

# The SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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*Judge Mark Nolan*

## MARK NOLAN AND CASS TIMBERLANE

*Susan K. O'Brien*

Mark Nolan is the primary prototype for *Cass Timberlane*.

The highly respected Minnesotan met Lewis when the author asked editors at the Duluth newspapers for the name of a good judge. Lewis then went to Nolan's chambers to open a dialogue with him and to request assistance in researching the judicial process. The author was to receive much more than research opportunities and information as the two developed a strong friendship that survived to Lewis's death.

Lewis was fond of denying he used real people as models for his characters. At a dinner party later chronicled by Minnesota author Frederick Manfred (Feike Feikema) in the Spring

————— Mark Nolan *continued on page 7*

## ARROWSMITH:

### THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE CHARACTERS

*Jan Peter Verhave  
Van Raalte Institute, Hope College  
Holland, Michigan*

Sinclair Lewis, the author of *Arrowsmith* (1925), had the bacteriologist Paul de Kruif at his side to help create the characters and stories in this medical novel. A number of these characters, with telling fictive names, more or less mirror people in de Kruif's life. They were taken from de Kruif's youth in the Dutch-settled village of Zeeland, Michigan; his periods at the University of Michigan as a student, researcher, and instructor; and his time as a scientist at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York. Although much has been written about the identity of various characters of the novel, there is no comprehensive study of the background of the characters. The prototypes of some characters are obvious, while others emerged from Lewis's imagination. Applying an in-depth knowledge of the life of de Kruif to the novel makes identifications clearer (Verhave). With this study I hope to facilitate a better understanding of the atmosphere of clinical and scientific medicine of those days and its similarities to our era.

### IN SEARCH OF A KEY

In 1961 Mark Schorer (then a linguist at the University of California, Berkeley) published his biography of Sinclair Lewis. When he was writing, Schorer approached de Kruif for help because *Arrowsmith* had so much information about the development of biomedical science in America. This roman à clef requires a key to fully understand the characters, their

————— *Arrowsmith continued on page 9*

Remember to cast your ballot for the election of the new board of directors of the Sinclair Lewis Society—  
*ballot enclosed in your newsletter.*

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## The SINCLAIR LEWIS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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## SINCLAIR LEWIS'S EARLY NEWSPAPER CAREER

Gary H. Mayer  
Stephen F. Austin State University

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Though we remember Sinclair Lewis primarily as a novelist, he, like many other literary giants, first enjoyed a journalistic career. He worked on a number of newspapers, distinguishing himself on none. Yet, Lewis's early journalistic career—spanning his first twenty-five years or so—represents a beginning, which perhaps helped mold him to become a major twentieth-century American novelist.

Lewis was by nature partly a romantic idealist. As a youth, and perhaps as a man, he experienced a sense of loneliness and a sense of rejection. He was reared in an environment in which people considered him a misfit, for he was not interested in sports as other boys were (Schorer 3). Perhaps to compensate for his feeling of rejection, he decided to write.

When Lewis entered Yale in 1903, he once again found rejection and loneliness. Physically ugly, he was a loner. His classmates must have considered him eccentric, for they labeled him with the nickname "God Forbid" (Grebstein 373). Not surprisingly, he retreated to a world of fantasy, where "he enrolled himself in the Court of Love of medieval France, which provided him with inspiration for the poems and stories he wrote for the *Yale Courant* and *Literary Magazine*" (Grace Lewis 16).

Though the seeds of romantic idealism were sown in Sauk Centre, his birthplace, one might conclude that they came to fruition before Lewis entered Yale. When he first visited New York City, on his way to Yale, he envisioned a successful writing career:

I was simply going to love the East, particularly New York; love it and dominate it. Give me twenty years and I would be a literary fellow there, with an income of at least two thousand dollars a year—prob'ly twenty-two hundred, by the time I was fifty... ("My First Day in New York" 57)

Though Lewis did distinguish himself as a "literary fellow," he began his career as a newspaperman, though not a very good one. Although he worked on at least five newspapers—the *Sauk Centre Weekly Herald*, the *Sauk Centre Weekly Avalanche*, the *New Haven Journal and Courier*, the *Waterloo Daily Courier* (Iowa), and the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*—he failed to distinguish himself on any of these.

In his essay "I'm an Old Newspaperman Myself" Lewis says he began working for the *Sauk Centre Weekly Herald* in June 1899 and was fired one month later. When he was younger, he considered a career in journalism: "I felt that life was full of promise, and some day I would live in Minneapolis and be a reporter on the *Tribune*..." ("Newspaperman" 77).

In the summer of 1900 he worked on the *Sauk Centre Weekly Herald* as both a reporter and a typesetter, but he was paid nothing for his endeavors ("Newspaperman" 79). Unfortunately, his first story met with less than the editor's approval:

With my very first item, Mr. Hendryx [the editor] shocked me. I had feverishly written something like this:

"Mrs. Pike entertained the ladies of the Congregational Church last Thursday afternoon. Delicious cocoa and doughnuts were served and a good time was had by all."

"Harry," sniffed Mr. Hendryx, "did you specifically inquire of each lady incriminated whether she had a good time?"

"Huh?"

"How many of the ladies there present *did* you ask whether they had had a good time?"

————— Early Newspaper Career *continued on page 4*

### CONTRIBUTORS

*The editor of the Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter would like to thank everyone who contributed to this issue by writing articles or sending in notes.*

Frederick Betz, Barnaby Conrad, Rick Diguette, M. Ellen Dupree, Mitchell Freedman, George Killough, Jackie Koenig, Gary H. Mayer, Robert L. McLaughlin, Susan O'Brien, and Jan Peter Verhave.

Early Newspaper Career *continued from page 3*

“Well, gee, I guess I didn’t ask any of ‘em.”...

He seized his...blue pencil; he drained all of my heart’s blood after “delicious cocoa and doughnuts were served.” He snapped, “I’ll bet they weren’t so delicious, at that,” and slammed the copy on the hook, whence it would be taken by the regular printer, a man who was always glancing at me and puzzling me by unexplained laughter. (“Newspaperman” 80–81)

However, as Mark Schorer, Lewis’s biographer, points out, Lewis did learn about the newspaper business. He set type, covered his own high-school graduation, and wrote a column of local news. “The prose is plain...and it comprises the first published work of Sinclair Lewis” (34).

Lewis notes that his career with the *Herald* ended later that summer when he admitted to Hendryx he had failed to ask his mother about a membership meeting she attended for the Eastern Star:

“That’s all right. That’s perfectly all right. Let me see, Harry. How much am I paying you now?”

Wild expectations leaped in young hopeful. “Why, just now, you’re paying me nothing a week.”

“Well, my boy, I’m afraid you aren’t worth that much. You’re fired, and I hope this will be only the first of many such journalistic triumphs.”

It was. (“Newspaperman” 83)

Next, Lewis worked for the *Sauk Centre Weekly Avalanche*. He says he worked for the newspaper in the summer of 1903 earning \$3 a week “for merely sweeping, reporting, setting type, running the hand press” (“Newspaperman” 84). Schorer, however, writes that Lewis worked for the newspaper for two weeks; he earned \$5 the first week, then was raised to \$6 the second (64). “He gathered news, solicited subscriptions, collected bills, reported on the three nights of performances by the DeRetit Theatrical Company and wrote

up the churches and schools of Sauk Centre for a forthcoming special edition” (64).

Lewis continued his newspaper career with the *New Haven Journal and Courier*, which he worked on while he was a student at Yale. (He looked for a newspaper job after his father wrote that the family was experiencing financial difficulties.) In December 1903 he was asked to substitute for a *Journal and Courier* reporter who had to go to New York: “I wrote & rewrote some articles, changed headlines of clippings, wrote a long puff on a mark-down sale, and went to different lodges to get the reports of their elections. Worked from 7 till 1:30 A.M.” (Lewis qtd. in Schorer 76). In February, Lewis was offered a temporary position (four to six weeks) on the newspaper, working as a reporter five to six hours, six nights a week. The position lasted two weeks; Lewis quit because he said he was not getting enough sleep (Schorer 76).

Lewis’s next newspaper job—he had graduated from Yale in 1907—was in 1908 with the *Waterloo Daily Courier*, a position he found by looking through classified ads in a Minneapolis newspaper. For \$18 a week he was “editorial writer, telegraph editor, and proofreader” (“Newspaperman” 84). He was also designated drama critic, though he wrote only one review: a musical that played in Waterloo during his stay there (Schorer 141).

Lewis remained on the paper either eight or ten weeks; he was inconsistent when he reminisced (Schorer 141). His editorials proved to be his downfall. He “was expected to deal chiefly with local Iowa politics,” of which he was virtually ignorant (“Newspaperman” 84). Also, taking an unpopular stand on controversial subjects did not help. For example, he wrote about hypocritical evangelists, defended nudity in art, and lambasted the Chicago meat trust, quoting Upton Sinclair’s *The Jungle* (Schorer 142). Later, he admitted that “his editorials were too radical,” and he “suspected that he would be fired” (Lewis qtd. in Schorer 143).

Lewis landed his fifth newspaper position, with the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*, through the poet George

————— Early Newspaper Career *continued on page 6*

## NEW MEMBERS

*Welcome to the new members who have joined the Sinclair Lewis Society since the last issue.*

Tim Blackburn  
Tunbridge Wells  
Kent, UK

Anthony DiRenzo  
Ithaca, NY

Candace W. Druggan  
Tidioute, PA

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## SECOND CHANCES

REVIEW OF *THE SECOND LIFE OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH* BY BARNABY CONRAD (COUNCIL OAK, 2010)

Gary H. Mayer

Stephen F. Austin State University

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What if John Wilkes Booth had not been killed in Richard Garrett's barn, which was set on fire, after Abraham Lincoln's assassination?

What if Booth had survived, had escaped, and had established a new life for himself in the West? What might have happened to him, and what could have been his ultimate fate?

Barnaby Conrad addresses these questions and many more in *The Second Life of John Wilkes Booth*, a fast-paced, edge-of-your-seat novel that apparently had been on the author's mind for quite a few decades.

In his "Afterword," which, by all means, should not be read until the reader has concluded the novel, Conrad explains that in 1947 Lewis hired him, then a 25-year-old aspiring writer, as his secretary. Lewis outlined the plot of the Booth novel, but, of course, he never wrote it.

So 63 years later, here's the novel, which artfully includes memorable historical figures, such as Robert E. Lee, whom Booth thought would be overwhelmingly grateful for the assassination—he's mistaken!—and fascinating fictional ones, such as Langford Upham, a reporter who's convinced Booth

was not killed and is determined to prove himself correct, even if it means trailing Booth to the ends of the earth. (Civil War photographer Mathew Brady also appears.)

Without giving away the ending, Booth's fate indeed illustrates supreme irony, irony which would do Lewis proud. (But, then, he supposedly discussed this ending with Conrad: another reason for not reading the "Afterword" before completing the novel.)

If there's anything amiss with the novel, it's this: Should the reader sympathize with such a notorious villain as John Wilkes Booth?

Honestly, I felt bad—well, not that bad—because I found myself rooting for Booth and wishing the best for him, hoping he would be afforded an opportunity to live the best of all possible lives. (I've never considered Booth an antihero. So I kept telling myself, "There's something wrong with your feelings.")

Without a doubt, readers probably will find themselves totally involved in this novel. It is a page turner with an interesting premise, though Lewis and Conrad were not the first nor the last to suggest it. ✍

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## HABEAS CORPUS (PART VI)

Sinclair Lewis

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*Parts one, two, three, four, and five of this short story by Sinclair Lewis were published in the fall 2008, spring 2009, fall 2009, spring 2010, and fall 2011 issues (17.1, 17.2, 18.1, 18.2 and 19.1) of the Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter. In the first four installments, would-be revolutionist Leo Gurazov, a Bulgarian who lives in the Middle-Western city of Vernon and owns a tobacco shop, acts the part of a fierce revolutionary so that he will be deported and become an important leader in Bulgaria. This story, originally published by the Saturday Evening Post on January 24, 1920, was transcribed by Todd Stanley. Thanks to him for his work in bringing this lesser-known Lewis story to light. We start with the well-to-do Miss Pluma urging him on.*

"Even that must be risked for this cause. Just think how much stronger your case is if you are patiently working there, bearing the burdens, while these abominable officials idling in gilded offices persecute you. No, no, you mustn't leave your fine stalwart labor for anything. Labor—so precious. I often think I shall some day go out and practically earn my own living. I do envy you so. Oh, Mr. Gurazov, I have the best idea! I must have you as the honor guest at a tea next Sunday."

Gurazov could not get her back to the delicate question of an advance and it did not help much to return to his shack as a prospective honor guest. At midnight he woke to one satisfaction—at the tea there would be food, fat and magnificent. He rubbed his rapidly wasting stomach. The coming gorge would

"But I'm afraid I get sick."

—————Habeas Corpus *continued on page 18*



*One of Lewis's inspirations: the orator, Robert Ingersoll, Glen Oak Park in Peoria*

Sterling, who recommended him to copy editor Joe Noel. Noel had asked to be transferred to Alameda County; as a result, Lewis got the job, which he held from September 20 to November 27, 1909: two months and one week. He was paid \$30 a week (Schorer 153–54).

Lewis also wrote headlines, though he admitted he was not very good. He describes headline writing as “an art even more deft and passionate than the old-time writing of epitaphs...for are not headlines little tombstones for items of news that are now dead

and frequently decayed?” (“Newspaperman” 92).

Schorer points out that, in reality, Lewis did a lot of rewriting, along with writing some human-interest stories. He wrote a few reviews of plays and books; a humorous item, “Talks with a Typist” (fiction); and a poem (154).

But once again Lewis failed as a newspaperman. Various reasons have been given: he was excited about his work on the *Bulletin* when he began, but he quickly tired of it. He wrote a friend: “Gee! This newspaper work is plumb hard. Working most every evening—long hours & no chance to write at stories” (Lewis qtd. in Schorer 154). Unfortunately, he lacked a nose for news, “and his human-interest stories are rather heavily flippant” (Schorer 154).

In all likelihood, Lewis was fired—and perhaps the editor was looking for an excuse to discharge him—over a 2,000-word story about a San Francisco saloon and dance hall which the editor thought had no news value (Schorer 154–56). Schorer calls this article, at best, “a competent college essay” (156).

Though Lewis’s early newspaper career is less than distinguished, it formed a basis for his later success. Many of his early writings show a keen sense of humor, and, in all likelihood, afforded him opportunities to sharpen his powers of observation. Also, Doremus Jessup, the hero of *It Can’t Happen Here*, is an idealistic newspaper editor. In essence, it

would be virtually impossible to say how many literary seeds were sown during these very early years.

Interestingly enough, Ora Weagle in *Work of Art* perhaps mirrors Lewis’s situation when he says: “First, I’m going to be a reporter. Of course you got to be a reporter before you can become an author—any reporter will tell you that.... First I’ll do poetry. But what I want to head for is big novels. I expect I’ll be the Dickens of America” (22). (Here perhaps is a revealing self-portrait, for hasn’t Lewis been called “the Dickens of America”?)

Journalism plays a part in other novels. In *The Job*, for example, Una Golden and her mother arrive in 1905 in New York, where Una eventually finds a job with the *Motor and Gas Gazette*. She becomes infatuated with her boss, Walter Babson, who falls in love with her. Yet, believing he has no future, Walter leaves the *Gazette*. Because the publication must economize, Una loses her job and finds work with an architect.

And, finally, in *It Can’t Happen Here*, Lewis’s newspaper background takes center stage. In this novel he paints a picture of what might happen if fascists took over the United States. The title, of course, is ironic, for Lewis is saying *it* definitely can happen here; but if democracy should be destroyed, there are always people like newspaper editor Doremus Jessup who would help restore it.

Though Lewis’s newspaper career is not memorable—maybe even forgettable—it certainly influenced his writing career. For he was a reporter first, then an author.

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Mark Nolan *continued from page 1*

1954 issue of *American Scholar*, Lewis informed Manfred that a guest was coming.

“People think he’s the model for Cass Timberlane,” Lewis said. “[But he’s] not at all, as you’ll see when you meet him” (175).

Yet, the characteristics of the two judges, one real and one fictional, are so closely aligned they can’t be dismissed.

Mark Nolan was born November 15, 1901, and raised in Gilbert, on Minnesota’s Iron Range. He displayed precocity as student, going on to college and completing law school at the prestigious University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana. He quickly became a nationally recognized debater on the student circuit, eventually winning a state award and the college’s highest honor, the Breen Medal; during his long judicial career he was frequently called on to give important speeches. After graduating magna cum laude in 1924, he taught in the Notre Dame Law School for one year. He then returned to northeastern Minnesota to practice law on the Range.

In 1928, Nolan became the youngest member of the Minnesota House of Representatives to date, elected from the 61st district. Again his star rose when he authored important acts, one of which prevented courts from issuing temporary injunctions in labor disputes without a hearing. He co-authored a bill under which Minnesota ratified the Child Labor Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Later, in his career as a judge, he was influential in creating the presentence hearing, offering rights not previously granted to the accused (Conlon).

By the time Lewis became his friend, Nolan was 42 years old and had achieved sufficient stature to be offered the Farmer-Labor party nomination for lieutenant governor. But he wanted to serve the people of Duluth and his beloved North Shore; he returned to become the first elected judge in the Eleventh Judicial District (Duluth) since 1898. He would be solidly re-elected to five additional six-year terms. Eventually he was elected chief of judges of the Sixth Judicial District (Arrowhead Region.) During his time on the bench, he rejected more lucrative offers elsewhere.

His reputation for wit made him a favorite of jurors and once got him in trouble until a high court ruled it was “perfectly proper for a judge to occasionally indulge in judicial levity during a trial” (Conlon).

Lewis and Nolan had much in common: both came out of rural Minnesota to attend impressive universities; both were keenly, at times even primarily, interested in advancing social conscience; both enjoyed collecting Minnesota scenery and socializing with members of Duluth society; and both hoped to

create lasting awareness and change. Both had impressive success in big arenas at a young age while remaining consciously connected to their Minnesota roots.

So it was that Lewis found in Nolan, according to biographer Mark Schorer, “the perfect friend” (715).

The fact that Lewis used real people as models is not in dispute. Paul de Kruif has long been regarded by serious scholars as the model for Arrowsmith. Lewis’s first wife, Grace Hegger, unhappily concluded that she had been at least a partial model for Fran, the social climbing wife of *Dodsworth* (Lingeman 337). In my own family, relatives of Osakis businessman Harry Caughren, my cousin’s grandfather, and Harry’s brother Dave, president of the Sauk Centre bank, were adamantly certain they knew real Sauk Centrerites unveiled in *Main Street*. Both men had known Lewis well throughout youth; Dave was a lifetime friend of Lewis.

A small question is whether or not there were other models for Cass Timberlane. One Judge Vince Day of Minneapolis is described by Lewis: “[Vince is] all gentle uplift, where Mark is boisterous drive” (Lingeman 483). That is the only mention; then Lewis adds, however, “...with Mark, I now know something about judges with the makeup off” (Schorer 716).

Transparencies in the novel relating strictly to Mark Nolan include:

1. The opening lines describe a 41-year-old judge “in his first year on the bench, after a term in Congress. He was a serious judge, a man of learning, a believer in the majesty of the law” (3). Translated out of fiction, this is a close description of Mark Nolan at the time *Cass Timberlane* was written.
2. The same opening describes the judge sometimes “in an agony of drowsiness” as Nolan sometimes was (3).
3. People called the character and the real man by his first name, and everyone from the working class to the elite were treated with the same respect.
4. Nolan was highly regarded partly because of his nearly obsessive concern with propriety and ethics; he refused all business investments because of commitment to total objectivity on the bench. From the novel: “Roy Drover for years mocked Cass’s constant reading...his **failure to make slick investments**” (20, my emphasis).

—Mark Nolan *continued on page 8*

Mark Nolan *continued from page 7*

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5. Nolan, who had many opportunities to move to a wider field, remained in Duluth as Cass did in Grand Republic because, from the novel, “Grand Republic was beginning to build up a kind of city new to the world, a city for all the people, a city for decency and neighborliness” (12).

Other examples of direct connection may be made but are too numerous to relate in one article. The plot disconnect involves young Jinny Marshland; unlike Cass, Judge Nolan remained married to his only spouse. The real-life persona of Mark Nolan, however, is the DNA that permeates every cell and aspect of the fictional judge. Lewis himself made this link: “With Mark, one IS able to live in a romantic novel, for a day or two, now and then” (qtd. in Schorer 716).

In a letter to a friend in the summer of 1966, Judge Nolan recounted his relationship with Lewis. He described merry man-trips up the North Shore, frequent stops for scenery evaluation, relaxed overnights in rustic cabins, and primitive meals prepared by Nolan himself.

“I told him [Lewis] that I didn’t care how many prizes he had won, he had to follow the rules of the game,” Nolan wrote in his letter, “and as long as I cooked, he had to wash the dishes. As a matter of fact, he always seemed to be happy when his friends treated him not as a celebrity but as an ordinary fellow. I can say he liked the common people, the so-called ‘little fellow.’”

Nolan also wrote at length about Lewis’s “ingrown resentment against the so-called aristocrats and the rich, although [in Duluth] he got along very well with most of them.”

Lewis, Nolan wrote, was:

always interested in a little horseplay... we stopped at a little resort area called Beaver Bay, and just before I got there I told him I would introduce him merely as Mr. Lewis, not Sinclair Lewis...he refused to bet with me that anybody would know him...finally... one of the natives turned to him and said, ‘Aren’t you some kind of an author or something?’ and then, of course, I revealed, to Lewis’s delight, he was the great Sinclair Lewis.

Nolan and Lewis continued both correspondence and friendship until Lewis’s death in 1951; Lewis at one point gave advice on voice study in Italy for the Judge’s musically gifted daughter. This fact belies a premise that Lewis had no long-standing friendships in his life when he died. There was, in fact, no break with Mark Nolan.

My own interest in this project began in July 1966, when, as a cub reporter for the *Duluth News Tribune*, I covered a

proceeding in Judge Nolan’s courtroom. No article can be complete without my personal memory of the unusually high regard in which the Judge was held by the cynical editors in my newsroom. Judge Nolan’s reputation enhanced my interest in Lewis over the years, and is responsible for the year of research and writing I concluded in my presentation to the Sinclair Lewis Society Conference in 2010.

I can say that it was very difficult to impress the editors at the newspaper, who often privately used unflattering pseudonyms for select leaders considered less than worthy to hold their positions. The editors had seen a great deal of the negative side of human behavior and were difficult to impress. Judge Nolan stood out, from this newsroom reputation, as a bright light for liberal progress in Duluth.

During my research I learned much more about Judge Nolan’s achievements. Almost no area of social conscience was untouched by this talented, verbally agile change agent; diverse political groups, labor organizations, Native Americans, and numerous activists were the fortunate recipients of his commitment to ethics on the bench. He was particularly interested in juvenile justice, serving as President of the Minnesota Juvenile Court Judges Association.

To the great sorrow of so many, Judge Nolan died August 19, 1967, at the premature age of 65, in a car accident near the shore of his beloved Lake Superior. Eulogies and long written obituaries were numerous as the city, indeed the state, mourned a truly great Minnesotan.

But he lives on in the DNA and character of Judge Cass Timberlane. In reviewing the novel for the October 13, 1945 issue of the *New Yorker*, Edmund Wilson wrote:

The best and subtlest thing in the novel is the effect, on the judge’s behavior with his wife, and treacherous friend, of the conception of justice and individual rights. Judge Timberlane is creating interest and value for his less conscious and responsible neighbors, in both his personal and professional life. (102)

That also is a perfect summation of Judge Nolan.

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*Judge Nolan and his wife, Ann Murray of Eveleth, had four children, one of whom, Ms. Billie Franey of White Bear Lake, contributed significantly to my research. Thank you to Pat Coleman, Acquisitions Librarian, Minnesota Historical Society; Professor George Killough of St. Scholastica/Duluth*

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Mark Nolan *continued on page 9*



Mark Nolan *continued from page 8*

and editor of *Minnesota Diary, 1942–46*; and former *Duluth Library Community Affairs Director Virginia Hyvarinen*; without their help many facts about Judge Nolan would not have come to light. Special thanks to Sally Parry for suggesting this project.

A copy of the presentation, including a fuller excerpt from Mark Nolan's letter-memoir of Sinclair Lewis and two case studies of Judge Nolan's time on the bench, has been catalogued in the *Minnesota Historical Society/St. Paul*, along with a copy of all archival material contributed by the University of Notre Dame. The presentation title is: "Influences: Sinclair Lewis, Mark Nolan and Cass Timberlane."

Judge Nolan's "Letter to Mary and Jack" is from the family's private collection.

An extensive notebook and file of *News Tribune* and other articles on Judge Nolan and his family are housed at the *Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul*.

Arrowsmith *continued from page 1*

medical background, and, in particular, the world of medical science in which de Kruif had worked.

The librarian of the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Archibald Malloch, in the early 1930s had urged de Kruif to reveal the real people behind the characters of the novel. De Kruif finally assented, but, as many of the prototypes were still alive, he stipulated that the key should be kept from the public for thirty years.<sup>1</sup> He gave Schorer written permission to see his letter with the names of the prototypes at the New York Academy of Medicine. Schorer published the list on pages 418–19 of the biography, exactly thirty years later. With some names de Kruif indicated what positions the real persons held at the time, others are without further identification. The aim of the present study has been to search for proof that the characters of the novel do mirror physicians and medical scientists of the day, for which I have drawn on available biographical descriptions.

De Kruif also confided to Schorer that he was busy writing his own memoir, *The Sweeping Wind*, and had just finished the episode on *Arrowsmith*. One might assume that with these two biographies, despite some minor differences in details and timing, everything about the *Arrowsmith* episode and its characters has been said, but there is still material to be mined. Countless articles have since appeared in literary and medical journals. James M. Hutchisson has written two very discerning and sharp-witted analyses of de Kruif's contribution to the book and the many traits he shared with Martin Arrowsmith. Richard Lingeman's recent biography of Lewis, although inter-

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esting, does not add to the present subject. *Arrowsmith* remains intriguing to historians, who have presented new analyses and parallels in the lives of Arrowsmith and de Kruif.

## THE NOVEL

A short summary of the novel is sufficient as most readers will have read the novel. Arrowsmith is a medical student and later a young doctor who is at times a general practitioner, a hospital doctor, a public health doctor, and a researcher. He often stumbles in his progress, but always does so in search of truth. Experimenting at the prestigious McGurk Institute, he discovers an agent that kills bacteria. Unfortunately his mentor, Dr. Max Gottlieb, has to tell him that the priority is not his and that a European researcher has made the discovery before him. Nevertheless, they agree on testing the so-called bacteriophage. An epidemic of bubonic plague rages through a Caribbean island and Arrowsmith is sent with the stipulation that he inject only half of the population with the anti-bacterial agent, the other half serving as a control group to validate the clinical trial. His young wife Leora and a colleague, the public health doctor Sondelius, join him and succumb to the plague. In protest, Arrowsmith then ignores the protocol and injects the whole population. After this horrid experience, he rejects the acclaim of the Institute's staff and never again adjusts to regular life. Leaving behind his new family, he withdraws to

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a laboratory in the wilderness to devote himself to biomedical research.

Below, I follow the story and comment on the various characters more or less in their order of appearance.

## THE CHARACTERS

First, Arrowsmith himself, whose name the authors chose from a telephone book and whose appearance was modeled after an unknown young fellow Lewis and de Kruif observed on their fact-finding trip to the Caribbean. Surprisingly little attention has been paid to the prototype for Martin Arrowsmith. Was it all de Kruif, the truth-seeking scientist? Or did Lewis put much of himself into the student and doctor, as Dorothy Thompson stated, and with whom Schorer agreed? After all, Lewis's father and brother were doctors.

De Kruif's key notes that the prototype of Arrowsmith was Raymond G. Hussey (1884–1953), describing him as “now professor of pathology at Yale.” Hussey had been one of de Kruif's colleagues at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, an assistant in the department of biophysics; he was one of those young medical doctors who devoted his time to animal experiments. Hussey was quite productive, judging from the number of publications he (co)authored, and de Kruif later stated, “the essence of him is mounted for examination, though not very successfully, in Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*” (“I Collect People”). De Kruif remembered Hussey as “that honest, bizarre and lovable man,” always saying: “It isn't what your friends say that matters at all; it's how they act, it's what they do.” Following this counsel, “I began to lose my befuddlement at the fantastic bundles of contradictions people are at the bottom.” Hussey's stand may have been the trigger for de Kruif to start writing critically about the atmosphere at the Institute and the unprofessional behavior of its staff members (*Our Medicine Men*), which cost him his position at the Rockefeller Institute in 1922. After the Rockefeller years, Hussey became assistant professor at Cornell University Medical School in 1922 and, subsequently, full professor at Yale. Hussey, “a most charming man,” became a recognized expert on industrial medicine and occupational health (Lanza 229). He and de Kruif remained friends and one can only guess whether the veil about Martin Arrowsmith was ever lifted between the two. But there is more in Arrowsmith than Hussey, as de Kruif admitted.

With regard to Arrowsmith's discovery of the bacteriophage and the bitter realization that he has missed the priority, there is another clear parallel with the real world. Félix d'Hérelle is identified in the novel as having made the discovery before him, while in reality d'Hérelle came up with it after the

British researcher Frederick Twort (Gest). It was de Kruif's lab mate and comrade at Rockefeller, the Belgian André Gratia (1893–1950), who noted Twort's discovery and started doing experiments on the Twort-d'Hérelle phenomenon. As de Kruif was intimately familiar with this research, there may be parts of André Gratia in Martin Arrowsmith (Gratia). Thus, we must conclude that Arrowsmith is an amalgam of characters.

Hutchisson makes very clear the influence of de Kruif on the modeling of the main character (“Sinclair Lewis, Paul de Kruif, and Composition of *Arrowsmith*”). His convincing arguments are based on Lewis's notebooks, the chronology of the lives of Arrowsmith and de Kruif, the early writings of de Kruif and his autobiography, and the correspondence between Grace Hegger (Lewis's first wife) and de Kruif (1952–1955). The evidence of the many parallels between Arrowsmith and de Kruif is overwhelming. Not only had de Kruif suggested many of the characters, but also the science, the philosophy, and the human story. The present exploration can be read in conjunction with Hutchisson's publications.

Let me add some details on the environment of de Kruif in Zeeland and Holland, Michigan that are recognizable in *Arrowsmith* but never have been noted before:

— The fathers of Arrowsmith and de Kruif sent bi-monthly checks from mid-western villages (Elk Mills, Winnemac, for Arrowsmith and Zeeland, Michigan, for de Kruif) to sustain their student sons.

— The profession of de Kruif's father Henry (agricultural implement dealer) is echoed in the agricultural implement manufacturer of Nautilus, and his “celebrated Daisy Manure Spreader” (Lewis 194).

— Arrowsmith becoming “the demon driver of the village” in his Ford station wagon clearly reflects young de Kruif's obsession with driving his father's Ford roadster at high speed (Lewis 156).

— The name of the McGurk Institute refers to the large pickle factory Heinz in Holland, Michigan, which was founded by the great industrialist H. J. Heinz during de Kruif's childhood years and is still in operation.

— The town of Blackwater at St. Hubert may have been named after the river and inland lake next to Holland (now called Lake Macatawa). One of the tentative titles of the book was “Barbarian.” De Kruif's wife Rhea suggested it, with a wink to her maiden name Barbarin (de Kruif to Clarence Day).

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Though Lewis added some aspects of himself and other real and imaginary people in the main character, de Kruif himself is undoubtedly the closest to Arrowsmith.

Doc Vickerson was created by Lewis and has no prototype, according to de Kruif's key. However, Lewis described the university's Dean Dr. Silva as "a Doc Vickerson of Elk Mills, grown wiser and soberer and more sure" (Lewis 83). Vickerson is the country doctor in Arrowsmith's hometown who encourages him to study medicine. There is also a similarity with Dr. Thomas G. Huizinga (see below), of Zeeland Michigan, where de Kruif grew up, even though the real figure was far from being an alcoholic.

The University of Winnemac in Mohalis, near Zenith, is clearly based on the University of Michigan where de Kruif studied preclinical medicine and bacteriology, acquired his Ph.D., and was assistant professor from 1908 to 1919. Many situations and professors in *Arrowsmith* become recognizable in Davenport's detailed account of the history of the University of Michigan Medical School, *Not Just Any Medical School*.

Among Arrowsmith's more colorful classmates is Cliff Clawson, a charming fellow and roommate. He plays the clown during their freshman year and organizes tricks during lectures and practicals. The jokes he makes are so detailed that de Kruif (or his fellow medical student and soon to be wife Mary Fisher) must have been present in the dissection room (Clawson puts a firecracker in a corpse and a damp, disgusting pancreas into the derby hat of a distinguished university regent who visits the class). He drops out and becomes a salesman. De Kruif gave no clue whether he was Lewis's invention, but he was certainly not based on de Kruif's real roommate during the first year, Walter Van Haitisma, the studious son of a Zeeland farmer.

Fatty Pfaff, another student, clumsy and pitiful, "a sausage in corduroy trousers," becomes an obstetrician (Lewis 29). De Kruif identified him as "Theodore Adams, medical student at the University of Michigan, circa 1916, now an obstetrician." Adams (1896–1971) was an obstetrician at the Michigan Hospital and later moved to the Pacific coast (Scales).

One of the freshmen, older than the rest and who does not figure in the key, is Ira Hinkley, already a trained and ordained reverend, who wants to become a doctor as well as a medical missionary. He is a bright and happy Christian, and rather annoyingly tries to boost the religious morale of his peers. There is one anecdote outside the book that might fit Hinkley. The Dean of the University of Michigan Medical School, Professor Vaughan, tells this in his autobiography:

All through the hour [of a lecture for freshmen] I was annoyed by the fact that at least one man in the class

was making no effort to follow me. A few minutes before the end of the hour I stopped and said: "The facts that I am giving today are the foundation stones of physiological chemistry. If you fail to comprehend them, it is useless to continue the course. One man in this class has not comprehended a word I have said. Throughout the hour I have watched his face and I have not seen a ray of intelligence in it. In order to convince you that I am right I will ask this man to arise and permit me to ask him a few questions." I pointed out the man. The poor fellow was so stricken with shame that for a while he could not move. Finally he managed to say: "Pardon me, Doctor Vaughan, I am not a member of the class. I am a clergyman with a letter of introduction to you. I am waiting to the end of the hour when I hope to present it." (Vaughan, chapter 7)

I could not identify this person. In the novel, Hinkley turns up as a missionary in the Caribbean, where he behaves like a narrow-minded colonial and crosses Arrowsmith during the plague epidemic. He later becomes infected and dies.

Next, there is the other Digamma Pi fraternity student Angus Duer, whom Arrowsmith despises and admires at the same time. He meets him again in the Chicago Rouncefield Clinic, where he is portrayed as a capable but greedy surgeon. De Kruif indicated that he had had Henry J. Vanden Berg in mind, a "now prominent surgeon in Grand Rapids, Michigan." Vanden Berg, a cousin of de Kruif's, was born in Zeeland, Michigan, became a medical student at the University of Michigan Medical School and president of the Knickerbocker Club, graduated in 1905, and started to practice in Grand Rapids the next year. Later, as a surgeon, he was the author of several papers in medical journals between 1916 and 1931. He also performed an appendectomy on de Kruif in 1940.

The Dean of the Winnemac Medical School and professor of internal medicine, T. J. H. Silva, also known as "Dad Silva," is compassionate with his students, stern about misbehaving, and fatherly in the case of personal problems. He is identified by de Kruif as T. G. Huizinga, formerly a practitioner in his hometown of Zeeland, Michigan. Huizinga had been de Kruif's confidant during his adolescence and advised him to study medicine. De Kruif devoted a chapter to "T. G. H. and the Super-Doc" in *Our Medicine Men* (1922), citing him as an exemplary village doctor. Though a university dean is hardly comparable to an old-fashioned village doctor, the fatherly concern of the real one is clearly reflected in the character in the novel.

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Despite de Kruif's note, I strongly favor the idea that the real Dean of the Medical School at Ann Arbor, Dr. Victor Clarence Vaughan (1851–1929), professor of hygiene and physiological chemistry, is in part reflected in Dr. Silva. In his autobiography *A Doctor's Memories* (chapter 7, "My Services as Dean"), Vaughan depicts himself as a true fatherly figure and educator for the students. The description of Silva in *Arrowsmith* as "a round little man with a little crescent of mustache" (Lewis 83) perfectly matches the picture of Vaughan. At the time (1929) the medical librarian at Ann Arbor, Miss Sue Biethan also recognized Vaughan in Silva (Schorer 418). The one aspect that does not fit Vaughan is the admiration of Silva for Sir William Osler, professor at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Silva shares that with Dr. George Dock (1860–1951), who had served as professor of internal medicine at the University of Michigan Medical School from 1891 to 1908. De Kruif must have heard stories about Dr. Dock and his favorite Osler.

Another Mohalis professor is Dr. John Aldington Robertshaw, who teaches physiology. He is called "a stuffy Boston Brahmin," with the fixed expression of New England's upper crust (Davenport 64). He is the only teacher who still wears "mutton-chop whiskers" and predictably says: "When I was studying with Ludwig in Germany—" (Lewis 20). He drones his lectures, causing unrest in the amphitheatre. Robertshaw is identified in the key as Warren P. Lombard. Warren Plimpton Lombard, MD (1855–1939) was a bearded professor at the University of Michigan medical school who had studied in Boston. He did indeed spend three years in Leipzig, where he studied spinal reflexes in the frog in the famous institute of Carl Ludwig. Under his direction, students, among them Paul de Kruif, learned physiology by monitoring blood pressure, knee jerk reflexes, muscle fatigue, and pulse rates on each other and in laboratory animals. The prototype of Robertshaw was also a dull teacher who disregarded pedagogical principles. Robertshaw demonstrated "the effects of brass bands on the intensity of the knee-jerk" (Lewis 20). This peculiarity may refer not to Lombard, but to a professor of pathology, Aldred Scott Warthin (1866–1931), a fairly good amateur musician. He tried similar experiments, notably the effect of Wagner's orchestral music on sexual orgasm (under hypnosis and not in class!) (Davenport, ch. 11). De Kruif described Professor Warthin extensively: "To us students, he was a terror...scaring us out of sexual peccadilloes." He was an authority on the pathology of syphilis and loved to tell sexy anecdotes in his lectures (*The Male Hormone* 15).

Dr. Oliver O. Stout, professor of anatomy, is not mentioned in the key list, but may well have been modeled after G.

Carl Huber, anatomy professor of the University of Michigan at the time. One of Huber's specializations was neuroanatomy: he studied sympathetic nerves in the brain (Davenport, ch. 9). In the novel, the freshmen in Stout's class repeat aloud a mnemonic to memorize the twelve cranial nerves (olfactory, optic, oculomotor, trochlear...):

On old Olympus' topmost top  
A fat-eared German viewed a hop. (Lewis 21)

The above mentioned jokes of Clawson with the firecrackers and the pancreas happen in Stout's dissecting class.

The other professor not on the list is Dr. Lloyd Davidson, professor of materia medica, who teaches drugs and diseases (particularly talking about the proper drug when the disease cannot be diagnosed). Arrowsmith protests publicly because the patients might have gotten better anyway and he suggests rebelliously that it is a "*post hoc, propter hoc*" fallacy. Irritated, Davidson cuts Arrowsmith down to size, telling him to learn everything by heart, "*because I tell you to!*" (Lewis 41). The professor of pharmacology and materia medica in de Kruif's time was Charles Wallis Edmunds (1873–1941). He challenged the effectiveness of various remedies as useless drugs, even though general practitioners wanted to prescribe them, and he wanted them to be removed from the *Pharmacopoeia* (Davenport, ch. 8).

Roscoe Geake, professor of otolaryngology at Winnemac, figures as an unsympathetic person and is detested by Arrowsmith. Geake is keener on selling medical implements than on doctoring, and Lewis's portrait of him is utterly satirical, as when he describes his lecture on "The Art and Science of Furnishing the Doctor's Office" (Lewis 85). The real ear, nose, and throat physician and professor at the Medical School was Roy Bishop Canfield (1874–1932). He did many good things for the school and Lewis's satirical description of Geake as a "pedlar" (Lewis 83) for his own benefit, does not quite apply to Canfield. But there is a remarkable parallel between Geake and Canfield. Geake declares:

you must always use *salesmanship* on him [your patient]. Explain to him, also to his stricken and anxious family, the hard work and thought you are giving to his case, and so make him feel that the good you have done to him, or intend to do him, is even greater than the fee you plan to charge. Then, when he gets your bill, he will not misunderstand or kick. (Lewis 84)

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Once, Canfield did get a kick that became a legend: one of his patients was Edsel, the son of Henry Ford. The father, heavily protecting his only child, forced Dr. Canfield to stay in the hospital room at the bedside, day and night, until Edsel was released. Canfield sent Ford a bill of \$25,000, which incensed the rich industrialist (Hill). Subsequently, Ford played the Medical School a nasty trick by erecting his own hospital in Detroit in 1915 (Davenport 289).

The most impressive character is of course Dr. Max Gottlieb, who awakens Arrowsmith's feeling for science. The key simply says: F.G. Novy; Jacques Loeb. Gottlieb has clear traits of Professor Frederick G. Novy (1864–1957), a leading bacteriologist, who had been trained in the laboratories of European giants like Robert Koch and Emile Roux (Long). Gottlieb is described as a bacteriologist and immunologist, which makes him like Novy. "Professor Max Gottlieb was about to assassinate a guinea pig with anthrax germs... 'I cannot advise breaking tubes of anthrax germs... You *might* merely get anthrax boils—' The class shuddered" (Lewis 33–34). This episode perfectly matches Novy, who worked with pathogens in class, stating that any accident was the result of inexcusable carelessness (Davenport, ch. 5). Arrowsmith studies the trypanosomes in the lab of Gottlieb, those unicellular blood parasites that "stained with polychrome methylene blue" (Lewis 37) just as de Kruif did in Novy's lab.

In his autobiography de Kruif is still quite satisfied with the partial likeness of Gottlieb with Novy, but admits that it was difficult to do. "I do not know if Professor Novy ever read *Arrowsmith*, but I can see him reading it and growling and in his precise, small script writing in the margin, *re* Gottlieb, one word, Bosh!" (*Sweeping Wind* 98).

Almus Pickerbaugh is a caricatured promoter of living a healthy life in his city of Nautilus. He organizes pep weeks to educate the public: Clean-up Week, Fly Week, Better Babies Week, and Three Cigars a Day Week. According to the key, Pickerbaugh is modeled after William De Kleine, Medical Director of the Red Cross. De Kleine (1891–1964) was a physician in Grand Haven, Michigan. As a member of the Michigan State Board, in 1917 he organized campaigns against tuberculosis throughout the state, known as "Health First Parties." Information was given about housing and how to prevent infection within families. At that time he was of the opinion that: "The public health is not entirely a scientific problem. It includes a study of social questions" (*The Survey* 38, 18, April 21, 1917). De Kleine, who was from Zeeland, Michigan, and from Dutch stock like de Kruif, became medical director of the Red Cross. In the later writings of de Kruif he figures most sympathetically as a bold fighter for public health

for the poor, especially in the anti-pellagra campaigns. It is generally accepted that Pickerbaugh was Lewis's invention. In a letter to Grace Hegger, de Kruif confided that he had largely invented the figure: "He came right out of the scrapbook of a health officer. But Red [Sinclair] added some priceless touches. We invented him together" (de Kruif to Grace Hegger-Lewis).

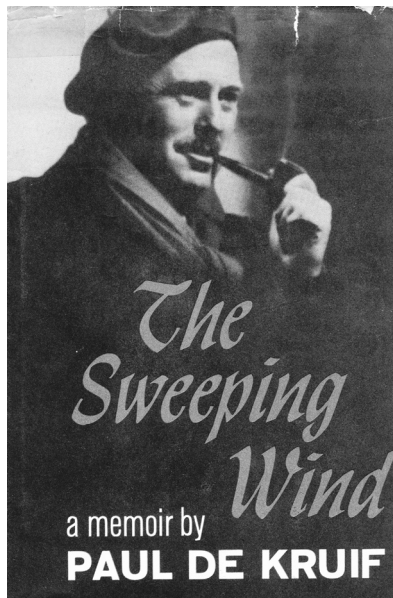
Dr. Rouncefield, a Chicago abdominal surgeon who maintains his own Rouncefield Clinic, is not on the list. As a medical student, Arrowsmith attended a meeting where Rouncefield lectured on sterilization of catgut, the material to sew up surgical wounds. But a connection can be made with Professor of Surgery Nicolas Senn (1844–1908), Rush Medical College, Chicago, who studied the same subject. He started his own school and his own clinic, demanding keenness and subservience from his assistants. He had introduced new anesthetic methods from his homeland Switzerland. Described as fiercely dogmatic and intolerant, his towering personality was rather feared (Williams). Senn donated \$6,000 for the construction of a hall at Rush, Senn Hall, in 1903.

After leaving his public health job in Nautilus, Arrowsmith joins the Rouncefield Clinic, where his fellow student Angus Duer is busy building up a career as a surgeon. Arrowsmith does not like the way the clinic works: it is a medical factory. Medical specialists in a group practice, sharing costs and profits, are more interested in accumulating money than in the patients. This greediness is a recurrent theme in the early writings of de Kruif. Rouncefield Clinic is a private institution, just like the real Rush Medical College. The personality of Dr. Rouncefield is not elaborated in the novel and thus, Nicolas Senn and Rush bear only a superficial resemblance to Rouncefield and his clinic.

Arrowsmith leaves the Rouncefield Clinic and starts research at the famous McGurk Institute in New York. As suggested above, de Kruif invented the name, but it represents the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the affiliated Rockefeller Hospital. Unlike the Chicago hospital, the doctors were not "attending physicians," and thus not allowed private practices to increase their income. They were full-time employees of the hospital without teaching obligations, and several of them did research at the Institute (Hollingsworth).

Thomas Rivers, a virologist who joined the Rockefeller Institute right after de Kruif had resigned, much later recalled: "Paul de Kruif's rupture with the Institute was complete, and soon after he took a great public revenge.... The McGurk Institute so beautifully satirized in the novel *Arrowsmith* is the Rockefeller Institute. Most of the members of the Institute found their way

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to join him again. Here Gottlieb resembles Jacques Loeb (1859–1924), the general physiologist, with his German accent, his materialistic and atheistic philosophy, and his emphasis on experimental controls. During their cruise Lewis gave de Kruif exercises on writing a fictional biography of Gottlieb. They add nuance to Gottlieb's background. For example, de Kruif wrote on the head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris [Emile Roux] whom he met during World War I and again in 1923 while studying the writings of Pasteur. Roux, then already 70, is described by de Kruif as modest, hawk-faced, and bearded. Interestingly, Coard used this hawk criterion as one of the similarities of Gottlieb with the detective Sherlock Holmes (565). But de Kruif used this description only for Roux and never for Loeb. I suppose that Lewis may also have used the "hawk nose" of Gottlieb to emphasize his Jewish background, but otherwise he has described the Jewish Gottlieb very respectfully and not with racial prejudice; in fact, the author had publicly denounced Henry Ford for his anti-Semitic campaign in 1922.

In the novel, as well as in de Kruif's autobiography, Gottlieb/Loeb stresses the need for good mathematics in research. There are two other similarities that have been overlooked so far. The first is that both Loeb and Gottlieb's favorite writers are Voltaire and Rabelais. De Kruif studied them while in England. Secondly, Gottlieb dies soon after Arrowsmith returns from his mission to St. Hubert, while Loeb died on February 11, 1924, one and a half years after de Kruif had left the Rockefeller Institute. Because de Kruif saw the last draft of *Arrowsmith* in September 1923, Lewis may have added the episode about the dying Gottlieb after

word of Loeb's death reached him. De Kruif admired Loeb enormously, and wrote two articles about the master, one before his death ("Jacques Loeb, The Mechanist") and one after ("Jacques Loeb").

The director of the McGurk Institute is Dr. A. DeWitt Tubbs, former professor of pathology, "an earnest man, whiskered like a terrier, very scholarly, and perhaps the most powerful American exponent of co-operation in science" (Lewis 284). The key refers to Dr. Simon Flexner (1863–1946), the clean-shaven director of the Rockefeller Institute, a former professor of pathology and specialist in the pathology of infectious diseases. Cooperation and comradeship in science was indeed his motto for the Institute ("Simon Flexner"). His brother Abraham called the portrait "a travesty."

Rippleton Holabird, a doctor at the McGurk Institute, "a tall, slim, easy man with a trim mustache...gaily elegant yet so distinguished...conferring with Tubbs instead of sweating at his bench" (Lewis 282, 286, 297), hopes to become assistant director. He boasts of his early work on brain functions, but has no further scientific ideas of his own. According to the key he is partly Peyton Rous. Dr. Francis Peyton Rous (1879–1970), who considered himself unsuitable to be a clinician, had been an instructor at the University of Michigan Medical School. He was "refined, gentle, exquisitely cultured," as de Kruif described him (*Sweeping Wind* 15). Rous had worked on chicken sarcoma at the Rockefeller Institute and had proved already in 1912 that a virus was the cause of this cancer. As this finding was initially ignored, he shifted to work on antibodies and on the generation and destruction of blood cells and found a way to preserve blood for transfusion. In 1921 he became the editor of the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*. Much later in his life, in 1966, he received the Nobel Prize for his cancer work (Dulbecco). Rous never did work on brains.<sup>2</sup>

The key indicates that Holabird was also in part Dr. Rufus Ivory Cole (1872–1966), a clinical bacteriologist trained at the University of Michigan, who became the director of the new Rockefeller Hospital in 1910 (Miller). De Kruif wrote about him, "a man who had been kind to me," but he absolutely disagreed with Cole's idea that medical science was on par with physics or chemistry (*Sweeping Wind* 33). In the novel, Holabird boasts about a modern centrifuge in his lab "twenty thousand [revolutions] a minute—fastest in the world" (Lewis 283) which made him resemble Cole, who had his hospital fitted with the most modern equipment. Cole's special interest was

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the study of lobar pneumonia with its causative *Pneumococcus* bacteria and not the brain function that Holabird had once studied and lived on for many years.

Dr. Nicholas Yeo, a senior biologist at the McGurk Institute, “long-mustached and rustic” (Lewis 297), whom Arrowsmith first takes for a carpenter, was not identified as having a prototype among the men in de Kruif’s circle. Yet, he described John Howard (Jack) Northrop (1891–1987), his colleague at the Rockefeller and a physicist, as a true outdoor type, a Viking, tugging at his “magnificent mustachios” (*Sweeping Wind* 30). This picture seems much like Yeo in *Arrowsmith*.

However, Jack Northrop is also in the key as Terry Wickett, the rough, bold, and lonely researcher with red hair, who is rude and slangy. Arrowsmith befriends him and later joins him in a scientific retreat. The key explains that Northrop and Tom J. LeBlanc, de Kruif’s assistant at Ann Arbor and colleague at the Rockefeller, share this likeness with Wickett. LeBlanc and de Kruif went on a challenging outdoor canoeing trip to Hudson Bay. De Kruif later made an equally challenging trip with Northrop to Newfoundland.

Northrop studied biology and chemistry and, after earning a Ph.D. in chemistry, joined the Rockefeller Institute where he worked with Jacques Loeb on kinetics of essential enzymes. With de Kruif he studied the agglutination of bacteria and they published several papers together. They remained friends after the latter resigned. Northrop remained attached to the Rockefeller Institute and in 1946 he received the Nobel Prize for chemistry (Herriot). Le Blanc was from upstate Michigan and studied at the University of Michigan; he joined the Rockefeller Institute and served as a field scientist in South America. He earned his D.Sc. at Johns Hopkins University in 1923, worked for the United States Public Health Service as a statistician, and joined the faculty of the University of Cincinnati where he was a professor and head of the department of preventive medicine from 1935 on. He died in 1948.

Dr. Aaron Sholtheis, a chemist at McGurk, “who had been born to a synagogue in Russia but who was now the most zealous high-church Episcopalian in Yonkers, was constantly in his polite small way trying to have his scientific work commended by Gottlieb” (Lewis 297). This neat, industrious head of the Department of Epidemiology might resemble Peter Kosciuszko Olitsky (1886–1964), who worked in the department of Jacques Loeb at the Rockefeller Institute and had been on a field study in Mexico. Apart from his eastern European name and the epidemiology, I have not found other clues that substantiate this hypothesis.

Dr. William Smith, a slight man with a little beard, is an assistant in biochemistry at the McGurk Institute. Lewis

described him inscrutably as having “an intelligent taste in music and German beer” and “a notion of mushrooms formed in Paris” (Lewis 291, 297). Smith keeps to himself, but sneakily overhears conversations in the corridors of the Institute. He does not figure in the key of de Kruif and, in contemporary group pictures of the Rockefeller crew, there is no one with a beard. Smith has an insignificant role in the story and there is no clue to associate him with any of de Kruif’s colleagues.

Arrowsmith shows his St. Hubert data to the biometrician, Raymond Pearl. This biologist is one of the few real people in the book. He was a professor at Johns Hopkins and a longtime counselor and friend of de Kruif. Pearl was married to Maud De Witt in 1903, at that time an influential administrator at the zoological laboratory of the University of Michigan. Is it coincidental that the secretary of the director of the McGurk Institute was Pearl Robbins?

Another real person, mentioned *en passant* is Hideyo Noguchi, a Japanese colleague of de Kruif at the Rockefeller Institute, who was after the cause of yellow fever.

The key indicates that there was no prototype for the public health doctor Gustav Sordelius of Sweden, suggesting that he was an invention of Lewis, who designated him as his favorite character. He could be identified with the director of the Nobel Institute for Physical Chemistry, Svante Arrhenius, a good friend of Jacques Loeb (Wald). But I suggest yet another candidate: Hans Zinsser (1878–1940), medical doctor, bacteriologist, and epidemiologist, who was a companion of de Kruif in France during World War I. By 1923 he was a professor of bacteriology at Harvard Medical School and an expert on louse-borne typhus. My hunch that Zinsser was a model for Gustav Sordelius is based on the latter’s dealing with rats at the pestiferous island of St. Hubert “with hydrocyanic acid gas” (Lewis 350). “[W]ith loving zeal, he had slaughtered [rats] by the million, with a romantic absorption in traps and poison gas” (Lewis 338). Rats are the hosts of lice-transmitting typhus (Zinsser’s favorite study object), as well as hosts of fleas that transmit bubonic plague, the epidemic that Arrowsmith and Sordelius have to control. Zinsser, who witnessed a devastating typhus outbreak during the war in Serbia, told his military buddies, including de Kruif, about this experience. He must have been aware of this highly toxic stuff for killing rats (this was used by the Nazis as Zyklon B during World War II).

Sordelius is a “soldier of science,” a fantastic drinker, and a poet, who “roamed the world fighting epidemics,” descriptions that also apply to Zinsser (Lewis 171). Other

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characteristics of Sondelius do not fit Zinsser as well. He is described in his biography as affectionate, voluble, energetic, multitalented, terrier-like, and having a strong fondness for wine, women, horses, books (Wolbach). After *Arrowsmith* appeared, he wrote very critically about the way the plague epidemic was handled,<sup>3</sup> but that does not count as a proof.

The Surgeon General on the British island of St. Hubert (Santa Lucia) is Dr. R. E. Inchcape Jones. He is the image of Dr. Hutson, the public health officer of Barbados, who gave Lewis and de Kruif a tour, explaining that the island was healthy. Inchcape Jones, who is not on the list, maintains the same view of St. Hubert until very late, when he is forced to quarantine the island. He remains against Arrowsmith's experiment and pleads for protection and immunization of all its citizens.

One of the other physicians working at the island is the African-American Oliver Marchand, educated at Howard University, who is clever and wise. He notes to Arrowsmith shortly after he meets him that "in this crisis they permit a negro doctor to practise even among the whites" (Lewis 369). He seems to be invented by Lewis and makes Arrowsmith feel ashamed. Marchand backs Arrowsmith in his plans to only treat half of the population.

Surprisingly, in the above key, de Kruif did not mention a prototype for Arrowsmith's bride Leora Tozer, but it is a widely accepted view that it is Rhea Barbarin, de Kruif's new wife. De Kruif himself clearly confirmed that, almost emotionally (*Sweeping Wind* 88). The way she dies of plague by picking up a cigarette from the laboratory bench reflects a real accident in Novy's laboratory: in a similar way a medical student got infected with plague bacilli in 1901 and was barely saved (Davenport, chapter 4). Lewis may have mixed in other cherished memories to make this dream woman. An early love of Lewis's, Edith Summers, also claimed to have been the model for Leora (Schorer 480).

The two other women in Arrowsmith's life, Madeline Fox and Joyce Lanyon, are modelled after Grace Hegger Lewis who, according to de Kruif, "has the manners of a parvenu Duchesse" (de Kruif to Clarence Day). However, Madeline might also have had some resemblance to de Kruif's first wife, Mary Fisher. Very little is known about Mary, but at least the initials are the same.

## CONCLUSION

The key that de Kruif created to explain the characters of *Arrowsmith* is most important to our understanding of the personalities behind the fiction. In the depositing letter to Malloch, de Kruif wrote,

None of the prototypes correspond in any physical way to the fictive characters. Nor do their careers correspond to Lewis's creations. It is rather the *spirit* of these various people that Lewis tried to portray, at the same time building round that spirit flesh and blood people who have no resemblance whatever to their originals.

It is my wish, to avoid those unseemly obscenities that instantly arise in literature and scientific controversies, that you keep this volume, with its key, safe from all prying eyes for a period of thirty (30) years.

De Kruif expresses some reservations about his key, adding disclaimers like "as well as I can now remember them" and "many details have slipped my memory." These provisos mean that the researcher needs prudence. This is true of de Kruif's life more generally; he did not have the habit of archiving his correspondence and wrote his memoir, *The Sweeping Wind* (1962), after consulting his other books and his own memories. Fortunately, his recollections, which he started to write down after his wife Rhea died in 1957, prove to be generally accurate. Given this, it makes sense that the key from 1931 can be trusted with confidence. That does not say however that it is complete. Certainly others are welcome to take issue with the key if they can bring forward convincing arguments about it.

Though this survey is not exhaustive, I have tried to produce additional evidence for a number of the characters in the way they mirror the real life figures mentioned in the key. I hope it does not raise hackles in scientific circles. It may, on the contrary, broaden the insight in American literary and medical history of the early twentieth century.

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*In view of my pursuit to write a biography of Paul de Kruif, I welcome any scholarly and non-scholarly contacts and as yet hidden sources about him (jpverhave@hotmail.com). I thank Leif S. Teglbjaerg for useful comments and brushing up the English.*

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> The letter which contains this "key" is deposited in the Rare Book Room of the New York Academy of Medicine (de Kruif to Archibald Malloch).



Arrowsmith continued from page 16

<sup>2</sup> Upon reading the novel, Rous wrote to Flexner: “Of course there was a rush to see what Arrowsmith had to say about the Institute’s staff. The book annoys because of the false view it gives of science and the way to work at it...It is, well, nauseating.” Unfortunately, there are no indications that Rockefellerians recognized themselves in the scientists at the McGurk Institute.

<sup>3</sup> Zinsser to de Kruif, Feb 5, 1926: “...in which I so rudely tried to reach the point of your yaw...by the extremely harsh and rude things I said in that article.” (Holland Archives, Paul de Kruif file). Zinsser would repeat the critical note in his book *Rats, Lice, and History* (1934).

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make up for beef stew at Henry's Railroad Lunch Room.

The following Sunday Gurazov had neither breakfast nor luncheon. He lay abed till three in the afternoon. Dressing was a problem in Communist etiquette. Would it be better to dust his best black suit and look respectable, or to wear his working clothes and look pathetic? He spent five minutes in turning his tremulous and hungry nose from one suit to the other. He compromised on Fabianism. He put on the other black suit with a Socialist pamphlet worn in the breast pocket. He pulled his felt hat mysteriously over his brow and stalked out to Miss Pluma's.

The familiar reception room and the big drawing-room behind it, with walls of bilious brown and upholstery of sickly yellow satin, were full of people who bustled and stared and murmured and smelled of faint perfume and cedar chests and good Sunday dinners. Most of them were women above thirty-five. He recognized the president of the New Theater Club, the wife of a university professor, two newspaper men with their young wives and a lawyer who on all occasions lectured on single tax. Miss Pluma towed him about, introducing him to people all of whose names were strangely about the same—Mm. Blrrrr. He had to shake damp hands and smile and say over and over, "S'pleasure—pleas't meet you."

But they did not ask him to make a speech, and as to contributing to his campaign for feeding the hungry they were bleakly silent. Now that they had curiously shaken his hand, they were through with him and in impenetrable knots they returned to discussing Ethel Barrymore and winter tops. Gurazov stood on one foot and felt unhappy.

In a room leagues away the swinging of a door, the scent of steam and pastry, two maids ushering a tea wagon.

Gurazov was a good lap ahead at the tape. And all the food he beheld was a large silver engine filled with tea and four large platters filled with insults to the appetite. There were cakes, thin and criss-crossed and shiny with sugar, and sticks of pastry less significant than the end of a right piece of apple pie. There were macaroons—and Gurazov had hated coconut ever since the South Seas. He did succeed with seven cakes—he took one every time a girl went by him with a tray. After them he was so hungry that he prowled round till he came on an innocent pitcher of cream on a bookcase and he hastily drank all of it.

When the crowd began to look at watches and to mutter, "I'm afraid we better be trotting on, Wilkie," he was still uninvited to make even a little pink speech. He sneaked out and desperately headed for Henry's Lunch. His disgust widened into a despair not in the least whimsical and humorous. Half

the evening he tramped the railroad yards, an obscure humped figure in the roaring blackness. Blocks away was a sparkle of lanterns, green and twinkling crimson. Trains passed with a melodramatic fury of headlights, a sliding flare of yellow—and the infuriating hint of food in dining cars. Again were the yards thick with gloom—a hard gritty place of rails and cinder-covered ditches. Through them poked Gurazov and fear strode with him.

Henebry would win. Gurazov would not be deported. And if he was not he had for the rest of his life the prospect of these railroad yards and labor unending. When he was at last summoned to appear before Inspector Blymer he was slightly hysterical.

## X

Blymer lounged at his desk as informal as ever, but his office was lively with witnesses, all busily herded by Counselor Henebry, who used his eyeglasses as a shepherd's crook. Gurazov anxiously heard the testimony. Prof. George T. Waghouse of the University of Vernon so ably interpreted Gurazov's pamphlet that nobody—neither the inspector nor the original author nor the professor himself—had any idea what it really meant. Miss Pluma Wilcox, in white gloves and a boa, told how brave and misunderstood Gurazov was and hinted that it was the poor fellow's ignorance of English which had made him misstate his patriotic ideals. Nick Benorius and Becky Tchernin testified that far from being a dangerous anarchist Gurazov was a joke to every Red in town.

"Now, Mr. Gurazov, I'll ask you a few questions," droned Inspector Blymer.

Gurazov dived out of his chair, leaned over with his fists on the desk, his shoulders humped, his elbows bent. He shouted:

"I love this country! I want to stay here! I fight deportation! But I don't care. I rather be deported than back down on my principles. I think you got one bum Government. I think we ought to rise and overthrow it."

"That'll do," snapped the inspector. "I don't believe we need go on with this hearing. The prisoner admits that he advocates the overthrow of the Government by force. He is to all intents an anarchist. I shall recommend his deportation."

"I protest," Counselor Henebry placidly sketched. "The prisoner is a Socialist, not an anarchist. He does not, to quote the immigration code, 'disbelieve in all organized Government.' If you will permit, I propose to show——"

In a passion of fear at Henebry's calmness Gurazov chattered, "I do! I disbelieve in all government! I—I have just become an anarchist."

The inspector tapped his pencil.

"I think we'll call this enough, Mr. Henebry—unless you have some material witnesses."

"I have none, but I wish to explain that I don't think my client realizes what he has said."

"You do not yield then?"

"No, sir. And I want that to go on the record."

But Mr. Henebry's defiance was feeble and he drilled his waistcoat pocket with a cigar as though he wanted to get out and smoke.

"If you wish to file a brief, counselor, I'll forward it to Washington with my report. Washington must make final decision, but in my opinion this hearing indicates that the man is liable to deportation. That's all. Klosk, take him back to the city prison. Counselor, it will require a week or so for them to review this case in the law office of the bureau and for the secretary to make decision and I shall recommend a higher bail than five hundred. But if you want bail I'll advise Washington."

"I do ask for it," mumbled Henebry.

Gurazov did not hear him. He was in a haze of glory. Bulgaria was only a step away. It was beautiful to be taken to a nice quiet cell instead of going back to the section gang. He slept for most of forty-eight hours. He was still soaking in drowsiness two days later when Miss Pluma Wilcox was admitted to talk to him through the bars.

"How do?" he grunted.

"Oh, we all admire you so! Just to think that my class can go on being content with golf and making money when people like you lead such an exciting life! Some day I shall go right out and defy the Government. And I have a wonderful idea. I'm going to start a radical night school. I shall be president. But you are to be secretary and instructor in European economics—if we can save you from deportation. I will pay you a salary of four thousand a year."

Gurazov was not drowsy now. He was yanking at the bars as though he was trying to break them. He had never in his life made so much as a thousand a year clear. He was yelling:

"Save me from deportation! Tell Henebry to hurry! Tell him to come see me! Save me! I love this country! Four thousand a year? Tell Nick the comrades got to save me! He got up a petition for them Hindus. He got to get up one for me."

## XI

All day after release on bail Gurazov was in conference with Miss Pluma, Nick and Henebry. He was being trained to withdraw his testimony; to explain that he had not understood the meaning of the word "anarchist." All four of them talked at once in the black-paneled Wilcox dining room. They drank coffee and pounded the table and read pieces out of the little paperbound books. Gurazov was showing possibilities of hysteria unknown to himself. He wanted to escape deportation more than he had wanted to attain it. He saw as heaven the office of the night school, himself loftily advising students and napping in a desk chair—and not in danger of Balkan counter-revolutionists. He kept clutching the tail and lapels and sleeves of Henebry's staid gray cutaway till the irritated lawyer barked, "Don't paw me!"

"The poor man—can't you see his spiritual agony?" Pluma reprimanded.

Nick Benorius looked doubtful. He was fed up with Gurazov and he was sure that he knew a much better man than Gurazov for a certain four-thousand-dollar job.

Henebry had settled down to read aloud a transcript of the testimony at the hearing when the maid murmured, "Man to see you, Miss Wilcox."

Behind her stood the lean, casual Inspector Klosk.

"Come on, Gurry, we have received the warrant of deportation. We start on the eleven-o'clock train this evening for Chicago. All aboard for New York and Ellis Island!"

Miss Pluma fluttered at Henebry, "Do something! Go to Washington!"

"No, the Secretary of Labor has decided. But maybe we can call on the Federal courts," fussed Henebry.

"Take my limousine! See the district judge here!"

"Don't think he'd decide for us. He'd hold the Department of Labor had jurisdiction. But—what train do you take out of Chicago, Klosk?"

"New York Limited to-morrow."

Henebry pondered.

"Miss Wilcox, will you order the limousine? I have twenty-two minutes to make my train."

"What do you do? Don't desert me! Save me from being deported!" Gurazov pleaded.

"Please phone my wife and the office that I may be out of town for a week or more," Henebry amiably observed to Miss Pluma, and was out of the door into the Wilcox car.

## XII

The district judge in the city of Battleville between New York and Chicago was in his gold and maroon and oak chambers in the summer evening when he ought to have been out fishing. He wore neither a gown nor a frock coat; in fact, he was in his shirt sleeves and unofficially interested in a cigar presented by a very pleasant fellow, one Henebry, an attorney from out in Vernon. This Henebry was sitting by the judge's long table, accompanied by young Tiffin of the distinguished Battleville legal firm of Vancing, Vancing, Mather and Scharken. Between glances at the cigar his honor looked over Henebry's petition for a writ of habeas corpus begging that the person of Leo Gurazov be produced in the Federal court.

"You see, y'honor, speaking unofficially, this poor fellow Gurazov, a very worthy but excitable Bulgarian peasant, got to talking too much and was reported through overzeal. He did not understand the questions put to him. That is shown in the hearing by the fact that he actually volunteered statements injurious to himself; and the inspector, a gallant fellow but fiery and impatient, closed the case before I could get Gurazov to explain his meaning."

"Well, I grant the writ. I wish it weren't so hot to-night," sighed the judge.

"May I suggest that the train with the inspector and the prisoner will be through here in less than half an hour now?"

"All right. Tiffin, will you phone to Mat Haffner, the marshal, while I make out the papers?"

Twenty minutes later Henebry, Tiffin and the United States marshal left the courthouse in a rearing taxicab.

The vast new Battleville Union Station, a glare of steel and Indiana limestone and floors like incredible stretches of petrified bread pudding, was clattering with preparations for the arrival of the New York Limited. In the train shed, where tracks reached from behind steel gates into a shadowy tunnel, was a mass of red caps, traveling men, army officers, families bound for the Adirondacks. Through them crushed the small squat marshal with two persons of professional dignity in his wake.

"What you shovin' for?" growled the gateman.

The marshal showed his badge; the three men flew through the gate, down the long cement platform. From the tunnel slid a train, powerful and clean-cut and brassy—the National Central's fastest express. The three men ran beside it. Before it stopped they swung up on the steps of the first sleeper, pushed the protesting porter aside, shouldered down the aisle brushing against the green curtains of just-made berths. At the smoking compartment of the third sleeper they stopped.

"That's them!" shrieked the normally grammatical Mr. Henebry.

The marshal saw Gurazov, dumpy and depressed in a corner, while Inspector Klosk, making circles with a cigar as he talked, informed three sleepy traveling men that his farm in Saskatchewan was a darned sight better investment than any phony oil stock.

"All off, inspector," grunted the marshal. "Writ of habeas corpus. Federal court."

"And me with a date in New York! There's a gentleman friend of mine there, a cop, and he says he can raise some real old-fashioned red-eye. I kind of expected you gents and your writ back in Chicago. Come on, Gurry, shake a leg."

As the passengers packed at the door and whispered, "What is it, a pinch?" Klosk snorted, "Out of my way."

They fell back before the law and Gurazov toddled after Klosk, dumb with beatitude. This here habeas corpus would save him from deportation. He would return immediately—and in a Pullman—to his four-thousand-dollar job in Vernon.

It wasn't till morning in the Battleville County cell house that he learned that he would be held here while the court sent to Washington for a certified file of his case. He fell into such fear of deportation and such new patriotism that when Henebry came to see him four days later he tried to sing "Marching Through Georgia," despite extreme protests from the wife beater in the next cell.

Henebry hawed, "I think I have a good chance to win this time—on one provision. Let's have this clear now: Do you want to be deported?"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Then when you appear before the judge you must not lose your temper the way you did with the inspector in Vernon. Don't volunteer any information about any fool theories you may have."

"I won't! Oh, you are my benefactor!"

"Pluma does seem to have drafted me for that job. I suppose I'll have to find work for you when we get back to Vernon."

"Oh, no!"—rather patronizingly—"I am the secretary of Miss Wilcox's great college. She appreciate my learnings."

"No, you're not. That's one thing I've come to tell you. Miss Wilcox writes me that she's given up the night-school idea. She's going out for a new country club instead."

"Then I—I have no job and—and you keep me from being deported?"

Habeas Corpus *continued from page 20*

“That’s about it.”

Gurazov slowly raised his hands, slowly opened his mouth to bellow: “I wish you to tend to your own business and not butt in! I will be deported. I will not be stopped by you—or any of these yellow Socialists. Get out of here! Go tell the judge I’m an anarchist, and the sooner I go to Ellis Island the sooner I’ll get over having to look at fool Americans like you.”

Henebry polished his chin while he speculated, “I think I can withdraw my petition to the Federal court. And I think I’ll give a little information to your radical friends about you.”

Thus it happened that a week later Gurazov stood before the desk of the immigration commissioner at Ellis Island.

“Do you want bail while we make final arrangements? Is some radical organization going to raise it for you?” the commissioner was asking.

“I—I have kind of a row with them. Lawyer lie about me to them. I don’t think they raise much for me. No, pleas-s-s, just let me go to Bulgaria right away,” begged Gurazov.

“Bulgaria? Why, we don’t send you to Bulgaria!”

“What-t-t?”

“You first landed in America from Vladivostok—Russian territory. You get sent to the country of embarkation—Russia.”

“But there are no steamers for Russia.”

“No, indeed—and no recognized government of which we can ask permission to land you. Gurazov, you must be a clever man and a hard worker. You seem to have managed to get in wrong with about all the kinds of people there are. If you can’t raise bail I guess we’ll have to keep you on Ellis Island till conditions are settled abroad.”

“But the good political jobs, they will all be gone in Bulgaria! How long you keep me here? How long? How long?”

“Can’t tell. Depends on Russia. Maybe one year. Maybe five. That’s all, inspector, take him back.

To Gurazov came a vision of Mississippi Street in Vernon; the dark stone buildings, the cigar-store Indian, a lunch room full of Yankee slang. It seemed very home-like, very desirable—and infinitely far away. *z*

## DEPARTMENTS

### SINCLAIR LEWIS NOTES

The *New York Times* ran a lengthy feature article last September on cancer trials with a focus on two cousins, one who received a special new drug that effectively killed his tumor, and one who was in a control group and did not receive the new drug. He has since died. One of the Lewis Society members pointed out that the same moral issue was written about by Lewis in *Arrowsmith* when Martin is trying to decide who will receive the bacteriophage and who will not. If you’re interested in the article, see “When Testing a Drug Means Withholding It,” by Amy Harmon (*New York Times*, Sept. 19, 2010, A: 1, 20).

*Banned in Boston: The Watch and Ward Society’s Crusade against Books, Burlesque, and the Social Evil* by Neil Miller (Beacon Press, 2010) is mentioned favorably in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* (B13–14, Sept. 10, 2010). This anti-vice society campaigned against vice in print, picture, and performance, and later turned its attention to prostitution and drug use. Among the books in the 1920s

that Watch and Ward targeted were Theodore Dreiser’s *An American Tragedy*, Ernest Hemingway’s *The Sun Also Rises*, William Faulkner’s *Mosquitoes*, Sinclair Lewis’s *Elmer Gantry*, John Dos Passos’s *Manhattan Transfer*, and Bertrand Russell’s *What I Believe*.

Sanford E. Marovitz, in “Fiction: 1900 to the 1930s,” *American Literary Scholarship* (2008), notes that “such familiar names as Frank Norris, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Hamlin Garland, and Upton Sinclair are appearing less frequently in the professional literary journals and publishers’ booklists; in their place is a growing and more diversified list, including Nella Larsen, James Weldon Johnson, Sui Sin Far, Mary Antin, and especially Jack London” (275). There are two Lewis articles that he cites though. One is Amy L. Blair’s “Main Street Reading *Main Street*” in *New Directions in American Reception Studies* (139–58), edited by Philip Goldstein, et al., (Oxford UP). Blair discusses how many readers responded personally to Carol’s plight rather than focusing on the satire. He also mentions Frederick Betz’s “*Impossible ici*: Raymond Queneau’s Translation of *It Can’t Happen Here*” (*Sinclair Lewis Society Newsletter* 17.1: 1+). He praises Betz’s historical essay for tying Lewis’s novel to what was happening politically in France in 1936–1937.

Frederick Betz has also published an article, "I Am a One Hundred Percent. American: The Saturday Night Club's Own Anthem" (*Menckenianna* 195 (2010): 1–21). The song that Betz references was written by Willie Woollcott, the brother of drama critic and author Alexander Woollcott, for the Saturday Night Club, a musical society founded by H. L. Mencken that met in Baltimore between 1904 and 1950. The anthem, an ironic reaction to the "Star-Spangled Banner," was written in 1924 and over the years acquired at least twenty other stanzas. It could easily have been sung by George Babbitt and other members of the Good Citizens League without any irony whatsoever. Mencken writes about our national anthem, "'If our cause is just,' forsooth! Our cause is always just *ipso facto*. To question it, in these days of Ku Kluxes and American Legions, is far worse than to dodge serving it [for] [t]he first duty of the American citizen is to assume that his country is never wrong; his second is to enforce that assumption upon all dissidents with brute force" (3). Here's the original stanza and refrain:

I am a one,  
I am a one,  
I am a one hundred per cent American!  
I am a supe,  
I am a supe,  
I am a superpatriot!  
A red, red, red, red, red, I am—  
A red-blooded American  
Chorus:  
I am a one hundred per cent. American,  
I am, God damn, I am! (3–4).

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An obituary of Richard Bing, a pioneering heart researcher, noted that when he was young he vacillated between a career in music and a career in medicine. "Seeking advice, he auditioned for the composer Richard Strauss, who was late for a card game and rushed off without offering an opinion. The perplexed Mr. Bing opted for medicine after reading *Arrowsmith*, Sinclair Lewis's portrait of an idealistic doctor." The obituary, written by William Grimes, used as a description of Dr. Bing under his picture, "Torn between medicine and music, and swayed by Sinclair Lewis" (*New York Times* Nov. 14, 2010, National, 26).

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A review of *Long Way Home: On the Trail of Steinbeck's America* by Bill Barich (Walker, 2010), by June Sawyers in the Travel section of the *Chicago Tribune* (Dec. 19, 2010: 8), notes that Barich, who was fascinated by the writings of John Steinbeck and his *Travels with Charley* in particular, decided to retrace the journey that Steinbeck took with the eponymous dog. Barich, like Steinbeck, is depressed by much of what he sees, although the occasional Midwestern town still impresses him. He took "basic reading material: Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Henry Miller, and

Sinclair Lewis." Unlike Steinbeck, who gave up his grand journey once he faced the intense race hatred he observed in New Orleans, Barich ends in the more pleasant National Steinbeck Center in Salinas, California.

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Barbara Luna, who played an uncredited prostitute in *Elmer Gantry*, was interviewed by Charles Ziarko in *Classic Images* (Nov. 2010 76–78). She first appeared on stage as a child in *South Pacific* and later was in the *Teahouse of the August Moon*. Among her films were *The Devil at Four O'Clock* (1961), *Firecreek* (1968) and *Ship of Fools* (1965).

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Sarah Padden was featured in the fall 2010 *Films of the Golden Age* (63) in a review of several character actors whose faces are probably better known to fans of classic films than their names. She usually played widows who owned ranches in quite a number of westerns in the 1940s and 1950s. One of her more unusual roles was as "Lil, a black woman in *Ann Vickers*" (1933). She also appeared in early television series such as *The Lone Ranger* and *The Cisco Kid*.

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Sinclair Lewis's name popped out in a recent item in the *San Francisco Chronicle* (Nov. 28, 2010, G3). Eighty-eight-year-old San Francisco author Barnaby Conrad has written a novel (his 37th) titled *The Second Life of John Wilkes Booth*, "inspired by a long-ago tale told to Conrad by his late mentor, Nobel Prize winner Sinclair Lewis, who contracted Conrad to write it. Sixty-three years later, Conrad finally wrote this fictional imagining that Booth survived after assassinating President Abraham Lincoln." A book signing was held on November 17, 2010, at Martin Muller's Modernism Gallery. [See page 5 for a review.]

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Bernie West, a writer, comedian, and actor, died in July 2010 at the age of 92. He was an Emmy-Award winning television scriptwriter for *All in the Family* and also wrote for *Maude*, *Chico and the Man*, *The Jeffersons*, and *Three's Company*. He appeared on the *DuPont Show of the Month* in a 1960 production of *Arrowsmith*. According to IMBD, the late Farley Granger played Arrowsmith. Oscar Homolka played Dr. Max Gottlieb and Diane Baker was Nurse Leora Tozer. Ellen Burstyn, Ivan Dixon, and Francis Lederer also appeared.

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It's a good thing that none of the residents of Sauk Centre felt about Sinclair Lewis the way that Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough did about David Graham Phillips. Goldsborough felt that Phillips, a best-selling novelist of the early 1900s, had maligned his sister in a fictional portrayal of her in *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig* (1909). In order to defend her honor, Goldsborough

ambushed him on the corner of 21st Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City. He shot Phillips six times and then shot himself. Phillips, who died the next day, when asked if he knew the shooter, replied, "I don't know the man." David Graham Phillips was best known for his posthumous novel, *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* which was turned into a film with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in 1931. For more information, see "Character Assassination" by Peter Duffy (*New York Times Book Review* Jan 16, 2011: 23).

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*Our Town* was revived on Broadway for three weeks in January 1944 with Marc Connelly, author of *Green Pastures*, *Dulcy*, and *Beggar on Horseback*, playing the stage manager in his first professional acting performance. Critic George Jean Nathan thought that Connelly was "able and amusing" but too sophisticated, and suggested that for this "down-East Yankee role...Sinclair Lewis would have been a better choice, if the city fathers who are in charge of the theatre had been theatre-wise" (206) (*The Theatre Book of the Year, 1943-44: A Record and an Interpretation*. New York: Knopf, 1944: 205-06).

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## WEB NOTES

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Mitchell Freedman sent the following, which is a lovely tribute to Lewis:

In honor of Sinclair Lewis's passing 60 years ago today (January 10, 1951), I penned a tribute to him at my blog, MF Blog: <http://mitchellfreedman.blogspot.com/2011/01/sinclair-lewis-sixty-years-gone.html>

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Rick Diguette: I decided to create a blog <http://sinclairlewisandthecanon.blogspot.com/> about Lewis after being reminded once again that not one of the major American literature anthologies commonly used on colleges campuses in this country contains anything written by our first Nobel Laureate. Indeed, the last anthology with a significant excerpt from his writing (at least that I've been able to find) was one edited by R. W. B. Lewis and Robert Penn Warren and published in 1973. I encourage you to visit the blog and leave comments. Additionally, if you would be interested in creating a post for the blog, I would be glad to extend that privilege to you.

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I have a Sinclair Lewis question which I was wondering if you might be able to help me with. As an introduction I'm a forty-year collector of automotive books, catalogs, and literature and a member of the Long Island Book Collectors and the Society of Automotive Historians. An automotive travel novel in my collection is *Free Air* by Lewis. In this book the heroine drives a car of a fictitious make called a "Gomez-Dep." Recently I've seen listed on eBay and Abe Books British editions of this book in which the car make seems to have been changed to a Rolls-Royce. I've been unable to locate any British editions to check this out in person. I was wondering if in your collection you have any British printings and if you could check to see which make of car is mentioned starting in the book's second paragraph. If you should see this change to Rolls-Royce, was it in the earliest British printings or is it in the most recent copies? If you could help me out with this or point me in the right direction to look, it would be greatly appreciated. Thanking you in advance for your help. Happy motoring, Dave. David M. King, 22 N. Forest Ave Apt. 1K, Rockville Centre, NY 11570. 516-766-1561. [rollskingusa@yahoo.com](mailto:rollskingusa@yahoo.com)

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I'm working on a book about the comics and their influence on other art forms, and I've been trying without success to track down a cartoonist's reference to a certain scene in Sinclair Lewis. Let me give you the background. Mort Walker, the creator of the comic strips *Beetle Bailey* and *Hi & Lois*, told me that *Hi & Lois* didn't really get off the ground until he ran across a scene in *Main Street* in which a baby thinks in adult "speech" while an adult hovers over him, cooing baby talk. Walker says he lifted the strategy for his baby Trixie, and all of a sudden circulation began to rise—and the comics had their first "talking" baby. I don't remember Hugh being granted any such powers—adult thought-speech—and a (perhaps too cursory?) re-reading of *Main Street* seems to confirm my memory. Do you know off-hand whether Walker might be confusing *Main Street* with another Lewis novel?

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A bit of direction, please. Can you point me in the direction of the definitive biography of Sinclair Lewis? I've just finished Blackstone Audio's *Dodsworth* and need now to get a better idea of the author (by a long shot) than is available on the internet. [Both the Lingeman and Schorer biographies were recommended.]

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