

## APPENDIX

### *APPENDIX I*

#### BIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT FROST



#### **Early years**

Robert Lee Frost was born on March 26, 1874, in San Francisco, California, in the United States. He was the first child of Isabelle Moodie Frost, a Scottish immigrant schoolteacher, and William Prescott Frost Jr. a journalist, local politician. Frost's family lived in California until his father died. He had one sister called Jeanie Florence.

In 1879 Robert attended kindergarten, but went home after one day suffering from nervous stomach pain and did not come back, Frost attended first grade, but soon dropped out again in 1880. He entered second grade and the same year was baptized in his mother's Swedenborgian church in 1881. He left school and was educated at home in 1882. Frost heard voices when he stayed alone and

his mother told him that he shared her gift for "second hearing" and "second sight." But because his father drank continually his health deteriorated In 1883.

Robert Frost's life was plagued with grief and loss. He moved with his mother and sister to New England at the age of eleven when his father died. Then they moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where Frost's paternal grandfather, William Prescott Frost, gave his grandson a good schooling. Robert and Jeanie disliked their grandparent's sternness and rigorous discipline. Frost entered third grade while his younger sister entered fourth grade in 1885. They moved to Salem Depot, New Hampshire, where his mother began teaching from the fifth to the eighth grades. Robert and Jeanie entered the fifth grade in 1886.

Frost lived in the city and passed the entrante examinations for Lawrence High School in June, 1890. He enrolled in the "Classical" Program. Soon he was writing his own poems, including "La Noche Triste" in 1890, based on an episode from Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, which was published in the School Bulletin in April; a second poem, "The Song of the Wave," appeared in the Bulletin in May. He excelled in many subjects, including history, botany, Latin and Greek, and he played football. He finished the school year, graduating as the best student of his class.

### **Middle years**

Robert Frost passed the preliminary entrance examinations for Harvard University. He was elected chief editor of the Bulletin for the 1891 and 1892 school years. He fell in love with his classmate Elinor Miriam White during the fall.

In 1892, after graduating from high school, he became engaged to Elinor. He depended upon his grandparents' financial support, and entered Dartmouth College instead of Harvard because it was cheaper. Also, his grandparents blamed Harvard for his father's bad habits. Frost was at Dartmouth for a few months. He was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. But soon he was bored by college due to the atmosphere of campus life, he was restless, and left Dartmouth end of December.

### **Last years**

A year later, a wish he had had for some time came true after Elinor graduated. Robert married her in a ceremony conducted by a Swedenborgian pastor on December 19, 1895, in Lawrence, Elinor was his co-valedictorian and sweetheart from his school years who became a major inspiration to his poetry until her death in 1938; they had six children together: son Eliot, Lesley, son Carol, Irma, Marjorie and Elinor. After two years, Frost left Harvard to support his growing family. The newlyweds continued teaching, but Frost continued publishing his poems in magazines. Also, he worked as a reporter in Lawrence for "The Daily American" and "The Sentinel".

The couple and four young children sailed and arrived in England in 1912. They stayed in London briefly before renting a cottage in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, 20 miles north of London. Robert became a full-time poet and was influenced by contemporary British poets such as Edgard Thomas, who was a member of the group known as the Dymock Poets, who formed a close friendship

with Frost, Rupert Brooke, Hilda Doolittle, Hermann Hueffer (Ford Madox Ford), Ernest Rhys, William Butler Yeats and Robert Graves.

Elinor died of a heart attack in Gainesville, Florida, on March 20, 1938. Frost has also lost two of his children up until this time. Frost collapsed and was unable to attend the cremation. He suffered deep depression and continual selfdoubt. He resigned his position at Amherst Collage and returned to South Shaftsbury. After the death of his wife, he fell in love again with Kathleen Morrison, who was married to Theodore Morrison. He asked Kathleen Morrison to marry him but she refused. Frost employed her from 1938 as his secretary and adviser, but she probably became his lover too. She worked for him for the rest of Frost's life. Frost also composed for her one of his finest love poems, "A Witness Tree." The only son of the Morrises had a car accident in 1955.

In February 1962, Frost fell seriously ill with pneumonia and was hospitalized in South Miami. The Holt Company published *In the Clearing* in March. In late August, Frost traveled to the Soviet Union as a member of a goodwill group and as part of a cultural Exchange program organized by the President Kennedy. Frost was exhausted and ill and was too weak to stay in the guesthouse. Soviet Premier Niñita Khrushchev came to visit him; they talked for 90 minutes. Khrushchev described Frost admiringly as "no fathead;" as smart, big and "not a coward." Frost also reported that Khrushchev had said the United States was "too liberal to fight." This caused a considerable stir in Washington . Frost learned that an anonymous donor had given \$3.5 million for the construction of The Robert Frost Library at Amherst. He admitted in October during Cuban

Missile crisis that Khrushchev had not said the words he had attributed to him. He underwent prostate operation in December. Doctors found cancer in his a prostate and bladder. He suffered pulmonary embolism in December 23.

In 1963, he was awarded the Bollingen Prize for poetry. He suffered another embolism attack in January 7. Robert Frost died a little more than two years later, from a blood clot in the lungs. This was a chain reaction from the prostate surgery in December 1962. He died shortly after midnight in Boston in the United States, on January 29, 1963. A private memorial service of his family and friends was held in Appleton Chapel in Harvard Yard, and a public service was held at Jonson Chapel, Amherst College. Frost was buried in the family plot at the Old Bennington Cemetery in Vermont. He was 88 years old. His gravestone has an epitaph: "I had a lover's quarrel with the world."

Just nine months after Frost's death, Kennedy gave a speech at Amherst College, singing Frost's surprises and speaking on the importance of the Arts in America. Later he said: "The death of Robert Frost leaves a vacancy in the American spirit" and "His death impoverishes us all; but he has bequeathed to his Nation a body of imperishable verse from which Americans will forever gain joy and understanding."

**APPENDIX II****(I) Fire and Ice**

Some say the world will end in fire  
 Some say in ice  
 From what I've tasted of desire  
 I hold with those who favor fire  
 But if it had to perish twice  
 I think I know enough of hate  
 To say that for destruction ice  
 Is also great  
 And would suffice

**(II) In a Disused Graveyard**

The living come with grassy tread  
 To read the gravestones on the hill;  
 The graveyard draws the living still  
 But never anymore the dead  
 The verses in it say and say:  
 "The ones who living come today  
 To read the stone and go away  
 Tomorrow dead will come to stay"  
 So sure of death the marbles rhyme,  
 Yet can't help marking all the time  
 How no one dead will seem to come  
 What is it men are shrinking from?  
 It would be easy to be cleaver  
 And tell the stones : men hate to die  
 And have stopped dying now forever  
 I think they would believe the lie

**(III) The Death of Hired Man**

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table  
 Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,  
 She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage  
 To meet him in the doorway with the news  
 And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."  
 She pushed him outward with her through the door  
 And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.

She took the market things from Warren's arms  
 And set them on the porch, then drew him down  
 To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?  
 But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.  
 "I told him so last haying, didn't I?  
 If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'  
 What good is he? Who else will harbour him  
 At his age for the little he can do?  
 What help he is there's no depending on.  
 Off he goes always when I need him most.  
 He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,  
 Enough at least to buy tobacco with,  
 So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'  
 'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay  
 Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'  
 'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'  
 I shouldn't mind his bettering himself  
 If that was what it was. You can be certain,  
 When he begins like that, there's someone at him  
 Trying to coax him off with pocket-money,--  
 In haying time, when any help is scarce.  
 In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.  
 When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,  
 Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,  
 A miserable sight, and frightening, too--  
 You needn't smile--I didn't recognise him--  
 I wasn't looking for him--and he's changed.  
 Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,  
 And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.  
 I tried to make him talk about his travels.  
 Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess  
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?  
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man  
Some humble way to save his self-respect.  
He added, if you really care to know,  
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.  
That sounds like something you have heard before?  
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way  
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look  
Two or three times--he made me feel so queer--  
To see if he was talking in his sleep.  
He ran on Harold Wilson--you remember--  
The boy you had in haying four years since.  
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.  
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.  
He says they two will make a team for work:  
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!  
The way he mixed that in with other things.  
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft  
On education--you know how they fought  
All through July under the blazing sun,  
Silas up on the cart to build the load,  
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."  
"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.  
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!  
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.  
After so many years he still keeps finding  
Good arguments he sees he might have used.  
I sympathise. I know just how it feels  
To think of the right thing to say too late.  
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.  
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying  
He studied Latin like the violin  
Because he liked it--that an argument!  
He said he couldn't make the boy believe  
He could find water with a hazel prong--  
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.  
He wanted to go over that. But most of all  
He thinks if he could have another chance



To teach him how to build a load of hay----"  
 "I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.  
 He bundles every forkful in its place,  
 And tags and numbers it for future reference,  
 So he can find and easily dislodge it  
 In the unloading. Silas does that well.  
 He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.  
 You never see him standing on the hay  
 He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be  
 Some good perhaps to someone in the world.  
 He hates to see a boy the fool of books.  
 Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,  
 And nothing to look backward to with pride,  
 And nothing to look forward to with hope,  
 So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,  
 Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.  
 Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw  
 And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand  
 Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,  
 Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,  
 As if she played unheard the tenderness  
 That wrought on him beside her in the night.  
 "Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:  
 You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?  
 It all depends on what you mean by home.  
 Of course he's nothing to us, any more  
 Than was the hound that came a stranger to us  
 Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,  
 They have to take you in."

"I should have called it  
 Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,  
 Picked up a little stick, and brought it back  
 And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.  
 "Silas has better claim on us you think

Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles  
As the road winds would bring him to his door.  
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.  
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,  
A somebody--director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.  
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right  
To take him in, and might be willing to--  
He may be better than appearances.  
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think  
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin  
Or anything he looked for from his brother,  
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.  
Silas is what he is--we wouldn't mind him--  
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.  
He never did a thing so very bad.  
He don't know why he isn't quite as good  
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed  
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay  
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.  
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.  
You must go in and see what you can do.  
I made the bed up for him there to-night.  
You'll be surprised at him--how much he's broken.  
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.  
But, Warren, please remember how it is:  
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.  
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.  
He may not speak of it, and then he may.  
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud

Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making a dim row,  
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned--too soon, it seemed to her,  
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.