and unpublished works of Haupt. Ward's book is amply documented by books, pamphlets, and dissertations as well as by an impressive list of newspapers and trade publications published between 1849 and 1905.

While Ward's book is a thorough account of Haupt's tempestuous career, the author tends to play down some aspects which reflect less favorably upon the railroad engineer and manager's behavior. A notable example of this is the organization of a company union on the Northern Pacific Railroad. While the Northern Pacific Beneficial Association collected dues mostly from its members, the company's promised contribution "was limited to six thousand dollars per year if the Association members would release the company from any liability for loss of life or personal property." Although this agreement by the company was unique, Ward does not adequately place the episode within the context of the attempts by big business to kill the emerging labor movement.

Another sociologically relevant and comically pathetic incident is Ward's portrayal of the reaction to Chief Sitting Bull when he delivered his famous speech in the Sioux language: "I hate all white people. You are thieves and liars. You have taken away our land and made us outcasts." The audience of notables, oblivious to the Indian's feelings and not understanding what Sitting Bull had said, applauded.

This is a book for anyone interested in the history of railroads. Haupt's career took him around the countryside from his early successes with the Pennsylvania Railroad, which made him a fortune, to his troubles with the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, to his work on military railroads, southern railroads, and finally with the Northern Pacific.

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After World War I, Malcolm Cowley became the Boswell of America's "Lost Generation," his own literary efforts mainly devoted to the writing of his friends; Blue Juniata (1929) is a collection of
his own poems. Presently, he is chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

History is made through men like Cowley who gather material on authors, know them as a friend, and review and defend their works. Furthermore, a Peabody High School graduate has told the reviewer of *A Second Flowering* that Malcolm Cowley "was born in Belsano (west-central Pennsylvania), north of Johnstown, west of Ebensburg in 1898. His father I understand was a doctor in Nanty Glo, although I'm not certain of this. Nanty Glo, Ebensburg, etc., all are mentioned in some of the *Blue Juniata* poems. As I mentioned, he graduated from Peabody some years before I entered there."

*A Second Flowering* is his story of eight American authors from the Lost Generation, all veterans, sick of catchwords like "glory" and "freedom," wanting to write, to plan, and to live their own way. Cowley has included F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, Thornton Wilder, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, and Hart Crane. To these men, the war "was a watershed that young writers crossed in their education, and it gave them the feeling of having lived in two eras, almost on two planets."

Why, in a historical magazine, review a book on eight American authors? History is recorded in many media: John Audubon's notebook and bird paintings, Charles Willson Peale's battlefield sketches and portraits of leaders in the American Revolution, Winslow Homer's Civil War sketches, and Mathew Brady's photographs of the Civil War — all are history. Cowley's eight authors re-create the mood of the twenties and thirties.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, spokesman for postwar America, recorded the spending and drinking of the Jazz Age and the country's decline in moral values.

As Cowley wrote, "the age bore Fitzgerald up, flattered him, and gave him more money than he had ever dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did."

Ernest Hemingway's ideas for novels that influenced a generation of Americans came from his own active life as a newspaperman, an ambulance driver, a professional athlete, and from his love of bullfighting, big-game hunting, and fishing. But in his later years, two concussions, the physical pummeling of boxing, plane accidents, and heavy drinking burdened his life.

The man who once produced daily a steady flow of copy, now suffered from headaches and all kinds of bodily pain. Finally his rich-
ly stored mind failed him. Without his writing, Hemingway did not want to live.

Hemingway is the only writer to whom Cowley devotes two chapters: one, "Hemingway in Paris," and the other, "Hemingway the Old Lion." His books still sell well, and his clean-cut style of writing still is admired.

John Dos Passos, an ambulance driver during World War I, became a "Marxist of a sort," emphasizing social panorama in his writing.

He knew no real family life, spending a great deal of time alone on trains, ocean liners, or in European hotels. Choate was his preparatory school, Harvard his university; he was brilliant.

Three of his novels were later combined in one volume, *U. S. A.* However, as Dos Passos aged, he became less and less revolutionary, until finally the Communist front disowned him. After the publishing of *U. S. A.*, he had no influence as a writer. Ultimately, he worked for the election of Robert Taft as president, and for Buckley's *National Review*.

E. E. Cummings attended Cambridge Latin School and Harvard University (magna cum laude, with honors in Literature, Greek, and English). Later, he "unthought" all that he had learned at school, redoing the English language in the process, using verbs as nouns, adjectives as verbs, and the like, completely scrambling the English language.

In 1917, as ambulance drivers, Cummings and William Slater Brown spent time in La Ferté prison. Here Cummings wrote his war poems and an account of his stay in La Ferté. After his release, he lived in Greenwich Village and occupied himself with his avant garde painting, music and poetry, and with contributions to *The Dial*. In his later years he became a monologuist, a lecturer, and a playwright.

Thornton Wilder stands out as the most optimistic, most scholarly, and most conservative of the Lost Generation writers. He became a respected teacher of French at Lawrenceville Preparatory School; but after the success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, he resigned from Lawrenceville, to spend almost two years in Europe, devoting himself to classical studies and archaeology.

*The Woman of Andros* came out on the day of the Wall Street crash, with unfavorable reviews. On the whole, Wilder's writings have been greeted coolly by reviewers.

Wilder also differed from his contemporaries in the quality of his
writing, in that his novels and plays ranged in period and place from the ice age, Peru, Grover's Corners, to the atomic age. He was at home in all ages, while the others were more like historians of their time. They strove for new literary effects, while Wilder loved classical serenity, discipline, and decorum, adapting ancient plots to modern use. He is still writing. In 1973, he published a novel, Theophilus North.

Next is Faulkner, who served in the Royal Canadian Air Force, then returned to Mississippi, unhappy in the postwar world. He thought about the South and created for himself a country of the mind, with William Faulkner as owner of a whole county called Yoknapatawpha, 2,400 square miles, the South in microcosm. His writing was divided into cycles about plantation owners, townspeople, interspersed with stories about poor whites, blacks, and his special creation, the Snopes family, “as if each book was a chord or segment of a total situation.” His writing won for him the Nobel Prize.

Thomas Wolfe had a remarkable memory that registered everything, every place that he saw; his books were himself. He anxiously awaited the flow of his subconscious mind, then wrote until he was completely drained of vitality, paying for this ultimately in poor health. His work was a continuous flow of memories, which Maxwell Perkins helped him to separate into books. His novels outraged many people in his home of Asheville, North Carolina. Now his home in Asheville is a shrine. Cowley wrote, “He was one of the explorers who not only opened a new path but followed it to the end.”

Hart Crane is the only member of Cowley's group completely devoted to poetry. In his frantic effort to find time to write, he was often jobless, dependent upon kind friends and patrons of the arts.

His methods of writing are interesting. First, he collected words and phrases that could possibly be used in a poem — from his reading, speakeasies, subway travel. Then these words formed a pattern in the mind. Next step: to drink wine until visions came. He often used music with a heavy beat, like Ravel's Bolero. Night after night he was drunk. Eventually, no more visions, no more patterns, no more poems. Then, like Hemingway, he committed suicide.

To conclude: Cowley's A Second Flowering will inevitably become a standard work on the writers of the Lost Generation, a position which it will richly deserve.

Pittsburgh

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