

Bath, Kentucky
August 31, 1946

Dear Dayton:

MOGREB*el-ACKSA was read at once with delight, and yesterday I mailed it back to the VPI Library. ARABIA DESERTA is being read at the solemn clip of forty-odd pages a day. Probably won't finish it for another month. At first I found the book irksome, just as T.E. Lawrence predicted a reader would in the preface. The archaic language seemed affected. Bucking the antique speech, the Arabic, the loaded and cumbersome sentences, the eccentric punctuation made my mental breath come in pants. Then I began to get the hang of C.M. Doughty. But it is one of the most difficult books I ever attempted to read, and one of the greatest. Now I dread the day when I will have come to the end of Volume II.

(Once, in the Gold Coast Colony, while enduring dysentery in the ~~67th Station Hospital~~ which I'd picked up in Eritrea, I found the unabridged, unexpurgated SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM by T.E. Lawrence, with all its one hundred and twenty-eight chapters intact. I almost broke my eyes reading it night and day. Began to fear I would get well and tossed out of the hospital before completing it.)

Glyn Morris and a couple members of the Editorial Board of Mountain Life and Work are coming up for a conference this next week.

Why don't we edit A MOUNTAIN FOLK READER together, and get Houghton, Mifflin to publish it in both a trade and textbook edition?

I'm just back from a family reunion in Alabama. How the weeds grew during my two weeks of absence! And autumn hasn't waited for the calendar. It's with us now. Chilly mornings. Air like water. The fields loud with crickets.

Sincerely,

Jim
James Still.