

THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

OLD DAN BOONE

Verne Bright

HENRY O. K. FULLER

Stewart Holbrook

VACHEL LINDSAY

L. C. Wimberly

STRAWBERRY-HILL in the NORTHWEST

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MARCH, 1934

Number 3

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LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF
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Edward J. O'Brien, 118 Banbury Road, Oxford, Eng., launches a bi-monthly, *New Stories*, for untapped creative sources. He says: "The notable success of the experimental American magazine, *Story*, has encouraged those who believe that a body of readers can, by similar methods, be found for short stories of outstanding merit and originality." No restriction on republication of material elsewhere. First issue, February 1. Harold Allison and William E. Henning, 1730 2d Ave., Grand Rapids, Ia., in announcing the new mimeographed quarterly, *The Hub*, March 1, reminds us that *Story* began as a mimeographed magazine, as did *The Gyroscope*, California. At one time the editors of *Story* were 6000 mss behind on their reading. Whit Burnet and Martha Foley read all mss themselves. "The bad ones get short shrift; the better ones take somewhat longer; the best ones get into type—eventually." With Doubleday, Doran & Co., *Story* offers a \$1000 prize for the best novel submitted by a contributor to *Story*. See February issue.

Louis Adamic's *Native's Return*, written on a Guggenheim Fellowship, was the Book of the Month Club's February selection — 55,000 circulation.

It's news! says Mrs. C. H. Clapp, poet laureate to the Federated Women's Clubs of Montana, announcing a state-wide poetry contest closing June 1. Junior division up to 18 years, senior division for entrants above that age. Two prizes and one honorable mention in each division. Send manuscripts (with name on separate sheet) to Mrs. Clapp, 661 University Ave., Missoula, Montana. "Life's entire strategy may be summed up in one little word—*Now!*" says the poet William Rose Benet, quoting rare bookman Gabriel Wells, so Come on, Montana poets!

Wichita has mourned John Noble, internationally famed artist. "The Kansas boy who abandoned cattle herding for the struggling life of an artist, who scrawled nudes on western saloon walls and struggled with the fisher folk of the Breton coast before he gained world renown, has come home to stay," writes Guy G. Gentry. Explaining that Brittany fishermen used white or grey horses to pull their heavy boats ashore, Mr. Noble once said: "Patient, tired, hard-worked horses! To me they are a symbol. When the day comes that I have spread on canvas the last bit of color it will be my part to paint, I'd like to have it said, 'Here's John Noble. He had his faults, enough of 'em! He loved the poetry of Walt Whitman,

Continued on page 255

COVERED WAGON

The death of Archer Butler Hulbert of the Board of Editors of *The Frontier and Midland*, on December 24, 1933, ends the work of the most indefatigable student and of one of the most brilliant writers of western history. More than one hundred items have appeared over his name. They include many volumes of editorial work, a long list of original writings, and the Atlantic Monthly \$5,000 prize book, *The Forty Niners*. For the past nine years, Mr. Hulbert has been editing a series of books on western history under the title *Overland to the Pacific*. These volumes are planned to make available to the general reader the most important sources of western history. The three volumes that have appeared have been highly commended for their scholarship and literary qualities. They are an enduring monument to the industry and intellect of Dr. Hulbert.

The editors are often asked whether they publish material by writers not living in the Northwest; the fifteen different states from which the contributors in this issue hail are sufficient answer. However, the material in *The Frontier and Midland* is predominantly western.

ANDREW CORRY, a former Rhodes scholar from Montana, lives in Butte, where until his recent resignation to devote his time to writing he was an instructor in geology at the State School of Mines. He has published critical articles in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. MARY BRENNAN CLAPP, Missoula, is the author of a volume of poems, *And Then Remold It*.

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON, San Francisco, is a frequent contributor. PHYLLIS MORDEN lives in Seattle. JAMES STEVENS, after some years in Michigan gathering more Paul Bunyan materials, is now living in Portland, Oregon. FREDERICK TEN HOOR, Michigan, was a frequent contributor to *The Midland*. BARBARA ELIZABETH SAULPAUGH sends her first contribution from Cleveland. BELLE TURNBULL writes from Colorado.

VERNE BRIGHT sends "Old Dan Boone" the Prelude to his long narrative poem *Mountain Man* from Aloha, Oregon. The tale, which is of the fur trapping period and covers territory from the Missouri west and from Mexico to Canada, "is told by one, Markhead, one long winter night while the trappers are snowed in their cabin to impress Jeff Boone and the other tenderfoots. "Stone Country" shows Markhead at work!

BENJAMIN APPEL's novel, *Brain Guy*, to be published by Alfred Knopf next autumn,

Continued on page 258

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and the Surrounding Country

A. L. STONE

Dean of the School of Journalism, State University of Montana

"Land of Shining Mountains" . . . "Realm of Shimmering Waters" . . . There is more than euphonious and graceful phraseology in these two names which were borrowed from Indian aborigines and applied to the region which is now Western Montana, long before geographical boundaries had set it apart. They express as concisely and accurately now as they did two hundred years ago the charm and attractiveness of this region.

To catalog completely Western Montana's scenic attractions would be a lengthy process. To separate this scenic charm from the history of the region would be impossible—the two are closely interwoven. The majesty and beauty of Montana's mountains and valleys, her lakes and streams, appealed strongly to the whites who first beheld them, as they do the present-day traveler or to the visitor who lingers for a closer view and a more intimate acquaintance with the features of landscape which make this one of the most beautiful places in the world.

To see the rising sun tip with gold the peaks of the Bitter Root range or the Swan chain and, later, to watch it bring into striking relief the crags and gorges of these wondrously beautiful mountains is an experience not soon to be forgotten and which defies adequate description in words. To watch the receding light of the western sun as it retreats from the rugged slopes of the Mission range, leaving at last the peaks from Sin-Ya-Le-Min and McDonald and their northern neighbors inspires reverence and admiration.

The dramatic entrance to the Missoula valley through Hell Gate, the surprisingly sudden glimpse of the Flathead valley from the hill above St. Ignatius, the panorama which unfolds with a drive through the long Bitter Root valley or a journey along the Clark's Fork—these, too, are pictures which beggar description in mere words.

To be startled by the first sight of the rare beauty of Flathead lake or to watch the tumultuous dash of the waters down the cataracts of Mission falls, the turbulent rush of the stream over the Pend d'Oreille rapids, to follow the picturesque course of the Big Blackfoot through its long canyon or the alternating riotous and placid flow of the Clark's Fork—these afford a proper interpretation of "shimmering waters" and leave a mental picture which is unforgettable.

Then there are the thousands of hidden lakes and the great number of streams which flow from the eternal snows, down the steep slopes of the mountain ranges, to feed the larger streams and rivers. Even after more than a century of mapping not all of these have been located. The traveler in 1933 is almost as much an explorer as was his predecessor in 1833. Always there is something new and something delightful to be found in wandering through the mountains and valleys of Western Montana.

There is opportunity here for the enjoyment of this beauty of hill and valley and lake and stream for everyone who visits this region. There is mountain-climbing sufficiently hazardous and adventurous to test the ability of the most daring and to satisfy the craving of the most venturesome. And there is gratifying charm and beauty for those who like to take their mountaineering more calmly. There are peaks in these ranges which have never yet been scaled and there is incomparably beautiful scenery which may be viewed from the saddle or from the seat of an automobile.

"Missoula is a city with a mountain in every back yard," wrote a nationally prominent author after a visit in this city. That, perhaps, as well as anything, epitomizes the delightful location of Missoula in relation to scenic attractions. Easily accessible in every direction from the city are places which afford opportunity for delightful relaxation and thorough enjoyment of such an out-doors as can hardly be found anywhere else. For the driver of a motor car there are finely surfaced roads leading into the very heart of mountain regions. For the traveler who enjoys more vigorous outing there are trails over which with saddle horse and pack train he may reach the real wilderness. And, perhaps most enjoyable of all, are the pack-trails where he must journey afoot with his supplies on his back.

State and federal highways, the roads and trails through the national forests and the byways of this region make it possible for the visitor to choose not only the direction in which he will travel but, as well, the mode of his traveling. Provision has been made, too, for his camp comfort on the way. Along all these routes there are equipped camping grounds, where he may stay for a night or for a month, as his fancy dictates. And in most delightful locations there are resorts which provide all the comfort of a city hostelry combined with the recreational opportunities of life in the "Wild West." These "dude" ranches are variously equipped, but each of them offers some attractive form of outdoor enjoyment.

Everywhere there is good trout fishing. In season, there is good hunting—birds and big game—to interest those who enjoy this form of sport. Western Montana is veritably a sportsman's paradise in addition to being one of the outstanding scenic regions of the world. There is pleasure here for the visitor for a day or for the sojourner for a season. For the artist, either with the camera or with the easel, the opportunities here are unrivaled.

About a hundred miles east of Missoula is the Continental Divide—the crest of the main range of the Rocky mountains. Immediately westward is the picturesque range of the Bitter Roots; northeast is the rugged chain of the Swans and northwest is the magnificent skyline of the Missions. Offshoot ranges extend from these great ridges. Between them are beautiful valleys and on their slopes and at their bases are lakes almost without number. There is every variety of scenery here and all of it is beautiful. Snugly quartered in a cabin, sheltered by a tent or rolled in blankets with no roof but the Montana sky—however he prefers, the visitor here may easily find something to his liking.

No reference has been made, in this too-brief summary, to the well-publicized Yellowstone and Glacier national parks. Missoula is midway between the two and good roads connect the city with these remarkable playgrounds. A comfortable drive of half-a-day will take the traveler to the latter of them and all along the way he will have for his enjoyment such a scenic panorama as can hardly be found anywhere else.

Flathead lake is one of the large inland lakes of the United States. It is also one of the most beautiful. Lying close under the shadow of the Mission range as it extends northward toward Glacier park, this lake is one of the outstanding scenic attractions of this region. Northwest from Missoula, about fifty miles, is a chain of smaller lakes which is unusual in its charm. Salmon, Seeley, Inez, Placid, Alva, Holland and Lindbergh lakes are truly alpine mirrors. Beyond is famed Holland lake, whose beauty baffles description. From the surrounding mountains, clear streams dash into these lakes. From them flow larger streams, which feed the rivers of the Columbia basin.

Rising above them and reflected from their mirror-like surfaces are mountains of impressive height and thrilling ruggedness. This region is less frequently visited than some of the other sections of the Western Montana area, but it is of unusual interest to the traveler, the scientist or the sportsman. There are few more pleasing spots on the map.

Lakes and streams invite the angler, mountain slopes and dense forests lure the hunter, jagged peaks, deep canyons and broad reaches of valleys inspire the artist, the whole marvelous panorama from Yellowstone to Glacier thrills the sightseer. And there is the added interest which comes from the fact that the trails through this picturesque region have been traversed by explorer and pioneer, by miner and adventurer. There is hardly one of these highways and byways which is not definitely connected with the drama of the early days. There is a good story with every mile, as there is delight to the eye along each of these pathways, whether they be the broad roads which the automobile traverses or the narrow trail along which the hiker packs his load upon his back as he journeys afoot into the depths of the wooded hills.

It was in 1732 that the earliest French explorers glimpsed the snowy peaks of the Crazy Woman mountains. Lewis and Clark traveled through this region in 1805. Came then the adventurers and trappers through the years of three decades. The first Catholic missionaries journeyed amongst these mountains in 1841, along the striking Bitter Root range and into the scenic depths of Hell Gate canyon, traveled the Stuart brothers in 1858, to discover the first gold panned from Montana gravel. Along these trails have journeyed priest and prospector, trapper and trader, pursuer and pursued in the Vigilante strife of the gala days of placer mining.

The pack-train of the white man has followed the travois of the Indian; the freight wagon and the stagecoach have succeeded the pack train; the steam locomotive and the electric engine now follow the same course. It is an interesting procession—its tale is fraught with dramatic interest and its background is scenic beauty which words are all inadequate to describe.

The actors upon the stage have changed, but the stage itself is as beautiful and as impressive as of yore. Not to know Western Montana is to miss an experience which every one should enjoy. And it is so easily accessible these days that there is no excuse for anybody to miss it.

This scenic setting is wonderful. The right adjectives to describe are not easy to find. Converging from the south are the main range of the Rockies, the Missions and the Swans, to unite in the grandeur of the Glacier park region. Connecting these great ridges are numerous smaller mountain chains—the Garnet, the Sapphire, the Missoula—criss-crossing the map in a network that makes this a country of gloriously beautiful scenery all the way from the Yellowstone and the Tetons on the south to the apex of this vast triangle in the fastnesses of Glacier.

There are the stern and lofty escarpments of the more rugged ranges and the rounded, glacier-smoothed chains of lesser altitude. Between these stretch valleys whose charm is no less attractive, though differing much from the great walls that bound them. The traveler is impressed by one characteristic of these mountains which is common to them all—the lakes which lie along their bases or nestle upon their slopes—lakes of varying size and of a wide range of hue—but each a mirror in which is duplicated the glory of the scenes which rise above their sparkling surfaces. Some of these mountain lakes extend out into the valleys, others are so well concealed amongst their hills that they become visible with a dramatic suddenness which is almost startling but which enhances their beauty. And everywhere there are the rivers and their branches—dashing down the mountainsides or flowing more quietly along smoother courses—but all of them of charm to the lover of the beautiful or the devotee of sport.

He who hurries through this scenic realm misses much of its beauty—in fact, it is not easy to hasten, so strong is the lure;

so urgent the invitation to linger and to become intimately acquainted with the details of this vast scene. It is a panorama which is strikingly impressive in its great perspective but which becomes more and more beautiful, the more closely are its details learned. Those who have known it longest love it best.

The strange freaks and brilliant colors of geyser-land, the towering peaks that rise, snow-capped, into the very blue of the sky, the friendly slopes of the lower altitudes—all these combine to produce an effect which is indescribably impressive, interesting and inspiring. It is a picture which must be seen to be appreciated, which must be studied in its charming detail and viewed in its vast whole.

Legend and history, tragic incident and humorous happenings are, too, part of this picture, closely associated with the story of its hills and valleys, its rivers and its trails. Here are ghost towns which mark the beginnings of white occupancy of this region; here are new cities which have risen to take their places in the Montana of today; here are monuments of the past; living evidence of the active life of today; bright promise of a future no less glowing than the thrilling days of old. But these are only incidental; it is their incomparable background—their beautiful setting—which constitutes the real picture.

Veritably, this is Vacation Land. Its charms and delights cannot be appreciated until they have been experienced. Missoula is the center of this matchless region. Its geographical location and its facilities of transportation make it the natural "home camp" for a season of exploration and enjoyment. And in Missoula is the State University of Montana, whose summer school program is so arranged as to give ample opportunity to become acquainted with the region so sketchily described here.

It is an ideal place for summer study—an ideal place for summer play. Its climate is pleasant, its roads are excellent in all directions, its provisions for the comfort and enjoyment of visitors in town or at any of its resorts—in the mountains, along the rivers, beside the lakes, at hot springs or near fishing grounds—are ample and are so planned that they satisfy any inclination.

Words are inadequate to describe this vast playground. It must be visited to be appreciated.

It is Vacation Land.

This is the third of a series of stories concerning Missoula. The succeeding one will deal with educational advantages of the city.

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THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XIV, No. 3

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

March, 1934

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."
—THOREAU.

STRAWBERRY-HILL IN THE NORTHWEST

ANDREW CORRY

I.

IT is a princely ambition to "find Rome brick and leave it marble," and the opportunity to gratify it was given to that princely peacock of the 18th Century, Horace Walpole. He lived in a pleasant Thames-side parish only ten miles from Hyde Park Corner, at Twickenham in Middlesex: "Twit'nam," Walpole called it,

*"Twit'nam, the Muses' favourite seat,
Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat."*

In this village there was an unpretending villa built by the Earl of Bradford's coachman. It was called Chopped Straw Hall; and after being lived in by Colley Cibber, then by a Bishop of Durham, then by a Marquis of Carnarvon, it was let as a lodging-house, superior though still unpretending. Walpole's Gothick soul was captivated by the place—"the prettiest bauble you ever saw," he exclaimed in a letter to a friend—and he acquired the freehold in 1747. Six years later he set about to improve the cottage; and during the twenty years following he added, in the bastard Gothick style that he made fashionable, a cloister, towers, and a library. No cranny was too small for a crocketed molding, an ornamental boss, or a fretted vault; the fire-place was a faithful copy of a medieval bishop's tomb. Walpole on his death bequeathed The Castle to Mrs. Damer, the sculptress, and the style to posterity. Among us Strawberry-Hill Gothick has come to pass as a byword for architectural sham. It is

well represented in the public buildings of Montana.

II.

It is doubtful whether anything like aesthetic criticism has been made of public buildings in Montana; and it is certain that, if it has been made, it was obscure and ineffectual. Buildings were to be exempt from art criticism, and now when criticism is offered it is resented. If you wish to test this for yourself, remark that the State Capitol has the design of a bowler hat on a shoe box: your patriotism becomes suspect. Suggest that a certain large church is defaced by what Pugin called "stucco twiddlings": your reputation for atheism is made. Say that a certain college hall is literally a blot on the landscape: you are a sinister foe to democratic institutions. Why should architecture alone among our fine arts engage the savage and irrational pieties?

The usual explanation for this is that architecture is regarded by the people of Montana as a utility rather than an art. Our ideas, it is said, are influenced by our desires, which are still in the Shelter Stage. The public will ask intelligent questions about the cost, capacity and conveniences of a building, but it has not yet arrived at the overwhelming questions about beauty and fitness. Nor has it even provided for an expert body to advise on the artistic side in the public interest, leaving all that to private opinion and private enterprise. A junta composed of those

most directly implicated in the building scheme is the deciding authority. Among them beauty and fitness is a matter of little interest and cost and profit-taking is a matter of deep interest, so high art is crucified by the thieves. Whatever is cheap and at the same time profitable to handle is chosen; and, since artistically honest buildings are dearer than terra-cotta shams, Northwestern Strawberry-Hill is an inevitable development. Criticism is said to be resented because it indirectly attacks a system that provides graft.

But I am convinced that this is a loose and faulty analysis. If the distinction between Shelter-Stagers and Culture-Stagers is indeed valid at all, it definitely cannot be applied to those like ourselves who have constructed costly and (in this connexion) luxurious buildings for purposes far beyond the primitive need for shelter. The distinction implies a whole set of blasted Decadent conventions: that utility and beauty are mutually exclusive, that artistic problems are essentially impractical and practical problems essentially unartistic, that good taste is a rare exotic. In point of fact the distinction, and with it the philosophical foundation of the explanation, rests upon ignorance of the history of architecture. The public which is intelligent enough to inquire into the cost and capacity and conveniences of a building is intelligent enough to ask about its beauty and fitness as soon as it has learned how to search those out, and the appointment of a permanent State Commission of Fine Arts would, I agree, be a step towards that enlightened era. The present junta which decides on these questions is charged in the explanation with grasping greed. I believe the charge to be unfair. North-

western Strawberry-Hill is not a monument to graft but to stupidity.

I look for the explanation of the resentment to architectural criticism in a cause rooted more deeply in the morass of the subconsciousness. It is an attitude which we have learned to term, when it expresses itself in social action, Rugged Individualism. Fundamentally in this case it lies in a mistaken notion of private property. A man's house is his castle, his to do with as he pleases so long as he respects the rights of neighboring property. The owner feels that his vested right extends to all that touches his house, and his taste good or bad is a part of his property right. Criticism is an insidious attack on property, he feels: even if the object of criticism is a public building, he resents it both by reason of his mental association of any *house* with *his* house and because he fears that his own property may later be attacked. In a State where the population is mobile and where property is often thought of less as something to have and to hold than as something to trade with and to sell, art criticism may have an unpredictable commercial effect and is feared accordingly.

Another vested right in a building is asserted by the architect. He is employed to put up a structure; his plans represent his "criticism" of the structure; let the other man criticise what *he* is paid to do. When the critic moreover is not an architect himself, he falls under the deep scorn of a professional for an amateur and his remarks are dismissed as of no account. I shall make my own position plain at once by stating that I am not an architect and do not know a purline from a pendentive. My competency to criticise does not lie in a curious or practical knowledge of the

tools of the architect's craft, nor do I admit that this is even needful seeing that those who do know them yet produce the results which I complain of. The equipment for criticism consists rather in a trained and exercised sense of fitness. One does not need to be a cook in order to appreciate a good dish, or conversely, to recognize that one has been poisoned. Criticism is always to some extent an invasion of the artist's sense of private property in the thing he creates and the manner of his creating. It is an invasion which every critic should be delicate enough to acknowledge but ruthless enough to carry through. In the circumstances it is perhaps unavoidable that he should appear arrogant, though that may be excused if he takes care to be lucid.

I shall therefore indicate now the grounds on which I base my criticism of Strawberry-Hill in the Northwest. In the first place, I take architecture to be the art of right building. This implies a number of principles—not rules, since they cannot be applied in a precise manner to any given situation. They are general tendencies which, in the testing of time, have emerged as criteria for fitness, and I need not say that they will appear commonplace to any student of the fine art of building.

There is first what I shall call the principle of Adequacy. It signifies that a right structure must be sufficient for its purpose. Chopped Straw Hall was a right private dwelling-house and Strawberry-Hill was not. With its cloister, towers and funerary fireplace, it was a Romantic stage-set.

The second is the principle of Economy. It signifies that design must pertain, without waste or excess, to the fundamental purpose of the structure.

Means must not be confused with ends. In Strawberry-Hill those ornamental bosses and other kickshaws offended the principle of Economy because they were redundant, being nowise related to structure.

The third is the principle of Propriety. It signifies that the building must be meet and fit for its purpose not only in site and capacity and furnishings but equally in the place and the times. Strawberry-Hill's Gothick was born out of its time.

It is obvious that these principles must raise many a question interesting to the regionalist. Good buildings, they say, grow out of the soil. What is the crop of buildings from our soil? Is there a native note in our architecture? Have our plains towns a characteristic and worthy mark, and our mountain towns? The natural resources of the region have yielded great stores of wealth: have the wealthy sponsored an indigenous and notable style? Are the public buildings monuments to our taste and sense of values? That Government building: does it convey our sense of the dignity of government? That church: does it seem a place of worshipful awe? That college hall: does it inspire the beholder with a sense of the splendor of learning? That house of business: does it proclaim the quality of fine enterprise? What use has been made of native building materials—the stone, cements, clays, metals, and woods? What quality of the native artistic talent has been employed and developed in design and decoration—what architects, carpenters, masons, plumbers, machinists, metal-workers, wood-carvers, cabinet-makers, sculptors, mural and fresco painters?

Full answers to those questions would lead us far afield in the company of ex-

perts who would discuss the needs and desires of us all under social, political, and economic aspects. They would discourse to us of processes and of the prices and supplies of materials and labor. They would discuss the kind and amount of popular education in art and art appreciation. In short, they would describe the kind of people we are, what we are thinking and doing, and what our surroundings can afford us in the way of good living and a good life. Full answers would make the ample book which we hope may some day be written. Meanwhile I shall restrict my discussion to a more limited though not less fundamental aspect: that a good building is a complement to the landscape and a comment upon it.

III.

Montana is not one of the American regions that can point with pride to a distinctive architecture. With the exception of half-a-score mine buildings (the beauty of which was left by local artists to Mr. Joseph Pennell to put beyond question in his vivid drawings) and a few ranch houses, there is nothing to affirm its regional character. Three generations of an energetic and able people have mined and traded and two generations have ranched and farmed here; from the minerals, coal, oil and gas, water-power, timber, cattle, sheep, and wheat great wealth has been won; and after frontier restlessness and metropolitan opportunities drew off the volatile element of the population, a civilized community spread its roots among the permanent settlers, enterprising but stable. Their character and the nature of the occupations imposed on them by the environment and their own desires is reflected in the purpose of their buildings but denied in the carrying-out of

that purpose. It is as if they remember while they work and forget while they build, what they want and where they are. After fifty years of settled life, Montana has not yet found itself in architecture.

The results of these fifty years of indecision are scattered throughout the state. In the country there is a varied assortment of dwellings, from the corrugated iron shack of the last-decade wheat farmer who used to spend his money in California to the elaborate *cortijo* transplanted from the Spanish southwest. In the small towns Malayan bungalows vie with Provincetown clapboard and Baltimore brick cottages. Divided in the monotonous manner of Manhattan into rectangular blocks lined with closely spaced dwellings, the cities contain houses modelled after every style from Corinthian to Victorian. Imitation transcends mere decorative detail wherever means has allowed heavier borrowing to bring to our narrow city-lots faulty copies of French chateaux, Swiss chalets, Norman *fermes*, Cotswold manors and Virginian mansions. Though the effect of these is somewhat impaired by the need for squeezing them into their sites, there can be no denial that it is the effect of Strawberry-Hill.

Even in places where a great architectural tradition is deeply felt and fittingly expressed, private houses are sometimes done in a perverse or eccentric style while public buildings uphold and exemplify the standard of fine taste and propriety. It is therefore to the public buildings that we should and shall repair in our search for honest and artistic architectural expression in Montana. What do they show us?

The Government buildings in the state should be the first to be consid-

ered. The Federal buildings are commonly designed in one of the varieties of the Renaissance styles—from Palladin to Baroque: now Italianate as in Helena, now Georgian as in Anaconda. Pleasant and agreeable these buildings sometimes are, as well as seemly specimens of the style which they follow; yet, they are anachronistic. The state has been less happy in its experiments. Although the State Capitol may be a building admirable for its purpose, it is neither magnificent nor graceful in its effect. Its proportions are such that it falls somewhere between the two qualities, a failure that is matched in its undistinguished composition. Trying for the effect that Bulfinch achieved with the State House in Boston, it is only a failure. The buildings of the county and city governments are, with two qualified exceptions, almost as bad as buildings can be. If our public libraries are very near the abyssal depth of architectural nullity, that "bad eminence" is already filled by county courthouses and city halls. To them must be conceded whatever prize should be awarded absolute tastelessness. Looking at the palaces where the majesty of law was supposed to shine forth in our days, an observer one generation hence will never need to be told that our times were noted for their contempt of law.

The University has suffered from another fault of imitation. Two principal architectural influences can be traced in the buildings: one a Gothic, the other a Renaissance influence. Both styles are of course suited to a dignified and commodious place, provided they are honestly and artistically treated: and this means that the building materials should be worthy of serious treatment and should be handled in the manner of a

Gothic or Renaissance builder. If this is antiquarianism, let it be remembered that those styles are also antiquarian. The ultimate question that one must ask when judging a building constructed in an antiquarian style is, Does it come off? How does it compare with genuine specimens of the style? Allowing for difference of personal opinion, I still cannot think that these styles have been successfully imitated in this State. With terra-cotta instead of properly carved stone, with bricks of a repulsive color, and with lines that break the design because the structural necessities cannot be reconciled to the antiquarian pattern, the effect is usually tawdry and mean. Compared with good American imitations of the styles, these buildings are not effective. But why should the styles be imitated at all in a region where they are not at home and in times that are unlike those that called them forth and made them to grow?

Much the same criticism can be made against the churches which have been built in the state. The important structures are sentimentalised copies of buildings elsewhere, some of them being quite unsuited to the climatic conditions of this region. Sham is deplorable in any place but in a church it is hardest to bear. Sham pillars concealing the steel girders that do the work which the pillars are represented as doing, terrazzo passing itself as marble breccia, painted wood passing itself off as stone: these should be written down among the capital sins of architecture. It is meet to worship in a rude wooden hut, in a building made of honest wattle-and-daub, than to worship in an absurd stucco shell. And what can be said for a structure the external design of which belies the interior arrangement: this is the very ecstasy of

sham—let the church-wardens look to it!

Business buildings in the state depend on alien architectural models, often assimilated through the medium of terra-cotta. That material has in fact largely replaced the materials formerly used which, even when they were employed unimaginatively, produced an effect of genuineness at least. Exceptional, indeed, are those commercial structures like the mine and ranch buildings, aluded to in an earlier part of this paper, which are designed and constructed in a form appropriate to the region.

How is this architecture of public buildings a complement to the landscape, and how is it a comment upon it? Considering the questions under a purely physical, almost geographical, aspect, we must point out that the designs—specifically in the combination of masses and planes and their proportions—are not usually related to the natural features of the sites. The contrast between mountain, valley, and plains landscapes is not reflected in the designs. The “natural” local materials are often passed over in a favor of imported “foreign” materials, such as terra-cotta and sometimes even natural stone. Undoubtedly the architects and builders can advance sound economic considerations which recommend the procedure: but if they were to use local materials, in time the economic advantage of importing would be lessened and perhaps would cease altogether; and meanwhile a wholesome work of public education in the appreciation of the regional resources of every kind would have been carried on. For it would be unjust to charge the architects with the full responsibility for Northwestern Strawberry-Hill: they are serving a public which

has asked for it. That public has not become aware of the inadequacy, the inappropriateness of antique styles in a new land.

There are two objections, one based on taste and the other on a notion of the necessities of the times, which are commonly brought against the apology for regional architecture. The regionalist, it is argued, is narrow-minded and unduly concerned with local affairs and ways and is incapable of appreciating the strong appeal of places and times other than his own. Why, the objection runs, should not the people of Montana commission replicas of any buildings from any part of the world and of any age, if they strike the fancy and seem beautiful? The regionalist can reply that there is no reason against this if the replica were the only beautiful building possible of construction here and it were needed to serve the purpose for which it had been designed. Beautiful buildings of another age and place require their own cultural surroundings: brought to another place, they do not suit the changing ways of fulfilling even the old purpose. They usually degenerate from a dwelling to a museum, and useful and admirable as a museum is, it is not commonly thought of as a good place to live in.

The needs of the times are sometimes urged against the apologist for regional architecture. It is true that it would be desirable, it is said, for Montana to sponsor a beautiful indigenous architecture, or at least one faithfully and fittingly accommodated to the landscape and the manner of living of the people; but has there been time enough to develop such an architecture? Seventy-five years of settlement, perhaps only fifty years of stable settlement and land-

centered civilization—this, it is said, is too brief a time for the development of a representative local art of building.

There may be some truth in the observation. Who can tell? No one knows exactly what may be the effects of ready communication, of mass-production, or of private zeal in fostering or retarding the fine arts. Measurements of time for the more subtle operations in human affairs are relative to these and other conditions, and it is not possible to set up a rigid standard by which the peoples of different ages can be judged. Yet the time required for the development of high art in building is not so great as many appear to believe when they offer to excuse us by the shortness of our stay in this region. Gothic art made notable regional accommodations in the western European countries within short periods. Regional architecture in the South, in New England, in Pennsylvania, and in the Southwest developed within two or three generations. Original and searching minds disregard the element of time when manual and mechanical skill are

at hand and when they have grasped the needs of their civilization and the resources of their environment. A striking example of the rapidity with which a noble and indigenous architecture may rise if a talented people turns its attention to building is furnished by the Egyptians of the Old Kingdom. Within one hundred and fifty years they developed their art of building from that needed for the construction of brick-lined and sand-covered tombs to that need for the construction of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. During this time they repelled invasions, they consolidated a mosaic of village governments, each with its jealous local king and equally jealous local god, into a strong united power, they saw to the economic security of the people, they developed further their pictorial art, and they elaborated the engineering and architectural processes necessary for the building of the largest monuments attempted in antiquity. The architect to whom the initial great work is ascribed, Imhotep, was taken by later ages to be a god.

PALOUSE COUNTRY

MARY BRENNAN CLAPP

There is no peace like the peace of the prairie

When the great wings of twilight spread hovering wide
And the harsh glare relenting, there comes a soft beauty
To the low-rolling hills which the day has denied.

Hollows are tender and huddled rough buildings

Somehow articulate now with the soil,
Bring to a purpose this scattered endeavor
Of fruit into seed and dream into toil.

There is no peace that is not near to mystery,

Hush in the soul after joy—after woe—
This is the integrate, lovely reality
Only the peace-driven searcher may know.

O NOW IS SUN

CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

O now is sun!
The sweetbrier bush
Shall know the thrush,
And one by one,
The robin foraging
A colored string or feather
Acceptable to weather
Of the spring;
And once again the plum tree
Shall know bloom,
And I assume
A shade too carefully
A nonchalance that I
Am far from feeling.

A nonchalance that I
Am far from feeling . . .

O warmth of April sky,
O plum tree budded over
That drips upon the clover,
Is this mad creature I?

MOUNTAIN ORCHARD

PHYLLIS B. MORDEN

No apples, but the winds, have bent
These boughs awry,
Where alien rows
Have known the weight of winter snows . . .
Have borne the sky.

In time the mountain will have won
Again this clearing from the sun,
And save for April's sacrament
Or pallid gold of fall,
No trace of orchard will be found . . .
No footstep mark the shadowed ground
Anywhere at all.

CARELESS LOVE

JAMES STEVENS

WHEN I was in my twelfth summer I met Tarr Thornton. In a month he was the closest and kindest friend I had ever known, and we had a secret plan for making a break to the Spanish lands together. Tarr was nigh thirty. He had fought in Cuba and the Islands, and after his soldiering he had worked through a harvest season down in Mexico. By the time haying was over and the wheat harvest had started in our Idaho valley, Tarr Thornton talked of little beside the Spanish lands. He had made a solemn agreement.

"Just as shore as they have tamale ranches in Mexico," agreed Tarr, "you and me will be shockin' and threshin' tamales right through the harvest this time next year. But don't you tell nobody, companero. We got to keep it quiet about the Spanish lands, or your uncle will stop you."

I did admire him so, for he could saw a fiddle, pick a guitar, strum a banjo, sing tenor songs, and tell the most exciting stories about the queerest doings and strangest people in the Spanish lands. Beside, Tarr Thornton had made it a mighty good time for me this summer. He'd hired out to my uncle in the spring, and we did all the haying mainly by ourselves. Tarr bragged on me so that I was saved from doing house work for the women, packing water, and other shameful chores. Tarr was not a man to do all the talking, either. He would listen earnestly when I argued politics or religion; he was not up on them so much, Tarr admitted, and it was a privilege to hear the fine points from a man who was

up. He treated me like a grown man, that was the best thing. Tarr Thornton never expected me not to chaw tobacco.

Our ranch was going to pieces, as grandpa was crippled with rheumatism, my uncle was shiftless, and I was not old enough to take hold and manage. We batched, and my uncle was surprised when Tarr Thornton agreed to hire out to him so reasonably for the summer and fall. I wondered myself, until I decided that Tarr was after a partner to go with him to the Spanish lands, and had picked me.

I was twelve, but still pretty innocent. We were neighbors to the Yardleys, and it was on Lily Yardley's account that Tarr Thornton had hired out to my uncle. But I never suspected him a particle, not even when he fixed it to swap harvest work with our neighbor.

In all Mann's Creek valley there was nobody more respected and feared than Daniel Yardley. He was the only Presbyterian in the neighborhood. The ranch folks were mainly Adventists, Campbellites, and Hardshell Baptists, and backbiting between the sects was general. Deacon Dan'l's Presbyterianism, however, was always spoken of with the finest respect. He was a Kentucky *valley* man before coming to Idaho, and no one could be touchier in family pride. Lew and Ed Yardley were bad actors, not religious like their pappy, but as touchy. Art, at fourteen, was as surly and sullen as a mule.

Lily Yardley was the least liked of all the family. She was supposed to be very pretty, but she was naturally

stuck-up, and education had made her worse. Last spring Lily had finished at State Normal. She was home for the summer and would start teaching in town when school opened. None of the young neighbor men bothered around her. They never had. The Yardley pride froze them off. Commoner girls were always saying that Lily Yardley was not to be envied, her life had been so lonesome.

I was not so innocent but what I'd have suspected Tarr and Lily sooner, if they had been any other couple. Nobody could have dreamed of summer trysts between them, if they had not lost all sense and become so open and brazen. It was careless love with them in the first place, as in the song Tarr was forever humming to himself. Then it wasn't careless at all; it was ruinous trouble and grief.

Tarr's pappy was a Kentucky *mountain* man who had shipped to Idaho to herd sheep, and had then homesteaded away back in the sagebrush hills. Tarr could set at the Yardley table as a hired hand, but never in this world would he have been invited to the house. Tarr was being a fool, and he must have known it.

When Tarr and I went up to the Yardleys to swap harvest work we took bedding along and bunked in the haylot under the stars. That made it fine for Tarr and Lily. Every night, after I'd sunk to sleep, Tarr would steal off for a tryst with Lily Yardley. For five nights that went on. Then they lost all sense.

It happened on a Saturday forenoon, when Lily rode out with canvas bags of fresh water. It was generally Fern Yardley, a warty snip of a ten-year-old kid, who rode an old cayuse out with

fresh water in the mornings and afternoons. I despised Fern, for she often made me look silly by acting like I was as much of a kid as she was. But I'd have been glad to see her this morning, warts, pigtails, toothy grin, squint, and all.

We were just starting a shock on a new windrow. When he saw that it was Lily on the buckskin cayuse Tarr muttered a cussword to himself; then, after a bothered look at me, he headed back for the water cache. I felt that Tarr didn't want me along, and I never had any itch to be around Lily. I turned my back and worked toward the standing wheat.

Lew Yardley was just making the upper turn with the big Deering binder. It was maybe a quarter-mile from where we were shocking, but I could hear Lew Yardley's, "Yay, Molly! Bill, you!" at the leaders of his four-horse team. Then the clatter of the binding-machine and the steely click-click-click of the sickle-bar sounded from so far. I stooped to work on a huddle of bundles in the windrow. Right before me the standing wheat was a golden wall above the stubble. The brittle, shorn stems crackled under my brogans. Clods crumbled and straw shattered as I hugged each bundle up and packed it to the shock. On one the twine broke. I halved the bundle, and bound each half with wheat stalks. I thought of how Deacon Dan'l called that withing the sheaves, and said we were like unto the reapers of Boaz when we withed them.

I thought of a heap such things as the big Deering clattered closer along the slope. Something was warning me. I was parched inside and sopping outside, still I could feel frosty prickles in the

back of my hair. I knew that Tarr should not be so long with Lily, there at the water cache. He ought to be back to work, and Lily ought to be riding on. Closer and closer sounded the sickle-bar, down the quarter-mile. I kept working. Something warned me not to get mixed in anything, not even by seeing it.

But finally I just had to look, stooping around, gazing from the corners of my eyes as I monkeyed with a bundle.

Lily Yardley was riding sidesaddle on the buckskin cayuse. She sat there primly enough, smoothing her dress down over her ankles. Tarr stood close to the buckskin's shoulder, his left hand up on the saddle pommel, his hat off, the coaly waves of his hair shining in the sun blaze. Tarr sure was mooning. Lily seemed to be talking. I couldn't hear, for the big Deering was clattering so close and loud. Suddenly it stopped, and now I heard. Lily was softly singing, but I could hear—

Oh, I'd leave my mamma and my pappy too—

I'd leave them both to go with you.

Love, oh, love, oh, careless love—

It's love that's broke this heart of mine.

Tarr's hand slipped on from the pommel for Lily's hand. I wanted to yell, for the sudden quiet from the standing wheat was a smother to bear. But it was Lew Yardley who yelled.

"Lily!" His voice sounded like the sickle bar. "Come on yere now! Lily!"

That was all Lew Yardley called. Lily jumped so that the old cayuse snorted and shied. She gave Tarr a stricken look, then slapped the quirt to the cayuse and loped him on. Tarr

just stood and stared after Lily as she rode on past me and up the slope for Lew. Then he stooped, picked up the fresh waterbag at his feet, and took a long drink, as cool as you please.

So much I saw from the corners of my eyes as I monkeyed with a bundle. If anybody asked me, I would say I didn't know, for I was monkeying with a bundle.

Pretty soon the binder clattered along again, and I took an easier breath. I looked up. Lily was riding on around the standing wheat, quirting the cayuse into a fast lope. When she reached Ed and Art she never slacked, but actually flung the waterbag at them, then wheeled the pony and headed for a back trail to the ranch house.

Tarr hollered for me to come on for a drink before he cached the fresh waterbag. I moseyed down.

"You don't seem so peart, compañero," Tarr said, as I came up. He squinted at me in his curious way, until his black eyes were almost slits. "Ail-in'?"

"No." As I spoke, I felt that right now was the proper time to pin Tarr down about our trip to the Spanish lands. "I just been thinkin' a lot," I said. "That's why I don't look peart."

"What of?"

"Why, about the plan we agreed to. Maybe you've changed your mind about it's being so fine and practical. Maybe, Tarr, you don't want to take in the Mexican tamale harvest next year, after all."

"Sho', now. Sho'." Tarr sort of muttered that. Then he talked some Spanish to himself in a swearing way. He passed me the waterbag. I gulped down a good quart, and felt better. As I set the bag down, Tarr passed me a

flat red tin. "Have a chaw of champagne-flavored Piper Heidsieck, compañero," he said heartily.

I felt still better as I took the tin. Tarr carried this brand for fancy chawing. It was a treat, a special favor, when he offered anybody the red tin.

I gnawed off a mannerly chaw and passed the tin back with thanks. Tarr was grinning in his old way at me, and I was at him. It seemed we were close friends again. We went back to shocking. Right off I took a mighty spit and caught a horsefly dead center. Things all appeared fresher and cooler.

But the humor didn't last long. Pretty soon I noticed that the binder had stopped again, this time near Ed and Art on the upper slope. The three had a long confab. It made me feel clammy and lank again. But Tarr didn't pay the confab any more mind than he did me. He shocked on steadily, thinking to himself, his swarthy features spreading in a slow grin now; and then his gaze roved far and away as he hummed to himself—

Oh, love, it shorely breaks my heart.

Oh, love, it shorely breaks my heart.

Love, it shorely breaks my heart,

To know that you and I must part.

Love, oh, love, oh, careless love—

It's love that's broke this heart of mine.

It haunted me dismally; for the more Tarr hummed it on, the more I was certain that our friendship was as good as gone, and our plan for roving in the Spanish lands was shattered like tromped wheat.

At noontime Lew Yardley yelled for Tarr to come and help him with the horses, and for me to scoot on to the

house. I was more than willing. High words soon sounded behind me, but I didn't look around until I was just rounding the hill below the field.

Tarr Thornton had his back to the binder. I had to feel proud of him, for he stood like a pine there, his fists on his hips, his head up. The three Yardleys faced him like bulls, their heads down, and I could almost hear their growls. Tarr never flinched. He certainly was high-spirited. All of a sudden he snapped around like the lash of a whip and went to unhitching the binder horses. I gaped, holding my breath. But the Yardleys let him go. They all went to unhitching.

I hustled on to the house. Fern was outside the kitchen door as I came up to the washbench in the back yard, under the cottonwoods. She grinned like a fool at me, as usual. I was curious to know how Lily had come to fetch the water this morning, so I decided to be agreeable and friendly to Fern for once.

"Hello, you lazy packrat," I said, "you was too lazy to fetch the water this morning, wasn't you? All girls are lazy, but I guess you are about the laziest, Fern Yardley."

She grinned her widest at my friendliness. "I warn't neither lazy," she said. "I honestly had an awful bellyache, and Lily was that sorry for me she fetched the waterbags out."

"You don't look a particle sick to me," I said.

"Oh, I'm shet of it now, I reckon."

Fern hung on around me while I washed up, because I had encouraged her. I didn't mind so much, as the men all appeared so sullen and surly when they came in from the barn. I sauntered with Fern through the cottonwood shade to the horseshoe stakes, and

I tried to throw a few ringers. The Yardleys went in strong for horseshoes. There must have been fifty hanging on a pole between two cottonwoods. All kinds, from pony shoes to big fellows from the two Clyde draft horses. I monkeyed on with them after Fern was called to help at the table. The men washed and combed. Nobody was speaking. The Yardleys just glowered sullenly. Tarr stood off by himself, trimming at his fingers with his Spanish Barlow. That was what he called his pocket-knife. It was a considerable strain until we were called to dinner.

Ma Yardley always set a wonderful table, especially at harvest time. I forgot everything but eating, as we sat down. I could hardly wait for Deacon Dan'l to say grace. He was a gaunt, hollow-eyed man these days. His face looked nearly as gray as his scraggly beard and thin hair. The deacon was hoarse-spoken, for he suffered from asthma. He did little work in the fields. Ma Yardley was hearty and strong, but she had that kind of warning sullenness which showed in her three sons, and they also had her strength. There was never much talk at the Yardley table. This noon there was none at all, except for passing.

I paid little attention to anybody until I was well stuffed with chicken and dumplings, corn bread and turnip greens, gravy and jelly and other truck. Then I began to sit up and take notice. Lew and Ed were looking more like thunder clouds than ever, and Art was mocking them seriously. Lily was waiting on table. She stayed in the kitchen mainly, and when she did come out she always stared straight at Lew, with a shine like marbles in her blue eyes. He would glower back like an Indian. Tarr

never looked up. Ma Yardley had spied that something was wrong. When she got up to help with the pie I could hear her quizzing Lily out in the kitchen. She looked as wrathful as her sons when she came back to table.

When the Yardley men were through eating they set back in their chairs, waiting. Tarr took his time with his pie. When he got up he stood by his chair for a spell, gazing slowly around the circle. He seemed to smile. "Sech insolence!" I heard Ma Yardley mutter. Finally, with a shrug of his shoulders, Tarr turned for the kitchen. He went through the door, then stopped and boldly whispered to Lily. Lew jumped up, growling. Lily pushed Tarr on out of the kitchen, then swung around before Lew.

"You leave him be, now!" Her voice was quivery and shrill. "He's not making any trouble."

"I'll tend to him," growled Lew. "First thing, we're gettin' to the bottom of this. You come on to the parlor. The family wants to hear from you, missy." Then he turned on Fern and me. "You young 'uns git. Stay outside till you're tolt different."

We both scooted fast. I had just one glimpse of Lily as Lew herded her for the front parlor. Her eyes were still shiny, hard and dry. Deacon D'l had appeared puzzled by everything, but now he was looking terribly stern. Even Fern was sober and worried as we scampered outside.

We pretended to pitch horseshoes, but for once I never cared how many ringers I missed. By and by I saw Tarr riding Sorry, the horse we had both packed up on, out of the barnyard. He headed down the road, then hauled up and swung around in the saddle, gazing to-

ward the house. All of a sudden he waved. For a second I thought he was waving at me, and I started to give him a high-sign back.

But Tarr was waving at Lily Yardley. I knew that when I heard Ed bawling at her from the kitchen. It appeared that she had been watching for Tarr to ride off, and had run back to the kitchen just to wave at him.

"Lily!" Ed Yardley yelled, "stop it, I'm tellin' you!"

But she didn't stop it. Lily waved madly from the kitchen door, and started to run on for the yard. Ed caught her and yanked her back. She started to scream, and he fetched her an open-handed belt across the mouth. A thin trickle of red started down her chin. Lily stuck her fingers to it, stared at the wet red spots on her fingers, and looked as though she would faint.

She held up, though. After a spell, Lily Yardley straightened up, and just stood and stared at her brother, letting the blood trickle on down her dress. Lew shoved Ed on toward the barn and called for Art and me to come with them. I was glad to get away anywhere. Fern had started to bawl, and Lily was such a sight.

Tarr had ridden on. It was too bad Tarr Thornton did not keep riding on. But when he had whispered with Lily in the kitchen, it was to make another tryst. That night he rode back to the Yardley ranch to keep it.

I still had no more than a suspicion that Tarr and Lily had been keeping trysts, but Lew and Ed Yardley knew. I learnt later from Art that Lily had brazenly admitted them and defied her folks when they talked in the parlor. She threw it up to her brother that Tarr Thornton was the first man to

show no fear of them, and for just that reason she would not give him up. It was such folly, Art said, that Lily seemed possessed. They figured Tarr had put a Spanish spell of some kind on her. He was so worthless and poor, and his people were all mountain trash, so Lily could not have loved him honestly.

Art talked and argued like that because he was sly. Lew and Ed were afraid I knew more than I let on. That was true, but I wasn't sucker enough to let a surly lummoX like Art Yardley pump it out of me.

That Saturday afternoon I had to shock with Ed and Art. Ed tried to pump me some then, but I had been warned too well to let him lead me on. I would only say that Tarr Thornton had been a good hand for my uncle, and that I was always too tuckered of a night to do anything but fall into sleep like it was a well. I could never say whether Tarr Thornton ever went off on trysts with anybody or not. Ed kept quizzing me every so often in his surly way; but finally I remembered Fern and I pretended a bellyache and kept begging Ed to let me go to the house. He wouldn't, but he stopped his pumping.

It was a miserable time. I worried and worried about Tarr. I knew we could never be close friends again; but I couldn't help but like and admire him still; and I hoped he would show the Yardleys and marry Lily in spite of them.

I was still pretty innocent, and so I only thought that Tarr wanted to marry Lily Yardley. It was a long time before I learned that careless love was all he thought about and that he had the spirit to risk so much for nothing more.

It was all a mighty puzzle for a mighty long time.

That Saturday night I did not plop off to sleep as I usually did. After supper I hung around with Fern until Ma Yardley made her go up to bed and shooed me out to the haylot. Lily had gone into her room early, saying she was sick and surely looking it. Her room was downstairs, right next to the kitchen. I noticed her lamp was out as I moseyed in the deep twilight for the haystacks.

More trouble was brewing. I could feel the presentiment clean to my bones as I tramped on alone. I felt so tired I could hardly drag my feet along, but now I was less and less sleepy.

The night was smothery. A full moon was climbing up. It had a pale shine in the sultry haze.

I didn't undress yet, but sprawled out on the blankets, took a chew, and just lay there and wondered. First off, I wondered about myself and how I could get out of more wheat harvesting with the Yardleys. I had more sense than to think of running off, and the bellyache gag was too old to be worked. Finally I had a rare idea. It struck me that if I could break my left little finger I'd get out of work, and still I could run around, ride cayuses, and enjoy life generally in a fair style. I hooked the finger in my right hand and tried a twist or two; then I decided I was so all-fired weary I'd wait for morning to break her.

The next thing, I wondered around in my thoughts until they settled on Tarr Thornton again, and they turned very gloomy there.

In so many ways Tarr had seemed different. There he'd gone to war in Spanish lands and had roved in Mexico

and worked through a tamale harvest; here he'd never bothered about money, never itched to own land and stock, as most men were always doing; and while he'd sparked girls around last winter, he would never talk about getting married.

"I jest want to ramble 'round, companero, take life as it comes and have a good time," Tarr said to me more than once. "I'm a true-born rovin' man."

Well, so was I, and so nothing could have seemed more reasonable than for us to go to the Spanish lands together. But now I wondered if Tarr hadn't been kind of joking all along. Joking about something so reasonable, and then being so serious about his foolish love with Lily Yardley. It was a ponderous mystery to me. I just could not fathom it.

Maybe I dozed off while I was trying to. If I did, it was no more than a doze, for I was wide awake in a second when I heard a mutter of voices close. I did not make a move, though my ribs thumped like fury.

"Plumb dead to the world," said one of the mutterers. "He'll never hear or know a thing till mornin'. Come on Lew."

The hay straw in the lot rustled under a tramp of feet. I waited for a spell, then eased up and prowled along the alfalfa stack. In the moonlight I saw two big shadowy figures crossing the barnyard and going on through the corral gate. A trail from there wound above the alfalfa field, which was a horse pasture now, and along the foot of a hillside which was so steep it was used only for range. Up the trail a quarter there was a pretty spring in a clump of cottonwoods. It was dark

in the black shadow of the steep hill.

I had no business following, but I knew Lew and Ed Yardley were on the trail there and that they were surely tracking after their sister. I was sure and certain that Tarr Thornton was waiting on a tryst in the cottonwoods. All Lew and Ed wanted was to catch him waiting for Lily.

So I followed. I kept thinking, "I've got to warn Tarr off. He's been a friend to me, and I got to warn him. Pretty quick I'll holler. Just another step now, and I'll yell for him to git."

Thinking like that, but somehow my tongue kept sticking, and a hard knot in my throat kept choking the yell down. I could not say to myself that I was scared of what the Yardleys would do to me if I warned Tarr. I only thought, "I got to be sure I'm close enough so's he'll hear. Just a couple more steps, now . . ."

Two more steps, two more, on and on. My ribs were simply hammering, and I was clammy all over. Every so often I'd glimpse the two big shadows, hunched over, creeping along, sort of. Then I'd stop, trying to yell, and only choke up . . . "Just a couple more steps . . ."

Finally, when I stopped one more time, I heard something that paralyzed me in my tracks. Down from the black shadows of the hillside sounded the soft twanging of a guitar and Tarr Thornton's voice in muted tenor. Then I heard Lily's chiming in. They sounded so sad—

*Love, oh, love, oh, careless love—
It's love that's broke this heart of mine.*

That much I heard, then the soft voices broke. I stood on, like I was

rooted in the trail dirt. Then Lily screamed. She screamed again. It was a scarey sound to hear. But the next sound was the worst. It was a hoarse, screeching yell from Tarr Thornton. It didn't sound human, but like the squeal of a broncho tangled in barb wire. It was choked off right in the middle, and that made it worse than ever. Suddenly I wasn't frozen any longer, but running my hardest, with everything in a whirling red blaze all around. I didn't slack up until I was back in the haylot. I sprawled down on the blankets, and lay there, my ribs pounding, and all kinds of things jiggering in a nightmare blaze. I knew Lew and Ed would come and look at me again.

They did. Lew stooped and shook me. I pretended I was a long time waking up.

"You'll have to git up and ride down to yore uncle's," he told me. "We ketched Tarr Thornton tryin' to steal a hoss from our pasture. The critter kicked and tromped him bad. We're haulin' him to town. You ride down and tell yore uncle. Tarr's his hand."

I was glad enough to get away from the Yardley ranch.

The next morning instead of going to meeting I rode to town with my uncle to see about Tarr.

The doctor would not let us in to see him. The doctor said Tarr had been tromped horribly by the horse and maybe would not live. Even if he did, he would never look like much again. His right eye had been kicked out of its socket by a horseshoe calk.

Lew and Ed Yardley had beaten Tarr Thornton almost to death with horseshoes in their hands. I knew that was the truth when the doctor talked about horseshoe marks. When they

tracked after Lily, Lew and Ed had lifted the big Clyde shoes from the pole between the cottonwoods—but it's too sickening to imagine.

I never broke my left little finger, so I worked on through the harvest, and even in the grain hauling after school had started. I saw Tarr Thornton just one more time, when I was in town with my uncle.

Late in an October afternoon we rolled along in an empty grain wagon past the Copper King saloon. Just then Tarr Thornton staggered out. He was pretty drunk, but he would have looked as bad sober, the way his face was mutilated up and with his empty eye socket. I took one glance, and it gave me the creepy shivers. My uncle went to moralizing. Like other shiftless men, my uncle would moralize at the least excuse.

"The bad blood in that feller shorely did come out at last," he said. "He'll jest go from bad to worse. He'd be

better off if the Yardleys had prosecuted him and sent him to the pen for hoss stealin'. I can't figger why they never did."

I didn't say a word. I never did say a word about Tarr Thornton any more. It shamed me to think of him. I should have yelled that night and warned him. It seemed that we had both failed so miserably in being the *companeros* we pretended.

The grain wagon rattled on from town in the October dusk. A cold wind blew off the sagebrush hills. Stray leaves whirled down from the cottonwoods along the road. There were not many, as the trees were almost stripped and bare. It was all so dismal that it seemed to me Tarr Thornton really belonged in this country now. It made a bitter thought which kept asking itself over and over: "Oh, why couldn't he do it? Why couldn't he have stuck with me and gone to the Spanish lands?"

PORTRAIT

FREDERICK TEN HOOR

He nods, and lets his pipe go out—
An old man, factory worn and spent—
And dreams of willows round about
A house where he was not content:

Returns to alienated places,
To still canals, brown fields of rye,
Encounters long-forgotten faces,
And hears the loud lark in the sky,

Wakes when the song becomes too clear
And opens dream-expectant eyes;
These, finding only what is near,
Contemn the things they recognize.

MORTMAIN

BARBARA ELIZABETH SAULPAUGH

We have heard that there are mountains . . .
It is wearisome here in the marshes,
The steely sedge,
The mouse lowlands,
O the endless miry patches
And seeing ungentle sparrows sun in dark dust,
The mole blundering,
The innocent lumbering cow,
The indolent lizard still as a green secret sneer.

Then why dwell in the marshes, thou poor?

We have heard that there are mountains . . .

TRANSPLANT WITH NATIVE SOIL

BELLE TURNBULL

Montezuma people lived along edges,
Wind visited, cloud visited.
Whether they come from the mine or the schoolhouse
They face square to a mountain head.
They know the blue of afternoon ridges.
Their springs rise on the watershed.

"Ann," Mrs. Ike said, "knowed no other water,
Like a blue spruce or a Douglas fir.
Beats me why she had to marry Sopris,
The flatfoot dry farm lye-drinkin' cur.
Ann was a sweet girl, if she was my daughter,
Plenty of our boys wanted her.

"Took all day ridin' to her funeral,
On the narrow gauge, then across the plains.
None of their windows fronted on the mountains.
That alone'd kill her—Doctor said her veins
Dried out with lye water. Like the spruce I planted
Died where we buried her remains."

OLD DAN BOONE

VERNE BRIGHT

Daniel Boone on the Femme Osage
Built a wildwood hermitage
To fend him in his ancient age
From devious folk of street and town:
From broadcloth coat and taffeta gown;
From *bons vivants* and social tricks,
Tinsel trappings and politics;
From gold in hand and curious neighbors,
Hard hearts warped by endless labors . . .
Mid uncleared acres he built his house
Under a beech grove's friendly boughs
And sat him down for a time of dream.

The haunted mirth of a woodland stream
At his dooryard edge was a fiddle tune
Played at twilight under the moon:
This is the singing fiddle's theme,
This is the dream of Daniel Boone . . .

Wagons west, like ships full sail,
Creak and rumble on the river trail,
Tramp of men and bull-teams' thunder,
Conestogas piled with plunder,
Children laughing and women singing,
Herd-boys shouting and mule-bells ringing!

"New land! New land!" he hears the cry,
"Beyond the sunset, beyond the sky!"
"Beaver! Beaver!" the dusk air quivers,
"Where the mountains rise by the westmost rivers!"
"Gold! Gold!" the belling tongue
Rings out . . .

He listens . . .

No longer young

He keeps his place by his own doorstone.
Missouri . . . Missouri . . . old, alone . . .
The mist comes up, the cold winds shiver
And seud on the river . . .

The dream smoked out, the caravan
Was lost in the dusk-heart, gray and wan,
And night curved in like a grave's lost place . . .

Then . . .

Burning before the westing race . . .

Pioneer . . .

His dream went black,

His soul sought out the zodiac . . .

Westward the star . . .

Old Dan Boone

Scouting the sky with the hunter's moon.

STONE COUNTRY

VERNE BRIGHT

These are true things I saw of which I tell:

Three pilgrims were we on the road to hell
 Eating the dust of dreams. Jake Silverthorne,
 Bill Wolfskill and this child were taking morn
 With the sting of wind on our mouth, a-setting traps
 In likely river, drinking at running paps
 Of mountains, eating the earth's sweet-tasting flesh.
 I recollect 'twere April and the fresh
 Grass were agreening the hollows—day and night
 Flew over us like geese in north'ard flight.
 Jake Silverthorne, he said, "Mark, do'ee hear
 Yan to the northern buttes, the beaver's there?
 My stick floats thataway." We turned our mules
 To the northland and the burnt hills. Dreaming fools!

This coon's set trap from Knife to Santa Fee,
 From Coasts of Platte to the Californy sea,
 Or I'm poor beaver. I recollect me now,
 As a gangling boy fresh from the furrowing plow
 I came into this country: Yellowstone
 Were a cub of a crick, these mountains were half-grown
 Sand hills, and the trees were sapling trees.
 I've fought the blasted Blackfoot and the Rees,
 And raised me plenty crop of Shian hair.
 Rattlesnakes I've et; and a grizzly bear
 I've rassed afore now. I've seen the sky
 Rain fire, I have, and this child wouldn't lie.
 And I have seen stone country . . .

Mighty strange

It were: 'yond Timpanagos and the range
 Of Stonies stretching south. The fur were thick
 Where we were trapping up a dwindling crick

That flows from the Paiutahs. It were prime:
Seven dollars the plew if 'twere a dime!
We did our possible. Then hills went dry
As spring dwined into June, June to July;
Slow-moving devil birds gloomed on the sky;
Leaves shriveled, and I mind me wind-whipt dust
Were like a snow: our beards were white with frost
Of drifted sand.

We climbed a range and crossed
To a hard bitten land. The Injuns there
Were small and scrawny with big eyes a-stare
Like owl-eyes in the dark. 'Twere none as knowed
That country in our band. There were no road
To tell us which way; and rank water stood
Black in the hollow rocks and thick as blood.
The grass were ghost-grass in that bitter land,
Greasewood and mesquite grew there and the sand
Were hell-fire on our feet. The nooning suns
Beat hammers on our brain. And bleaching bones
Burned on our eyes: the white skull-faces grinned.

Thinking of dead men dust on the desert wind
Slow we moved and silent. Our food were grass
And moccasin parfleche. This here coon'll pass
The ante if 'tain't starving doings, wagh!
Then Wolfskill shot a kiote in a draw
And we made meat and et. Come dawn we saw
Snow mountains edging sky. Our water-skins
Went empty, and our bellies ganted, thin's
A crane's leg; and our tongues cracked; and our lips
Dropped the slow ooze of blood as the red meat drips
Fat on the scorching coals. From there we went
The journey of a day: our mules were spent
And so mule were our meat, mule-blood our drink,
And our bread were roots . . . On wind-gnawed brink
Of death we marched: afore us many ridges
Of naked stone in the way. The crazy midges
Pranced on the sand . . .

Come morning-break we stood
On a clift of rock. Afore us were a wood,
Green, and the grass were green, and birds were singing
Fit to break their pretty throats and ringing
In our ears like heaven music. "Bill, Hurraw!"

Yelps Silverthorne, "Here's April doings, wagh!"
 And there were water shining in the sun;
 And grouse a-squawkin'. I ups my rifle-gun.
 "Here goes for meat!" says I, and cracks a bird
 Plumb center. Dang my hindsights, take my word,
 If'n his head went one way, slick as glass,
 And his body 'tother, and him still squawkin'. Grass
 Were sharp as knives and cut the hosses' mouth.
 "Here's wet wood and no flint and the wind are south!"
 Says I. "Here's flint!" says old Wolfskill and takes
 His hatchet to a tree; a shower of flakes
 Flew like snow in February . . . Which
 It were stone country or I'm a whelping bitch.
 Everything were stone: the buffalo-berries
 Were emeralds, dang my eyes! and the red chokecherries
 Were rubies, bright as blood, and the sweet wild plums
 Were garnet jewels bigger nor my thumbs,
 And the crick were solid diamond, yes-siree!
 Dabbled with morning light as ye ever see.

We filled our ruck-sacks and juned out of there
 Richer nor Astor. Our hearts were big, I swear,
 And singing squamptious. No more freezing, wagh!
 Wading for beaver: we would trap a squaw,
 A white one, down San Louiee way, and blow
 Our jewels like a bourshway, we would so!
 But hell! stone fruit and yarbs are mighty poor
 Feeding for critters: we damn nigh starved afore
 We hit game country. Our last cayuse went
 For potluck. And them jewels all were spent
 To buy another day of living; left
 Them by the trail, we did, to ease the heft
 Of packs on galling shoulders . . .

Well, at last,

We shet that buzzard's pasture, and we passed
 Into a country sweet as hills of home
 The wild orchards heavy with autumn, the cool loam
 Spicing our nose with its smell. The hungry days
 Forgotten, we built a cabin in that place
 And trapped . . .

And laughed alive . . .

Now, Sam, harkee,

Three pilgrims out of hell we were, that spree.

PIGEON FLIGHT

BENJAMIN APPEL

HE made a racket running up the stairs, stamping his feet, and who wouldn't? Zixo was the best pigeon he ever had. As his palm slid on the bannister, his big ring handy for socking a guy, tapped out an irregular Morse code on the smoothness. It was all shadow and dark smell in the tenement and his noise was like sunlight.

On the fourth floor some old cow had heard him. A rectangle of light lay like a hearth rug in front of her open door. Her corpulence almost corked up the aisleway. She was gripping the bannister, peering at him with eyes so sly and twinkling they couldn't have been any other color but blue. Her pale face seemed to lack all hard confines, it was so flabby and jowled.

"Lemme pass," he said, as if to say: Take it easy. I'm tough. She smelled old to him and he had no use for her.

He smelled young to her, his flesh rosy, sleek with the shine of the natural oil in his skin. He was hatless, his hair sandy, his chin irritatingly belligerent because he wouldn't take guff from anyone. They glared at each other like a pair of hostile cats meeting in the same corridor.

"Where you goin', wakin' up the dead with your clatter?"

"To the roof, lady. Say, lemme pass. I got business with the guy, there."

"Then, it's pigeons." She smiled, knowing all about him. "And ye're another like the guy. God's curse on me why I ever moved four flights up and near the roof for him to be flyin' his pigeons night and day."

Charley laughed. "So your boy's a pigeon fancier?"

"Fawncier," she mocked. "A gent fawncier. The hell he is. He's a no-good loafer and that's what your mother says of you if it's a truth you tell. How long since you been workin', you young scamp?"

"Say, lady, I make money flying pigeons," he said with the dignity of a bank clerk.

"Gwan up, impudence. Tell the fawncier the landlord's in the house to fix the roof, and for him to let the poor man alone."

On the fifth landing, an iron ladder went up to the roof and a square of blue sky. Jesus, it's hot, thought Charley, hope he's got my Zixo. He got his heavy ring ready.

The old lady's son was sitting on a crate under a lean-to of planks swiped from the lumberyards. The chimney was used as tentpole and wall. His back was against the red bricks, his feet crossed in shadow, and he was trying to look like a bigshot. He yawned, walking out in the sun to stare up at his flock as if he were a gent clocking one of his nags.

Charley sneered at the flock. He didn't have much, maybe twenty or thirty sailing elegant over the slum. And his lean-to wasn't much with its clumsy architecture of planks and grocery boxes. But, he, himself, was something else young as he was. Better not use the ring right off the bat, thought Charley. He was big and fat, a tough fat guy carrying his weight like another power. A regular fat bear with

his eyes blue as shining water in the sun. Take it easy, thought Charley, that punk hefts a sock.

The roofs of the district, tarred monotonous decks, sailed away flatly in all directions like a fleet of ships exactly the same, the chimneys russet-brown, the washlines waving white underthings like flags. The sky was intolerable with blue heat. The Hudson, blue green, in the distance was a wall between green New Jersey high on the palisades like an inaccessible land, and the district anchored like an abandoned fleet.

Charley got to feeling mad at the punk and his damn bossy airs and damn fat pokerface. All these kids pasted on pokerfaces and thought they were the nuts. Why, the fat fag'd never shaved even. "I fly pigeons. My name's Charley. One of my pigeons got loose and I spotted him heeling for this coop."

"He have a name?"

"What you think I'm doin' here? I've been flying them before you could tell a pigeon from a hole in the ground."

"You don't know nuthin' about me." He popped out of his lean-to, formidable as his shadow. "I'm boss o' the roof here so min' your step." He towered half a head bigger than Charley and his shoulders would've got him a longshoreman's job. His blue eyes were peeping small stones hard as his fists.

"You're rough, ain't you? But let's get back to business. This pigeon's called Zixo. My initials C. S. are stamped on the tag on his foot. I've covered most of the roofs in this territory, and maybe you got him? Dark grey with a hardboiled walk. You know?"

"Commere and take a look at your Zixo."

"No kidding?"

"You want Zixo or don't you?"

Charley hurried to the lean-to. The boards were nailed any old whichway. That punk was lazy. There were grey feathers on the bottom of the coop, and yop, there was Zixo striding among the feathers. Jesus, he was lucky, with Zixo stepping high and dark grey among the light grey birds, his eye bright and red. "Pull him out, will you?"

"You bet." He reached down the trap-door, nabbing the bird with his big mitt. The delicate head nodded unafraid. "I hauled him in with my flock two days ago." He slanted his eyes up at the birds floating in air like a magic carpet. "You got your two bits?"

"I'll owe it to you." He reached out his hand but the other immediately opened the trap and slipped the pigeon back in the coop.

"Cash or you don't get Zixo. That's the rule all over this part o' town. Two bits for strays, or, finders keepers." His face was emotionless (the times he must've practiced that pokerface, thought Charley) but his voice was a brawl of words.

"Lucky for you I know your old lady."

"You don't know her."

They catwalked away from the coop out on the bubbling tar. The air was hot summer. The pigeons soared fastidiously like a crowd in evening dress, wondering where to spend the night.

"How long you flyin' pigeons?" said Charley.

"Three years. Two bits for Zixo. And how long you flyin' when you

don't know the rules?" He weaved in, his shadow hot-black. "I'm sick o' your talk. One more crack and I'll lump you."

"Don't have to be nasty. You'll get your two bits." Charley smiled. "Let's forget it."

"I don't get you gorillas. What'd you wanta rough it for?" They sat down on boxes under the shade of the lean-to, dreamy with summer, listening to the dry sounds of the pigeons strutting in the coop. "Those new ones in there'll be ready for flyin' soon. I been feedin' them four days."

"Then you let them fly and three outa ten never come back. They ain't nuthin' I don't know about flying pigeons. Flying them five years since I was sixteen. Hey, I look older'n twenty-one."

"Naw! You don't."

"You. Why you don't look more'n sixteen." It was a satisfaction watching the pokerface wrinkle with anger.

"I'm eighteen."

"Come up to my roof some time and I'll show you a house. And I got near a hundred in my flock. I sell ten average to the butcher every week, besides those I give to my old lady when she squawks, 'Why don't I go to work.' Say, your old lady said before, the landlord's coming up to fix the roof. On my roof the landlord has to write for permission."

But the kid had lammed out in the sun swift as a kick. "Hawk," he holered. Far up in the blue reach, too high in dazzle and sky to be a pigeon, a solitary blackness was winging. He had grabbed the twenty foot bamboo lying on the roof, and had begun circling it in air. The white decoy rag tied on the end of it fluttered.

"That's no hawk," yelled Charley. "Is one."

Maybe it was with the summer slow and greedy, and the hawks pirating out of Interstate Park across the river. Wild birds were tougher hunting than pigeons. Charley thought, now was the time to fetch Zixo and scam off and save two bits. But blinking at the anxious face that wasn't a pokerface any more, he didn't have the heart.

The kid was waving the bamboo. The little white rag was like a wing. And some of the dumb pigeons were following its flight with red eyes. What'd they think it was? The boss pigeon? The main flight coasted in emptiness with not a worry in their heads. Three or four birds spiralled down to investigate the rag. Others followed. Finally the fascinated flock undulated like a grey wave in the yellow sun to the movements of the decoy. The kid was working them swell. He sank the pole in dandy slow motion to the roof wall. The white rag skipped on brick. A dozen birds folded up their wings, alighting, their gaudy feet pompous, nodding their heads like so many old fools.

"Hawk's comin' down like hell on wheels," cried Charley.

Nearer and nearer, the big bird whatever it was, bolted down the sky impelled by a Jovian lust. It was a hawk. Charley jiggled up and down, blinking at the hypnotism of the bamboo. "He loves fat pigeon."

Now, the pigeons rising up and down in blue as if on wires pursued the rag even to the coop. It was more than a rag. It was a leader, a mighty pigeon. The sun glinted the purples and greens on their breasts into splendor. The rag drooped to the coop again. The flock

crowded on the wired top, forgetful of their purpose, the flash of brain lost. They were stupid birds all of a sudden, obedient to the pole shooing them towards the opened trap. One by one they dropped in.

"Damn," roared the kid. He had been too autocratic with the pole. Two pigeons winged up from safety into blue danger. The hawk was wheeling philosophically thirty stories up, with an eye on everything.

Charley groaned, thinking of that bright bitter eye contemplating the dumb pigeons. A kid was a kid after all. He should've worked them easy. "Take it easy, guy."

The kid trotted up and down the roof, twisting the bamboo into the sky's belly. The white rag flew. But the pigeons seemed ill at ease as if missing the numbers of the flock, giddy at the two of them sailing alone. They chased upward away from the decoy. The brown devil tore down like a dropping airplane. The bill was curved and polished in the sun. "Damn, damn," cried the kid, close to tears. He was running up and down madly. His finesse had flopped.

The pigeons didn't see a blame thing, the dumb city birds, too petted and spoiled to know better. The hawk dropped down its immense parabola of purpose. The claws sank, held like grapnels. The hawk ascended the parabola. The geometry was beautiful and complete.

"No pigeon ever flew that high," said the kid. "He'll gobble him up in the Palisades." For a long time he watched the grey plumage that had been inexorably united with the brown. The roofs of the district vanished from under the hawk's flight. It was a speck

over the Hudson. A tug was bellowing hoarsely and they listened as if it were the pigeon crying to them. The speck was gone. It was easy luring the surviving bird into the coop.

"He's a goner," said Charley. "I got a gun for them hawks but no one can shoot them."

The kid had his pokerface on again, peering down at his flock. He opened a sidedoor, examining their tags. "Irene or Glossy?" But he already had guessed which one was gone. "He got Jojo."

They heard people climbing the iron ladder. The pokerface turned bitter. He grabbed a brick and rushed for the climbers, glaring down. "It's only me," said a voice. A broad peaceful German head appeared above the roof level. "Only me, the landlord, with the roofer. I want to show him where you tore the roofing so it leaks on Mrs. Pilsudski so she complains. Your mama says for you to let me, please."

"Get the hell down or I'll bean you. No fixin' now."

"You pigeon loafers are a terror." He puckered his lips. "I'll tell your mama. I'll tell a cop."

"Beat it."

The landlord disappeared. Charley approved. "That's the way. That's being a king of the roof. And I'm sorry about Jojo. I know how it is."

The kid smiled queerly. "I gotta tell you something. That bird of your'n, Zixo, I ain't got him. I et him up. I eat all the strays. All I did was take off the band and put it on one of my new ones. I was gonna take your dough for a new one. You're square so I'm tellin' you. I et Zixo."

Charley didn't feel so good. He chewed a hunk of hot tar and thought

he'd had Zixo two years and that was a helluva long time. He leaned against the roof wall, blinking at the kid's hairless face. What could a kid know? Never shaving yet or seen anything. "Never do that again. You're not long in the business or you'd know it's a rule to hold strays till a guy comes for them. Suppose I'd eaten your Jojo?"

He fidgeted. "I'm sorry. Jesus, I am. I'll give you any two birds for nuthin'." He dropped the brick.

"I got a hundred," said Charley with the air of one whose fabulous wealth cannot be appreciably increased. "It's over with, kid, and you got to take things as they come."

They talked under the lean-to until the twilight breeze carried the green smell of the Palisades and the salty river tang into their nostrils. Then, the old lady began to holler up. "Hey, Tommy, come and eat. Yer supper's

cold." They went down the dank flights.

"I could stay on a roof for years," said the kid shyly. "I like flyin' 'em." He seemed younger in the tenement shadow.

"So long," said Charley. "You're a real king o' the roof but you got to come down the street sometimes. There's beer, and a nice lil dame's juicier'n any pigeon."

The kid put on his pokerface. "I'll tell you a real secret. When I quit pigeons I'm goin' to get a job drivin' a beer-truck. I'll have dough and the dames better watch their skirts." His voice was deep, he was trying, successfully, to look tough.

"Not bad," said Charley. He skipped down the flights, tapping his ring hard on the bannister, glad to be getting down in the street himself.

PLEDGE

WINIFRED GRAY STEWART

Fearless, the mountain marigold
Follows the last frontier of cold,

Wedging every flaw and crack
In winter's armor, forcing back

The slowly ebbing tide of white
With shining waves of warmth and light,

That spread across the meadow turf
A soft, perennial petal-surf,

Giving a sign with snow and sun
That Alpine summer has begun.

BISHOP'S VISITATION

GRACE STONE COATES

Black Mother Hubbard hides the ace of clubs
And seven little clubs
Below the mitred diamond that tops his chair.
Beneath lawn sleeves the slender fingers
Spread nervous and experienced.

Incompetence thumbs the organ,
Backing away from discords.
The congregation sings—two syllables behind the Bishop.

A brazen Cross rejects the flicker
Of seven candles and seven candles,
And fronts composedly:
A thief, a simpleton, a handsome boor,
A termagant; and a mother, wondering.

AGNOSTIC'S BREVIARY

LOUIS GINSBERG

I

Nothing can ever put out
All my faith in doubt.

Knowledge can only enhance
Elaborate ignorance.

Truth for which men die
Is only a plausible lie.

II

Our sun, though it may bloom,
Is hostaged unto doom.

Though solar systems climb,
They ferry—nothing through Time . . .

And so all signs confirm
The comment of the worm.

III

Nothing can ever put out
All my faith in doubt

His acts are most intense
Who's poised high in suspense;

Who rescues from everywhere
Enthusiastic despair;

And tutors himself, hence,
To ardent indifference.

One moment, ere death's intrusion—
Ephemeral speck of illusion—

He challenges the Dark
With a frail question-mark!

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

FRANCES HALL

I am no light, unmindful lord;
I know that underneath my castle lies
A spreading dungeon deep and dark
Where hark
Creatures with hostile, primal eyes
Whom I have shut away.
They crave the day.
They plot to steal the keys
I bear with me always on a ring.
They send me secret word
Of hidden riches there
Beyond that winding, stygian stair.
Under the stones in knots they cling.
I hear them whispering . . . whispering.

They cannot tempt me to that door;
Nevermore
Should I forget the sound
Of chains upon the floor.

Nor will I bring them to the sun
At my behest to run
On servile errands through my life's tilled fields.
Rich is the plenty now the harvest yields.
Lord am I still of my dungeon deep;
What wealth lies there the earth may keep;
What shapes crouch whispering may turn to sleep.

THE MODERN CAIN

MAX KAUFMAN

The modern Cain commits his crimes
By such means as fit the times;
He carries out his murderous bent
With perfected instrument.

Better to conceal his plans
He often walks with perfumed hands,
And shrewdly veils his gory rod
With an offering to God.

His many victims give no hints,
For Cain has left no finger-prints;
Whatever he does bears the curse
Of man and God and universe.

"IF YOU KNOW WAR AGAIN"

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON

When you breathe deep, clean moving air
Into ecstatic lungs, recall
The fallen ones of wars, who breathe
No more at all.

And when the green of living vibrant trees
And movement of all things are sweet,
Remember blind eyes under sod, who see
The last defeat.

Whether yours is compassionate, high God
Or jeering laughter in the skies,
Shudder to dream your punishment
If these should rise!

This be your curse, if you know war again:
The quivering flesh that shrieked and fell
Shall cheat you of your Paradise,
Mock you through hell.

Yours was a ruthless victory, empty pride.
Forget they died for glory—recall: They Died.

SHE HAD FORGOTTEN

MARY FRANCES HINGA

A HOUSE can not sleep when it's all lit up inside. Neither can a body. Miss Mearns opened her eyes and smiled. Ever since spring had come she had awakened at five, feeling this rush of joy, this ecstasy. The chintzes blew on the light May wind and the ivy leaves, that sprawled from the yellow jars on the sill, flashed white with sun. A patch of barred sunlight lay on the wall. Outside the birds were singing, a tangled web of sound with the oven birds song on the fringe of it. It had rained in the night. The air was fresh with blossom and the awakened earth. Many mysterious things were happening these days, and Miss Mearns felt part of it all in a very special way. From the time the first faint fuzz came on the trees, she felt this secret excitement, this sense of being back stage. It even seemed, just now, that if it weren't for the birds singing she could hear the sound of leaves unfurling and of a thousand green blades pushing up—up through the cool, dripping earth.

Her eyes wandered about the room. It was immaculate and fitted her needs like a tailor-made suit. With cream walls and sloping ceiling, its alcove for the davenport-bed, it was exactly right. Just room enough, not an inch to spare. There was the rosewood desk, the etchings, a few orientals, the shelves of books and the table. Her spirit wound itself about them like a veil. They were a part of her. They spoke her language. There was the tiled bath room that no one but Miss Mearns ever entered. Not even a husband. There was a kitchenette and a closet.

Miss Mearns' days were as orderly as her room. At six-thirty she got up, dressed and prepared her breakfast. She ate stewed apricots, listening to the percolator that gasped rhythmically like the sea. Then she had rolls and coffee. The table stood by the windows and, being on the third floor, she had a good view of the garden, better than Mr. and Mrs. Potter and their daughter Jane who owned the house and lived below. The cherry tree was white with blossom. It floated up from the garden like a cloud, a cloud of white butterflies! The daffodils and tulips were in bloom, and there was a row of hyacinths, pink and white and blue.

After breakfast Miss Mearns read poetry for an hour. Then there was an hour each for French, Italian, German. After that she tidied up the place, dressed with elaborate care and took the trolley down town to dinner. "How stylish and young you look, Miss Mearns!" Katherine at the Purple Iris would say. "Thank you. I shall be sixty-eight in June." Miss Mearns, who regarded youth as a state of being, never shied off telling her age. She was proud at sixty-eight to feel such zest for life, and to have kept her slim, agile figure. (She dressed very well and was proud of the fact). Taken feature by feature, Miss Mearns was not good looking. She had keen grey eyes, a wide mouth, a long upper lip, a tip-tilted nose, and was much too pale. Nevertheless, she gave off the feeling of beauty, that rare beauty of mind and soul of those who have ma-

tured with years, instead of just growing old.

The food at the Purple Iris was the best in town Miss Mearns maintained. Leaving there, she stopped at Randall's Library for an hour; read the Nation, Scribner's or the Saturday Review. Then, unless the weather were too bad, she took the trolley somewhere to be out-of-doors. Sometimes she went to the lake, sometimes to River View Cemetery. But in April and May it was Upland Park.

Although Miss Mearns was half an hour earlier than usual, the man in grey already sat on her bench. It was the only bench in the park where one could sit in the sun and still be out of the wind. Miss Mearns disliked the wind. Climbing the hill to another bench, she cursed the park authorities roundly for their stupidities. The benches were invariably misplaced and the bushes planted where they shut out the very best views. She stood on the little plateau to let her heart quiet down. Then she spread her newspaper on the bench to keep from soiling her coat. Half of it went on the seat. She put her copy of Yeats' Essays on one end, her bird glasses on the other to keep it from blowing away while she spread the other half on the back. Settling herself, she opened her bag, drew out an orange stick and poked the soft white hair up under her hat. For twenty-one years Miss Mearns had followed this ritual. Only now, whereas she used to carry her paper home with her when she left, she dropped it into the new green box marked "rub-bish."

It took Miss Mearns some time on this particular day to settle down. She was so utterly exasperated by the man

in grey who, habitually this spring, appropriated her bench to himself. She gave him a look in passing, but it had no effect. How could he help knowing he had uprooted an institution of long years' standing? Her face changed suddenly and she laughed. She was being absurd. His grey trousers bagged at the knees and he wandered about the park, head down, seeing nothing at all. Imagine! Miss Mearns saw so many delightful things, so many utterly ravishing things! He looked as though he had some sort of organic disease, she thought disdainfully. She herself had retired from teaching because of the alarming state of her heart, but she never referred to that. In fact, she now felt almost as good as new. There wasn't the least tremor in her hand. True she was wearing a size larger shoe. But the shoe merchants advocated that these days, for the young as well.

She felt very young, indeed, and how she did enjoy herself! Her days were as full as a Christmas stocking. No matter how much she managed to pack in, there were always those other things she didn't get to do, peeping over the edges of the hours, and only dropping when the page was turned at night and Miss Mearns closed her eyes in sleep.

In the warmth of the sun, she relaxed. It was a perfect spring day. The lustrous sky, brilliant blue overhead, paling toward the horizon, was brushed with little white clouds. The air was cool as spring water but without the chill. Toward the south, a stretch of country-side lay luminous in the sun. There were emerald fields of clover and coppery fields of fresh ploughed earth.

In the park, the grass was smooth

and bright. Under the trees, lay the dappled, flickering shadows. The golden, feathery larch tree, the waxen magnolia, erect on its crooked bough, the wooly pink almond tree, the tulip cups and the jonquils—all were bathed in the sparkling golden light.

Chee dee dee' cher

Chee dee dee' cher

The Baltimore oriole! Miss Mearns sprang from the bench. There he was on the maple bough! A flash of jet and flame, singing his free exultant song.

Chee dee dee' cher

Chee dee dee' cher

The pretty creature

Call the teacher

Call the teacher

He meant her, of course. Wasn't he simply glorious! The wind ran long fingers through the trees, ruffling the leaves. The boughs rose and fell, rose and fell. And still the bird clung, singing.

Oh—oh—oh! What absolute bliss! Why didn't Leopardi learn to enjoy nature? Then he wouldn't have been so sad. She'd been reading the Italian poet this week and felt close to him. Her book friends were most satisfactory. They weren't stupid or demanding and they never let one down. Proust bored her at times with his obsessions and persistence. Yet she adored him and didn't dream of giving the dear boy up.

Next to the book friends came the birds. Last week she'd seen the winter wren for the first time in five years. He was a very rare bird. "Oh, did you, Miss Mearns? I've seen him, too." The idea! What Mrs. Potter had seen was, undoubtedly, the common house

wren. The winter wren indeed! (Mrs. Potter feigned an interest in nature that she didn't feel. Miss Mearns thought her a stupid woman, but rather liked her because, for the most part, she let her alone.)

And the flowers she'd seen! Squills, mertensia, glory of the snow, blood root, mandrakes, triliums and many others. It was nice to know them by name. It made it possible to greet them like old friends. She was aware, indeed, of bowing slightly seeing some old favorite for the first time that season. "Well met, my dear!" She felt their names should begin with capital letters.

She sat for an hour looking about and dreaming. Then she unwrapped her book. It had a lovely light green cover. Miss Mearns slid a piece of paper between her hand and the book to keep it fresh.

In order to see the shad tree, she went home the long way round. There it stood poised delicately on a little mound, lacey white against the sky. Near it stood a wee blossoming plum she hadn't seen before. Her hand hovered over it caressingly. "You little darling! You're just going to bloom, even if you are just a baby." She thought of lilac day and the crowd. She hoped it wouldn't be trampled down and killed. Before lilac day the park belonged to Miss Mearns. And she referred to it, in fun, as her estate. But after that, she didn't go near the place. She couldn't bear to see the poor gasping grass, the broken shrubs, and the lilacs that hung limply from their stems like purple rags.

Miss Mearns was glad Mrs. Potter wasn't in. She could carry her bright

visions to her room undisturbed. It was good to be inside, to feel the warmth wrap round her like a comfortable shawl. It had grown chilly since the sun went down. She hung up her hat and coat and sat on the davenport to rest. On the table, the books she was reading, lay in neat piles, so fresh they might have just been whisked from their wrappers.

She looked about the room. There were the ivy pots, the etchings, the rosewood desk. Her things. And each stood separate and still. Each thing was in its place. The wind blew into the room. The ivy nodded darkly from the sill. There was the smell of blossom and of earth. Soft wings brushed through the room. They brushed her face and fingers. Even her feet felt the feathery glow. Oh, the exquisite cleanness and order of the place! The clarity. It was the soul, the substance of the room. It was an element like sun or wind. She went to fill the kettle, her body feather light. The wind came humming through the trees, blowing the curtains. Lifting, lifting. The loneliness within her was a vital singing loneliness, ineffable and free. Close the hand, it slips through the fingers. Scrutinize, and it dissolves. Better keep moving lightly, softly.

In the garden, the cherry tree had grown dim in the slanting light. The tulips nodded. She laid the cloth and

silver. The tops of the maples were bending in the wind.

She felt part of it all somehow. Part of the fading sky, the waving maple boughs, the twirling, separate leaves. She stood for a moment lifting her arms and bending. She became the tree. Her body was the thick black stalk and her feet seemed to send down roots that gripped the rocky earth. Down—Down—Down—She felt ancient and very young, full of sound and soundless . . .

A door slammed downstairs and there were voices. The voices came towering from the hall. "Miss Mearns! Miss Mearns!" She didn't answer. She tiptoed to the door. "She isn't here. I guess she's forgotten."

"Well, honestly, mother, I can't see why you ask her down to dinner anyhow. She's such a persnickety old thing——."

"Oh, but she has so little in her life!"

Miss Mearns was trembling. She was shocked, angry, amused by turns. Then for an awful moment she hesitated. Should she give up the joy of eating dinner alone, there by the window? Oh, she wanted to be alone. She stood gripping the knob of the door. Then she moved to the table and poured her tea. The cherry tree had turned to a silver shadow leaning on the dusk. The maple boughs moved quietly. She wore a deep and secret smile. That was it. She had forgotten.

LADIES AT THE HOME

KARLTON KELM

I

MRS. BAMFIELD was the first lady to come to the Home. She wore a reddish transformation, had neat nervous lips, and a quick young walk. Perhaps it was because of her very quick walk that she was the first one to arrive. Thereafter she was first in everything at the Home. The first to get up in the morning, the first to leave the diningroom after meals, the first in the respect of her fellow-ladies. Perhaps that was all because her son had been a Methodist minister; or perhaps that had nothing to do with it. Anyway, she had been the Reverend Bamfield's housekeeper in a dreary South Dakota parish. Of course that was before the Reverend had been shot. In converting a buxom housewife he had got himself shot. By the buxom housewife's feeble-minded husband.

A martyr he was, Mrs. Bamfield would tell the ladies proudly, tearlessly. Everybody loved him, everybody worshipped him. Everybody needed him so. Taken when everybody needed him most. A young man. A living saint. Never was such a tragedy. Everybody wrote me so. I can show you all the letters.

And the ladies read the letters, listened to all the details time and again, and their eyes filled with tears of pity over the large loss of that small mother. But she didn't want their pity, and her own eyes kept dry; she simply wanted their attention, their unsustained attention, and the acknowledgment that never was such a tragedy as the martyrdom of a man so young and great as her son. And this they gave her.

It was not that she had not loved her son dearly, even passionately, that her mouth would not loosen but simply kept twitching with a hard neat nervousness, or that her eyes would not tear but stared ahead proudly with dry brightness—no, it was simply that the reiteration that her son's was the greatest tragedy of all, and that she herself was now the mother of a martyr, filled her with that primal and vast comfort of pride without which a mother such as she would have found grief unendurable. So it was with blind instinctive hope that she reached out during those first stupid days of her lonesomeness to the one thing that was stronger than her love for her son: her pride of him!

Yes, I'll show you what the papers said. I'll show you the letters . . . the telegrams. And she displayed them all with the zest of a booklover exhibiting his first editions, while she smoothed in place her reddish transformation.

Never was such a tragedy.

But that was before Mrs. Schleeder had seen her husband and two little boys burn to death on top of a high voltage telephone pole—and before poor Mrs. Schleeder had come out to the Home to die of her terrible mute grief. She had come haggard and vacant, muttering over and over in a half-whisper: First, the little feller . . . he was always wanting to play . . . climb up things and play . . . then the other boy . . . he heard the little feller scream and clumb up to help . . . then my husband . . . they all screamed so . . . even now I can hear them . . . why don't they stop screaming now that they

are dead? . . . but soon I will be with them and then I'll know . . .

Mrs. Schleeder, in all her black things, mourning stilly, waiting to die.

All the ladies had flooded to her room to sit with her, silently—and something in the faces of all those blinking, worrying strangers suddenly reached her, whereas the words of friends had failed—and the flood gates opened, and for the first time since it all happened Mrs. Schleeder wept, wept, cried out, until it seemed she could never stop. And the ladies all wept, too, but with joy, because tears were such a blessing, such a comfort, they said.

They sort of forgot about Mrs. Bamfield's son during those first days of Mrs. Schleeder's family, and when they would encounter her on one of her brisk morning walks and she would stop to say she had found a letter they had not read, they would be always on their way to Mrs. Schleeder. Come along, they'd invite—the poor woman cries so, she cannot stop.

But Mrs. Bamfield would say, adjusting her transformation, No, I thank you. Let her come first to me.

O come, Mrs. Bamfield, remember those two little ones, the oldest just fourteen.

No, I thank you.

So they came to think her quite heartless, for they did not know what it would have meant for her to admit of a grief greater than her own.

During the days that followed, Mrs. Bamfield grew pale and pinched. No more was she the first to get up in the morning, nor did she always take her quick morning walk. And her neat little lips were distorted with great twitchings. But Mrs. Schleeder, she got no

nearer death, but gained five pounds, surrounded with so much warmth and kindness as she was.

Then the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped and the ladies left even Mrs. Schleeder to follow the papers. This is the worst of all, they said.

But Mrs. Schleeder would not have it so. Nor would Mrs. Bamfield. So it was then that Mrs. Bamfield went to Mrs. Schleeder. Together they sat and brooded, but they did not say which of their losses was the greater. It was enough that both of them were greater than that of the Lindbergh baby.

Now the ladies thought them both heartless. Just think, they said, a poor little baby not yet out of its mother's arms!

Then, the day the baby was found dead, they came with the paper to Mrs. Bamfield and Mrs. Schleeder and said, Now will you not admit that this is the worst ever?

But the two would not say anything. So maybe at last they agreed with the ladies, and maybe they did not. However, when the papers turned to other things the ladies began going to Mrs. Schleeder's again. But suddenly Mrs. Schleeder would not talk about her loss. Nor did she cry; she simply sighed, her soft flesh spreading about her. Said she, Ach, I've got to forget it. I've got to live, don't I? And they saw that she had taken to knitting, and that she had gained another five pounds!

It was then they went back to Mrs. Bamfield. She stood in her doorway waiting for them, smoothing her reddish transformation. I've just found another pile of letters and telegrams you ladies haven't seen yet, she said. Come along, all of you. I tell you, ladies, the more I think of it the more convinced

I am that never was such a tragedy as the martyrdom of my son!

And they all agreed with her, because they, too, had quite forgotten about the Lindbergh baby. And Mrs. Bamfield was first in everything again.

II

A cripple was *Miss Maybelle*. She limped very badly but would not wear a cane—no, not even on her long walks down town to the movies. And because of that she would tell you with her soft emphatic voice that she was not *really* a cripple at all.

Miss Maybelle was fragile and waxen, and redolent with inexpensive perfume. She was very tiny except for her large head, which was piled high with immaculate masses of fine golden hair. Her neck was very thin and milky and you always feared that some day it would collapse under its impressive burden. Or when she talked on endlessly about all the men she could have had if she wanted them, you thought of how easy it would be to wring that neck, like a duck's or a chicken's.

The ladies thought it was sacrilegious or something for Miss Maybelle to talk on like that about men, in *her condition*, but never could they bring themselves to tell her so. Just talking like that seemed to give her so much pleasure. Instead, they tried to steer her onto other topics. They would ask her about the latest movie she had seen; but she could never tell them much about it; and they wondered why she kept going if movies interested her no more than that.

Like so many of her kind, Miss Maybelle was exceedingly cheerful. What with her movies and her talks about the men she could have had, she seemed content. And she was very proud of

her hair. And of her eyes, which were enormous and blue, slightly red-rimmed and slightly bulged with a coy childish wonder. And she would tell you, the underlid of her left eye winking up and down as if to punctuate her statement with an exclamation point, that more than one man had said she looked like Mary Pickford!

So, very cheerful, she would limp slowly, complacently, from one lady to another, and tell, her throat rich with implication: I could have had Jim Dawson. He's married to Katie Shoots now, but *I* could have had him. Mama always sold his folks apple butter and he would say the *nicest* things to me . . . I could have had Zeenert, the druggist. Why, when I'd come in to get Mama's prescription filled . . . He never married, you know . . . Why, I could have the very mailman that comes here every day. Perhaps you've noticed how he looks at me, the way he offers to post my letters for me . . . I could have . . . But you don't see me taking *any* of them, do you? And then she'd stare straight ahead and look very wise, the lower lid of her left eye blinking up and down.

But Miss Maybelle had not always been so cheerful, so secure. On the farm with her folks she had been given to hysteria and melancholy. At the advice of a doctor her mother had finally consented to let her come to town where she could see a movie now and then. She had let her come providing she would stay at the Home, where she could take advantage of the good points of city life without encountering any of the bad ones.

Maybelle must not get started with the men, said her mother. No man really wants a cripple; he just wants to make

a fool of her. But this she did not say in front of Maybelle. And, after a month or so, when she came to visit her daughter for the first time: Ah, the city is doing well by Maybelle. She is so cheerful. City life and the movies are making a new girl of her. And the men, she sees less of them than on the farm, for there there were the farm-hands.

That was the way Miss Maybelle got along. The movies and the talk: He said I looked like Mary Pickford. And then that surprising day the manager of the theatre came to call at the Home. He was an excitable little Frenchman and said, with a great many gestures: The lame girl. Always she is changing her seat in my theatre and getting beside some man. My ushers, they see and tell me. All winter I said nothing, because she is lame and I am ver' sorry. And the men she sat by, none of them complained. It was ver' dark and they did not know . . . well, you understand. Once or twice one of them changed his seat, but that was all; to me or to the ushers they said nothing. But today it is different, today one of them has complained. If she were not crippled maybe he would not have complained. That is the way it is with the men. But today a gentleman has noticed she is crippled and has complained. My theatre . . . well, it must stop. They have complained so it must stop. The lame girl, I mean. You will tell her, please? I thought it would be best that way.

The next day Miss Maybelle went back to the country. The ladies all asked why, but all they were told was that Miss Maybelle was tired of the city. Miss Maybelle wanted to go back on the farm to help her mother.

That was all that was heard of Miss

Maybelle until a year later when rumor had it that she had run off with a farm-hand. A man who had served in the war and had part of his face gone, said rumor—a man part Mexican and part Negro or something. But that didn't matter. The important thing was that he had said Miss Maybelle looked like Mary Pickford. The ladies thought that was ever so funny.

III

Mrs. Lally loved her food. She thought about it before meals and talked about it after. And *at* meals, with her fork, she whipped her meat and potatoes and vegetables all into a sort of gulash, and this she ate silently, swiftly, and with the greatest relish. She had tall question-mark eyes which glanced furtively about her as she swallowed, in the manner of a cat in mortal fear of canine interruption. Then, her plate wiped clean with a great slab of bread, she would sit gazing religiously at the *extra* piece of meat on the platter at her table, her long bony jaw working wonderingly. Then, stealthily, she would cover the coveted morsel with her fork, look from one to the other of those at the table, and timidly say, If nobody else wants it *I'll* take it!

Of course the ladies would tell her to go ahead and take it, partly because it pleased them to appear both generous and dainty, and partly because, as they explained it among themselves: No one wants it after she's been a-stickin' her fork through it.

And it ain't as though it was puttin' a pick o' flesh on her either, would say bulky Mrs. Bolder, puffing and sighing and wiping perspiration from her gentle old face.

That's cuz she physicks herself every night, roared laughing Mrs. Cornhouser,

who like Mrs. Bolder was fat, too, but more in a slovenly, disorderly way. Every night, mindja!

And long, thin Miss Parrington would look to heaven and say, God will smite the glutinous! He'll smite 'em, I know!

Well, I ain't fat from eating, no one can say that, cries Mrs. Bolder. Maw allus said, Lena, she gets that fat from me; it's in the blood, you can't change it.

Well, *me*, roared Mrs. Cornhouser, I'm just fat from laughing, that's what!

And each to herself thought that the other ate *plenty*. Even long, thin Miss Parrington could not subsist quite on her Bible verses.

But this is Mrs. Lally's story. Let her tell it while she munches on some gumdrops in her room, her long, bony jaw working with pleasure, her question-mark eyes turned to exclamation points.

I was of a family of twelve. Papa was poor and we seldom got enough to eat. I was always hungry. It was always like a big rat inside me gnawing at my insides. When I was seventeen I married the neighbor boy. He was poor like Papa, but there would've been enough to eat for just the two of us. But we were God-fearin' people so we started right off with a family. We had seven of 'em, one right after the other, and the Preacher, he said, Fine, fine, God will provide!

Mrs. Lally stopped to chuckle a bit to herself and reach for another gumdrop.

I saw all seven of them go to bed hungry, like I'd done, night after night, big rats gnawing at their little tummies; and the biggest rat of all digging out my insides, the same as ever, because what little there was I'd give to them.

Another gumdrop.

Now they're all married. Some o' them done well, but they ain't the ones that got the babies, and they ain't the ones that want me a-livin' with 'em, either. But they're all as good as gold; between them all they raised the money to send me here, didn't they? And every month they send me a little change for candy, just like I was their little girl. And I'm happy, I tell you. Not even to live with one of them would I go hungry now. My stomach is warm and full and there are no rats gnawing at it. O food is a wonderful thing, ladies. Food, lots of good warm food! And a soft wooly bed, and a little fresh air and sun and flowers, that's about all we can ask for, isn't it?

Then she tore up the empty gumdrop bag and said, Tomorrow it will be licorice. Each day I go to the corner store and tomorrow it will be licorice. When I was a child I longed for licorice, but seldom did I have a penny to get it, so I just looked at it through the big glass store-window. But now I can have licorice. I can have it every day if I want it. It is cheap, a penny a stick; and it is good. I am like a little girl when I eat it. My mouth gets all black and I am like a little girl.

Friday was Mrs. Lally's favorite day. On Friday Miss Parrington fasted in her room on bread and water, so Mrs. Lally got her dessert, her bread pudding.

O I love bread pudding, cries Mrs. Lally. I love bread pudding and I love gumdrops and I love licorice, I love them all! And every night I take a physic. I am very happy. No more crying children, no more hunger, no more rats gnawing, gnawing . . . No more.

VACHEL LINDSAY

An Interview by LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

(Through the kindness of Mrs. Vachel Lindsay)

Note: Several years ago—in June, 1929—I sent the following set of questions to Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay, who had generously consented to submit them to Vachel Lindsay. On July 16, 1929, Mrs. Lindsay returned the questions with the answers as here set down, and I wish, thus publicly, to thank her for her kindness in canvassing the poet's opinion on a diversity of matters. The answers are here given in italics and the order and wording of both questions and answers are those of the original manuscript as it came to me from Mrs. Lindsay.

L. C. WIMBERLY

I. IRRITANTS: people, places, institutions, ideas, that irritate him:

A. PEOPLE:

Rotarians?—*somewhat — i. e., the Babbitt type*

College Professors?—*not at all—they make up his constituency*

Preachers?—*not at all—rather likes them*

Pseudo-optimists?—*not at all—very optimistic himself*

Old Maids—*not at all—they always adore him*

Etc., etc.; for example, undertakers or morticians—*they tend to amuse him, rather*

B. PLACES:

The East?—*New England he detests because of its emasculated astringency*

The City?—*neutral*

The Small Town?—*likes villages*

The Sea?—*neutral*

Paved streets and highways, advertisements along the highway?—*neutral*

C. INSTITUTIONS:

The Church (Protestant or Catholic)?—*approves the same*

The Public School System?—*neutral*

Political Parties, etc., etc.?—*is an ardent Democrat*

Women's Clubs?—*hates them—but is dependent on their fees*

D. IDEAS, THEORIES, ETC.:

Doctrine of Evolution?—*neutral*

The Einstein Theory?—*neutral*

Socialism?—*neutral*

Prohibition?—*neutral*

Advertising?—*neutral*

Intelligent Tests: Edison's attempt to discover a genius?—*neutral. The only theory he despises is Freud's psycho-analytic doctrine, as popularized. This he regards as grossly impertinent and irrelevant*

II. RELIGION:

What Church?—*The Disciples (Christian, Campbellite)*

Does he attend church?—*Yes*

Does he like church music?—*Yes*

Does he believe in public prayer?—*Yes*

Does he think the church choir should be visible?—*Yes*

Does he approve of the Ladies' Aid?—*So-so*

Does he believe that prayer is efficacious in any sense?—*Yes, very*

Does he believe, with the mystics, that man can attain union with God while still in the body?—*Yes*

—see his poems of the road and begging days

Is there anything especially about the church service that irritates him?—*No*

Does he think that women should keep silent in church?—*No*

Does he approve of denominationalism?—*Neutral*

Does the general type of church structure in America offend him?—*No*

Does he think a church should have a spire?—*Doesn't care*

Does he believe in religious "revival" meetings?—*Neutral*

III. POLITICS:

Democrat or Republican?—*Democrat—Kentucky*

Does he believe a democracy possible?—*Yes*

Does he think a democracy desirable?—*Yes*

Does the "voice of the people" carry much weight with him?—*Yes*

Anything to say as to why such great numbers of artists, writers, musicians, voted for Al Smith?—*They saw in Al a hope for free speech—and therefore a stimulus to creation—which demands freedom of thought, speech and action as a sine qua non.*

IV. NATURE:

Does he like flowers?—*Yes*

What kind?—*No particular kind*
Kinds of trees he likes—*Red-woods—mountain trees—Colorado aspens*

Is he impressed by Niagara Falls so far as size and grandeur go?—*Yes*

Does he like solitude?—*Yes, at times*

Is he fond of animals:

Dogs (kind)—*Has come to like them, because his daughter does—he hated them, as a beggar*

Cats — *Likes their Egyptian quality*

Horses (kind)—*Wild animals—Neutral—sympathetic though see "The Broncho that Would Not Be Broken of Dancing"*

Does he derive inspiration from the songs of birds?—*No*

Does he believe in "caging" birds?—*On the whole, no*

Does he prefer the prairie or the plains country to the mountainous and the wooded country?—*Yes*

V. BOOKS AND LITERATURE:

Favorite type of literature—*Likes all of them*

Favorite poets — *Poe, Lanier, Swinburne*

Novelists—(no comment)

Essayists—*Emerson*

Does he believe that a creative writer should spend much time reading other men's works? That is, does he think that such reading might imperil one's own creative originality?—*He re-creates a book as he reads—and so finds few books worth the effort involved*

Does he believe that a literary artist should be "schooled"?—*No*

Does he believe in courses in story-writing, in verse-writing, in play-writing, etc.?—*No*

Doesn't he think that a creative writer should put as many miles as possible between himself and

a university?—*Yes—as a place of residence*

VI. THE PUBLIC AND WRITERS:

Does he approve, in general, of the public or what is sometimes called the “common herd?”—*Loves them*

Does he think that the public taste is, on the whole, vitiating modern literature?—*No*

Does he try to write down to the common man?—*No, but reaches him just the same*

Does the so-called inner circle of readers come in for any scorn on his part?—*No*

Does he care whether or not the “academic” mind approves of the contemporary creative artist?—*No—he enjoys occasional academic contacts*

Does he think there is such a thing as an aristocracy of intelligence?—*Yes, by all means*

Does he believe that editors really know what the public wants?—*No, not at all*

VII. SOCIETY:

Is he sociable?—*Except when exhausted by platform appearances*

Does “society” bore him?—*No*

What type of people does he like to be associated with?—*His own sort*

Does he like the society of other poets, of artists, etc.?—*Yes, up to the point where they become inbred*

Is he, as were Hawthorne and Tennyson and Byron, ill at ease at social gatherings?—*No—happy and charming at them*

Do the social conventions irritate him?—*Not at all*

Does he like formality—a dress

The Frontier and Midland

suit, for instance?—*Yes—it bucks him up*

Does he like teas, banquets, etc.?—*Yes, especially if they are in his honor*

Does he like to be around millionaires or rather around comparatively poor people?—*Their minds, not their money, decide this*

Neighbors: does he believe we should love them as we love ourselves?—*Yes, if humanly possible*

VIII. HABITS (intellectual):

Does he like to argue?—*No*

Does he enjoy conversation?—*Yes, loves to hold forth*

Does he like to read his own poetry to other people?—*Yes*

Does he like to read the poetry of amateurs, young people who are trying to arrive?—*Has done it in the past a great deal; is sick of it now, and can endure it but seldom*

IX. HABITS (physical):

Sleep, amount of—*8 to 9 hours*

When does he usually go to bed—*12 or 1*

When get up?—*8 or 9*

Dreams: does he ever get an idea for a poem in a dream?—*Seldom*

If he does get an idea for a poem from a dream or after going to bed does he get up immediately and write the poem out, in first draft, at least?—*Used to do this a great deal; not so much now*

Exercise, kind and amount—*Has walked a great deal—likes to walk very fast, on a level road*

Meals: time for—*Prefers three regular meals a day; will not eat late at night*

Favorite food and dishes—*Likes*

rather fancy hotel dishes, but little pastry

Any tendency towards vegetarianism?—*No, not at all*

House: favorite part of; that is, does he enjoy being around the kitchen?—*No*. Does he like to cook?—*No*

Yard: does he prefer the back yard or the front?—*Front porch or garden*

Lawn: does he like to see grass mowed or "let grow"?—*Prefers it mowed*

Dress: negligence—old clothes—fashions—shoes, tan or black, low or high — hats — ties? *Prefers tailor-made, simple things—his coats with large pockets for books inside—likes immaculate linen and clothing generally—open-throated shirts—felt hats (loathes straw)—no tie or a simple black one—and light, low dancing shoes—wears high shoes only for ankle support*

X. HABITS (of composition, literary habits):

INSPIRATION:

Does he believe that there is such a thing as inspiration?—*Yes*

Do his poems "just come," without any conscious effort on his part?—*Many times*

Can he, after he has written a poem, tell you what were the conscious steps in writing it?—*He could once—now he doesn't do it so consciously.*

How long does a given inspiration last?—*No data*

Any means of starting an inspiration?—*Drinks coffee when he is down, but it does not inspire him*
Are his poems completed at one

sitting under the drive of the original inspiration? — *Depends on length*

Any poems left unfinished because he couldn't catch the original inspiration or because he was "forcing himself" to write?—*No, but he has thousands of notes lying fallow*

REVISIONS:

Does he revise much or rewrite?

Any notable instance of revision?

—*Longer poems are revised almost to death, especially of late years*

Does he read his first drafts over to any one before making final drafts?—*Yes—many times—to any sympathetic soul or souls*

Does he ever discuss his ideas with any one before writing them up?—*No—takes notes*

TIME FOR WRITING:

Day: morning, afternoon, evening?—*Early morning*

Seasons: fall, winter, summer, or spring?—*Any time except when he is doing a great deal of speaking; then he is too tired*

PLACE OF WRITING:

Where there is lots of noise?—*No*

Where there is absolute quiet?—*Comparative quiet*

Where there are other people?—*No, he likes to draw with people around him, but not write*

Indoors?—*Yes*

Out-of-doors?—*No*

While tramping about, after which he writes the poem down (as in case of Wordsworth)?—

Used to; not so much now

SUBJECTS:

How do they occur to him?—*All over the place*

When do they occur to him?—

All the while

Does he select them deliberately or do they come of themselves?—

The latter, though they are always within established fields of interest

Is his inspiration drawn chiefly from things that impressed him as a child?—*Some of it, not chiefly*

Is he still impressionable; that is, is he sensitive to new environments?—*Yes, rather resents them*

Does he like the "occasional" poem?—*No, but he can achieve it*

METHOD:

Does he have some special method of procedure when he writes?

—*No*

XI. POETRY IN GENERAL:

Definition of poetry: try to get one or more from him.—*Poe's definition*

Would he recommend the career of poet to others?—*Seldom does—too demanding*

Future of American poetry—*No data*

Does he think that the poetic spirit can thrive in a scientific age? Anything to say about machinery and poetry?—*On the whole, they are antagonistic*

Does he feel, in his own art, the special influence of any other poet, dead or alive?—*Poe, Lanier, Swinburne—Poe particularly*

THE OLD SCHOLAR'S RETURN

FRANKLIN FOLSOM

Will lightning once more and wind become, as books have come to be—I can't explain it—me?

Will I herd with buffalo-ghosts; will Arikaree children- and chief-ghosts lead me and show me cool brooks from glaciers and lakes, as before? Old Harry cooks, as always he had, our beefsteak and beans and coffee on the pitch-pine fire he made; still carefree, still handy in camp. But Harry looks and looks.

Can I again be climber of mountains? And rains, will rains and swift mountain mist freshen my eyes? These tourists are new, and I dart from the shadows of planes like a hen in a hawk-hovered pen and start at the cries, all new, invading the mountains from toiling new trains: I had not thought change. Old Harry looks at me, sighs.

MARCH FIRES

LEO GRANZOW WILSON

THE ground was like iron on this crisp March morning. It would be just such a day as Sam Johnson had hoped for. This would perhaps be the last hard freeze.

Sam stepped to the door leading to the stairway and called, "Joe. Pete. Corn stalk breaking today." Then he kindled a fire in the big Majestic range that occupied one end of the large kitchen and filled the tea kettle from the tall pail of water he had just brought in. Although he was in a hurry he did this little chore for his wife as usual.

She came into the kitchen walking with quick energetic steps, tying a dark apron about her waist. Her fresh gingham dress matched the blue of her eyes. Her brown curling hair fluffed about her comely face.

Sam protested. "It's not very warm here yet. Just as well have staid in bed a while longer."

His intended kindness irked Kate this morning. With some asperity she pulled the table away from the wall, snapped up the dropped ends, and spread a white cloth over it. All she said was, in a low voice, "O, I don't mind." Then she went to the cupboard and poured a measure of coffee beans into a small mill, which she proceeded to grind.

Joe and the hand came protesting gustily against the cold. There ensued a confusion of heavy jackets, caps and overshoes. Kate's glance lingered on Joe, as he pulled his cap down over his ears. He met it with a bright smile. Although he was but thirteen he wanted this year to help with the cornstalk breaking. The men went out and Kate,

at the north window, followed their progress to the barns by the lantern Sam carried. She sighed heavily as she thought, "For Joe, too, is beginning the long stretch of unbroken toil that lasts from now to—yes, to Thanksgiving. Will he stay by it, I wonder? Be a farmer?"

In the barn Joe was up in the fragrant mow shoving down hay for the horses and cows. It was very quiet. A faint glow came up from the lantern. On the rafter the pigeons were motionless blurs. Later they would be strutting and murmuring along the beams. Mice scuttled through the hay. As he went down the ladder he could hear the horses munching their grain. He could see Pete rubbing down and harnessing the four they would use today. Fannie and Dollie, Dick and Clyde. Dick, his ears perked up, nuzzled him as he passed the stall. He liked Dick. He whistled softly as he went to feed the calves fresh warm milk.

When the men had finished the work in the barn and returned to the house Kate had breakfast on the table. Bowls of oatmeal. A platter of crisp sausage. Milk in big white pitchers and steaming coffee in large cups. The men ate rapidly. Kate, flushed and anxious, refilled cups, cut more thick slices of bread. She did not sit down to eat. She would call the little girls later and eat with them. It was necessary this morning that the men get an early start, while the cornstalks were still frozen and would snap off easily.

Sam was a bit testy, as was his way when there was a busy day ahead. His

laugh was short and derisive. It perturbed Kate. She never had become inured to his irritation when under pressure. He worked like a dynamo and those about him must fall in line or feel the lash of his sarcasm. She wished he could ease up some.

Joe was restless. Suddenly he left the table. "Let's go, Pete," he urged. "Come on."

As they left the house a streak of light touched the eastern horizon. It called forth Sam's comment on the weather, "It will be a clear day. We must beat the sun."

Soon they were at work, Joe directing one horse, Pete the other, hitched to either end of a heavy thirty-foot log, going back and forth across last year's corn fields. Back and forth, back and forth until they had traversed the entire area and broken down all the old gray stalks. The sun was high before they had finished. Some of the stalks had thawed out and become soft. They did not snap off readily. But the rake would get them.

To Sam Johnson, as he followed after and raked the flattened cornstalks into windrows, came the same feel of teeming ecstasy he had known when first he set the plowshare into virgin prairie sod. Beginning. The great work was beginning. Each year it was the same. A revived confidence that yielded not to ravages of insect, man, or the elements, a fresh determination that looked to greater yield, a renewed courage that laughed at defeat, crept up from the stubborn clods and suffused his entire being. It lifted his head, squared his shoulders, and set him on a plane with kings. He was not jolting across the lumpy frozen ground on the big-wheeled rake. He was building a new church

down in the village. He was educating his children. He was feeding hungry thousands. He was accomplishing.

His work went slowly. The first path he had made when he turned at the end to go back looked like a thread on the very edge of the field. By noon the raking was half done.

By noon Kate had the table in her kitchen again laden with food. There were vegetables and savory meat. Jellies and preserves she had fetched from her store of fruit in the cellar. And she had baked fresh pies.

Joe came in swaggering a little. His face was red from the cold and his legs trembled from weariness.

"Gee, Ma, that dinner smells good," he shouted as he came into the house. "Gee, look at that pie."

He washed hastily at the kitchen sink, took time to comb his hair.

The room was filled with the odor of fresh soil, movement of strong men, sturdy energy. And Joe, Joie, a part of it. Kate looked at him intently. He seemed content. He was more: he was eager. She looked at Sam. His eyes were shining. Even Pete, though only a hired man, was animated. They ate in silence. It was a part of the business of the day, eating.

"That was a good pie, mama," said Sam to his wife when, having eaten the last crumb, he shoved his plate back. He rose and went to the corner shelf, where he filled his pipe from a tobacco jar. Returning to his chair at the table he puffed thoughtfully at his pipe, every muscle relaxed. The old kitchen was warm and drowsy.

Outside the air had been sharp. The horses had been restless, especially Dick. He was a nimble-footed, restless piece of horseflesh. A handsome animal with

his satiny brown coat and tossing mane—not much of a field horse but he did very well with old Clyde, steady as an ox.

“You, Pete, can finish the raking this afternoon. Better use your team. Dick is about done for one day. He’s such a fool. Prances along as though he was in a show ring.” Sam talked slowly as he smoked.

“Fannie was limping some,” offered Pete.

“Well, take old Clyde. He can stand it. Me and Joe will start the burning.”

“Wind is coming up, isn’t it?” Kate asked anxiously. She had been listening to the flow of voices until now without comment.

“O—not to amount to anything. It will not be blowing hard till about midnight.”

For a half-hour there was quiet in the kitchen. Sam went to lie down. Joe and Pete absorbed the genial warmth of the stove, which Kate fed with lengths of hickory from the woodbox.

“Get pretty cold this morning, Joe?” she asked as she fussed around.

“Naw. Couldn’t keep my hands warm at first. But you get used to it. It’s getting warmer. Be plenty hot this afternoon when we get to burning the stalks.”

“Yes, and you will have to be careful, too, not to get too close.”

“Think I’ll burn up, Ma?”

“You might. Just be careful.”

“O Ma. Think I’m a baby?”

She felt his sudden young arrogance. Baby! How much, she only knew. Solicitously she once more admonished him. “Just be careful.”

From her kitchen window Kate watched the progress of the fires. Like

strings of flaming jewels the burning windrows of cornstalks belted the fields. First one row and then another. As one was finished another was started. Farther and farther north crept the bands of flame, leaving smoking strips behind. Sometimes Joe was with his father. Sometimes Kate could not see him. Then she went more often to the windows and stood longer, her eyes searching for that smaller form. All the afternoon this continued while she was busy with her household tasks, washing dishes, baking a cake, wiping up the floor.

She determined that tomorrow Joe must go back to school. His education must not be interrupted. Perhaps when he had finished high school he would turn his mind to some other occupation. Read law with his uncle, maybe. There were such anxious days on a farm.

Evening came. Kate went to gather the eggs and do such chores as she could for Sam. She milked two cows. It was enough to feed the calves and stop their bawling.

These tasks finished she once more placed food on the table. And once more the men came, hungry, filling the kitchen with bracing confusion and the acridity of fresh soil and smoke.

Joe carried himself erectly. His face was flushed from the heat of the flames.

“Joe,” Kate said, “you had better not go out tonight. Dad and Pete can finish the rest of the burning.” She was mindful of his extreme weariness, but her suggestion was prompted as much by her fears.

“O Ma, I’m not tired,” Joe protested. “Tonight’s when it’s going to be fun.”

His eyes were sparkling. She could see his intense eagerness, something more than childish fascination of the

nearness to the fire. It was zeal of doing big things, verified by his ready response to Sam's comment. "The fields look nice, don't they, Joe?"

"Yeah, Ma," glancing quickly up at his mother, "I wish you could see them. So clean."

Sam was tired and pleasantly mollified. The day had gone well. His eyes rested on Joe now and again with quiet content. The two, father and son, now had something in common that had not been there before. It was infectious. It stole into Kate's own being. She must not destroy that. She found she did not want to. It was too big and fine.

She did not voice her fears when, later, the men and Joe were again out on the field. Perhaps they were only motherly fears, after all. But she knew them, terribly.

She went to the window where the two little girls were quietly watching. It was tremendously mysterious to them. East, on the far horizon, the red flames shot upwards, seeming higher because of the crimson reflection against the clouds of gray smoke drifting away before a growing wind. A long band of lurid flames circled to the north to the big field where Sam and Joe were at work. West, through the bare branches of the willow and poplar groves, appeared other fires. Kuhlman's just over the hill. Farther on Shearer's fields were ablaze. Still farther Hayden's.

One could see far across the rolling prairie country. Farther and farther spots of red flame danced. Smoke hung thick in the air. All the world seemed to be burning cornstalks this night.

And Joie out there in it. What terrors the night time added. For Joe was so tired. How easily he could stumble into the flames. In the dark the others would not see him. Why had she let him go?

Round-eyed the little girls went from window to window.

Kate heard the cry of wild geese far overhead. Looking sharply she could see the shadowy wedge. Honk-honk, their call came faintly. Honk-honk.

Late, very late, the men came home. The girls had wearied of their vigil at the windows and were asleep, snuggled under soft blankets pulled high to their ears.

Kate kept the kitchen warm, watched the last flicker of flame die down out on the big field. Then she set a plate of thick sandwiches on the table, a pitcher of milk, cups, and on the back of the stove a pot of fresh coffee. They would soon be in and Joe would be hungry. At length she, too, retired.

Before she slept Kate heard the slow thud of tired feet, the gentle sound of subdued voices in the kitchen, the scraping of a chair across the floor. After a long time she heard Joe dragging his feet up the steps to his room; and softly, gaily, he was whistling a tune.

LAMBING TIME

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

A wet life-waking time of year to lamb.
Cold drizzle, and the icy wind a sob
Like bleat of worried ewes, the sheds a jam
Of milling sheep. At dark, confusion, bob
And flash of lantern-light reflecting flame
In eyes of lambs like candles newly lit,
Or showing shadows; little lives that came
And passed, to haunt one as coyotes split
The far hill-silences with weird cries,
While sheep dogs bark in answer.

Herding hand

Or rancher scarcely leave corrals, if skies
Are gray with storm, uneasy as this band
Now welcoming its young, that tidal sea;
A plaintive life-wave breaking on the shore
Of time and green hills of eternity.
Each lifeless new-born lamb is a fresh chore,
Its skin must cloak some chilled discouraged chest;
A twin or orphan, ewes now heartlessly
Push over. Scarce, the foster mother's test
To nose it satisfies, then one might see
Him nuzzle at her flank, that miracle
Which brings life hope is worth the bitter ache
And suffocating toil.

No hour is dull

Reviving half-drowned lambs, to see them wake,
Each supine form come struggling up to bleat
And find his anxious mother . . . hungry tot,
That urge a claim defying all defeat.
Weeks later, each white moving polka-dot
Up greening hills may be identified
As wobbly lambs, with ewes turned on the range;
Its beauty and content to some denied
Like snows that melt and hills accept the change.

What wonder men long used to ways of sheep
Can soon forget the stifling sheds, the slush,
The hasty meals and numbing need of sleep,
If up some slope in Spring, lambs wake the hush
Of sleeping untilled acres with their cries,
And hills seem blossoming without surprise.

HENRY O. K. FULLER

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

I didn't catch up with Henry O. K. Fuller until the fall I shipped to a logging camp in northern British Columbia. The camp was a remote place, two days by boat from Vancouver, and then four miles over a very rough railroad into the timber. As the logging train jolted to a stop among the flock of bunkhouses a man about five feet tall and as wide hailed me. "You th' new cheater?" he asked. I told him I was the new timekeeper and scaler.

"That's what I thought," he said, and, "Foller me." He led the way to the camp office and showed me a small room off the main part where I was to sleep.

"She's a great layout here," he said loudly, "but you gotta be good to last."

I was quite sure this fellow was only the bullecook, and I didn't think a bullecook should talk like that to so important a man as a timekeeper and scaler. I gave him what I thought was pretty neat sarcasm. "Are *you* the camp push?" I asked. "No," he said, "I ain't the camp push. I'm the bullecook. *The* bullecook. I'm Henry O. K. Fuller."

I looked Henry over. He was, as I said, about as wide as he was tall. He was somewhere in his early sixties. He had a shaggy beard, grizzled but not yet white, of the General Grant mode, and his face was tanned and wrinkled like an old pair of loggers' tin pants. His right leg, from the knee down, was a wooden peg. It had a heavy brass ferule around its tip. On the left foot he wore a congress shoe. His galluses were so wide and so ruggedly constructed that

they gave the appearance of holding him down into his pants rather than holding them up around him. The top of his pants came just below his breastbone. These things fitted in with the somewhat vague idea I had of the appearance of an O. K. Fuller of whom I had heard much around the box-stoves of other camps.

I had heard the boomers—the fellows who had worked in camps all over the Province—tell of the weird and sometimes marvelous doings of a bullecook known as Henry O. K. Fuller. How, years ago, he had lost part of a leg in a barroom fight in Muskegon, Michigan, when a local worthy, one Bull-Dog Fournier, had chewed it to the bone. How another time, when he was huffed at something the foreman had said, he went through every bunkhouse in camp, an ax-handle in his hand, and had smashed every lamp chimney there was. On another occasion, the stove historians told, he became the central figure of a mild *cause celebre* when a test case concerning a minimum wage law was carried way up to the Privy Council in London.

Naturally I had put these things down as myths of the Paul Bunyan school. Bullecooks do not lend themselves to such heroics. Their job is too menial and their lives too drab to make legends for bunkhouse chroniclers. The bullecooks lug the water, chop the fuel, feed the pigs, sweep the bunkhouses and do other such-like jobs. Often they are broken-down old alcoholics, watery of eye and drooly of mouth. Henry was not of this breed; he was a maverick right.

While I was unpacking my stuff

Henry told me what kind of a camp it was. "This is a mighty fine place," he said breezily, as though he were selling something. "And you'll like it. Palace in the woods, that's what I call her. Palace of all th' sultans. Lux'ry such as known only to princes, popes and po-ten-tates. And I'm th' grand eunick. Make yourself to home." And he stumped out.

It soon became apparent that although many of the stories I had heard about Henry were no doubt exaggerated; nevertheless he was no common run-of-mill bullecook. On occasion when he got well-oiled on liquor, any kind, he would bellow that he was king of all the bullecooks. I believe he had a right to that title. For one thing he showed imagination in the masterful way in which he accomplished his homely duties. He had some two hundred kerosene lamps which he filled and washed every other day, although any bullecook I had known considered one washing every two or three weeks about right. Henry called science to his aid. Instead of the long process of wiping the washed chimneys with a rag or newspaper, which would have taken hours, he first dipped the chimney into a bucket of soapsuds, then into a bucket of clear hot water. After this operation he stood the chimneys on a warm stove. The steam thus generated left the glass as clear as crystal, and the job was done in a moment.

In the matter of splitting large and tough chunks of fir to feed the ravenous box-stoves he approached genius. He had the blacksmith pound out a sort of thick metal cartridge with a wedge-shaped end which had a hole in it. He would fill the cartridge chamber with giant powder, drive the wedge up to its hilt into the wood block, and touch

off a short fuse. The result was a neat quartering of the block. The accompanying noise and smoke, and the smell of powder, pleased Henry immensely. He always said, after each charge, that it reminded him of the time he served in the Reil Rebellion in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. One time the illusion of battle went further. His own belly well filled with potent prune juice of his own manufacture, he tamped an extra heavy charge of powder into the wedge. The resulting explosion not only blew all hell out of the wood block but the gadget burst and part of the metal went through Henry's hat. He had the smithy make him a new and larger one. Of late years I have noticed that a powder-splitting wedge similar to Henry's invention has been patented and put on the market; but O. K. Fuller's wedge was the pioneer of sweatless wood-splitting.

In spite of Henry's scientific and mechanical interest in things that applied to his own work he was a hidebound Tory when it came to anything which he considered newfangled. Once he evinced a friendly interest when someone told him a cock-and-bull story about how farmers down in the Fraser River valley were making fine potable alcohol simply by pouring hard cider into a cream separator and turning the crank; but all other inventions, he said, were leading us to pot. Although there had never been an automobile or airplane within three hundred miles of camp, he was constantly bellyaching about them as works of Satan. The single-shot Enfield rifle which he carried in the Reil campaign in the eighties he held was a far deadlier and more accurate weapon than the machine-gun. He had never heard a radio but he was sure radios

would do no good—which made him a true prophet.

One day the weekly boat from Vancouver brought a large packing-box for the camp. It proved to be a small electric light plant, and with it was an electrician to wire the bunkhouses and install the machine. For days while the work was going ahead Henry muttered and frothed. He told how a house owned by his uncle had been struck by lightning and burned flat the next day after electric lights had been installed. Justifiable act of God, he called it. His appetite fell off and he took to guzzling more of his prune juice than usual. After he learned how to run the simple machine I think he rather liked it—that is, privately—as well as the fact that he didn't have to care for two hundred lamps every day or so; but he always claimed that "th' rays of 'lectricity is injurus to the eyes, as well as having a bad effec' on the brain."

During the winter a number of small fires occurred in the bunkhouses. One time the fire would be caused by a chilly logger heaping some "fat" fir, full of pitch, into a box-stove. This would roar up the stovepipe and set fire to the roof. Again, some punk just in from Vancouver and full of beer would go to sleep with a cigaret in his mouth. The grading foreman had an unsocial practice of keeping a can or two of dynamite caps under his bunk. All in all, the place would have meant a bad risk for any fire insurance company. So Paul, the foreman, ordered a fire-extinguisher for every bunkhouse.

O. K. Fuller was loud in his disapproval of the extinguishers. Every time his eye happened to light on one of the small red objects hanging from a bunkhouse wall he damned it from the end

of its handle to the nozzle. He had, he said, once been chief of a volunteer fire department back in Ontario; he was thus an authority, and he knew, by absolute proof, no fire-extinguisher was so good as water. He went even further and in a somewhat obscene comparison declared that one healthy male poodle dog could lay more fires than could all the extinguishers the foreman had had installed.

Henry harped so much and so long about the extinguisher business that Paul got tired of it. "I'll show that old devil what these things will do to a fire," he told me one Sunday. He had Henry make a pile of boxes and excelsior in front of the office, and at dinner that noon he invited the entire crew to be present at two o'clock to witness "The magic of little Pluvius," a phrase he had retained from literature on the subject.

The gang was on hand, Swedes, Bohunks, Americans, and at least two Canadians. Paul lighted the pile of rubbish and let it get to blazing good. "Now," he shouted, with a flourish of the little Pluvius, "now you shall see how this here small objec' in my hand will relinquish Man's greatest fren' and at the same time Man's greatest foe."

Paul stepped close to the fire and turned the handle. A small, powerful stream of liquid shot forth into the flames. The fire leaped upward all of ten feet. It was so hot Paul had to step back a bit. He shot another round into the fire. It roared louder and higher. Paul's eyes bulged out and there was sweat on his forehead. Back of me, in the crowd, I heard O. K. Fuller state very audibly that he "had knowed all along that that Pluto dingus

wouldn't put out the fire on the end of a Swede match." He seemed immensely pleased about it.

"Get some water," O. K. roared, as the fire grew, "get some water or th' whole jeasley camp'll burn up." He already had a pail of water sitting on the ground at his feet. He threw it on the fire, which began to die down at once. Henry turned to the audience. "My fren's," he said, "you can see what them Pluto things amount to . . . I thank the good Lord I happened to have a pail of water handy so as to lay low the flames that would have burned you out and made you paupers."

This resounding statement, coupled with the obvious fact that the extinguisher did not put out the fire and the pail of water did, took immediate effect on some of the crew. Swedes muttered as they tamped a fresh r'ar of snuff into their lips. One of the Hunkies, a small fellow but a most potent speaker, waved his arms and said something which didn't sound very good to Paul, even though he didn't understand a word. The lone French-Canayen in camp, one Alex Cloutier, said he had heard of a man killed when a fire-extinguisher exploded.

After this abortive and somewhat dangerous experiment Paul investigated the liquid left in the extinguisher: it was pure gasoline. He accused Henry O. K. Fuller of doing the job; but there was no proof, and Henry would admit nothing except that God had taken a hand in the business to show His water was better than man-concocted chemicals.

Along toward Spring the bedbugs got pretty thick. We tried sprinkling the bed clothes with kerosene, which made our legs raw and sore and didn't

do a great deal of good. Presently, one Sunday Henry got the engineer to steam up the locomotive. They rigged up a piece of hose to the condenser, backed the engine up to one bunkhouse after another, and packed them full of steam. It was three or four months before we saw a bedbug again. We all chipped in and had a gallon of rum sent up from Vancouver, in honor of Henry, and helped him drink it.

The sun was getting to feel warmer. One day I sat on a block in the wood-yard where Henry was cutting fuel for the cookhouse. The pungent smell of new sawdust told me that the sap was going up the trees. The night before I had heard two cougars, hell-cats of the woods, howling at each other, 'way back in the timber—mating. Birds were chipping around now; a chipmunk scurried across the yard and came up to my boot; the brook below camp, silent for so many months, had come to life: I could hear its gurgle over the stones. I remember I thought I'd write a poem about it.

Henry had just left the woodyard, wheeling a barrow of fuel for the cookhouse. There was a scream and a yell from that direction. I hurried over as fast as I could. By the time I got there it was virtually all over. The cookee, or flunkey, had discovered his wife, who was a plump and red-faced heifer with salt-bag legs, in a condition with the boss cook which barristers in Canada term adultery. The husband-cookee had picked up a meat cleaver and started for the couple, shouting that he would cut their ears off. Henry happened in just then with his barrow of fuel. He sensed the situation at once. Picking a rugged stick of fir from his barrow he whaled the big

cleaver boy over his head and laid him cold on the floor in front of the stove.

"Adult'ry," Henry told me afterward, "adult'ry is something you can't do nothing about. It'll happen with every change of the moon."

Anyway, the cookhouse crew had to be fired. Logging-camp ethics required it. The cook, the flunkey and his plump wife, all went to Vancouver together on the boat, the *Cheakamus*, which called next day.

Paul, the foreman, cursed loudly: "Jes' because," he said, "jes' because it's spring, they had to go an' raise hell. A cook is th' goddamest most important feller on the payroll. An' it'll be a week afore we can get another from town."

While Paul was getting off steam about cooks, Henry O. K. Fuller blew into the office. "Hell," Henry said, "if all you need is a cook, jes' you give me a couple of punks an' I'll show you stiffs some real boiling and sizzling. I can *cook*."

Paul was pretty desperate. He told Henry to pick his punks and go to her. I wrapped a clean apron from the commissary around Henry and he went out, waving his arms and muttering something about real vittles. On the way to the cookhouse he stopped at one of the shacks and told two young Polacks who worked on the section crew to come along.

Supper that night was unusual and very good. Roast beef was the featured article, but it tasted like no roast beef I had ever eaten. I learned later that the unique flavor was due to essence of prune juice which Henry had distilled some time before in his one-man bunkhouse, and had humanely and generously rubbed a quart or so into the beef as it

was roasting. The tea, we noted, was most potent and tasted like what I thought was a tea *royale*. And so it was: Henry had spiked it. When the crew stumped out of the cookhouse door that night a number of them were singing aloud. Matt Putonen, the Finn highrigger, usually as sociable and noisy as a herring, jumped up, cracked his heels together, and shouted something like a cheer for the Canadian government, or maybe the king himself. When he sat down to supper he had been a rank I. W. W.

So, the week between boats came off famously. Henry spiked the tea at every meal but would put none in the coffee. He held coffee to be a goddam foreigners' drink and thus would do nothing to make it more palatable. The meals continued to be as good as or better than those dished up by the former cook and were of a greater variety. Only once did Henry have any trouble. He attempted to make what he termed a South Africky jelly-roll, a delicacy he had learned to make when he was a cook's helper on a troopship going to the Boer war. But the jelly-roll didn't roll well; it devolved into a ghastly appearing mass with jelly oozing out and all over it. Henry considered it with a hurt sort of look, picked up the whole batch and threw it out the door onto the railroad track.

The day before the boat, with the new cookhouse crew, was due, the foreman received a telegram from Vancouver. It had been sent to Rock Bay by wire and was then relayed to us by a launch. It asked that if a man known as Joe Hellas, or Joe Hall, or Joe Hendry was working at the camp, he be held for provincial police and turned over to the captain of the *Cheakamus*, which was the ship

due next day. The wire was signed by some headquarters big shot of the police at Vancouver. This Hellas, or whatever his name was, was wanted for a bank messenger shooting scrape several months before. The wire also gave a brief description of the man and added that he was bad.

We had a fellow down on the payroll as John Halleck who was not unlike the description. Boat-day noon the foreman sent for him to come into the office. Halleck at first denied his identity, but after a moment or two he began to back toward the office door. Paul grabbed him and slammed him up against the counter. Henry O. K. Fuller came out of my room, where he had been waiting, put his hand on Halleck's shoulder and went through the mummery of "arrest you in the name of King George, etc., etc." All this was entirely legal as Henry had been a deputy for years. It is, or was, customary to have a deputy police, or sheriff, in all the isolated logging and construction camps, to legalize any arrest in an emergency.

Paul and Henry, with Halleck between them, though unshackled and carrying his suitcase, started for the camp roundhouse to get a ride down to the wharf on the locomotive. To get to the roundhouse they had to cross a log flume which carried logs from one of the logging shows to a small lake about a mile below camp. Just as they were on the little footbridge over the flume, Halleck took a swipe at Paul with his suitcase and then leaped into the white rushing water of the flume. He shot away like a bullet. Paul fell on the other side of the trough. With a yell like a drunk Siwash Henry O. K. Fuller leaped into the flume and he, too, went out of sight.

Paul and some of the gang mounted the locomotive and the engineer high-balled down the track. At the lake spur they switched and headed for the end of the flume at the lake, prepared to drag the lake for two bodies. They found Henry, soaking but cheerful, on the bank; beside him was Halleck. Halleck was unconscious. When he shot out the end of the flume he had struck head first on a big log lying in the lake. Henry, who had been right on his tail in the wild ride, played in better luck and was thrown into clear water. He pulled Halleck out and then sat down, as he said, to wait for reinforcements.

After they rolled the water out of Halleck they trussed him up with rope and all hands came back to camp. Henry went to his little shack where I judge he poured about a quart of prune juice down his gullet and then changed his clothes and packed his grip. He came into the office and said he thought he would go to Vancouver for a few days to have his teeth fixed, the age-old excuse of the logger who is stakey, thirsty and woman-hungry. I knew he didn't have a tooth in his head, and for the fun of it I told him so.

"Well," he said with what he meant to be a sensual leer, "at leas' I got one of my gooms what's troubling me. A log hit it on the way down that god-dam flume."

It's been ten years since I have seen or heard of Henry and it may be that by now he has gone to the bull-cook's heaven where the lamps are self-fillers, the wood grows in exactly the right size to fit a box-stove, the bunkhouses are swept each day by perfumed zephyrs, and 110-proof prune juice oozes out of the trees. Anyway, if he has gone there, he has the situation well in hand.

SNAKE LORE

JAY G. SIGMUND

JOEL MARTIN kept his hands behind his back as he slid from his hayrack and approached the crowd of loafers who were congregated on the stone steps in front of the grocery store in the little Wapsipinicon town of Ontarns.

The members of the little group looked up expectantly, for Joel always had something of interest to bring with him. Usually it was a story, a ribald tale. Sometimes it was gossip, but today Joel had been threshing, as the hayrack in the street, which his tired team had drawn in front of the store, proved, and there were great moist patches on the front of his blue shirt. Barley beards were protruding from his overall bib. Yes, Joel had been threshing, so what could be the nature of the joke which his faun-like face showed was about to be perpetrated?

Joel approached the group. Art Lenders, the deaf blacksmith, looked up expectantly and emptied his mouth of its bulging cargo of tobacco.

Suddenly Joel became animated and his arms came from behind him and a spotted snake, about three feet long, was thrown in front of the half-dozen men. There was a flood of curses and one shrill yell. The men scattered and one of them, George Hawks, the barber, crouched and closed his fists menacingly. Joel's raucous laughter rang down the street.

"You damn fools, its dead! It can't bite you!" shouted Joel with another burst of laughter.

The faces of the men broke into sheepish grins as they crowded about the dead reptile.

"Dead or no dead, I'm afraid of 'em," said George Hawks, scarcely knowing whether he should mellow or not.

"Boys, I tell you, I'm that God damned scared of a snake that I break out in a cold sweat whenever I see one. I don't care whether they're six inches long, or six feet," said Ernie Holt, the garage man.

"What kind of a snake is it?" asked a small boy who came up the steps with a kerosene can in his hand.

"A spreadin' adder," answered Joel. "He was in an oat shock. You ought to seen him spread out his head. He made it as big as my two hands. I killed him with a pitchfork. I hate the things, too."

"I guess it's a bull snake, eh?" This from the deaf blacksmith.

"A spreadin' adder," yelled Joel in the blacksmith's ear.

Art Lenders, the deaf blacksmith, bent over the snake and examined it carefully. The tail of the creature wriggled slightly.

"They don't die, altogether, until sundown," said the blacksmith in the high-pitched tones of the deaf.

"There's nothin' to that," growled Joel, "they die in an hour or two, sundown or no sundown."

The blacksmith settled himself back on the old automobile seat, which the groceryman had placed in front of the store to accommodate his guests. He lit his pipe leisurely and contemplated the snake through his watery, beady eyes. Then he scratched his gray head with a cracked, smudgy forefinger.

"I thought this was a bull snake,"

he mused aloud; then turning to Joel who was squatting before the group: "You know, Joel, bull snake's will suck cows."

George Hawks, the barber, winked and Joel broke in, "Oh, I don't know, I've heard that but I've never seen it."

"Another yarn like that one about cows givin' bloody milk if you kill a toad," sneered Ernie Holt, the garage man.

"I remember our dog killin' a joint snake once," said the blacksmith. He looked around the group expectantly, as though expecting to be challenged.

"Joint snake, hell!" ejaculated Joel, as he bit off a great chew from the moist-looking plug he had extracted from his overall pocket.

If the blacksmith heard, he cared not a whit for the skepticism of Joel. He went on. The members of the group settled back expectantly, exchanging quizzical nods.

"I was about six. No, I was about seven," began the deaf blacksmith. "I was goin' out to pick blackberries with Ma. We lived north of Toddville then. We had a dog. He was about half shepherd and half—oh, I guess half hound, but he was a terror on snakes. He'd kill about two hundred every summer."

Someone snickered.

"I was goin' along a little ahead of Ma. All at once I see a snake crawl-in' through the weeds. Of course it looked just like any ordinary snake and I thought it was a blue racer. I called my dog and he come runnin'. As soon as the dog got to where he could see the snake, he rushed at him and grabbed him. Then all of a sudden the snake flew into about fifteen or twenty pieces, each of 'em about four

inches long, as near as I can remember."

A huge old man, stooped and lame, but with keen, intelligent eyes, had come up the steps. He stood with his hands on his hips and listened, with an expression of incredulity on his face. Occasionally he would pull his pointed, silvery beard as he spat on the ground.

The blacksmith continued.

"I called Ma. She couldn't make nothin' of it. We went on to pick blackberries. The dog, he seemed kind of disappointed but he wouldn't go back to the snake. He seemed to know it wasn't any common snake."

A peal of laughter broke from George Hawks, the barber.

"Shut up. Let him go on," said the garage man impatiently.

The blacksmith looked about, instinctively sensing that something had been said. He paused a minute and then went on.

"That night we told Old Uncle Jerry Maples, who lived at our house, about it. He said right away it was a joint snake. He made me go right back with him and show him the place where the snake had been. He was all excited, for he said Barnum had offered ten thousand dollars for a joint snake for his show. But it didn't do no good to go back. The snake had got together again and crawled away."

The blacksmith looked from one to another of his hearers and scratched a match on a flagstone at his feet.

The old man who had joined the crowd late, sat down on a nail keg which had just been abandoned by a blotchy faced youth.

"What do you think of that, Ross?" queried the garage man.

The old man chuckled. Then looked up to the hills across the river.

"'Nothin' to it," he muttered. "Just a lie. There never was a joint snake in the world, according to scientists. The whole thing has growed out of hoop snakes. Now there is such a thing as a hoop snake, but joint snakes, bah! How anyone could ever believe that a snake could come to pieces thataway and then go together again is more than I can see."

"How about a hoop snake. What's them?" asked one of the loafers.

The old man looked at his questioner with a mingled air of surprise and contempt.

"Good God, didn't you ever hear of a hoop snake," he shouted.

George Hawks, the barber, spied a customer entering his shop and hurriedly left the group.

Ernie Holt, the garage man, came over and sat down in front of the old man, who again pulled his pointed, silver beard and went on.

"Hoop snakes used to be common. They take their tails in their mouths and roll down the hill like a hoop. Sometimes when they strike a tree they'll let go their tails and stick the sharp, bony point of it right into the bark."

"Did you ever see one, Ross?" asked Ernie Holt.

"No," responded the old man, "I never did, but Jake Norbert has and once he showed me a burr-oak in his timber that had been killed by a hoop snake drivin' the end of his tail into it. I ain't ever seen a hoop snake, but that I did see—that burr-oak."

During all this time a little, sallow man with a scraggly grey mustache had been sitting on the ground near the

stone steps. He was leaning against the trunk of a maple tree. No word had escaped him, but now he arose and went over to where Joel had thrown the dead body of the snake. Joel had stretched out on his back on the green turf and was sound asleep, snoring with his great mouth wide open and a fringe of flies buzzing about his cracked bluish lips.

The little man watched the snake intently. Finally he drawled: "Think of havin' a thing like that in your stomach."

"Good God!" cried Ernie Holt, the garage man, "who did?"

"Me," replied the little old man calmly. "I suffered with awful pains for years, right in the pit of the stomach. Old Doc Grim doctored me. After he'd tried everything he come to the conclusion that sometime I'd got a snake egg in my stomach by drinkin' from a spring. We had one on our place. Doc started in givin' me medicine for it and the medicine killed the snake and dissolved it. I ain't had any trouble since."

A boy with greasy overalls stood in the door of Ernie Holt's garage and signalled for Ernie to come. Ernie got up, brushed the shavings from his legs and sauntered off. The old man with the grey beard rose painfully and started away and a look of disappointment crossed the face of the little sallow man. Others left, until only the sleeping Joel and the blacksmith remained with him.

Joel's team, weary from standing in the street, stirred themselves and began slowly to draw his wagon over the stony macadam.

Joel suddenly awoke and jumped to his feet.

"Whoa, Flora," he shouted as he stretched himself.

The little sallow man touched the dead snake with the worn tip of his plow shoe.

"I was just tellin' the boys," he drawled, "that I dranked a snake once and had him in my stomach."

Joel paid scant attention, but started toward the street.

"I've heard of people drinkin' lizards thataway," he said, "but never heard of them drinkin' a snake."

Two boys had walked up the steps and stood looking at the spreading ad-der.

"Can we have him, Joel?" called one. "We want to make a belt of his hide."

"Sure, take him," answered the gaunt Joel as he swung onto his hay-

rack and struck his horses with the leather lines.

The little sallow individual walked slowly down the stone steps toward a vacant lot where the old man with the grey beard was pitching horseshoes with three other men. For a moment he stood and watched the game and then turned away, plodding slowly down the sidewalk.

The only one left of the group now was the deaf blacksmith, who, after he had finished his story of the joint snake, had curled up against the trunk of the old maple. Now he was standing up and paring one of the great callouses on his horny right hand, glancing up occasionally to watch the two boys who were pulling the skin of the snake over its head, wrong side out, as a farmer pulls off his hickory shirt on Sunday morning.

JOHN COLTER

JASON BOLLES

John Colter's was the richest life of all.
Days cannot be assessed in dollars' worth.
A blessed part of love is seasonal.
Honor is tinder and its smoke is mirth.
The praise of simpletons confers repute.
And self-esteem is banished from this earth
Where seeming evil bears good-seeming fruit.
Therefore I envy none of woman's birth,
Though I am gravel under Fortune's boot,
But Colter, as he capered all alone
And brandished high his half-gnawed thistleroot
Among the eldritch woods of Yellowstone.
The mountains loved him. It's a lucky fate
To be one whom the mountains tolerate.

THE OPEN RANGE

Each issue will carry accounts of personal outdoor experiences. Only accounts of actual experiences are solicited.

FIRST MURDER IN SPOKANE POLICE RANKS

As told by Joel F. Warren to Mary E. Parker

Author's Note: Officer Rusk was my grandfather. When he was murdered, he left a wife and a family of seven, of whom the youngest, my mother, was just two years old.

Officer Joel Warren is now a deputy sheriff in Seattle, Wn. He was one of the most expert of early day trackers in the Northwest. He gives this information about Curley Jim: "Curley Jim was a Sioux Indian who came west after participating in the Custer Massacre and made his home in Spokane Falls. I tried many times to get him to tell me something about that battle, but he always evaded my questions. During my early days as an officer, Jim was instrumental in turning over to me four Indian murderers. We became great friends, but at that, when liquored up, he would fight me just as quickly as he would a stranger. His body was a mass of scars. He once killed three Indians after being shot down. Jim died a few years ago and was buried by his many white friends."

Mr. Warren also relates the following incident pertaining to the money promised the Indian in connection with the Rusk case. "I paid Curley Jim the fifty dollars. He got himself a new outfit and looked as gay as a red wagon. In a couple of days I saw him again. He had his old togs on, so I asked, 'Jim, where is that flock of glad rags you had on the other day?' He answered with a shrug of his shoulders, 'Indian play too much poker.'"

MARY E. PARKER.

IN 1886 the police force of Spokane Falls (Spokane, Wn.) included Robert J. Rusk, who had the night shift, and myself, on duty during the day. My brother officer was a tall, splendidly built man, respected and admired for his fearlessness in the face of danger. He was married and had seven children.

During the course of our duty, we had to lock up many Indians who when drunk would get wild ideas about celebrating, always heading for town and trouble. One night in June, 1885, we had an Indian in jail by the name of Chimikin. Rusk, hearing a noise at the jail (a frame building with no ceiling and a rather poorly built floor), went down to investigate. We found a friend of Chimikin's, Crow Foot by name, chopping away energetically at the door with an ax. Rusk asked him what the trouble was. Crow Foot replied there was an Indian in there, and he wanted to get him out. Seeing that he would need some help, Bob told Crow Foot that he knew where the key was, and would get it for him. Returning with some friends, Rusk finally managed to disarm the redskin and, though he put up a stout fight, locked him in the jail. During the struggle, the other men pitched in and someone kicked Crow Foot in the side. The next morning, when the two had sobered up, they

were released, and Rusk thought nothing more of the affair.

The following spring, news came of a gold strike near Chewelah, some fifty miles north. Rusk decided to go prospecting during his vacation, so secured two ponies from a farmer living east of town. He had both shod in front, rode one and packed his outfit on the other.

He took the road to Colville on April 22. The next day word reached us that his ponies had returned home. Marland Pound, a man by the name of Johnson, and I traveled to Chewelah, and back. Our inquiries regarding his whereabouts came to nothing. Apparently no one had seen him.

When we got back to Deadman Creek, we decided to look around, as we knew that was about as far as he would be able to travel the first day. Just above the bridge we found the tracks of one of the ponies. We searched down the creek a little way, but saw nothing, and as it was getting late, we mounted and continued on into Spokane.

The next morning, Sunday, seventeen of us rode out on the Colville road. A friend of mine by the name of George Crane and I were considerably in the lead, and we came to the creek first. We went down-stream some twenty feet farther than I had gone the previous night and there found the re-

mains of a campfire. As we turned toward the creek, I noticed something resembling moss floating near the bank. In the wet sand directly in front were two moccasin prints. Closer examination of the object that had attracted my attention revealed the body of a man. The current had drifted his coat over the face, so although I was certain it was poor Rusk, I cut a small willow stick and catching it in his coat collar, lifted his head. It was Rusk, all right. He had been shot through the right temple. The bullet, deflected, came out about three inches above where it entered, leaving a gaping hole.

We managed to reconstruct pretty well what had happened. His hat, lying partly burned in the fire, led us to the conclusion that he had been cooking his meal when he was killed. His fire was built by a fallen log, and on the other side we found signs that the murderer or murderers had crouched there when the fatal shot was fired.

His body they carried hastily to the water and threw in. I say "they" because Rusk was a heavy man, and as there was no sign of his having been dragged, there were, I decided, two persons.

On the other side of the creek, when we found boot tracks going down stream a ways then returning, we assumed he had been fishing. I searched further and found distinct signs that two men wearing moccasins had followed him down and back, evidently trying to get close enough for a shot. All evidence pointed to Indians as the criminals. Some folks were inclined to think the murderer was a white man, but you couldn't fool me on an Indian track in those days.

Then, as I have often said, we put our noses to the ground and went after 'em. I immediately got in touch with Curley Jim, a friendly Indian whom I had used on another case, and told him I would give him fifty dollars to help us turn in these Indians. On the tip of another Indian, we found the place where the two had buried Rusk's outfit. They had boasted to him of their deed. He gave their names, Crow Foot and Chimikin. We afterwards found out that the two had been in a camp near the Spokane river, and on seeing Rusk pass had each got a pony and followed.

Learning of an Indian encampment in the vicinity of Williams Lake, I sent Curley Jim down to scout it.

The next Saturday found James Gillispin, city marshal of Spokane, and myself riding toward Cheney to get Sheriff Whittier, Cheney at that time being the Spokane county seat.

Upon our arrival there I found Jim, who reported that Crow Foot was in the camp and described him to me, even to the cord around the outer edge of his hat brim and the leggings he wore. Chimikin we knew to be up in the Colville country.

Leaving the dim road that led toward Sprague, we entered the scablands. Jim was leading, I came next, then Gillispin, then Whittier. I was of the opinion that, should anything start, we would be able to get out of sight more quickly that way.

I had a half-pint bottle of whiskey along for the purpose of bolstering Jim's courage if he got cold feet. He did. I rode up to him, pulled out the cork and handed the bottle to him. Have you ever heard water running down a rat hole? Well, that is how that whiskey sounded running down poor old Jim's throat. He was riding a spotted pony, and giving him a cut with his whip, yelled, "Come on, everybody!" Jim is the only Indian to whom I ever gave whiskey, but it certainly did the work.

There were about seventy-five Indians camped down in a little clearing, perhaps a hundred acres in extent, with a small stream running through the north side of it. When we sighted it we were on considerably higher ground.

In a loud voice, Jim began directing how the raid should be made. I raised my rifle and said, "Another whoop out of you and you will never get the fifty dollars I promised you." Jim's jaw dropped, and I shall never forget the look he gave me.

We rode down, leaving Jim to wait for us and guide us out. There were three tepees right at the little creek and Gillispin and Whittier dismounted and went into the first tepee. I was watching for any movement in the other parts of the camp.

On the opposite side there was a bay horse picketed out. An Indian ran from a tepee

and sprinted for the horse. I was after him in a jump. (Possibly a great many people who lived in Spokane at that time will remember the big brown horse I rode so much. He would leave his oats to chase an Indian.) I beat Crow Foot, for it was he, to the horse.

Old Chief Enick was in the tepee the Indian had just left. He had sworn at one time that he was going to kill me. Holding a brass-mounted Henry rifle, he stepped out of the wigwam. A buck and a squaw hastily caught hold of him.

Gillispin and Whittier were coming across the flat leading their horses. When they saw Enick with the rifle and the two Indians holding him, they called:

"Hello, there! Are you sick?"

"Don't you see that rifle he has?" I yelled. "You'll be the ones that are sick if you don't look out!"

I was covering Crow Foot with my rifle from my horse. When the boys came up to me, I dismounted, searched the Indian and handcuffed him.

About this time another buck came up and took the squaw's place holding the chief.

Crow Foot wanted to go over to see his brother in another tepee, so we took him there. Tommy, his brother, had had both legs cut off by a Northern Pacific train. They had been replaced by ones of cork. Then we went out to our horses. Our prisoner we mounted behind Gillispin, and Whittier took Gillispin's overcoat, tying it on behind his saddle. Whittier was riding a four-year-old, and when the ends of the coat commenced to hit him in the flanks, he made just two jumps, throwing his rider on his head and shoulders in the dust. Away went the frightened animal with me in hot pursuit.

It was rather a ticklish situation.

Old Enick still had the rifle; Gillispin had Crow Foot handcuffed on behind him; Whittier lay on the ground, half-stunned; and I was busy chasing his horse through camp.

I caught up with the runaway, threw the reins over his head, and started to circle back. I think every Indian had a dog and they all turned out and took after me.

Whittier was sitting up when I arrived. We started out again, but he didn't mount until we reached higher ground. I told the boys if Whittier wasn't able to ride we would

move off into the rocks and wait a while. I was really afraid of an ambush. He said he would be able to make the grade.

After we had been traveling for some little time, it began to get dark and there was no sign of Jim to guide us out. Although uneasy and apprehensive, having heard a shot just after we came out of the little valley, I said Crow Foot would show us the way out.

"I don't know," replied Whittier, shaking his head.

"Well," I insisted, with more conviction than I felt, "he will take us out all right."

When it looked as though we had come to the end of the trail, I pulled off to the side and waited for Gillispin to come along.

Leveling my rifle at Crow Foot, I asked, "Which way?"

Motioning with his fettered hands, he replied, "Dis way, dis way."

Despite the pain Whittier was suffering, he laughed and remarked that this was a new way to get directions.

"I told you he would tell when the time came," I returned.

We jogged along through the timber and scab-rock, eventually arriving at Cheney.

(I have my own explanation as to why the Indians didn't discover us that night. After Crow Foot told us how to get out, I passed around some cigars I had along. I think we laid down too good a smoke screen.)

Chimikin and another Indian we called the Geiger Indian because he had killed a man by that name got together in the mountains north of Spokane and defied anyone to take them.

Some time later my brother Bob and I took two saddle-horses and a pack-horse and started north, traveling by night and concealing ourselves in the brush during the day. We found the trail the two of them were using between Jump-Off Joe Lake and a point just below Chewelah.

All one night we lay behind a big white pine that had been blown down parallel to the trail. We waited until ten o'clock in the morning with no results; so we went back to take care of our horses. We had left them about a hundred yards from the trail near a small stream that crossed it.

Suddenly we were startled by a splash in

the creek, and behold, there came our two Indians. The Geiger Indian was riding first, looking to the right, while Chimikin was some twenty feet behind, looking to the left. It was plain to see they both had a chip on each shoulder. There was a seven-hundred-and-fifty dollar reward, dead or alive, for the two of them.

As they were passing we grabbed our rifles. I had told Bob that if we ever jumped them, he should shoot the horses and I would take care of the Indians. We were both fine shots. Then the notion took me to get them alive.

"Don't shoot, Bob!" I whispered quickly, laying my hand on his arm.

My brother took down his rifle, looked at me in amazement and exclaimed in a disgusted tone, "What in hell is the matter with you?"

I explained and saddling up hurriedly, we followed their trail. They had a fairly good start, and we dared not go too fast for fear of running on them unexpectedly with disastrous consequences to ourselves.

We trailed them to a small cabin that stood on the west side of the road a short distance south of Chewelah. Before we got there the two had a quarrel and apparently during a scuffle Chimikin had shot himself in the leg. It was only a slight flesh wound, but the other Indian left in a hurry for the Kalispell country. (He was afterwards killed resisting arrest at Horse Plains, Montana.)

We concealed ourselves about a hundred yards from the cabin. While watching, we saw an old buck and a squaw ride up, dismount, and enter. We could hear voices; then soon the two left. We remained, in an endeavor to find out if Chimikin was really in the cabin. Had he shown himself we would have opened fire.

Our patience was not rewarded by dusk so we returned to our camp, about a mile away, confident that Chimikin could not elude us if he were there. That was where I made a mistake. We had been gone but a short time when ex-Sheriff Keeler rode out from Chewelah, captured him, and took

him to Cheney. We found out later that Keeler had sent the other two Indians to ascertain the whereabouts of the fugitives.

The trial of Chimikin and Crow Foot was held at Cheney, the county seat of Spokane county. There were two men from Spokane attending who were to send word if the verdict were anything other than first degree murder. In that event a crowd was going down and hang them to a big tree that stood conveniently in front of the courthouse.

Crow Foot, tried first, was sentenced to twenty years on a manslaughter charge. He was immediately turned over to me to be rushed to the penitentiary at Walla Walla. I cut across country and boarded the Northern Pacific at Sprague.

Only two of the intended lynching party caught up with us. However, they had orders not to interfere as the others had fallen by the wayside.

Chimikin received the same sentence as Crow Foot.

As an officer it was my duty to protect them, but I hoped with all my heart they would try to make a break so that I could even things up for Rusk.

However, they died in prison, one of consumption and the other when struck by a falling timber.

An amusing incident occurred during the trial of Crow Foot. I was on the stand testifying as to the actions of this Indian when he tried to get away after first sighting us. I said he was trembling like a leaf when I caught him.

M. G. Barney, his attorney, asked me how tall I was.

"Six feet four inches," I replied.

"Were you armed?"

"Yes, I had a rifle."

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Two sixshooters."

During his plea to the jury, Barney said in part:

"Here was a man six feet four inches tall, armed with a rifle and two sixshooters, and galloping down on a horse. My God, who wouldn't tremble?"

CHIPPEWA CROSS-BOWS

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

IN gathering folk-tales and lore from the red men of the Northwest I long ago became convinced that another people than the Indian must sometime have inhabited North America; and I have come to believe that sometime in the forgotten past the Indian knew this people, and that to this day their unsuspected shadows flicker mistily through many of the Indian's folk-tales and legends. I have gathered many seeming proofs of this, and yet I will deal with but one of the least convincing, which was today brought to my mind by an old note-book.

Long before tribal adoption had been made ridiculous by Montgomery-Ward Indians I became the adopted brother of Stone-child (dubbed Rocky Boy by white man) and his natural brother, Full-of-dew, both full-blooded Chippewas of splendid character. No Indians have interested me more than the Chippewas and Crees of the so-called Rocky Boy band. Besides their close friendship, the histories of both tribes, as gathered from these Indians themselves, fascinated me. And perhaps of all the tribes in North America the Chippewa (Ojibwa) has not only been the most warlike, but the most successful in war. It was they who drove the fighting Sioux to the Northwestern plains from northwest of Lake Superior; it was they who all but wiped out the Sax and Fox tribes, and it was the Chippewas who drove the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegiens from the Slave Lake district to the Northwestern Plains. In this last great offensive the Crees were allied with the Chippewas. The two tribes are kindred. The Chippewa name for the Crees is Kenistonaux, meaning *three of us*, and yet I have been unable to learn the name of the third party to what may have been an ancient tribal federation. One cannot but marvel at the wide scope of Chippewa operations, nearly across this continent. And yet if asked to name the most warlike tribe of North America not one white person in a thousand would even mention the Chippewas.

One day Full-of-dew, brother of the Chip-

pewa chief, told me a story of We-soc-a-chock (*old-man*) which featured the use by that character of a cross-bow, or bow-gun, a weapon which I believed to be foreign to our native Americans. When I questioned him Full-of-dew said that he himself had used a cross-bow in his early boyhood. Later on he made a cross-bow for me, quarrel and all, which was different from any I had ever seen or heard of. Its stock was nearly straight, having a grip that would accommodate both hands, so that the weapon might be held and aimed at arm's length, or pressed against the breast in aiming, as desired. There was no trigger, the bow-string being released by both index fingers. The quarrel was seven inches in length, without feathers, and tipped with rounded bone three-and-a-half inches long. By pulling a wedge-like peg fastened to the stock by a buckskin thong the bow could be drawn, not entirely out of its slot, but down to the bow's end, and then folded back against the stock, so that the whole weapon could be slung over the shoulder, or even carried in a belt. When I asked why there were no feathers on the quarrel Full-of-dew told me that neither *two* feathers nor *four* feathers would guide an arrow straight. He said that *three* feathers were required for this, and that if three feathers were used on the arrow of a cross-bow *one* feather would have to lie in the cross-bow's groove. This he told me would make the arrow "high behind, and low in front" giving it "a bad start." When I asked if the cross-bow was an efficient weapon, as efficient as a common bow, he said that it was, and that it afforded even better marksmanship, that in the forest he thought it the best of weapons. He explained that with a common bow a man's arms and wrists furnish the delivery power of an arrow, and reminded me that the arms and wrists of men differed greatly in strength. "Besides this," he said, "a man did not always have time to draw his bow to its full power. But always an arrow from a cross-bow was strong, not only because its bow was stiff,

but because its bow was always bent the same."

"Then why did your people discard the cross-bow?" I asked, feeling certain that he would find it difficult to give a good reason.

"Because when the horse came to this world the cross-bow was of little use to us," he answered without hesitation. "In running the buffalo or in fighting our enemies on horseback the arrow would not remain in the groove of a cross-bow. It would fall out, so that little by little the cross-bow was forgotten by my people."

I had never before heard of the use of a cross-bow by our Indians, and asked Full-of-dew if the other tribes used the weapon. He said that he believed that they had used them, but added, "I am too young to have seen them in use by other tribes. The other tribes got horses long before we did, and

must have discarded the cross-bow before we did."

When I enquired if the cross-bow had come from white men he said that it had not, and called my attention to the use of a cross-bow by *We-soc-a-chock* in the story he had told me. "*We-soc-a-chock* is older than white men, older than any man in the world," he declared.

We know that the Indian was a practical man. He may have invented the cross-bow. Anyhow, when one remembers that the white man met the Indian with fire-arms, and that few, if any, of the white men of written history landed upon this continent armed with cross-bows, he must conclude that if the Indian used the cross-bow he must have invented the weapon himself or borrowed the idea from a people who have no place in the known-history of North America.

A DESERT SECRET

ERNEST E. HUBERT

A strip of shining metal glinting in the bright sunlight, slithered rapidly over the hot 'dobe soil with a faint, grating sound. The end, with a short piece of narrow strap-leather attached, flipped up suddenly as it topped a low gumbo 'dobe. With the other end of the metal tape fastened to my belt I was streaking out across a patch of cactus-covered plain doing my share in covering the four miles of badlands that Duthie, the boss, had laid out for the crew to survey that day. Suddenly the tape tightened and held, as Kirby yelled, "Cha-a-a—in."

"Stuck," I countered and plunging a pin into the sand, strode rapidly out over the low bristling cactus again, bee-lining a foresight.

An unusually fat rattler hastened to wiggle out of the way. Before it reached a hole at the base of a cactus-clump for which it was rapidly headed, I had brought my light spade down upon it, and pressing the blade with my foot, severed the ugly head from the writhing body. By the time Kirby, burning with interest, caught up with me, I

had cut off the rattles and begun to slit open the thick body. It had become a habit with us to open up all the gorged snakes we killed, for we were curious to know the number and kinds of animals the rattlers fed upon. It was surprising how many field mice, kangaroo rats, chipmunks, and other small rodents these reptiles could hold.

I held down the tail end of the still twitching body with my foot and started cutting into the cold, greasy entrails when Kirby gave a sharp warning. Drawing my hands away quickly, I saw with astonishment a wiggling mass of tiny snakes pop out of the opening I had made. Darting rapidly about the body of the dead mother were six very young rattlers, perfectly formed and about eight inches long. Fascinated by this unexpected turn, we lingered, disregarding the precious moments that cut down our day's mileage. As we stood wondering how we might take the little wigglers into camp alive, we wished vainly for an empty bottle.

Kirby, with a low chuckle, began teasing one or two of the more active ones squirming around in the dust. Thrusting before

them the red flannel patch looped around the ring of one of the long, metal chaining pins, he soon had those baby snakes coiling and striking. A lightning fast twist—aim—lunge—recoil—just like a ten button sidewinder. A small wet spot or two appeared on the red flannel. Kirby suddenly began grinding his hobbled heel into the tiny, poison-filled heads.

We were puzzled. We had heard that young rattlesnakes were hatched from eggs laid in the warm sands, yet here were six of them found alive within the mother's body.

And they were active and ready to defend themselves as soon as they struck the ground. We learned later that the young are hatched from eggs, but within the parent, thus giving the impression that the young rattlers had been swallowed by the startled parent.

Picking up my bundle of red-tipped pins which I had hastily stuck in the sand, and turning to look back at the transitman, I saw Kirby gingerly replacing with a new strip the damp bit of flannel on one of the pins.

AN INDIAN GAME CORRAL

ERNEST E. HUBERT

WE stumbled upon it one day as we topped the edge of the pine-fringed rimrock prairie. We were running a section line north in the Montana badlands and our line of sight struck diagonally across it and through the dense grove of pines which held its secret. A rapidly narrowing strip of prairie lost itself in this bull pine thicket at a point where the rimrock edge dropped a ragged hundred feet or more to the sageland below. Almost at right angles a long, irregular cleared lane appeared in the trees. Within the edge of the timber, cleverly interwoven with the brush and young trees we found the bleached and weather-old limbs and windfall stems of trees formed into the wide V-shaped wings of an Indian game corral. From the center of the gradually narrowing lane we had to squint to pick out the well-hidden arms of the V. Down the gently sloping lane through the trees we could see at the far end a most enticing or park-like area shaded by larger trees growing closely together. White objects showed through the knee-high grass as we neared the narrow neck of the V. At the narrowest point we found the long poles and large limbs which had been used to quickly close the gap on the heels of the frightened game.

The end of the V suddenly opened into a roughly circular clearing in which tall waving grasses and seedling trees but half concealed the bleaching remnants of many bones.

The fence enclosing this area was firmly built and high, having less concealment than the wings. A gap in the fence attracted our attention and through it we found evidence of a trail leading to what might have been a much-used camp-site on the creek banks below.

I could imagine the far-off patter of hoof beats as the Indians on their bareback ponies swiftly worked the antelope band into the timbered fringe and within the yawning jaws of the V. Followed then the startling yells of the hunters stationed near the mouth of the trap as the antelope bounded past them. The thinning line as the pronghorns, their signal beacons up, stampeded through the fatal gateway into the circular corral. The hurried scraping of timbers as the gateway was blocked. Superb animals bounding in primitive fear about the narrow corral. Some with a slender leg dangling helplessly after a mad dash into the hidden fence. An occasional one jumping high and scrambling over a low place only to be killed by the rapidly encircling bucks. Then the slaughter within that narrow glen and the bucks stalking away well satisfied or remaining to divide the spoils.

Squaws with bark and grass basket or rawhide parfleche and skinning knives appearing over the rimrock edge to wrangle over the carcasses. By nightfall only a few bones left in the slaughter pen to be polished smooth by the coyotes and the camp dogs.

TWO INDIAN POEMS

ALICE HENSON ERNST

I. MORNING SONG

(Makah)

My grandmother is the sun . . .
(Lay your hands on me, grandmother,
Lay your hands on Na-et-ka, who walks at dawn)

With hemlock boughs my body is made sweet;
I go to bathe in the still pool you know well,
Rising while earth is yet troubled and dark
And your elder brother, the moon, walks in the sky—
An old ghost, who has taken a house where people once lived—
(Grandmother, the moon is dead, and ghosts fill me with fear)

But you are alive; you dance in your fierce strength;
And I—I am woman now, like you.
The sacred cedar is in my hand,
I am hushed, like earth, awaiting your touch,
Your warm throbbing fingers to clasp my hands.
See: I raise them in prayer, singing my morning song,
Trying to reach you, to draw you down into bone and flesh.
(Grandmother, give me your strength, for I am afraid)
My hands are small for great tasks
And the Makah woman is never still;
Calm, strong hands I need for many tasks—
(Give me your strength, grandmother, give me your strength):
Strong hands for skinning Bo-Kwitch, the deer;
For weaving the fine cedar mats my husband and sons will use.
(You have many sons, grandmother; make my son strong, too)
My father, Wa-lax, the Wolf, chief of the Cape-People, is strong,
So is Kwadzai, mighty hunter of whales;
(Grandmother, did he see me, turning in his canoe, when he led off in the chase? . . .
It is fourteen days, and they do not return) . . .

Why do I walk here, long before dawn, troubled by ghosts
While my playmates sleep? . . . Last week I played ring-tag in the sand . . .
(Hold my hands, grandmother, hold my hands).

II. YA-IHL'S SONG TO THE NORTH WIND

(Thlingit)

Ah-hi-yoo . . .
Hi-ya-woe . . . woe . . . woe . . .
Wail, wind of the bitter breath,
Wail over the lodge-poles of men;
Wail for the hidden grief of man, lost here between two worlds;
Woe, woe, woe, you scream
And it is woe you bring,

Blowing out from forbidden worlds,
 From icy caverns beneath old glaciers;
 From the third world you come, under the Country of Ghosts
 Who walk mutely, heads downward, in that pallid world below earth;
 From the Place of the Damned; place of unutterable cold, you rise
 Holding your breath while the lost ones heap nameless griefs on your wide arms.
 Wailing you leave there; wailing with undying pain that must gnaw evermore at your
 breast.
 It is the sound of your galloping white horses that men hear;
 The beat of their hard hooves, the swish of their flying manes, the scream of their
 frightened neigh;
 Your panting breath blows high the snow as you rush across mountains;
 In the little warm bays the spray flies before you, and men shudder at what you bring.
 The Little People, the Pigmy People far to north, who work always at forges,
 They tried to warm you as you passed,
 Blowing their fires at night till they flickered in sparkling flame high in the sky,
 But you rushed past, driven by that ancient grief.
 Blow, O Batl-et-tis, icy breath of the north;
 Creep into my heart; it is colder than you . . .
 Cha-it'sl, Little-Brown-Partridge, she whom I loved, is dead.

WESTERN CANVAS

ROSMOND NEUMANN LEFEBVRE

Paint then, a canvas—	Baskets of braided grasses;
Of sidewalk-squatting, flaccid figures in	Color the miniature totems; they must be
calico;	deftly done
Old squaws, old faces crinkled,	Though small as the Red Man's place in the
Flapping at the edges	sun;
And lips where smiles once flickered	Seeing what comes to vanishing races
But long since went out.	Limn hope crushed flat as a willow mat,
Glaze hazily the eyes that beg a silvered	And, with a savage stroke,
dole	Brush stark shame on the totems' faces;
For Indian wares;	To scaled sight make gaudy bibelots pro-
Group, proudly as braves with folded arms	claim
Before a council fire,	Treachery is white.

HISTORICAL SECTION

Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal or reminiscence, preferably of early days in the West.

THE JOURNAL OF FRANCOIS ANTOINE LAROCQUE

from the Assiniboine River to the Yellowstone—1805

Translated and edited by RUTH HAZLITT

NOTE: In 1911 there appeared in the Publications of the Canadian Archives the *Journal de Larocque*, edited by L. J. Burpee. This Journal was printed in French and the edition has become extremely rare. It is of such interest, however, that the editor feels warranted in offering an English translation.

Larocque's expedition of 1805 was undertaken by the orders of the Northwest Company of Canada to open up a fur trade with the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. His party entered the United States near the source of the Souris River, about midway between the east and west boundaries of the present North Dakota, and traveled south to the Missouri. From there it moved southwest to the Yellowstone, and an extensive trade for beaver was begun.

As early as 1806 there was planned a two-volume work to be entitled "History of the Northwest Company, containing the likeness between ancient and modern peoples, by Roderick McKenzie director of this company . . ." In pursuance of this object, he sent circular letters to the partners and clerks of the Northwest Company asking them to send him all the information they could collect regarding their trade with the natives. Mr. McKenzie did not write his book and the letters and journals sent to him became the property of Senator Masson. The latter used part of this material in the *Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*. After Senator Masson's death the documents were sold at auction, part being awarded to the Bureau of the Canadian Archives and part to McGill University.

Among the journals sent to Roderick McKenzie were those of Francois Antoine Larocque and Charles Mackenzie, clerks of the Northwest Company. Larocque in his *Missouri Journal*, 1804-1805, and Charles Mackenzie in his *Missouri Indians*, describe parts of their first expedition of which Larocque was in command. A second expedition to the Mandan country, again led by Larocque, was referred to by Mackenzie in his "Second Expedition." No account of this by Larocque was ever found. In his "Third Expedition, 1805," Mackenzie alluded to a journal by Larocque, the original of which is still missing.

A copy of the latter, however, was found in Laval University. It is thought by Mr. Burpee to be an exact transcription of the original. Mackenzie went with Larocque only as far as the Mandan and Minnetaree villages. Larocque's Journal is the record of the remainder of the trip to the Yellowstone, the first visit of the whites to the Crows.

Very little is known of Larocque's life. According to Masson's account, he was a brother of Joseph Larocque who held an important office in the Northwest and Hudson's Bay Companies. "Mr. F. A. Larocque," Masson says, "was endowed with great abilities and that he was a very brave and energetic man. He had read much, was studious, and knew the French and English languages in the same degree but decidedly preferred the latter." Not being greatly attracted by a trader's life, he left the Northwest and engaged in trade in Montreal. Unfortunately in business he turned to study and died at an advanced age in the Convent of Grey at Saint-Hyacinth.

Departure from the Assiniboine River, June 2, 1805

FROM my arrival at the "River Fort de la Bosse," I shall prepare to undertake a journey of discovery to the Rocky Mountains.¹ I left June 2, with two men; each of us had two horses, one of which was loaded with goods in order to facilitate relations with the savages that we might meet. Mr. Charles McKenzie and Mr. Lasana set out on the road with me in order

to spend the summer on the Missouri and as we were going in the same direction, they accompanied me as far as the Big Belly Village.²

Mr. McKenzie and the other men were on the way at about two o'clock in the afternoon, but as I had been so occupied that I had not yet been able to give the news to my friends, I remained in order to write some letters and to bring order to some personal business. After the setting of the

¹ The "River Fort de la Bosse" was a trading post of the Northwest Company located at the Assiniboine river.

² McKenzie was a clerk of the Northwest Company. In 1804 and again in 1805 he accompanied Larocque on an expedition to the Mandans; made a third expedition to the Mandan villages in the fall of 1805 and a fourth in 1806.

sun the evening meal was served, after which taking leave of Mr. Chabelly and Mr. Henry and some others we resumed our way.³ Our departure impressed everybody for it seemed more than likely that my men and I would not return. I must confess that I had a heavy heart at leaving the fort but as we went fast my cheerfulness soon returned and I thought only of the means to take to assure the success of my enterprise.

At ten o'clock we reached the Plum river where I found those who were camped there plunged in sleep.

Monday 3. I set out early in the morning; at noon I halted to allow the horses to rest. We encamped that evening on the Mouse [Souris] river, where we were scarcely two hours when three Assiniboines followed a little after by many others, rushed on our side, some tried to take away our horses, but when they saw our rifles and ascertained that we deepened about them, they disappeared. Later they approached our fire and after reporting that we were well armed and that we were well prepared to defend our persons and our property, they became peaceable. At less than ten acres from our camp were forty of their tents that we had not seen. I made a gift of a brace of tobacco to their chief so that he could allow his young men to smoke and I induced them to remain peaceable.

Some proposed to accompany us as far as the Missouri but after having replied that their proposition was agreeable to us, they spoke of it no more.

Nevertheless, believing that it was not prudent to spend the night so near their tents, we saddled our horses and set out in spite of their efforts to induce us to spend the night under their tents. One of them guided us to a good ford of the Mouse river which we crossed in order to enter then into the plain. We traveled all night in order to escape their attack for they are the most clever horse thieves of which I have heard. A little before the day we stopped to take a little rest.

Tuesday 4. We set out early in the morning, we enjoyed a good temperature the

whole day and in the evening we encamped on the banks of the Mouse river at a place called Green river, because there was no forest either on one side or on the other for a distance of thirty miles. With the exception of four caribou of which two were slaughtered we have not encountered any other animal.

Wednesday 5. We followed the course of the Green river until eleven o'clock, then as we reached the timber and as the weather was rainy, we decided to camp. There were not any buffalo in sight. At noon it began to rain and it rained abundantly and without interruption until the next morning. There were many wild birds here, ducks, bustards, geese, swans, etc., and we killed a great number of them.

Thursday, 6. As the weather seemed to grow fine we set out on the way and we traveled about three miles, then the weather becoming cloudy we stopped to encamp but before we were able to put our goods in the shelter, it began to rain again and the rain fell in so great an abundance that in the space of several hours all the lower parts of the plain were submerged and all the brooks became rivers. There was a large number of buffalo and in the evening, the rain having ceased, a very fat young male was slaughtered as well as a deer. Night came, it commenced to rain again and the rain fell without interruption until morning.

Friday, 7. The weather has kept cloudy but the sun appearing for a time, we hoped that the weather was going to become fine and we set out on the route. But at noon it began to rain as yesterday and at two o'clock having found some wood under some hillocks of sand in the plain, we stopped, completely soaked, to cook some food. As there was not any water at this place we raised up a piece of bark from an elm of which one of the ends was let down in a copper boiler in a way to collect entirely in this vessel the water that ran down the length of the tree trunk and of which we had an amount sufficient for the time. Then we manufactured a tent with some bark and we passed a comfortable enough night.

³ Charles Jean-Baptiste Chaboillez was the trader or partner in charge of the administration of the Red River or Assiniboine department. Henry is Alexander Henry the Younger.

Saturday, 8. We set out on the road to reach an elevation called "Great Butte" in order to dry our goods and water our horses, considering that there was not any water here. We arrived at this place at half past two, and we spent the rest of the day and the night there. The Great Butte is a lofty mountain that may be seen from all sides from a distance of twenty miles. Below, upon the north side, is a lake eight miles in circumference in which there are some medium-sized pike. Between the lake and the mountain is a wood, partly of elm, and in the neighborhood are seen many lakes which, since the last rains, communicate with each other. From the top of the mountain one can see the Turtle mountain upon the north side, as well as the Mouse river upon the north-northeast and upon the south-southwest, in fact one sees this from all sides of the mountain except from the west.⁴

Sunday, 9. We set out on the way early in the morning in the direction of south-southwest and at one o'clock in the afternoon we reached the Mouse river. The level of this being very high, we manufactured a raft to carry our goods to the other side and the horses crossed the river by swimming. We put ourselves in the saddle immediately and camped in a coulee about four miles from the river.

Monday, 10. After leaving this last place we went on to repose in the Mandan plain. We saw buffalo in all directions but we dared not fire upon them for we were upon the hostile ground of the Sioux. It rained a little during the night.

Tuesday, 11. At eight o'clock in the morning I saw the banks of the Missouri and at noon we reached the Bourbeuse river. At this place the horses were unsaddled and unloaded and as the depth of the water did not go beyond two feet, we carried our goods upon our shoulders but we sank in the mud as far as the waist, then the horses sank in the mud and it was with difficulty that we succeeded in making them cross the opposite bank as muddy as the bed of the river. We intended to reach the village to-day, but we were stopped by a shower and

encamped in a ravine at the "Loge de Serpent," a village situated at the angle of the river where the Big Bellies [Gros Ventures] used to winter; it is there that I spent a part of the winter. I thought proper not to make known to the savages of the village the goods that I had in my possession for fear that the Big Bellies would not help me by leading me to the Rocky mountains. Also, I had brought here only a small part of the articles required for the unavoidable outlays.

Wednesday, 12. At nine o'clock in the morning we reached the banks of the Missouri where we fired some shots to inform the savages of our arrival. A few hours later a large number from among them came in canoes to cross us over with our goods. Lafrance went to the home of the Mandans but I remained with my men and Mr. McKenzie, afterwards we crossed over to visit the Big Bellies where we went into the various cabins; each of my men was supplied with a small quantity of knives, tobacco, and ammunition that he was to distribute to the proprietors.

Thursday, 13. Four Assiniboines arrived in the evening and four Canadians who make the hunting of beaver in these parts their profession, came to see me. I distributed to each of them six inches of tobacco (Brazil) which they accepted with a great deal of joy, for during many months they had smoked only tobacco prepared by the savages.

Friday, 14. The savages here are extremely desirous of selling us their horses but with the amount that it is usually necessary to pay them for one, we could buy two from the Rocky mountain savages who have waited for us from day to day. They wish also that we may have a very large quantity of goods at the arrival of the expected savages so that they may benefit from all the trade. I made them understand that the purpose of our trip was to buy horses neither of them nor in the Rocky mountains, that we came to procure skins and furs and that for this reason, one of us would pass the summer with them and another with the Mandans; and further, that I had been sent

⁴Camp was in the east bend of the Souris river in the present North Dakota, northeast of the present city of Minot.

with two men by the chief of the white population to smoke the pipe of peace and friendship with the Rocky mountain savages and to accompany them as far as their country in order to explore it and take account of whether there were beavers there as had been related, in order to induce them to hunt; that we would not buy horses of anyone and that, as a result, the best course that they could take was to prepare some buffalo skins in order to procure some ammunition to trade with the Rocky mountain savages.⁵

They pretended that they had reason to fear the neighboring nations which comprised the Assiniboinés, the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Ricaras, in order to give a pretext for not trading their guns with the Rocky mountain savages and invited us to do as much for them. Some of these Rocky mountain savages have already come here and have set out again but we are waiting for a larger number of them which I intend to accompany.

Saturday, 15. One of the chiefs asked for me and wanted to know what I intended to do with the pipe that I had brought. After having informed him that this object was reserved for the Rocky mountain savages, he addressed a long harangue to me to dissuade me from going to the home of the last. He told me that I should be obliged to spend the winter there because of the great distance to travel, that the Cheyennes and the Ricaras were enemies constantly on the watch and that probably they would kill me. He spoke to me then in a very unfavorable way of the Rocky mountain savages, and to prove that these were liars and thieves, he told me that a Canadian named Menard—who lived here about four years, was sent several years ago to trade in horses and beavers with the Rocky mountains, that they did everything to dissuade him but that seeing his irrevocable determination they let him set out; that once arrived at the tents of the Rocky mountain savages, he had been well received and had procured nine horses, two women slaves, and a certain amount of beaver, after which he left the place well

satisfied; that at length several young men followed him and stole seven horses from him during the night, that several nights after the two slaves deserted with the other horses, that some other young men rejoined him and took away all that he possessed, even his knife; that he returned weeping to the village of the Big Bellies, nearly dead, having only his cover to make himself (with the aid of a flintlock) some shoes that he attached to his feet with cords, that the Big Bellies were so indignant that they killed several Rocky mountains to revenge him, etc., etc.⁶ He gave me portions of many other deeds and to this I answered that my chief having sent me, I would go there or I would die.

Five young men went to meet the Rocky mountain savages a week ago; we wait for them from day to day with these last.

Sunday, 16. The women danced this evening in honor of the scalp of a savage Black-foot, who was killed last spring. The Canadians coming from below reported that these savages had also killed several whites at the same time, that they had seen some clothing such as jackets, and trousers of velvet, shirt collars, pieces of canvas tents, some vests and many other objects which have belonged to whites. The great chief of this plundering, Borgne, told me that a detachment of war fired upon some men who were descending a very large river in canoes made of skins, that these had been killed but that he could not say whether these were Crees, Chippewas, or whites. I questioned on this subject the old Cerina Grape, the father of the chief of this detachment and the chief himself and they called to witness the fire, the sky and the earth that these were not whites. They described the region that they had crossed and in my opinion, this was some part in the neighborhood of the Saskatchewan or of its tributaries. They showed me a part of what they had stolen and with the exception of a half cask of powder and at least two hundred bullets, I saw nothing which could prove that those who had been killed were whites. What they took had been shared among all the warriors and their par-

⁵ The "chief of the white population" was Chabollez.

⁶ "Probably the same Menard that Alexander Henry mentions as having been seized and murdered by three Assiniboinés in 1803 when returning to the Missouri." L. J. Burpee.

ents. Among the objects that the old Cerina Grape showed me was a garment made with the skin of a young horse and wrought with porcupine quills and hairs; two skins of skunks trimmed with red bands and blue beads such as these savages usually wore around the wrist; a Ketland musket, a Barnett gun and finally a scalp arising evidently from a savage. Nevertheless I really believe that they killed some whites in the neighborhood of the fort of the Prairies for they have carried back more goods than I have yet seen in the possession of the savages at a given time.⁷

Monday, 17. I came down from the Mandan village on horseback; at this place I bought a saddle for which I gave thirty pounds of ammunition and I asked Lafrance to procure me some provisions for my voyage for there was not any corn where I stopped.⁸ I returned to my hut and in the evening I settled an account with one named Jusseaux who was indebted to the company.⁹

Tuesday, 18. The son of White Wolf had a fall from a horse and has a terrible wound in the leg; the skin has been completely removed from the ankle bone up to the calf. The savage healer was required and he began to blow upon the wound and to sing in order to cure him while the child suffered patiently. Tempest accompanied by thunder.

Wednesday, 19. As there was another sick person in my cabin and since they made much uproar and tumult with the method of conjuring and chanting, I went toward another cabin where I had installed one of my men. I went to see Borgne, our chief, and as I desired to have him on our side in case of need, I made a present to him of three-fourths of a pound of tobacco, of a knife, and fifty charges of ammunition, which gave him great pleasure. He is the greatest chief of this place and he does not seek like the other chiefs to dissuade us from going to the Rocky mountains. Rain and thunder in the evening.

Thursday, 20. Some of the chiefs have again tried to make me buy some horses

and one told me that the Big Bellies were not all of the same opinion and that he did not know if they would permit me to go to the Rocky mountains. They had refuge with all their address in a long harangue to make me renounce my design; they showed me that the journey was dangerous to the greatest degree, that the Rocky mountains would not come because they feared the Ricaras and the Assiniboines. I could answer to all this only by signs for there was no one at the time to speak their tongue; one of my men named Souci spoke Sioux but no one understood this tongue.¹⁰ At about noon, two young Big Bellies who had gone to meet some Rocky mountains arrived and we learned that they had left the Rocky mountain savages in the morning and that these last would be here in three or four days. Upon learning this news, the chief pretended that he had been informed that the Crees and the Assiniboines had reunited to come to attack the Rocky mountains (which was false) and some harangues were delivered to induce the population to preserve their guns and ammunition, to not trade with the Rocky mountain savages, etc. I believe that is only a stratagem to make me give up my trip for they do not like to own openly that such is their purpose; in fact they persist always in saying that they have two ways of seeing which means that they do not know yet which side to take.

Friday, 21. I went to see Borgne in order to know what he and the Big Bellies thought of our trip to the Rocky mountains and if they intended to prevent us from making it. He answered my demand by declaring to me that the Rocky mountains were good people and that they had many beavers in their possession; more, that his adopted son, one of the Rocky mountain chiefs and the greatest of these chiefs, would take care of us, for he would recommend for him to give his affection to the whites and watch over them. I replied to him that the Big Bellies had no reason to be discontented since one of us would remain among them with a great

⁷ This was a Northwest Company post near the forks of the Saskatchewan.

⁸ Baptiste Lafrance was a clerk of the Northwest Company.

⁹ Jusseaux was an independent trader in the Missouri region, according to Masson. He was guide and interpreter for David Thompson on his trip in 1797.

¹⁰ Pierre Soucie is listed by Masson as a trader in the department of the Upper Red River.

quantity of ammunition, of knives, of tobacco, of hatchets and other articles would be sent back to them in case of need each time that they would be disposed to make some exchanges. He said that it was true and no one would do us harm. He is the only chief who speaks in this way but as he exercises more authority than the others, it may be, I hope, that with his protection we can set out. One way of overcoming all difficulty would consist in assembling the chiefs, making them a present of tobacco and ammunition; making them smoke and by doing for them part of what I could do for them in the future. I do not wish to have recourse to this method without being absolutely obliged for to assemble a council and deliver a harangue without making presents would be worth no more than addressing the words to a heap of stones. Moreover I fear that too great liberality at the time of our first visit to these peoples does not give a footing with the Big Bellies and only encourages them to become each time more exacting when we come back to these places if measures are taken to trade there. And if we spend this time without making them a present I believe that we would surmount the difficulty for always. If Borgne still exercises the authority that he had formerly, he will be able by himself to save us from embarrassment and he appears to be our sincere friend.

Saturday, 22. I went first to the tent of a savage whose two sons had made part of the expedition that had killed the whites on the Saskatchewan. He made a complete recital of what had happened and apparently with more frankness than any other. He told me that there were four tents out of cloth and four others out of leather on the banks of the river where some canoes were; that they had fired on the largest tent out of leather and had killed three men of whom two were savages and that without being able to prove it, they had thought that the third was a white. They had procured a scalp and if it is that which I saw, it came from a savage. There were many tents of all kinds without counting the goods. What they could not carry with them they smashed and threw into the river.

Sunday, 23. Three men and a woman belonging to the Rocky mountains arrived about noon; the others should arrive today if it does not rain this evening.

During the evening I went to see the brother of Borgne where I met two Rocky mountain savages of which one was the chief already mentioned by Borgne. After having smoked with them a few moments Borgne told them that I was going to accompany them and spoke greatly in my praise. They appeared very satisfied.

Monday, 24. Lafrance and the other whites who resided lower with the Mandans came to see those of the Rocky mountains who had arrived; the others had been hindered by the bad weather. It thundered during the whole day but did not rain. I made a gift of a knife to my hostess.

Tuesday, 25. At about one o'clock in the afternoon the Rocky mountain savages arrived and camped not far from the village with their warriors who included six hundred and forty-five men. They traveled through the village on horseback, armed with shields and other implements of war, went to the little village, then to the home of the Souliers and the home of the Mandans, and returned to their camp. Not twenty people remained in the village; men, women and children went to the camp of the recently arrived carrying with them some maize, uncooked and boiled, which they exchanged for leggings, covers, and dried meat. There were twenty huts of Snakes savages and about forty men. The other bands are more numerous.

This morning, Borgne sent to find me and after having made me acquainted with the Rocky mountain chief of the Arikaras he informed the latter in my presence that I would accompany him and recommend to him to take good care of us, then he praised us greatly and told me that the Big Bellies did not know yet whether they would let us go or not but that we could set out if we wished because he would remove the difficulties if it was necessary. I gave two Arikaras each six (feet) of tobacco and twenty charges of ammunition.

Wednesday, 26. The Mandans, the Souliers, the population of the little village and

that of the Village mounted on horseback and went to make around the camp of the Rocky mountains the same displays that the latter made here today. They were about five hundred but a great number of warriors have left for the war.

Thursday, 27. I gathered together the chiefs of the different bands of the Rocky mountains and I made them a present of:

- 2 large hatchets
- 2 little hatchets
- 8 ivory combs
- 10 shell necklaces
- 8 tinder boxes and flintlocks
- 4 clubs
- 6 bunches of beads B. C.
- 4 armfuls of tobacco
- 8 cock feathers
- 16 large knives
- 12 little knives
- 2 lbs. of vermilion
- 8 dozen rings
- 4 packages of colored glass
- 4 dozen awls
- 1½ lb. of blue beads
- 2 dozen blue beads
- 1000 bullets and some gunpowder

I made them smoke a peace pipe that I had told them was that of the chief of the whites. I added that the last wished that they might become his children and his brothers, that he was not ignorant that they were to be pitied because they had not arms to defend themselves against their enemies, but that they would be no longer to be pitied as soon as they became brave hunters. I informed them that I would accompany them with two men to visit their lands, that we would furnish the articles of which they had need at the present time, that our chief sent them the objects that they had before them in order that they might listen with friendliness to the propositions that we had to make to them; that our chief hoped that they would treat all the whites as brothers because we were on a footing of peace and friendship with the Red-Skins, that we had no intention of scalps, that probably they

would see on their lands some whites come from another place, but that the latter were our brothers and we hoped that they would not injure them, that they had robbed and ill-treated a few years ago a white who had gone trading with them, that we were anxious to know how we would be received, that if their behavior in our regard was friendly and that if they killed beavers, otters, and bears, the whites would be in a few years on their lands to spend the winter and he would furnish them all that of which they had need, etc., etc. I told them many other things that I believed necessary and I ended my harangue by making them smoke the peace pipe. They thanked me and made me a present of six buffalo skins, one cougar skin, four shirts, two women's petticoats, two skins of prepared deer, three saddles and thirteen pair of gaiters. I then presented a dress to the chief of the Arikaras with a flag and a sash and I told them that our chief had sent only one dress for the latter because he did not know that we were going to encounter many nations, but during the summer we were going to choose a place advantageous for them all where we would establish a station to trade with them if we ascertain that they wish to encourage the whites to go on their lands by becoming good hunters and that then all their chiefs who conducted themselves well would receive a dress.

The ceremony of the adoption of the children took place at the same time but I was so busy that I was able to be witness only to the last half. So, my personal observations permit me to give of it only an account made incomplete and as the two nations were introduced, I shall perform this task at another time.

Friday, 28. I preferred to return to the cabin of Chief Arikaras in the evening in order to prepare myself to set out with him the following morning, but as all the chiefs had been called to a council of farewell, I could do nothing on this subject.

To be continued in the May issue

BOOK SHELF

Under the Acting Editorship of Grace Stone Coates

Passions Spin the Plot. Vardis Fisher. Caxton Printers. 1934. \$2.50.

In this, the second novel in a projected tetralogy, Mr. Fisher carries on swiftly the story of Vridar Hunter's spiritual pilgrimage. The scope is narrower and more intense than that of "In Tragic Life" for the action covers only the first two years of Vridar's life at Wasatch College in Salt Lake City, with the scene swinging back in two sections to the Antelope Hills of Idaho, made familiar in the author's three earlier novels. Where the theme of "In Tragic Life," a sensitive lad's struggle to adapt himself to a frontier environment, was one that few readers could evaluate from their own experience, the material of "Passions Spin the Plot," disappointment in university life and disillusionment in love, is significant to every thoughtful reader. At some time in our lives, we have all been similar idealists, determined not to accept things as they are.

Through the bitter privation of his early years Vridar nourished an ideal of a university as a center of learning and disinterested striving for knowledge. He is overwhelmed to find among the faculty meanness, pettifogging, pushing for place. Sense of his social inferiority makes Vridar an outcast among the students who are actuated by snobbish indifference rather than any realization that they and he are working toward a common end. His only companion is the lecherous, thieving MacClintock whose prowess among women Vridar admires and tries unsuccessfully to emulate.

His schoolboy affection for Nelo, the girl of the Antelope Hills, grows during his lonely first year at college and during the summer vacation flowers into lyric rapture. Destined by his training to demand from her womanly modesty and purity, he is sickened and enraged to discover her a child of earth, generous with her favors as Ceres herself. To save her name and his pride he struggles futilely against her easy virtue with a lack of comprehension equalled by hers of the forces compelling him. Their marriage at the end of the volume represents neither solution of their immediate conflict nor integration of their moral cleavage. The tragic climax that is inevitable will be awaited impatiently.

The story is told rapidly and harshly. Save in the episode of the betrothal, which is one of the most moving accounts in modern fiction of young love, there is little beauty

of language, no fine mesh of words screening the action. This is no sentimental reconstruction of the mooncalf period in a man's life; it is an exposure, made in a tone of ironic detachment, of the posturings of an idealistic adolescent. The creators of Ernest Pontifex and Philip Carey acquainted us with the reverse side of young Werther, but the creator of Vridar Hunter with greater knowledge of psychology and more unsparing use of personal detail has now carved the portrait in full relief. From the first two books Mr. Fisher's tetralogy seems to me a modern morality play, a twentieth century "Pilgrim's Progress," wherein the Celestial City postulates a state of moral integrity and intellectual honesty. Those readers who are unafraid and unashamed to look into their pasts will admit with Mr. Fisher that falseness at the core of life corrupts the fruit.

Mary Jane Keeney

Dark Moon of March. Emmett Gowen. Bobbs Merrill Co. 1933.

Emmett Gowen is a regionalist. He writes of the poor whites of the south with clarity, sincerity and vigor. His characters are soil-stained and soil-rooted. *Dark Moon of March* is the story of Andrew Neil, a lovable hill-billy, with a strong back and a weak mind, a lusty and lusting child of nature. The story chronicles Andy's experiences over a period of years. He woos and marries and begets; he toils and fights; he breaks the even tenor of his days with an occasional drunk. He is unfaithful to his wife and finds it pleasant. He journeys out of the mountains and returns to them, sadder but no wiser.

And the reader, perhaps, will lay aside *Dark Moon of March*, sadder but no wiser. We have a mild and sympathetic interest in Andy and his troubles, but Andy, we feel in the end, isn't important. And so the book isn't important. The most humble character may become important to the reader if his experiences are significant, if looking into his heart and mind, we see deeper into ourselves, into living. But Andy, in the end, bores us.

It is not enough to know primitive people and their ways; to get the sweat smell and the earth-feel in one's work. In order to write an important book, one must either write of important people, or write something important about the unimportant.

Emmett Gowen is aware of beauty, he has

sympathy and understanding, and he never fakes. He will write better books than *Dark Moon of March*.

Brassil Fitzgerald

Beaver, Kings and Cabins. Constance Lindsay Skinner. Macmillan. 1933. \$2.50.

Blankets and Moccasins. Glendolin Damon Wagner and Dr. William A. Allen. Caxton Printers. 1933. \$2.

Land of the Spotted Eagle. Chief Standing Bear. Houghton, Mifflin. 1933. \$3.

Alaskans All. Barrett Willoughby. Houghton, Mifflin. 1933. \$2.50.

Had Miss Skinner held fast to the vision which was hers when she was closing her Introduction she might have written the book which students of our frontier have so long wished for. What that vision was may be inferred from this comment: ". . . I think historians and philosophers have missed an important point in their studies of New World society through ignoring the influence of the Indian contact upon that older *instinct* of liberty in the white man." No one, it would seem, to judge by her previous works, is better fitted for the task indicated than Miss Skinner herself. Unfortunately she has chosen instead to re-tell the story of this continent "in terms of the Fur Trade." Not that she proposed to do so with an eye solely on the economic and religious motives involved, as has often been done before, but with due concern also for the other factors that properly claim a place in the story when it is told with the varying activities of "fur traders, explorers, pioneers, and makers of imperial wars" in mind, and "with a strong bias for Chief Beaver and his clan." In short, Miss Skinner has undertaken to write what could fairly be called a poetic, as well as an historical, account of the fur-trading era. Unfortunately, again, she has partly defeated both her aims by repeatedly identifying poetry and romance. On the one hand she gives a disproportionate share of her attention to the color and costume of courts, and to the intrigues of royal favorites and sycophants. On the other she admits into her record a number of minor inaccuracies. What except her obsession for the romance inherent in certain mere names will serve to explain, to cite an example of this second fault, her mention of an early explorer as having been enchanted with the beauty of Annapolis Bay more than a century prior to the re-christening of that body of water in honor of Queen Anne, or her referring to a party of Old World emigrants as Acadians though they had still to make their first permanent settlement in the land after which they, as a group, were called? The lure of the romantic will scarcely suffice, however, to enlighten one as to why she persistently

refuses to admit the possibility of a Frenchman's being the equal of an Englishman in the matters of pioneering and colonizing. More commendably, and understandably, she is quite as persistent in refusing to admit that the American Indian when it came to keeping his word or in other ways proving himself a man of honor was the inferior of any European, French or English, until corrupted by the white man's example and firewater. Indeed Miss Skinner's chapters in treatment of the relation of the Indian to the fur trade are in general of that same high grade of workmanship that has distinguished her former writings on the same or kindred topics, and go far to wipe out the unfavorable impression created by too many sections of her latest book.

The second and third of the volumes listed above also deal with the impact of the white man's ways of living upon those of the red man. Apparently the dictated reminiscences of Dr. William A. Allen, who has spent a long life in close contact with the Crow Indians of Montana, have been the principal source of inspiration for Miss Wagner's sketches. Chief Standing Bear, who speaks on behalf of his people, the Sioux, is an author entirely in his own right. The testimony from both sides of the racial line corroborates Miss Skinner fully in her opinion of the relative worth of the white man's and the red man's word. Among these additional witnesses there is complete accord, moreover, in regard to the plight into which the winning of the west for "progress" has brought the Indian. But upon one important question there is none at all. For while Chief Standing Bear depicts the civilization of his tribal ancestors as little less than Utopian, the Wagner-Allen recollection of the early Sioux would show them as the veritable originals of our school-book conception of the blood-thirsty savage. When the evidence of such authorities diverges thus sharply how is the impartial reader to decide which to accept? Personally I am inclined to grant my faith to Chief Standing Bear, though for no better reason, I admit, than that though he writes in an alien tongue he writes with more simplicity and with more sincerity, or at least with less sentimentality, than Mrs. Wagner. I am bound to say, however, that he does not carry me with him always. What, for instance, is one to make of his asserted aversion of the Sioux to thievery coupled with his admission that they frequently raided the property of their neighbor tribes? But then, I suppose, Indian logic is not white man's logic. Anyhow I should much rather listen to Chief Standing Bear than argue with him. He may look upon himself, as a symbol of his people, as a pathetic figure. I find him a noble one.

Of *Alaskans All* there is need to say little save that it is competent journalism of the "human interest" variety. Compared with even the everyday heroism of the Indians the exploits and escapades of Mrs. Willoughby's sourdough pioneers seem somehow trifling. Except those of Mother Pullen, of course. About her we are told, among other important things, that she could ride "like a plains Indian."

V. L. O. Chittick

Historic Spots in California: Valley and Sierra Counties. H. E. and E. G. Rensch and Mildred Brooke Hoover, with an introduction by Robert Glass Cleland. Stanford University Press. 1934. \$3.75.

This is a book for a poet to review—Queene B. Lister, perhaps, or Howard McKinley Corning; but no poet could read the book without dropping it from time to time to expand the drama of its themes—"Snow-Shoe" Thompson, with his skis carved on his marble tombstone, or Kirkwood's foot-worn station on the old Kit Carson Road; or Buckeye, Bootjack, and Ben Hur, all drawing sustenance from Mariposa; and Morgan Quick's fig tree, planted in 1859 on a 4000 acre ranch fenced entire by a stone wall as significant in human values as any wall of Robert Frost's, with human integrity and human greed inextricably blended in its building.

The subject-matter of the book is fascinating, but too diverse in its 600 pages for summarizing. It is the authentic and significant history of a region rich in romance compiled by scholarly and discriminating writers. There is no trivialia here. The work of compiling the book must surely have been a labor of love on the part of the authors.

The book is the third of a series of four, sponsored by California State Conference of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. No expense has been spared to make the volume adequate to its purpose. It carries a county map of California, a preface setting forth its purpose, a table of contents; it repeats the resume of California's early history which constitutes Dr. Cleland's introduction to the series, follows each chapter with an exhaustive bibliography of sources, and delights a reader's heart—or head—by following all this with almost thirty pages of subject index exclusive of the bibliographies.

The back jacket sets forth the threefold purpose of the series: "To create interest in the local history of California among its citizens; to make knowledge of the historic spots of the different localities available to the inquiring tourist; and to arouse a state-wide desire to preserve those vanishing landmarks which still survive." Such a volume

as this must be a satisfaction to its creators and a delight to those whom they inform.

Grace Stone Coates

Where Rolls the Oregon, Prophet and Pesimist Look Northwest. Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert. The Stewart Commission and Denver Public Library, Denver. 1933.

This is the third of the eight volume *Overland to the Pacific* planned as a documentary history of the Far West. The editor's introduction suggests that the first people who came to America crossed the continent by way of the Oregon Trail, named here the "steak and fish route." The book ends with a list of fur traders robbed or killed by the Indians during the early part of the nineteenth century. Between these two is a vast quantity of source material and editorial suggestions relating to the history of the northern Rocky Mountain regions of the United States. The editor's comments are sometimes startling in their criticism of previously accepted views. One of the most radical suggestions is that neither the Flat-heads nor Nez Percés ever sent envoys to St. Louis for missionaries to teach them the white man's religion. (p. 24.)

The materials in the volume may be grouped generally under two subjects: First, discussions in Congress and Administration circles of the value of Oregon, and secondly, letters and diaries relating to exploration and fur trade of the Northwest. The documents presented are all important sources. It is to be regretted that space did not permit the printing of all documents in complete form. The explanatory footnotes hardly guide the reader through the omissions necessary in Russell's *Journal of a Trapper*.

This volume is necessary to all interested in Northwest history, and marks a distinct advance in anything that has yet been done.

Paul C. Phillips

Eyes of the Wilderness. Charles G. D. Roberts. Macmillan. 1933. \$1.90.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts and his nature stories are an institution like Camp Fire Girls or Boy Scouts. His latest collection carries on a literary activity originating nearly fifty years ago.

The present volume includes twelve sketches or stories of varying themes; a cat, several dogs, a few bears, a gentleman of fortune, two perplexed fishermen, and—not to be omitted—a "treasure" thriller. Despite rather heavy leaning upon a so-called "sixth sense" that humanizes animals, Mr. Roberts has an unusually quick and sympathetic eye and an easy-flowing pen.

Among the most successful of the present group are the exploits of an Angora cat that goes wild and is "most dreadfully indiscreet" with a bobcat, and the struggles of a mother moose to save her new-born calf from the

rigors of a forest fire. The potentialities resident in this interplay of man and beast are of ever-recurring interest to Mr. Roberts. He combines the unreal and the actual with a nice eye for color and effect.

Rufus A. Coleman

The Gold Brick. G. T. Bludworth. Christopher Publishing House, Boston. 1933.

Purported factual story of western emigration and adventure, not well presented. Fairly interesting account of buffalo hunts, though we are told that a buffalo runs with its head low, *its paws* rising above the level of its head! Enough.

Grace Stone Coates

Desert Water. Sinclair Drago. Macaulay. 1933. \$2.

About some books, when you read them, you say to yourself, "It seems to me I have read a story like this before, but I don't quite recognize the names of the characters." Just such a book is Sinclair Drago's *Desert Water*. It is an ordinary novel. There is nothing about its writing which makes one want to read the book. The characters are ordinary good-looking heroes, and ordinary bad-looking villains, conventional and pasty. There is nothing to keep such a book going but a series of exciting adventures. Moreover, the plot is ordinary. It is that of a "range hog," who by the means of defective law practice and crafty lawyers, manages to crowd the hero's father off his ranch. The son immediately leaves the country so that he may live to get even with the big ranch owner. In a few years he does come back, catches the "range hog's" men in an unlawful act, and has sufficient evidence to wipe out Jeb Stack's fortune. During the progress of the story, the hero falls in love and in the end gets married. *Desert Water* is just another "Western."

Alison Merriam

This Much Is Mine. Nola Henderson. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. New York. 1934.

A first novel by an Oklahoma writer and early domestic life of the heroine, Jo Terry. Locus indeterminate, but far enough south for cotton and within striking distance of Idaho. A characterization of rustic illiterates, the gentle, the generous, the grasping and the ambitious. Three hundred and twenty-eight pages of unrelieved uncouthness in conversation, the writing competent, the subject matter without significance.

Grace Stone Coates

Yesterday's Burdens. Robert M. Coates. Macaulay Co. 1934. \$2.

Robert M. Coates is a modern writer whose style is still recognizably Dada, though this influence does not dominate him as strongly as it did in "Eaters of Darkness."

The story is a familiar one, that of the

"lost generation," the restless city man of our time unable to find roots in our changing and unstable life. Written with singular charm in a cadenced rhythm that falls on the ear like beautiful music, it is as poignant a picture of the lost generation as is "The Sun Also Rises" without the hardness of that book. Each of the book's four sections introduces a theme sentence and develops that simple melody. Some chapters are built up like fugues, stated, restated and woven into complex harmonies and discords. The story's three endings, which give the impression that any or all of them may be true, are less significant than the fact that here we have an author who catches the spirit of our time and the pathos of its instability as few can. Gertrude Stein, the genial Hausfrau and oracle of the moderns, says of Mr. Coates: "He has individual rhythm, his words make sounds to the eyes, most persons' words do not." Those interested in the trend of the modern novel will find this kaleidoscopic narrative of *Yesterday's Burdens* worth while.

Pierre A. Kouchneroff

Adventure of Living. J. Breckenridge Ellis. Torch Press (Cedar Rapids). 1933.

This is a curiously moving story of a man who, though chained in a wheel-chair from infancy, and constantly threatened with blindness, achieves his goal—to become a writer. At the age of fifteen he wrote his diary: "Today I have decided to become a literary gentleman." And a literary gentleman he becomes, for at the age of forty success came to him. Of these years of his life he writes, years spent mainly in Arkansas and Missouri; years of life infused with the joy of living, glowing ambitions and soaring spirit. His work has been of paramount importance to him, and it is of his work he tells in this book. And he has material for the telling: twelve novels, five that have "blossomed into photoplays" and three dramatized for the legitimate stage.

Pierre A. Kouchneroff

Northwest Nature Trails. Herbert S. Lampman. Metropolitan Press (Portland). 1933. \$3.00.

The Metropolitan Press has published for two or three years a series of books valuable to regional consciousness and the upbuilding of knowledge about a section of the United States, books on the flowers of the Northwest, of Northwest legends, of stories of early Indian life, of early Oregon history, and of indigenous poems. This one is a reference book for high school use, principally, about the animals of Oregon and Washington, and yet a readable account for any lover of natural history. There are four chapters on the larger animals, five chapters

on birds, one on the fishes, and a final chapter on reptiles. The presentation of material is careful, diverse and yet compact, and pleasant in expression. Under "The Timber Wolf," for example, one paragraph deals with the wolf family, two paragraphs with the history of the wolf in the West, a fourth paragraph describes him, a fifth gives mating habits and rearing of the young, and a final one mentions the wolf's role in literature. The whole book is finely informative. Quincy Scott has illustrated the volume. The printing and binding are good, of such high standard as one has come to expect from this publishing firm.

Cowboy Lore. Jules Verne Allen. Naylor Printing Co. (San Antonio). 1933.

This "Singing Cowboy" has put on the pages of a book a good deal of information in the radio manner—the "Howdy Folks" style. The matter is a hodgepodge—a little history, some explanation of the cowboy's job, a funny story now and then, a dictionary of cowboy terms, some western verse written by his "radio fans," some verse of his own, short paragraphs of cowman's lore, some interesting pages on cattle brands, and finally the music and words of thirty-six cowboy and western songs. And the book is liberally illustrated. The governor of New Mexico has appointed Mr. Allen the "official singer of New Mexico's cowboy folk songs." The book can be read in an hour, but the songs can be sung over and over.

The Cowboy Builds a Loop. Lon Megargee. To be had of the author at Phoenix, Arizona. 1933. \$3.50.

These twenty-eight large page black-and-white prints catch the life of the Southwest in characteristic subjects. "The Shepherd-er," "The Squaw Man," "Navajo Ponies," "Wild Horses," "The Dance," "Corralled," "Taos" express it with creative imagination. These pictures live, say something. The drawings are best when simplest; the more elaborate ones are messy. The accompanying verses, unfortunately cast in the sonnet form, are an annoyance rather than a help to the picture. If the reader likes drawings of Southwestern life he will want this book.

San Francisco, a Pageant. Charles Caldwell Dobie. Appleton-Century Co. 1933. \$5.

A closing sentence of this charmingly written book is the quotation of a remark made to Katherine Fullerton Gerould. "There are only two cities in the United States. One is New York and one is San Francisco." Mr. Dobie, knowing well that "dining out" is a principal characteristic of city as opposed to town life, appetizingly records the foods and drinks (sparingly) to be found in various sections of San Francisco. He is almost at his best when directing the reader toward a dinner—French, Italian, Swedish, Portu-

guese, Spanish, Chinese. He does not mention British; let us hope that the city possesses not a single British restaurant or food, not even a "tea shop!" Naughtiness—I use the word because Mr. Dobie is either timid or genteel in allowing San Francisco its city share of vice—the writer for the greater part places innocuously in his boyhood experience, so that the reader peeps at it like a would-be brave boy from around a corner. The bourse, the shops, all the hustle of a modern city, which San Francisco certainly is, are not in the book. And of the waterfront there is only an apologetic note in the chapter of "Postscripts" for its well ordered life. One doesn't quite believe that. Mr. Dobie's picture is very genteel, seldom robust.

When, however, Mr. Dobie writes of the historic city it comes quite alive. Many writers have given us that history. This writer sketches it with a fine sense of its beginning and growth as a natural process. One reads this section interested and amused. The delight carries through many of the later chapters, also, about the modern city's streets and places of interest, but gradually the account peters out, the reader feeling that Mr. Dobie is becoming fragmentary and unimportant in his knowledge and interest. All the writing, as the jacket proclaims, really does seem to spring from love of the city, and this affection warms the reader's sympathies—he is eager to make San Francisco another visit and experience more of its varied and lively life.

The thirty-odd pencil drawings in full page and the pen-and-ink chapter headings are delightful and artistic and do as much as the text to charm the reader.

A Gil Blas in California. Alexandre Dumas. Primavera Press (Los Angeles). 1933. \$3.75.

Here is a beautifully made book—print, spacing, binding, wood engravings, even the dust jacket, even the index. It should rank high among the year's finest publications, for its designing throughout is exact and fine. The numerous wood engravings, one heading each chapter, are imaginative and ingenious, genuine works of art.

The Primavera Press has already published four books about Southern California. Recently it has undergone reorganization, issuing this "Gil Blas" as its first book under the new regime. The book itself is an account of a young Frenchman in the gold rush, whether written by Dumas himself from a written or a heard account or by the adventurer himself, who remains unnamed by Dumas, is not known. Phil T. Hanna contributes a succinct Introduction about such a matter as this and other similar matters. The account is sprightly narration of the trip around the Horn up to Valparaíso and

on to San Francisco, of adventures in the city, the gold camps, the country while hunting, the San Francisco fires, and there is one long chapter of yarns about an old Mexican bear and buffalo hunter who gave the Frenchman his lessons in hunting. The translator has used a flowing, idiomatic language, and has been aware of the matter spiritually as well as mentally. All in all, one could not ask for a better book on this material.

After Great Companions. Charles J. Finger. Dutton & Co. 1934. \$3.00.

Charles Finger is in love with the wholesome and the whole-hearted, knowing them good for life, and he is not ashamed of holding an ideal. Literature, he knows, offers to the mind of any alert reader Great Companions who impel it "to healthy activity, and to that intangible and indefinable something we call an Ideal." He is himself an explorer on the seas and lands of books, although in the main he discovers anew what has already been discovered, and in this book charts with freshness the courses he has sailed, the winds and weather he has encountered, and the lands sighted and explored. His charting is hearty and, like records of all explorers, startling, interesting. After a dull chapter on "The Dullness of Respectability," the journey gets under way and from then on the ship—a sailing ship and not a steamship—sends pleasantly on a wilful but more or less time-ordered course before fresh breezes. At times the record degenerates into lists of ports touched at, but on the whole offers the Skipper's tangy comments on things seen, felt, understood. The Skipper is a Spirited Old Salt, independent, individual.

H. G. Merriam

The Beginning of a Mortal. Max Miller. Dutton. 1933. \$2.50.

Max Miller, whose previous book, *I Cover the Waterfront*, won attention as a stirring account of a reporter's life, here turns to that reporter's boyhood in the Northwest, in a sawmill town and on a lonely Montana ranch. Somehow Mr. Miller manages to keep the boy's perspective all through, even to the casualness with which a boy views events and the naivete with which he interprets them. It is no mean achievement to give a book about a boy so genuine a ring, in a style so direct and unembellished that the reader never questions the truthfulness of the tale.

There is little thread of plot here, but the incidents of the boy's life on the Montana ranch, where he has time and solitude to reflect on the few people he sees and on the prairie life, though slight in amount, are delightfully done. In time, the boy is returned to the sawmill town, in which the book starts, for further schooling. He works

in a bakery until he finds an assignment on the local paper, thus initiating the reporter life of *I Cover the Waterfront*. The editor has one direction: "Write as though in five minutes you were going to be led out and shot." Though this volume has not that feverish haste in it, it does have no waste material. This is not a big book in length or import, but it is a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Wilson O. Clough

Cougar Pass. Elizabeth Lambert Wood. Illus. by Louise Hosch. Metropolitan Press. 1933. \$1.50.

This is a story of boys' adventures in the Calapooya mountains. Joe Nichols, Paul Alfred and Lige Hill start on a circuitous and difficult tramp through the mountains. From the moment they are warned at starting not to get near "Zap's Illahee" the reader knows that Zap Blackhorse's dread premises is the place where the boys will eventually land. It is; and they have plenty of adventure on the way. A bit of carelessness on Joe's part is the occasion of his first meeting with Streak, the cougar. And the cougar is waiting for him at last outside Zap's door. There are bears and owls and lost mines and lost lads and quite enough to keep the boys guessing until they find out that the demon of the Illahee is more irascible than fiendish.

There is much woods lore in the book, sometimes rather obviously introduced for instruction. The abundant, teeming life of coastal forests lies richly in the background of the story, supplying one of the pleasing elements of the book.

Grace Stone Coates

The Psychology of Writing Success. Edited by J. George Frederick. The Business Bureau, N. Y. 1933. \$2.50.

Countless books have been written on literary craftsmanship or "the creative process," but even the best of them, like Lubbock's, have regarded writing as a form of carpentry, or have been, like Canby's, stimulating without being definite. In this volume edited by Mr. Frederick we have a new and, in my opinion the only possible, approach. Thyra Winslow gives the writer a chapter on being himself; Floyd Dell tries to suggest how psychoanalysis aided him in writing; Mary Austin contributes a chapter on the "Deep Self" and writing; Dr. Brill plunges into the writer's libido; and Mr. Frederick discusses various matters, ranging from the authorship of cavemen to sales and publicity. Thyra Winslow's is amusing chatter, Mrs. Austin's is earnest foggiess, and Floyd Dell's is too superficial to be of any worth. Dr. Brill rides his thesis pretty hard. Mr. Frederick's discussion of sales and publicity psychology is the most definite and

explicit chapter in the volume. That is only because in this matter he is on surer ground than anyone can be in writing of the deep self or the practical uses of the subconscious or the relation of sex to literary creation. The twenty-four actual case-histories of writers are the most valuable part of the book.

It is a pioneering volume and its weakness is, at first glance, more obvious than its strength. It is a book, nevertheless, which no writer should miss and which no teacher of writing can afford to be without.

Vardis Fisher

Improvising in the Evening. Clarissa Hall. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids.

Like all Bookfellow Books the little volume has attractive and appropriate binding and printing. Many of the improvisations included are too full of *things* and their emotional effect is cluttered; others are marred by twisting of words to suit the meter and rhyme; but two very short ones seem perfect—a triolet called "Valentine," and a six-line poem, "Red Apples." One feels that the triolet and kindred French forms would be most friendly to the rather shy and self-conscious mood of this writer.

Mary Brennan Clapp

California Writers Club Poems. The Professional Press. 1933.

Judges so eminent as Margaret Widdemer, Margaret Tod Ritter and David Morton have found fifty poems meriting inclusion in this fourth annual collection of the California Writers Club. Thirteen poets contribute to the collection. Eleven of these, with fifteen poems, hold the honor roll: Edith Daley, Elizabeth Everett, Laura Bell Everett, Don Farran, Sarah Hammond Kelly, Rosalie Moore, Lori Petri, Harry Noyes Pratt, Eva Riehle, Emma Simpson, and Ethel Brodt Wilson. The moods of the poems range through the classical allusions of Lori Petri, religious verse, personalistic verse—

*I am weary of breathing sumach—
Breath of the wild white sumach . . .
I forget what made the burden,
It fell on me by the sumach.*

exemplified by Katherine Shumard Sanders' poignant lines, to nature poems and whimsies of light verse. It is significant, and commendable, that the natural features of California landscape are constantly mirrored in these poems.

Grace Stone Coates

Atonements' Offerings. Adrian Huffman. 1934. The Agenda Press, Walla Walla, Washington.

This little book is a brave effort in every way; sincere, amateurish but striving, and showing as in "Upland Pines" and "Emancipation" a possibility of freedom in form and directness in thought and feeling. One hopes

the author will persevere through his present allegory and symbolism to true realism, his material is so valuable and unique. He has already widened for himself

That little tent of blue

That prisoners call the sky.

Mary B. Clapp

The Faggot-Gatherer. Ethel Austin. Mirrorwood Press. Higganum, Conn. 1933.

A black and silver brochure of 47 poems.

In Camp with Theodore Roosevelt or the Life of John R. "Jack" Abernathy. John R. "Jack" Abernathy. John R. Abernathy. Introduction by Gen. R. A. Sneed, Confederate Veterans. Illus. The Times-Journal Publishing Co., Oklahoma City. 1933. \$1 and \$2.

Mr. Abernathy's story of his life is written in the third person, except where for long periods he quotes himself. His story covers the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and is a sourcebook for those interested in frontier life in Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. He learned to read after he began herding, by studying the labels on his tobacco sacks. After mastering a wolf, bare-handed, to save his dogs, he developed a technique of catching wolves with his bare hands, attracted Theodore Roosevelt's attention, and conducted a wolf hunt for his benefit when Roosevelt was the guest of Cecil A. Lyon. Later Abernathy visited Washington, D. C., and was appointed U. S. Marshal. It is a tribute to Roosevelt's determination and Mr. Abernathy's charm that the appointment was confirmed in the face of \$1300 worth of adverse telegrams from his prospective constituents. At the White House, Abernathy stumbled into the Cabinet room when the Cabinet members were seated, awaiting Roosevelt's appearance. Mr. Abernathy seated himself in the only vacant place, the president's. Gradually he became less than wholly at ease, and came to the quite human conclusion that every one in the room except himself had bad manners. The death of Mrs. Abernathy prevented Jack's accompanying Mr. Roosevelt on his South African game hunt. Eventually Abernathy made his fortune in the Oklahoma oil fields. The book contains a great deal of interesting factual matter reminiscent of the time when gambling houses were wide open, gaming tables stacked with twenty-dollar gold pieces; when "chuckaway" was the signal to chuck six-guns and fall to eating and jingle-bob cattle were as wild as the men who herded them.

Grace Stone Coates

To Be Reviewed Later

Civilization in the Old Northwest. B. W. Bond. Macmillan Co. 1934.

Essays in Criticism. Department of English. University of California Press. 1934.

Bright Ambush. Audrey Wurdemann. John Day Co. 1934. \$2.50.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from page iv

the sea, the West, his own home country. And when it came to hard work, he was steady, a plodder. He was a good grey horse for work!" To Madeline Aaron, poet, at whose desk in the *Wichita Eagle* office the artist often sat "learnin' her to judge pictures" we are indebted for Polly Parsons' and others' tributes to the dead artist. He loved the vernacular, and maintained that only a poet could understand a painting, and only an artist appreciate a poem.

At Davenport, Iowa, died Alice French, 84, writer from 1887-1917 under pen name, Octave Thanet. The first Iowa writer nationally recognized, at the height of her fame in the '90s, she opposed woman's suffrage and prohibition, ridiculing the women of her state for going on "an hysterical jag."

Grant Wood, Iowa (Daughters of Revolution; American Gothic; innumerable world-famed murals) does a striking jacket design for Vardis Fisher's *Passions Spin the Plot*. Being "fed up on the too familiar" he works from a concept possible to no one else—*Neola's* dual personality. Grant Wood is working with others to put unemployed artists to work under the CWA. Each summer he gives time, generously, as an instructor at the Iowa Artists' summer colony at Stone City. Lauris Lindemann, columnist and radio reviewer for the *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, gave Mr. Fisher top publicity, but *The Groucher*, student publication, U. of Montana, Vol. I, No. 1, December, pulls the legs one by one off H. G. Merriam's regional flies, and both legs and wings off Fisher. Get a copy—and editors of *Sage*, Laramie, Wyoming, take notice. Mr. Lindemann gets where he is going with a casualness that is art. Pat "Tommy" Tucker's *Riding the High Country* fared well at his hands during the Stockmen's convention, Denver. In the *Seattle Times* Cowboy Will James tells Richard E. Hays how he started to write: a fellow bet James he could, and James bet he couldn't write—and lost. His first manuscript was written in lead pencil on yellow paper—"and I didn't have no rubber," James said.

Clem Yore succeeds Harry Adler as president of the Colorado Authors' league; 175 writers attended the annual banquet, with Miss Bernice Brown, New York, and Dr. L. J. Davidson, Denver University, speakers.

Dorothy M. Johnson, Menasha, Wis., is stymied for the moment, but working on what may become a novel, *Cattle Queen*. Hereafter she will do research in the early years of the century, when everyone was easily surprised at anything, as a relief from these days when nothing surprises anybody.

Beatrice Brace, columnist, returns to the Burley, Idaho, *Herald*, after long sickness.

Book manuscripts recently accepted include *Blue Gold*, a story of the Rocky Mountains by Agnes K. Getty, Missoula, to be published by the Caxton Printers.

The New Republic calls *Blast* and *Anvil* straws in the literary wind. Whereas the *avante-garde* mags of the 1920's were a protest toward esthetic independence, and hailed from "Rome, Paris, Vienna and half the capitals of Europe; these new arrivals, preaching the international revolution, hail from such plain American addresses as Brooklyn, and Moberly, Mo." W. D. Trowbridge, Green Valley, Ill., is running a page of information about such mags as *Fight*, *Panarama*, *Blast*, *The Anvil*, *The Windsor Quarterly*, etc.—in fact all new mags, left-front or otherwise, in *The Writers' Digest*, and appearing constantly in the better liberal publications.

More than one person, Upton Terrell among them, cites *Esquire*, by men, for men, as a high spot on the Chicago literary scene. "Strike a blue note for Chicago," says Terrell—but why any one with as many forthcoming books and stories as Upton Terrell should hear notes blue is hard to understand.

Howard McKinley Corning's *Crossroad's Woman*, from *The Prairie Schooner* and one of Benjamin Appel's stories from *The Windsor Quarterly* will appear in Mr. O'Brien's "Best Stories of 1934." Mr. Corning gets a good rating in the O. Henry prize collection: *The Sixes Run to the Seas* on the first list, *Winter Apples*, *The Coffin Boat*, and *Crossroad's Woman* on the second list. Charles Hilton's appreciation, "The Art of Howard McKinley Corning," appeared recently in *The Windsor Quarterly*.

Ethel Romig Fuller's poetry column in the Portland *Oregonian* travels farther and farther, and now she is getting poems from the South Seas and the Atlantic coast. It will be a national column yet. "Mary and Her Friendly Garden," daily broadcast from San Francisco, built a program around ERF with dialogue between Mary Allen and Lou Richardson, an editor of *Sunset*. Mrs. Fuller's "Slippers" from *White Peaks and Green* is in Tony Wan's *Scrap Book of 1933*, and the book is in its second edition with a new dress of black and silver (Metropolitan Press).

Ranch Romances and *Western Romances* shout Wm. Freeman Hough's name from the newsstands, and will continue to for some time, with his novels, "Patchy of Panther Peak" and "Mesa Madonna," and others. (Helen Maring and Ethel Fuller put their "Madonnas" in the *Epworth Herald*. Both are publishing widely in commercial markets, and their names greet one from the New York *Times* to the Salt Lake *Improvement Era*). Verne Bright appears in the New

York Times; Charlotte Mish of Seattle and Portland does everything from marine sketches for the *Oregonian* to prize-naming "O-U-Dust-Mops!" Jessie Wilkinson, Seattle, writes of "Arctic Babies," with other contributions to educational journals.

Helen Maring, state executive of the League of American Penwoman reminds us that the Seattle branch of that group sponsored a dinner the other day, followed by J. B. Priestley's mystery drama, "Dangerous Corner." Sarah Truax Albert, dramatic reader, and Mrs. Otis Floyd Lamson received the guests. Mrs. Lamson is the author of *How I Came to Be: The Autobiography of an Unborn Infant*—sounds interesting!

Mable Holmes Parsons, U. of Oregon Extension class in versification, is putting out a magazine, *The Musc Mirror*. Roderick Lull will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly's* pages soon; Ed Du Perrier, in *World Adventure*; Robert Ormond Case, in *Collier's*; Ernest Haycox's serial in *Collier's* will be worthwhile—to writer as well as reader. Ann Shannon Monroe's *Singing in the Rain* takes its 19th printing in peacock blue and silver—over 100,000. Ada Hastings Hedges is taking Anthony Euwer's place broadcasting over KOAC, Corvallis, Ore., for the U. of Oregon, while Mr. Euwer lectures in California.

The Outlander, edited by Albert Richard Wetjen, Roderick Lull, and Borghild Lee, has combined with *The Literary Monthly*, 223 Davis Bldg., Portland. Have you seen *Agenda*, Adrian Huffman, editor, Washington State penitentiary? *Kosmos*, box 374, Philadelphia, Pa., wants short stories under 2000 words—Jay Harrison, editor. Florence Lipkin is sending out *The Writers League News Letter* from Studio 1013, Carnegie Hall, N. Y., and cites *The Little Magazine*, edited by Henrietta Tepper and Harry Davis, League members. Two Montana writers appeared in its first issue. Cowley of the *New Republic* and Crichton of *Scribner's* have joined *Fight's* board of editors. *Smoke*, poetry magazine, started in 1931, has been reorganized and will be edited by S. Foster Damon. Quarterly. All income from subscription divided among contributors. The December issue, topography by Verst Orton, was devoted to "Seelig's Confession," a long poem by Damon. Seelig was an 18th century alchemist of Germantown, Pa., and the *Saturday Review of Literature* tracks him down as an ancestor of Damon's. Address David C. DeJong, 110 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Hollywood Anthologies, box 1092, want poems. Prizes offered. Hilton R. Greer, president of The Poetry Society of Texas, announces that W. E. Bard of Dallas has received the ninth annual book publication

contest award, out of 19 entries, with *A Little Flame Blown*.

G. Frank Goodpasture, poet, spent delightful hours with Portland fellow-writers recently, among them Charles Oluf Olsen and Mrs. Olsen, Mrs. Fuller, Verne Bright, and Laurence Pratt. He is a regular contributor to *The Frontier and Midland* and Mrs. Fuller's column.

And here is Joseph Auslander's definition of poetry: "The most beautiful way of remembering what it would impoverish us to forget."

J. Louis Stoll's short story prize contest closes July 1. Address Contest Editor, *A Year Magazine*, 721 Spruce St., Philadelphia. The *New Masses* resumed national publication January 2. Stanley Burnshaw, poetry editor, says they are paying for all contributions. The John Reed Club announces the *Partisan Review*, with an interesting editorial board, 430 6th Ave., N. Y. C. Fay M. Yauger, Wichita Falls, Texas, won the first prize offered by the Poetry Society of America, with her ballad of rural life, "Planter Charm." Mary Carolyn Davies, New York, once of Portland, won the second prize with her poem on poverty, "A Cry," first published in the *American Poetry Journal* and reprinted in the *Literary Digest*.

Bruce Humphries 300 Stuart St., Boston, publishes what he calls the "Furyists," which include Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams.

Wings is edited by Stanley A. Coblenz, 1135 Anderson Ave., N. Y. C. *Shards* comes from box 2007, Augusta, Ga., edited by Constance Deming Lewis. *The Dune Forum*, The Dunes, Oceano, Calif., promises to be exceptionally interesting. Harold Vinal's poetry journal, *Voices*, maintains its high standard and warrants support: 559 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Only *Poetry* can take precedence of *Voices* in length of service to poets. Kerker Quinn notes that two sets of husband-wife contributors appear in *Tone*, No. 2: Howard and Lorraine Nutt, and Bob and Rose Brown, the poetic debut of both wives.

Raymond Kresensky of Algona, Ia., states that the Iowa Authors Club has taken over the old Iowa Press Club and Authors Club. Don Farran, Hampton, is president. Frank Luther Mott, U. of Iowa, long associated with *The Midland*, and Mrs. L. Worthington Smith, vice presidents; James B. Weaver, Des Moines, and Mrs. Mallory Luke, Hampton, treasurer and secretary. Prominent among its members are Tuah Devitt (Asperin Age), Charles Darlington (Ding, cartoonist), Arthur Davison Ficke, Norman Foerster, Ruth Suckow, and Bess Streeter Aldrich. Edward B. Rowan of Cedar Rapids, in charge of the Little Gallery under the Carnegie fund, has invited the club to hold

its spring meeting in that city. Mr. Krensensky lectures consistently, and will soon appear before the newly organized League of Minnesota Poets. He names Karlton Kelm of Dubuque as the outstanding writer of short stories in that region. Eleven of Mr. Kelm's stories have appeared in winter magazines.

Unlike Paul Matson, Phil Stong (*State Fair; Stranger's Return*) has bought a large farm in southeast Iowa, the locale of his stories.

Curtis Hidden Page, offers for sale, from Gilmanton, New Hampshire, volumes from his rare collection. In his first catalog, itself a possible collectors' item, he quotes Joseph Addison as a cure for depression. "Knowledge of books in a man of business is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to prosperity and welfare;" and writes, "I have spent a small fortune on my collection in the active years of my life. Now they may help support me in the quieter years. Some of them I shall miss—but not 'sadly' miss." His catalog is a thing to cherish, but not ask for carelessly. Mr. Page is open for engagements for cataloguing private libraries and collections. No one need doubt his claim that he will make a catalog at once more accurate and more interesting than can be obtained in any other way.

Dorothy Thomas of Lincoln, Neb., whose book, *Ma Jeeters' Girls*, appeared during the past year and who has had stories in recent issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *American Mercury*, is working on a novelette dealing with Midwest farm life. Her story, "The Consecrated Coal Scuttle," published in *Harper's*, was reprinted in this year's O. Henry Memorial volume.

L. C. Wimberly, editor of the *Prairie Schooner*, published at the University of Nebraska, has a story, "Girl by the River," in the March *Harper's*. This story is in a different vein from his previous sketches of women characters appearing in the *American Mercury*.

The forthcoming *Prairie Schooner*, Winter, 1934, has an interesting article on "Stalin" by Professor Michael S. Ginsburg of the University of Nebraska. Born and reared in Russia, Professor Ginsburg has kept in close touch with affairs there by recent trips abroad.

"Crossroads Woman," written by Howard McKinley Corning, a native Nebraskan, now living in Sherwood, Oregon, is to be included in the forthcoming O. Henry Memorial collection. The story was in the Winter, 1933, *Prairie Schooner*.

"The Future of American Literature" was discussed by Thornton Wilder at a meeting

of the Friends of American Writers at the Chicago Athletic club on January 24. The previous evening Dr. Horace J. Bridges had lectured on "The Art of Thornton Wilder," in Curtiss hall, Fine Arts building, under sponsorship of the Chicago Foundation of Literature.

The Peoria, Ill., Civic Arts theater was converted a year ago from an old engine house into an interesting theatrical workshop, and opened with "Berkeley Square," under the direction of Mrs. Frank Gillingham Morrill, writer, lecturer and dramatic art instructor at Bradley Polytechnic Institute. The Peoria Players, which furnishes the casts, has a membership of nearly one thousand.

An idea whereby busy writers could cash in, with immediate revenue, on their efforts, was advanced to Janet Ayer Fairbank by a fan, who suggested that the authors labor inside a glass-walled room at the World's Fair next summer, while visitors watch their cerebrations—at 25 cents per head.

Margaret P. Coleman, librarian, Omaha, calls attention to the story of Simon & Schuster's spectacular rise during the past ten years as set forth in *Fortune*, January. Miss Coleman says the *Omaha World Herald* is encouraging local writers by printing a story by a Nebraska writer each Sunday, in its magazine section. Dorothy Thomas was the first author presented. The American Library Association is preparing a list of books that should be written, in the field of non-fiction. They hope to cooperate with publishers in inducing authors with knowledge in their respective fields to write them for popular reading. A. A. Knopf is bringing out the Nobel prize edition of Ivan Bunin's *Village and Gentleman from San Francisco* and on January 30 released Bunin's *Well of Days*.

The *American Scholar*, Phi Beta Kappa quarterly, January issue, publishes an interesting account of Russian fur traders in Alaska, by William Hamilton, Alaska Division, U. S. Bureau of Education.

"A List of Books of the Old West," tiny catalog from Phillips' Book Store, brings orders for "westerns" from all over the world. Phillips' has sold over 100 copies of Charles Russell's *Good Medicine* within the year. Phillips' is in Bozeman, Mont.

Lewis Worthington Smith suggests that Montana poets furnish a radio continuity for broadcasting in Des Moines. He notes the recent publication of *Capital City* by Ruth Stuart, Des Moines; a forthcoming novel by Elmer Peterson, editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*; and a "bird book" by Phil Dumont. City libraries of Iowa are receiving federal aid. Miss Belle Nethercutt, Drake university librarian, is the newly elected president of the N. L. A.

COVERED WAGON

Continued from page v

"deals with the same sort of people and environment as 'Pigeon Flight.'" WINIFRED GRAY STEWART lives in San Francisco. GRACE STONE COATES, Montana, in collaboration with Pat (Tommy) Tucker, has issued a book of real western materials, *Riding the High Country*, Tucker's experiences with Charlie Russel, the artist.

LOUIS GINSBERG, New Jersey, is known to readers of many magazines. FRANCES HALL sends her poem from Monrovia, California. MAX KAUFMAN lives in New York City. DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON, Menasha, Wis., writes, "There's been too much heroic war poetry; here's a different kind . . ." MARY FRANCES HINGA sends from Rochester, N. Y., her first story to be printed.

KARLTON KELM, Dubuque, has recently had stories in eight or ten magazines. LOWRY C. WIMBERLY, the editor of the distinguished *Prairie Schooner*, has recently had stories in *Harpers* and *American Mercury*. FRANKLIN FOLSOM, Colorado, sent his poem from Merton College, Oxford University. LEO GRANZOW WILSON lives in Iowa.

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER, Ohio, is at least a westerner. STEWART HOLBROOK, Oregon, editor of *4LL Lumber News*, contributor to *The American Mercury*, considers Henry O. K. Fuller the "King of Bullcooks." JAY G. SIGMUND, Des Moines, author of *Wapsipinicon Tales* and other volumes, was a frequent contributor to *The Midland*.

JASON BOLLES, Montana, is well known to our readers. MARY PARKER writes this account of her grandfather's murder. FRANK B. LINDERMAN's recent novel, *Beyond Law*, is authentic western material—and a narrative that moves right along.

ERNEST E. HUBERT is a professor of Forestry at the University of Idaho. ROSSMUND LEFEBVRE sends her poem from Seattle. ALICE HENSON ERNST, a professor at the University of Oregon, is doing important work on Masks of Northwest Indians. RUTH HAZLITT was last year an assistant in history at the State University of Montana.

Three Letters

Tacoma, Wash. Jan. 17, 1934.

Dear Mr. Merriam:

I do very little story writing nowadays: principally because I can't sell anything, but also because there is nothing important at present but the coming proletarian revolution. Conditions which were in effect five years ago are now swept away completely. The lives and doings of the outdoor workers have utterly changed. I could write timber stories, or mining stories, or stories of ranch life of the period prior to twenty-nine, but why write of that which is dead? At pres-

ent the workers are organizing for revolt. Do you want stories—true pictures of those grim preparations? Would you publish them—could you publish them? I think not.

However, Mr. Merriam, I wish you to know that I believe you are sincerely trying to publish an honest magazine. But there are two ways, right and left. As a worker I take the left. But this does not prevent me appreciating your kind letter and the help you have given me in the past.

Sincerely,

Hal Driggs

P. S. I will inclose a story, at that!

February 2, 1934.

Dear Mr. Driggs:

It seems to me that any story picturing the "grim preparations" for a workers' revolution can be published by a magazine provided it is written as a story and not as a tract. This means that the characters must carry the idea in their vitality and their actions and that the writer is not directly preaching doctrine to the reader.

In the story you submit emotion, and therefore power, are lacking, so that the reader does not feel either Whitey or Oswald as a living person. Your irony would be telling indeed if the reader felt these two men as persons. You have offered a fictionized tract.

Can you send us a story so emotionally alive that it is itself the message? Or do you fear that always we, the editors, will think the characters not alive?

Cordially yours,

H. G. Merriam

Tacoma, Washington, Feb. 6th, 1933.

Dear Mr. Merriam:

Do you like brutal frankness, Mr. Merriam? Then I will tell you something. You will never publish another story written by me because I will not write anything but the truth as I see it, and you will not dare to publish the truth—as I see it. And this, to be fair to you, will not be solely because of the fact that your magazine carries advertisements of the A. C. M. Company, but also because the world and the are of bourgeois editors is crashing about their ears and they will never know it. Generally speaking, of course!

Yes, I do fear that "always the editors will think" proletarian characters "not alive." Why? Because the dead cannot perceive the living.

But do not think this a reaction against your constructive and helpful criticism of the little piece I sent. The criticism—adverse, I mean—was undoubtedly justified as regards technique. But I will maintain until I die that as regards realism the story is true!

Sincerely,

Hal Driggs

Dr. V. R. Jones

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by NANCY NOON KENDALL

A romantic novel of early days in a Pacific Coast city, centering around Peter Derwent, a second-generation pioneer, and his epic struggle to find his place in the scheme of things.

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THE GREAT ADAM

by GEORGE DIXON SNELL, III

The epic of a banker during the great depression years in the West. Written with bold power, and moves to its conclusion with the inevitability of a Greek drama.

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OUT OF THE FOG

by SARA K. PATTERSON

A series of beautifully written, inspiring letters tracing the author's journey from chaos to a new and unique attitude toward life.

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by ANNIE LAURIE BIRD

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