Come on, Mollie, let's hurry or we'll miss lunch."

Mollie couldn't eat her lunch. She kept worrying about the letter. She tried, now and then, to fix her attention on her plate, but the hotdogs were tough, the buns were stale, the potatoes were soggy, the milk was warm, and the cake tasted like rubber. What a horrible lunch.

Mollie could not picture herself sitting in an economics class for fifty minutes. Not today, anyway. She began to hurry back to the dorm.

She opened the front door, ran upstairs, knocked on Mrs. Crolley's door, and asked for her letter. Heart beating rapidly, she thanked the housemother and hastily retreated to her room, where she ripped open the envelope.

She glanced at the signature and almost froze with anger. From that terrible jerk! And her whole morning ruined. Her head throbbed and she felt ill.

But she read what he had to say. She hated Bill Evans. His hands were always damp and his mouth disgustingly wet. And he thought he was so superior, a poet! She had been forced to dance with him once last night, and he had snatched a kiss right on the floor when she was trying to catch Pete's eye. Now the character had the nerve to send her a slushy note thanking her for giving him the kiss. And special delivery, too!

Miserable, Mollie fell on her bed and wept.

