

BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 betweenthecovers.com

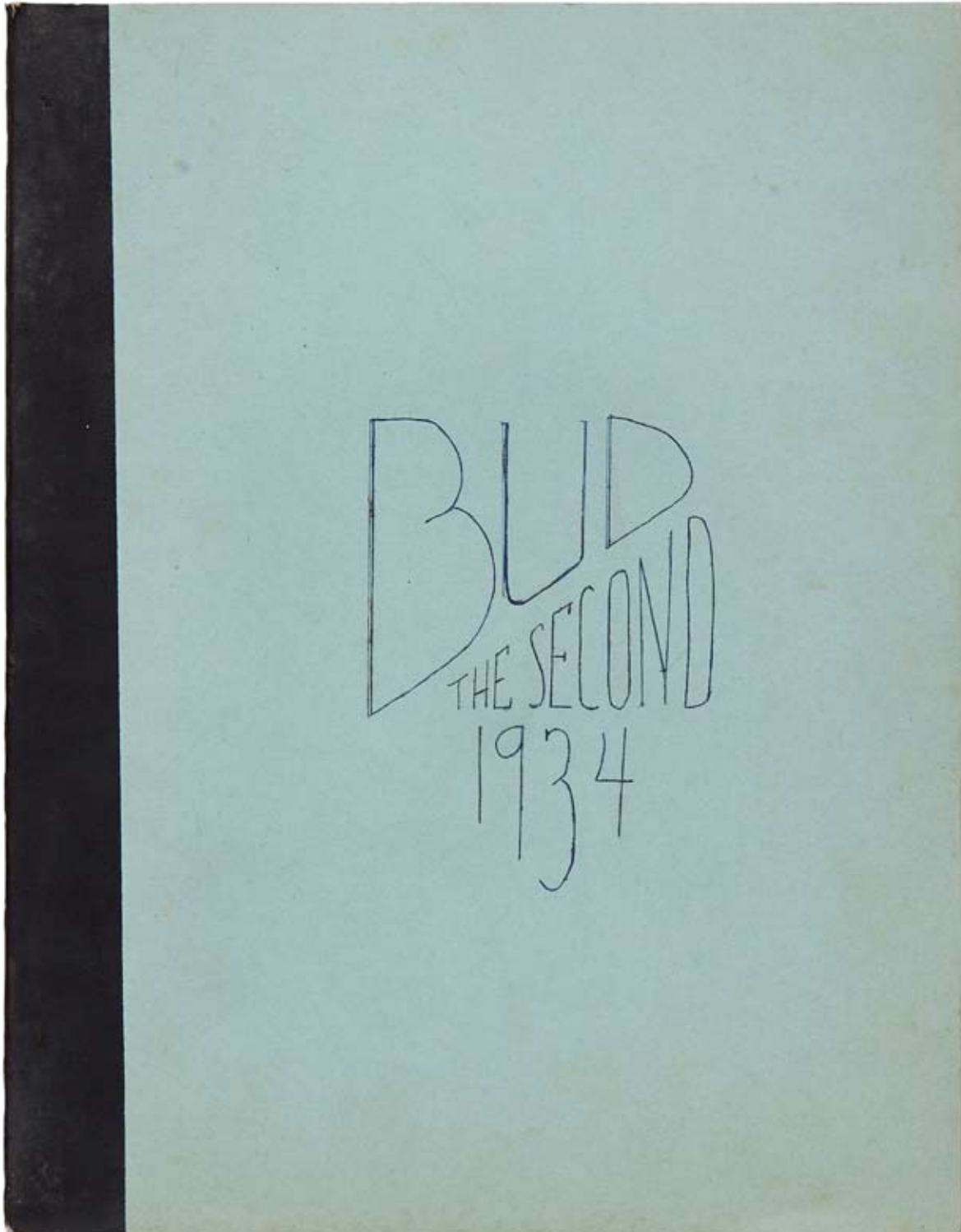
Phillips Russell (Robert C. Ruark)

Bud 2nd: A Collection of Literary in Creative Writing [or cover title]:

Bud The Second 1934

[Chapel Hill]: Phillips Russell's Class 1934

\$500



Quarto. Quarter canvas and blue card wrappers with title either hand-inked or dittoed on the front wrap. 40 Mimeographed leaves printed rectos only. A trifle age-toned, else very near fine. Frontispiece portrait of Russell by author Robert C. Ruark. Stories and poems by members of Phillips Russell's English class at the University of North Carolina.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Edited by:

Fred Ervin Howard, Jr., Chairman
Anne T. Freeman
John Fredric Butler
Robert C. Ruark--Art.

Russell seems to have infected his students with the hardboiled style of the mid-1930s, and among the stories (several which include grim tales of mayhem and cupidity among the African-American population) are included a very hard-boiled story by Ruark: "Ashes to Ashes" (first line: "Tommy's dead."), seemingly autobiographical, about a brilliant but pugnacious student who graduates Phi Beta

Kappa from Duke, but runs off with the merchant marine and has bloodthirsty adventures, until he marries and the (figurative) life is sucked out of him by his wife. Ruark would have been 18 or 19 at the time of publication. Phillips Russell was an influential English and Journalism teacher at UNC, and published many books, mostly biographies and other non-fiction. Ruark excelled at both journalism and fiction, and is particularly well-known for his writing on Africa and hunting. This is certainly one of his first published works. OCLC locates a single run of this annual compilation (1933-1953), not surprisingly, at the University of North Carolina. [BTC#402862]

BUD 2nd.

THIRTEEN

ROBERT C. RUARK

Ashes to Ashes

Tommy's dead. He had a lot of fun before he died, though. He never got along well with his family, never would stay at home. Tommy's trouble was a deep, irrational love for strong liquor and the sea. While a love for even one of these things is extremely upsetting to a normal equilibrium, one glance at the restive, wild, intelligent blue eyes of him was enough to tell you that Thomas had an over-dose of both.

Once, in order to get Tom back from Shanghai, his father procured an appointment to Annapolis for him. Tom lasted under the Academy discipline for four months. He then blacked the respective eyes of two professors, one midshipman first-class, and a two-striper sent back to the Yard for further instruction in aeronautics, after which notable exploit he shipped as a common sailor on a tramp bound for Port Said, Egypt.

BUD 2nd,

1934

A Collection of Literary Experiments
in Creative Writing.

The selections here presented
are the work of students under
the instruction of---



PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Edited by:

Fred Ervin Howard, Jr., Chairman
Anne T. Freeman
John Fredric Butler
Robert C. Ruark---Art.

Ashes to Ashes

Tommy's dead. He had a lot of fun before he died, though. He never got along well with his family, never would stay at home. Tommy's trouble was a deep, irrational love for strong liquor and the sea. While a love for even one of these things is extremely upsetting to a normal equilibrium, one glance at the restive, wild, intelligent blue eyes of him was enough to tell you that Thomas had an over-dose of both.

Once, in order to get Tom back from Shanghai, his father procured an appointment to Annapolis for him. Tom lasted under the Academy discipline for four months. He then blacked the respective eyes of two professors, one midshipman first-class, and a two-striper sent back to the Yard for further instruction in aeronautics, after which notable exploit he shipped as a common sailor on a tramp bound for Port Said, Egypt.

Tommy stayed abroad for a year, then came back and entered Duke. He graduated in three years, made Phi Beta Kappa, and never took one examination when not at least three-sheets-over. He graduated, I said, and, still wearing his Phi Beta Key, got a job coal-heaving on another tramp, headed, this time, for Buenos Aires. For four years, he remained at sea, working as first mate on a "black-bird" (slave-runner) in the Solomons, chief engineer of a rum-runner operating from Havana to Miami, second mate on a transatlantic liner, boss'n on an oil ship, and captain of a private yacht.

I have heard many tales of his exploits. For instance, it seems that in Port Said one Iba 'Ayhruf Mohmahd and a choice gang of gutter-rats were in the act of raping a little Syrian girl, and killing and robbing her father, a venerable old shop-keeper. Tom, who would not have bowed to any empress, or have acknowledged the nod of a president, cheerfully sailed in, with bars from Kipling issuing from his mouth, and bars of crow in his hands, gleefully smiting to such good end as to total two fractured skulls and a broken neck to the marauders, and immunity to himself and the frantic shop-keeper's daughter.

It was Tom, who, in some unseamy tchum-tchum or bapedi joint in the village negrito in Havana, that district wherein there is little regard for right and wrong, salvaged a tenor-stricken millionaire from the filthy hands of a motley bunch of half-breeds, playing upon their hard heads with two hook beer bottles, and still quoting his eternal Kipling. It was Tom, who, when the delivered millionaire tried to pay him for the night's joyous activities, gently but firmly subtracted said capitalist from his bulging wallet, tossing said wallet to the sadly-battered horde of foot pads, pushing 'r. Capitalist into a convenient gutter, and striding cheerfully (if unsteadily) into the darkness. It was Tom, who, with a woman