

PRAIRIE and DEATH IN THE DESERT, which MacMillan published and were successes both with the critics and the reading public. They attracted wide attention and the Kansas City STAR made him an offer which took him out of Kansas for good. His career from that point, and his final move to California, are fairly well known.

The town of Jericho in his novels is drawn from several localities. The frontier settlement in THE BOWL OF BRASS is manifestly the Cimarron he knew; in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, it is more or less Dodge City; in the others, Wichita--complete with some fictionized people and events.

Paul felt strongly identified with the High Plains country, and remained so, while I became more or less a Southern regionalist. To the end he kept vivid memories of what the country was like before World War I, and of what it was like to work hard with a mule-drawn plow or herding cattle on a ten-dollar horse. To me he was not only the pattern of an older brother, but a close, warm friend. He used to say, "Except for the difference in age, Manly and I are identical twins." That isn't quite so. We were somewhat alike physically--big, dark-haired. We both played football and boxed. We both were voracious readers, particularly in American history. But we were different, too. I didn't share his enthusiasm for poker-playing and fishing. I had widely different literary opinions--I thought Hemingway was first class and Maugham third class, and he thought the diametrically opposite. But we didn't ever quarrel about anything seriously.

I keep remembering him when we were young, out somewhere in the country, how he knew every bird by its song, every plant by its leaf. He was a great natural man.

Will this do?

  
Manly Wade Wellman