

Mena Arkansas

Eleanor Kistley



Mr . and Mrs . Paul Nichols

Fairhope

Alabama

In care of Doctor Dean

BOOK BY POLK CO.
WRITER ATTRACTS
ENGLISH ATTENTION

**"Morning Post" Reviews
Eleanor Risley's "The
Road to Wildcat"**

English lovers of good books are showing a big interest in Eleanor Risley's book, "The Road to Wildcat," and one company has asked for new photographs of the Polk county writer. A most complimentary review recently appeared in The Morning Post, one of the leading London publications. This great paper with the traditions of a century and a half to maintain, had this to say about Mrs. Risley's book:

"Why is this writer not more widely known and read and talked about? She has more to say and says it better than nine novelists out of ten! Also she has the gift of humor pressed down and running over. She perhaps hardly claims to be a novelist. It is hard to tell which is literary convention and which is fact when an author seems to give a straightforward account of personal experiences. Her gallant story of the apple orchard, worked by a woman alone among incredible difficulties and odds rang drastically true; so does most of the present tale of the married pair, one of them threatened with an early death, who push their wheelbarrow along dangerous ways and meet all kinds of human beings most of whom are won to kindness by their personalities.

"A more delightful pair one could hardly meet in fact or fiction. One reviewer has a strong desire to make their personal acquaintance—how rare such a desire among reviewers can only be known to themselves."

Also Mrs. Risley is in receipt of the following from the Portraiture company of Berkeley Square, Piccadilly, London:

"I have been approached by the editors of the leading illustrated journals to furnish them with exclusive portraits for publication. I should esteem it a favor if you would kindly consent to a complimentary sitting in order that I may secure a series of special studies for the purpose mentioned."

Mena Arkansas Route 2 in care of Doctor Dean

May--7-----1934

Dear friends :

A new address you will observe . Flotsam and jetsam
as we are. The mountain home which we expected to get beside
our friends the Coopers was suddenly claimed by the owners
who have been away for years - so also was the lovely Cooper
house by their owners . (Both suffering from the depression)
So both of us had to seek other quarters . Three miles from
Mena our friends the Deans live in a rather pretty place.
-he is a retired physician - Next them is a little house
which they never rent because it is so near them . Mrs Dean urged us
to camp in this house for the summer . So here we are . There
are many pleasant features about it . Mrs Dean belongs to the
clubs which I frequent - Drives her own car , gives us milk
for our coffee etc . She is a handsome woman - a radical -
a spiritist - a driver (Peter gives over her working her
maid to death . But she is kind though a dominating personality
and I have to hang on to my identity . Peter's is in no danger .
The Doctor is seventy and a grouch . The latch string is still
on the outside if you can come up this summer . Scenically
it is not so beautiful as our own camp - but it is in the
mountains and my little pansy bed blooms under the window
where Miss Matthews petunias are also planted . I had a letter
from her last week . As ever she speaks of you . We are glad to
get away from Mena . Too hectic ! But yesterday we had a
day all too full for me . Drove to church - a little car trouble
but the old Hup has behaved beautifully all winter - . Coopers
home to dinner with us . Company at Mrs Deans in afternoon
Drove in town in evening . All this that you may visualize us .

The Women

Forgot to say that the Strattons

were out afterward .Tired and read myself to sleep with an
Anarchist book . (I think I am an anarchist this morning .)
Peter has gained a few pounds since we came to the country
three weeks ago . Our house in town (which the Coopers have
taken , was all too urban for him .) I am none too well .
Mrs Nichols I have just read Powys "Philosophy of Solitude .
I thought of you all the time . It was loaned me by the man
who edits a little "Back to Nature Magazine in Fayetteville .
He asked me for an essay which I sent him and I asked for
the loan of the book . He sent it but asked for return
postage . My word ! We were at the College Mayday . A very
interesting groupe there now . A Japanese - from universities -
and others from Eastern cities . Refined and interesting .
I dont see any teachers ! "They spoke to hundreds of farmers
in the evening about the immediate meance of fascism . Me I dont
mind it myself . Being an anarchist this morning I feel that
Syndicalism , Guild Socialism (IN Italy -in prospect)
leads rather to anarchy than to Communism - a deification
after all of the State . Selah ! Peter is out gathering greens
for poke sallet "om which with hoe cake we subsist . Oh for a
bit of fish . None in the markets here . John is very old now and
sleeps most of the time . Sometimes he almost stops breathing .
I try to prepare myself for the seperation -with ill success .
Uncle Henry still in La . Letter from him last week . Be sure
to come to us if you decide to come to Arkansas . We have room
for you . And you will enjpy our friends I am sure . Now one of
you steal time and tell us all about ^{you see} your friends ! I see Martha
bless her has developed into a singer . Atmosphere . How are the
dear children and is Marvin at home ? This is a dull lette r .
Energy dissipated . Thank heaven the Womens Literary Club has
its last meeting tomorrow . After a tea in the country Wednesday
I mean to rest and court Solitude Love Eleanor

*Peter says do you see
Reverend - swinging to the
left? Any more?*

For Mrs . Nichol s

TEARS

by Lizette Woodworth Reese

When I consider Life and its few years -
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle , and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears:
A rose choked in the grass; and hour of fear s:
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat
The burst of music down an unlistening street,
I wonder at the idleness of tears .
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight ,
Chieftans , and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad !

The author is a very old lady and lives in Baltimore .
The whole sonnet is carved on a marble shaft in a
public park in the city . I never tire of this sonnet

Eleanor .